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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, JANUARY 5, 1918

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TOWN TALK

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Looking Backward

Admitting that the Administration is doing wonderfully well, all things considered, it is difficult to resist looking backward and lamenting the general attitude in important matters before we got into war. Take for instance the policy of the Administration with reference to a mercantile marine. Just before certain eminent statesmen resolved on Government ownership of a mercantile marine a corporation was in process of formation to embark in the shipbuilding business on a large scale. Warned of competition by the Government the big private interests decided to divert their capital to other purposes and as a result we have suffered more than we otherwise should from lack of transportation facilities on the high seas. Likewise with respect to railroad facilities. Time and time again during a period of five or six years our politicians have been warned that as a result of the unfair treatment the railroads were receiving the companies were unable to maintain an adequate equipment. Here was an economic problem of a serious nature long before the war, but despite the efforts of railroad men to arouse the Government to the importance of coming to the relief of the big transportation systems the politicians merely spent their time muddling. Of course it is no use scolding now, but at any rate we are not inclined to wax enthusiastic over the current achievements of some of the men who are now handling war business with the same cocksureness that characterized their wonderful statesmanship just a few years ago.

* * *

War Criticism

Here in the Far West it took us a long time to sit up and take notice that Europe was in a blaze, but since coming to a feeble sense of the situation we have been behaving very nicely. We have been contributing cheerfully and generously and

we are avoiding criticism of our politicians thus to save them from embarrassment and annoyance. Indeed we have been very kind to them, urging acquiescence in their doings generally or giving them applause by way of encouragement. Apparently we wish it to be known that we are behind the Government, heart and soul and that we appreciate the stupendousness of the feat of preparing an unprepared nation, the feat that Secretary of State Bryan said could be performed over night. Whatever else may be said of California it cannot justly be accused of "knocking" the powers that be in Washington. Perhaps we are erring in the other direction, for after all honest, intelligent criticism is not rightly to be withheld and it is not the part of patriotism to frown down fair and informed critics. Sound criticism improves service and there is certainly room for improvement in a War Department that fails to keep our soldiers warm. In some of the big Eastern cities there is much frank criticism of the agencies employed in fitting us for war, and from this criticism one perceives that the men higher up are not generally regarded as persons above reproach. On the contrary we are told that some of the complaints that have been made were due to the "bonehead performances of officials" and we have seen it suggested that the owners of steam-heated apartment houses in New York should get together "for the purpose of conserving coal until common sense is driven through the skull of officialdom and the fuel supply becomes again normal." This is a painful sort of criticism but it is not unpatriotic.

* * *

Friendly Suggestions

It may interest some of our most zealous and cautious patriots who are intolerant of all sorts of criticism to learn that even the warmest friends of the Administration are occasionally impelled to suggest improvements in the direction of affairs. The New York *Evening Post*, for example, does not acquiesce in all that is done. Yet this journal sees much to admire in the management of our War Department, much to extenuate in national politics, and is ever ready to apologize for errors of judgment. The editor viewed with astonishment, however, the weeding out of four generals in the foreign service in two weeks' time. "The question is 'Why were these generals commissioned without first being examined?'" says *The Post*. General Mann, according to *The Post*, "was obviously un-

fit for the strain; his being sent abroad in charge of a militia division can only, therefore, be looked upon as a reward for his long service as chief of the militia division." The editor adds: "But if an efficient army is to be created, only men can be generals who are absolutely fit, mentally and physically, whose minds are young enough to be fully capable of rapid adjustment to an ever-changing warfare." In this connection it is assuredly advisable to observe that it would be well to abstain from rewards for anything but obvious merit. Past service may be entitled to honorary reward, but reward should not carry with it the opportunity of endangering the lives of our soldiers. It is bad enough to hazard that sort of reward in politics by way of payment for political debts. Only the other day the Secretary of the Interior, petitioned by a Republican, was quoted to the effect that he was "taking recommendations from Democratic Senators and committeemen." Thus is color given to the report that the Administration is fighting the war on a partisan basis. We do not believe this report is true, but we cannot wholly dissent from the criticism that the sending of Colonel House to Europe to represent this Government at an international war conference was an insult to other Governments who sent their Premiers. With all due deference we ask "Why did not the President make Colonel House his Secretary of State before employing him in that capacity abroad?" Merely an oversight perhaps.

* * *

Olympians in the War

A service flag with nearly five hundred stars—this is the symbol of devotion to country which will soon be floating in the breezes of Post street. Thus will the Olympic Club proudly make known the extent of its contribution of man power to the fight for the defense of civilization. The Olympic Club, by the way, is making a record in this war which will some day become its most glorious tradition, and which athletes the world over will think well worthy of preservation as testimony to the solid worth of the Olympic ideal in time of national crises. The value of this ideal was known to the Greeks of old; it was recognized by him who said that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, and it may yet be observed that the Grizzlies were prepared for their achievements on track and field while wearing the Winged O in California. For be it remembered the spirit of California's crack

regiment is the spirit of the club that has stood behind the Grizzlies from the inception of the regiment, and that has not only furnished man-power to the nation but pledged its money to the support of the organization and to all for which Uncle Sam has dedicated the country.

★ ★ ★

The Case of a Slacker

The other day a young man was arrested in Portland as a slacker, and it was learned that he and his aged mother, a widow, had made a suicide compact, both agreeing to commit suicide in the event that the son should be drafted. The reporters by whom the case was written up concluded that the young man was nothing more than a slacker, with no sense of duty to his country, wholly devoid of manly instinct, a fit object of contempt and therefore deserving of severe punishment. This is what comes of a benumbed imagination. Here is really a case to puzzle the student of psychology, one that invites to serious and fruitful study. It may be merely the case of the ordinary weakling who mistakes a broken heart for a spoiled digestion, the familiar case of the stunted body that makes a stunted will, but who knows? In the relation between body and soul the fundamental mystery resembles a butterfly battering its wings against a window-pane in a futile effort to reach the light. So tempting is the line of least resistance that often man turns tail and runs even despising the greater danger. So the case may be of the commonplace variety as the reporters concluded, but it may be a case of profound sentiment, a case of a son's love of his widowed mother and of a moth-

er whose whole affection is centred in her only child. Perhaps they could not bear the thought of a separation that might mean the end of all they hold dear. Perhaps the son would rather die than leave his mother among strangers. To be sure mind's supremacy over matter is not so rare, for men choose to remain honest in the face of starvation even when not restrained by fear, but mind rots when thoughts are not translated into action.

★ ★ ★

Dave Lubin Challenged

Our worthy fellow-Californian, Hon. David Lubin, has been called upon to defend the proposition he made as a delegate of the United States to the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, that our country solve its food problem by the organization of farmers throughout the country. Louis B. Magid, a farmer, is the man by whom Lubin has been challenged. Lubin expressed the opinion that we should have democratic food control. Magid asks why should we be democratic in handling the food problem and yet be autocratic in everything else? Owing to the needs of the war we are autocratic in managing all other national activities, realizing that it is to the nation's advantage. We perceive that there are elements of autocracy which are harmonious with democracy; indeed, are necessary to it; and centralization is the chief advantage. Organize the farmers says Farmer Magid, as Mr. Lubin recommends, and there would be no business coördination of the food industry. Mr. Magid punctures the Lubin argument through and through. He calls attention to the Lubin pamphlet of a year

ago in which that gentleman said we must take heed of "the contrast between the political strength of the cities and the political impotency of the country; the defenseless feebleness of the country, the armored strength and craft of the cities, a craft that can sway legislation by a wave of the hand." "It is not novel," says Mr. Magid, "but none the less extraordinary, to hear this alleged contrast agitated." It is common knowledge, he goes on, that rural America is strongly represented in the national Legislature, and that the activities of Congress are under constant scrutiny and in no small measure directed by representatives of the National Grange, which has headquarters at Washington. It is common knowledge, too, that the present Administration has been strongly in sympathy with the farmers, and that much legislation has been passed in their favor. Not only has legislation been enacted particularly for their benefit, but they have been exempted from the provisions of other legislation which places limitations on the operations of industries other than agriculture. The "political impotency" of the farmers, which Mr. Lubin alleges, is a myth; but of their business impotency in this critical time there is no question. In other words, the farmer whom Mr. Lubin, like a good demagogue of the Gracchi type, would protect appears to be protected to the hilt already, and if it be desirable to protect the country rather than the farmer Mr. Lubin's prospective constituents should be kept close to the plow rather than the cashdrawer. Clearly Mr. Lubin is a political economist after Colonel Weinstock's own heart.

Perspective Impressions

Isn't it rich—Hearst advising Teddy?

Some folk would probably like to see Friday made a fishless day.

The Germans shell life boats; the Americans jump overboard to rescue Germans. As the ad says, there's a difference.

Let's begin the new year right by keeping close tab on the new Board of Supervisors.

A good man to keep an eye on is the German Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Herr von Kuehlmann.

Pray God that 1918 may be a year of growth in grace and strength for these beloved United States.

The more you read the news from Russia the less inclined you are to think that you know anything about conditions there.

What we are told about the war these days is not half so much as what we are not told.

Nature insists on making Seattle wet.

Guess the four railway brotherhoods are beginning to realize that we're at war.

The third French war loan of ten billion francs has been oversubscribed. Are the French downhearted? No.

Now that thrift is a patriotic duty will the delicatessen shop change its name and become more popular?

As Thucydides said of Greece in the days of Pericles, "It was called a Democracy, but in reality it was the rule of one man." Yet the Greeks were never engaged in war with the Huns.

When A. H. Naftzger came up from the South with Governor Stephens, he was introduced to us as a capitalist. Yet he accepted a salary of \$6,000 a year from the State Council of Defense. Southern capitalists are like that—they are patriotic, but they need the money.

Did any public official make a little money for charitable purposes in the stock market when railroad stocks went up?

Our own little guess is that the war will end before 1919. And we don't mind admitting that the stars are Greek to us and that we don't care how the Kaiser or Lloyd George feel about it.

After more than four years of discipleship in the Administration of Blunderbuss Hi Johnson why should John Francis be shocked at the employment of personal abuse instead of cold logic.

A few more wool-and-shoddy-contract scandals, and then perhaps a certain wise man will wake up and consider the advisability of calling in a Root, a Taft, a Roosevelt and others of similar calibre.

Now that the Kaiser is getting a little of the German idea from America he is probably able to perceive that Kultur has its objectionable features when practiced in munition works.

Henri Barbusse

By Edward F. O'Day

Before the war Henri Barbusse was the editor of "Je Sais Tout," a society journal which knew everything that was going on in the smart set of Paris, and told most of what it knew. It was a frothy, frivolous paper—the sort of paper Parisians looked at as they sipped their syrupy drinks of an afternoon in the cafes on the boulevards. Editor Barbusse belonged to the fashionable section of the literary world of Paris. As the saying is, he went everywhere; that is to say, he wasted a great deal of time on receptions, balls, first nights, private views and so on. But he didn't waste all his time by any means. He found the hours necessary to write a book. He called it "L'Enfer."

Barbusse took "L'Enfer" to all the leading publishers of Paris. Every one of them read it and turned it down, doubtless with the remark that it was well named. It was indeed a Hell of a book. It was too strong for the publishers of Paris. They were afraid of the police. So Henri Barbusse carried his book home and locked it in his writing desk. This was early in 1914.

Then the war started and every Frenchman capable of bearing arms was called to the colors. Henri Barbusse was called from the editorial sanctum of "Je Sais Tout." He went into the army as a private. By the time the war was a year old Private Barbusse had written another book. It was called "Le Feu" or "The Story of a Squad." He sent it up to Paris, and immediately it found a publisher. As soon as it was published it found readers by the thousands. Three hundred thousand copies of it have been sold in France alone. The Academie Goncourt awarded it the prize as the best book of the year. In the midst of its French success it was translated into English under the title of "Under Fire." It is today a best seller in the United States and Great Britain.

Of course, when "Le Feu" was a success the Paris publishers bethought them of that first book which had been too frank for them a short time before. A new author may not challenge public opinion with impunity, but an established writer may. "Le Feu" established Henri Barbusse, so it was permissible to publish "L'Enfer" or "Hell." And so "Hell" has been published. It is selling like hot cakes in Paris. It has not yet been translated into English.

"Hell" has a theme that was dear to Balzac—the adventures of a young French provincial in Paris. The provincial in "Hell" takes a room in a pension, and finds a hole in the wall which permits his spying on the occupants of the room adjoining. And spy he does, on all sorts of people, for the room has a procession of tenants. It is a nasty expedient, this peek-hole business, and there is no doubt that "Hell" is a nasty book. Those who know their Le Sage recall that the Devil on Two Sticks in the book of that name took a young Spaniard up where he could look down on the roofs of the city which were magically uncovered, and follow the comedies and tragedies enacted in the various dwellings. But that does not revolt us as does a young man with his eye glued to a knot hole. Barbusse does not come into the literary court with clean hands. Nevertheless, the book is having a big sale.

Will it be translated into English? If so, a

great deal of bowdlerizing will be necessary. The asterisks made popular by Elinor Glyn will be overworked. Reviewing "Hell" in Reedy's Mirror, Louis Albert Lamb says: "Hell" is hard to review. It is hard to read. You cannot do either without furtive glances up and down the street for policemen. You feel as if you were about to be arrested for indecent exposure of person . . . It is a terrible revue in which the actors do a danse macabre to a phallic theme." Twenty-five years ago such books as "Hell" were being written in Paris. That was when Octave Mirbeau was at his height of indecency; when Joris Karl Huysmans was sounding the depths of decadence; when Pierre Louys was the darling of those who regarded literature as an aphrodisiac; and when Zola was mixing his ink with filth. But that day has passed. It is too bad that the author of "Le Feu" permitted his earlier indiscretion to see the light of day.

For the author of "Hell" has written a masterpiece in "Le Feu." One of the best of the war books in this genre that I have read is Ian Hay's "The First Hundred Thousand." Compared to "Under Fire" Ian Hay's book is like a chocolate eclaire alongside of "bully" beef. "Under Fire" is a record of Henri Barbusse's service in the war, dedicated to the comrades who fell at his side at Crouy and on Hill 119. We meet all the men of his squad, and grow to know them very well—so well that we feel a real pang when they are killed one after another. I suppose they are typical poilus, these Frenchmen Barbusse shows us in all their war activities. We see them in the rear, resting after active service; billeted in villages; on leave in Paris; on fatigue duty; we see them in the first line trenches; we see them attacking; we see them killing Germans; we see them dying in all sorts of horrible ways. We hear them talk about every possible thing frivolous and serious. We get to know their favorite jokes, their family histories; we share their complaints; we read their letters; we can smell them, we can see the mud on their feet, the grime on their faces, the vermin on their bodies.

It is a book of plain speaking. One proscribed word used by Victor Hugo in "Les Miserables" set all the civilized world aflutter. There are any number of such words in "Under

Fire," but they bother very few, I fancy. The world is much coarser today than it was in Hugo's time. Eugenists, birth-controllers, lectures on Brieux, redlight abaters and paulsmiths have helped to make it so.

There are episodes of tremendous power in "Under Fire." Most powerful of all is the description of the assault on Hill 119. This chapter has the strength, the headlong sweep, the high-pitched fury of an epic battle piece. It is more painfully realistic than the Battle of Waterloo in "Les Miserables." It makes the reader cry aloud as it proceeds and ends by exhausting him physically, the strain of its narrative is so great. It is followed by a description of the wounded, a hideous portrayal, a cross-section of Hell on earth. The squeamish won't like this part.

There are other episodes of power. There is the touching story of Eudore on leave, a masterpiece of unmuddled pathos and simple nobility. There is the chain of doings leading up to the death of Poterloo. There is—there is the whole book. There is not an idle page in it.

Barbusse is a doctrinaire. He hates war, as he has every right to hate it, since he has waged war and risked his life in war. After the war Barbusse will be a pacifist. He sees in the future a solution of mankind's troubles in the working out of Equality—a dream of the millennium. On this side the book is weak, if you please.

It is weak too in its infidelity. Barbusse will have none of religion. He permits his soldiers no religious consolation. They question God in the midst of their agonies, and cannot understand. Yet we know how much consolation religion has brought to the poilus. One of the great questions of the war is: Will there be a revival of religious belief in France after it is over? Barbusse does not concern himself with this question, but he supplies data for the answer. And the answer one frames is this: Those who have belief will be strengthened in their belief; those who have none will be confirmed in their disbelief. And some who are weak in belief will lose it altogether, while others who have been agnostic will embrace religion. Among other things "Under Fire" is valuable because it warns us not to expect too much.

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Too Much Exposure

By Brian Buxey

The X Division of B. E. F. was in the trenches. The time of year was December, the weather was both wet and cold; and there was nothing doing. Can anybody who has been in the trenches in December in characteristic weather and in idleness imagine a worse state? Then a message came to all battalions from the mysterious and sublime brass-hats behind the lines. The brass-hats had been up to the trenches armed with periscopes and had gazed therefrom at a curious formation immediately behind a certain section of the Boche front line. The message ran:

"Ref. Map—

"At point X immediately in rear of enemy front trench there appears from aeroplane photographs to be some form of earthwork. It is most desirable that the nature of this work should be determined, and volunteers are required to go over with a raiding party in daylight and to obtain a photograph of the work from the enemy trench; volunteers not to be above the rank of Lieut."

Naturally a great deal of talk ensued concerning the somewhat perilous excursion into the unknown thus projected, and several bold youths at once volunteered for the job, as bold youths always will volunteer provided only that the job offers sufficient danger. Eventually Q. W. Smith of the Twentieth — Fusiliers was selected, and the Twentieth collected a raiding party of forty mettlesome N. C. O.'s, and men to accompany Q. W. Smith on his photographing exploit.

Now Q. W. Smith was a well loved and a good soldier, and devoted to his platoon, the whole of which had volunteered for the stunt. He had got most of them into the chosen forty, though some of the N. C. O.'s and older soldiers were from other platoons, but of the same company. Hence the show was a company show, and in the main a No. 5 Platoon show. And Q. W. Smith much insisted on this fact to his commando, which inevitably was baptized the Forty Thieves by the remainder of the battalion. Envious fellow subalterns made many jokes to Q. W. Smith, chiefly about amateur photography and the true value of the V. C. (posthumous) and the D. S. O. in their relation to the art of the camera.

Q. W. Smith had ten days in which to prepare. He took his lads behind the line and trained them in the most conscientious manner. And simultaneously he excogitated how best he might get across No Man's Land, take the photograph, and return with the least number of casualties to the Forty Thieves. It was eighty yards from the jumping-off place to the objective; the ground was flat, with some shell holes; the enemy's wire was sketchy, and the subaltern who did forward observing office for the field guns on the battalion front informed Q. W. Smith that it would be still more sketchy

on the morning of the excursion. Q. W. Smith knew from aeroplane photographs, and from personal study of the habits of the opposing Boche, that there was a big dug-out some forty yards to the right of his objective and a communicating trench leading to the rear about eighty yards to the left. Q. W. Smith, being a close student of Surtees and a disciple of Mr. Horrocks in the great matter of putting himself in the place of the fox, considered the enterprise from the point of view of the Hun and came to two conclusions. Namely, first, that the Hun was usually at his quietest after lunch, and, second, that when the Hun sentries saw the Forty Thieves arriving they would alarm the garrison of the trench, who would tumble up from the dug-out and also along the communication trench. He therefore decided, first, that the raid should be timed for one p. m., and, second, that ten men with an N. C. O. should block the communication trench, and twenty men with an N. C. O. should attend to the entrance of the dug-out, while the rest were to stay with Q. W. Smith and be ready for the unexpected. Such was the plan. At that period daylight raids had not ceased to be a novelty, and Q. W. Smith hoped, with luck, to get over unseen and to dash into the trench long before the Hun had made proper arrangements to meet him.

He and his men were all familiar with the portion of No Man's Land which had to be crossed, from having crawled about it at night, and they had all been up to the enemy's wire. And being familiar, therefore they were contemptuous. They felt quite confident of success. At five p. m. on the day preceding the day they were billeted in a small mining village four miles behind the line. Q. W. Smith, having been through all the details for the last time and having convinced himself that each man thoroughly knew his role, was taking tea all alone, when the pleasant youth Barclay, the brigade major, who had been a subaltern of twelve years' service before the war, strolled up and said:

"Hello, Smith. Ready for your show tomorrow? I've just come along with the sacred camera, brought by a brass-hat in a motor car from Corps H. Q. Whatever you do, get at least one good photograph."

And Q. W. Smith said: "That's all right. Have a drink?"

And Barclay replied: "No, thanks, my son. Too busy. Good luck." And departed.

The camera, postcard size, was in fact the sacred camera furnished by Corps H. Q. for such high occasions as this daylight raid. It was fully charged, and Q. W. Smith was entitled to click the shutter so many times and to do nothing else whatever to the thing. The clicking done, he had, if he returned at all from the show, to deliver the camera at once to the adjutant, who would deliver it to the staff, who would do the rest in secret. Q. W. Smith surveyed the apparatus, and went off to a smoking concert which he had arranged for the good humor and cheerfulness of the forty. The concert was finished at nine p. m., and the audience, being bedded down, slept as only soldiers on the eve of great events can sleep. Q. W. Smith's servant called him the next morning at seven o'clock, and it was a very fine morning. He breakfasted well, went over to inspect his

men finally, and uttered his last words of exhortation. At nine-thirty they got off, lightly equipped. The bombers had clubs and trench daggers, curious weapons very dear to the soldier, who will carry them in preference to anything else. Q. W. Smith had his automatic pistol and the camera. At noon they had reached the trenches, and Q. W. Smith, consuming fried eggs and bacon and whisky and soda at battalion headquarters, was assuring his C. O. that the Forty Thieves were trained to the minute and eagerly waiting the signal to be away.

Time seems to stand still in these crises of acute expectancy, but at last the hour struck, and Q. W. Smith and his men nipped silently over the parapet and made off as hard as they could pelt across No Man's Land to the Hun trenches, anticipating every moment an outburst of bullets. But not a shot was fired until after the whole party had vanished into their objective, and even then only a very few. Two minutes later Q. W. Smith, watched from our front line, was seen to emerge on the paradocs of the enemy trench. He stood there for an eternity, which in reality amounted to about thirty seconds, and then vanished. Sounds of bombs and rifles were heard, and then a whistle, which was Q. W. Smith's signal to withdraw. The three parties of the Forty Thieves withdrew excellently, bringing back their wounded, five in all, three prisoners and a machine gun, which last would have been unpleasant for the forty had it got into action.

Q. W. Smith and his boys were highly elated; the battalion also. The enemy, for the most part snoozing after a meal, had been completely surprised. Their sentries had paid the penalty. Q. W. Smith had fairly snapped a strange star-shaped earthwork. It was with a certain jubilation that he handed back the sacred camera to the adjutant, who forwarded it to the sublime brass-hats.

"By the way," he inquired six weeks later of the adjutant, "did you ever see the results of my photography, Barclay?"

Barclay somewhat diffidently answered: "No, I didn't. The fact is, old man, strictly between you and me, the camera was sent up with a set of films that had been exposed before."

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Sanderson doff his hat to its maker. It is one of the visible proofs of the far-reaching influence of the Brownings that nineteen years given to study of their lives and works and to a loving collection of their mementoes should end in the production of a book like this. Nash has supplied a fit setting for the work so carefully done by Mrs. Goewey.

How the Collection Started

Enthusiasm need neither apologize for nor abate itself in the presence of a book like this. I have "read it, so help me grace in my need, from title-page to closing line," as Robert Browning read old Sibrandus. I wish it might be read by all lovers of the Brownings, so that it might deepen, at the same time satisfying, their love. Mrs. Goewey dedicates it "to the San Francisco Browning Society, with infinite gratitude to my scholarly friend Mrs. Ralph C. Harrison for her sympathetic interest and kind helpfulness." But way of introduction it has a paper read by Mrs. Goewey to the society that day in May when she presented her collection. This paper is of absorbing interest; it is written simply, sincerely and beautifully. It is thus that Mrs. Goewey tells how her interest in the Brownings began: "Once upon a time" in good old story phraseology, Miss Mary Kip called upon me at my home, 300 Page street. That was in 1898, nineteen years ago! She recommended for summer reading Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. Their perusal changed the current of my being. I was instantly seized with desire to know everything possible about my wonder Poets and began research here, there, everywhere, in books, pictures and song. I joined classes in the study of Browning with Mrs. B. F. Norris for pleasant companion. And so my Browning interests were launched, launched upon the high sea with flying colors, to remain so ever since. In thought and imagination the Brownings became my most intimate friends. How natural to consecrate to their memory a panel in my pink boudoir! On this hand-painted, peach-blow background I began placing my beloved Browning pictures. This was the beginning of the Collection."

How It Grew

In 1900 Miss Nora McNeil who was going to Europe, asked Mrs. Goewey: "What can I do for you?" "Send me a souvenir from the grave of E. B. B.," replied Mrs. Goewey; "I would prize it above pearls and rubies." In due time a spray of roses reached Mrs. Goewey, with a letter in which Miss McNeil wrote: "I visited Elizabeth Barrett Browning's grave and found in front of the tomb a small strip of ground with two rose-bushes and four or five other plants. The rose-bushes were at each corner and were climbing over the railing about the tomb, so I picked a small branch of the rose-bush at the head of the tomb, a branch that touched the marble." A great many of the relics, pictures particularly, were obtained for Mrs. Goewey by Henry Atkins during his travels in Europe. Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Norris got others for her. When Mrs. Goewey was a director of the San Francisco Symphony Society in 1900 she did a favor for Henry Holmes, the musician, and a letter which Robert Browning had written to Holmes was his token of appreciation. Miss Eva Almond Withrow obtained for Mrs. Goewey a photograph of the Moscheles oil painting of Browning—Miss Withrow knew both Browning and Moscheles. Miss Spalding, Mrs. Towle and Mrs. William Igleheart helped Mrs. Goewey to obtain other items. And so the collection grew year after year, as collections will when one's heart is in them.

The Drawing Room in Casa Guidi

"Here we came fifteen years ago; here Pen was born; here Ba wrote her poems for Italy," said Robert Browning glancing round the celebrated drawing room in Casa Guidi. A few days after Mrs. Browning's death Browning tried vainly to have that room photographed. Then he had an oil painting made of it—"a most satisfactory picture," he called it, "not as a painting, but on account of the minute detail . . . the sketch brings the dear room right before you." Robert Browning treasured that picture until his death, for twenty-eight years. Mrs. Goewey commissioned Henry Atkins to obtain this treasure at the auction sale of Browning effects in London in 1913. "The heart of the collection," Atkins called it; now it is the heart of Mrs. Goewey's collection. "When I first beheld it, holding it at arm's length," says Mrs. Goewey, "there was a sense of suffocation; it was too much, too good to be true. . . . For two years the painting lived with me at the Fairmont Hotel. . . . I placed it above my writing desk, in a group of Browning pictures exactly spaced for it. The color of the room was the predominating color of the painting, pink and green. . . . On account of the Italian atmosphere of my room, Miss Very called it 'Casetta Guidi.'" The setting of this picture in the Browning Society has been described by Mrs. Lewis W. Allen in a paper on "The Lamp in History and Religion." "At Dante's tomb in Ravenna, a lamp of exquisite workmanship is kept faithfully burning, and in the room of the San Francisco Browning Society, before a picture of the Drawing Room of the Casa Guidi, the library of the lover poets, hangs a lamp of the shrine type, sanctifying the hallowed spot." Mrs. Goewey also quotes Miss Mary Very: "Before the soft, sweet, effulgent light, sacred light, I always feel like kneeling."

An Inspiring Catalogue

I have dwelt so long on Mrs. Goewey's fascinating introduction that I lack space for a detailed examination of the catalogue itself. It is not merely a catalogue of ninety-six items relating to the Brownings. Each item is copiously annotated with a lover's zeal, a scholar's care. The items are arranged chronologically, beginning with pictures of Coxhoe Hall, Durham, where Elizabeth Barrett was born, and of Southampton street, Camberwell, where Robert Browning first saw the light of London. And thence the lives of the two great poets are followed step by step until we reach the English Cemetery in Florence where Mrs. Browning was laid to rest, and Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey where Browning was finally interred. It is therefore a unique sort of biography of the Brownings that Mrs. Goewey has written. It is a very touching biography, and of course the wonderful love story of the twain stands out above all else in strong relief. Turning over these pages, slowly and meditatively, lingering lovingly upon the descriptions, one is reminded of the lines Elizabeth Barrett wrote in the picture gallery at Peshurst:

Aye! with mine eyes of flesh, I did behold
The likeness of their flesh! They, the great dead,
Stood still upon the canvas, while I told
The glorious memories to their ashes wed.

"Constance de Beverley"

When we heard that Toby Rosenthal was dead in Munich, all of us thought of his "Elaine." And some of us thought of his "Immolation of Constance de Beverley." That picture was painted by Toby for his patron Irving M. Scott,

and hung for many years in the fine old Scott home on Rincon Hill. "Marmion" was a favorite poem with Scott, as Martin Kelly will remember; and Scott himself named the subject for the picture. One day Scott was showing the picture to Fortunato Arriola who had

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been one of Rosenthal's teachers. The old-time painter Brookes dropped in.

"That's a magnificent painting," said Brookes, adding "if Rosenthal painted."

"He most certainly did," said Scott, "for I saw him at work on it."

"Well," said Brookes, "it's incomprehensible to me. Now, I've been painting for years and years, and I can't believe a youngster could do a picture like that."

"Ah," said Arriola, "did you never know that a young eagle can fly higher than an old jack-ass?"

A Tribute to Stoddard

Sitting in his Editor's Easy Chair in the back pages of Harper's Magazine, William Dean Howells pays a beautiful tribute to his friend Charles Warren Stoddard, apropos the publication of the Collected Poems (reviewed some time since in Town Talk). Howells calls Stoddard "one of the most pleasing writers, one of the most original writers, of the Bret-Harte and Mark-Twain era of California literature." And he calls the South Sea Idyls "not only the best Californian prose of their period, but the best prose then anywhere written—light, easy, touching, whimsical, pictorial essays and sketches." For the Poems he has a lesser praise: "The poems are such as would have made him an almost first-rate reputation, say, in the later eighteen-sixties or earlier seventies, but cannot win it for him in these more difficult nineteen-sixteens or seventeens." This statement from a critic of high authority is of particular interest because the best of Stoddard's poems, with but few exceptions, appeared in the little volume he published in San Francisco in 1867. It is to be inferred from Howells' words that Stoddard missed fame as a poet because that early volume did not get a wide circulation.

An Improved Story

Howells tells of his first meeting with Stoddard and of saying to him:

"Stoddard, I thought you were young and flowing."

"I used to flow," answered Stoddard with a sigh.

Compare this with the account of the meeting which Howells set down in his "introductory letter" to Stoddard which was prefaced to the South Sea Idyls when Scribner published them in 1892.

"I remember very well my joy in 'A Prodigal in Tahiti,' when I accepted it for the Atlantic Monthly, and I think, now, that there are few such delicious bits of literature in the language. The rest rise up like old memories of delights—graceful shapes, careless, beautiful, with a kind of undying youth in them, which I frankly told you, when we first met many years after they were written, I was disappointed not to find in you. You did not retort, and of course I was not reasonable."

"You did not retort." Clearly then, Stoddard did not say that happy "I used to flow." The story has improved with age; or rather, it has become a new story in Howell's mellow mind.

Plain Chant and Hell

Howells tells a story which is new to me. It belongs to the period when Stoddard was lecturing, either at Notre Dame, Indiana, or at the Catholic University in Washington. The Plain Chant was sung so much that one day Stoddard asked a friend:

"Do you suppose the Plain Chant will be sung in Hell?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" was the shocked reply.

"Then I wish to go to Hell," said Stoddard.

Speaking of Stoddard's conversion to Catholicism, Howells says that it was hard to take it seriously. This is a strange statement, as all who knew Stoddard will agree. It is particularly strange coming from Howells, for when Howells first met Stoddard the latter had been a Catholic for a long time, long enough almost to forget that he had ever been anything else. Howells speaks of Stoddard's habit of writing on the envelopes of his letters the initials S. A. G. I think Howells must have misread some of Stoddard's handwriting which was awfully illegible, as Aleck Robertson will tell you. Some pious Catholics, lacking complete confidence in the postoffice, write on their envelopes S. A. G., meaning St. Anthony Guide; and Stoddard had a great devotion to St. Anthony, as witness his beautiful little book "The Wonder Worker of Padua." By the way, this article by Howells ends with a tribute to Stoddard's lifelong friend Ina Coolbrith whom Howells calls "a memorable poet of a most memorable time."

The McGowan Narrative

The "Narrative of Edward McGowan" is no longer hard to get. A few years ago one copy of this precious bit of Californiana brought \$45 at an auction, for it was not only rare, it had solid merit. It is a book worth reading for its glimpses of early California life and for the thrilling, exciting, fictionless romance that it recites—the story of the Vigilance Committee of 1856. This is a romance only in the sense that it is a story of most interesting and picturesque adventure. McGowan tells what happened to him when he was pursued by the Vigilantes who hoped to hang him for complicity in the murder of James King of William. They would have hanged him, too, had they got hold of him, but he evaded them for months while hiding in the hills near Santa Barbara, and while making his way on horseback to Sacramento. A Legislature was in ses-

sion when the fugitive made his appearance on the floor of the Senate much to the amazement of all present. McGowan had not been heard from in months. He was thought to be dead. Yet he had been ready all the while to stand trial for the murder for which the Vigilantes were eager to hang him. All he demanded was the assurance of a fair trial, and for this the Legislature made provision. It was in his behalf that the law was passed providing for a change of venue in criminal cases. A jury acquitted the defendant without leaving the box.

Russell's Painstaking Performance

This remarkable McGowan narrative has long been thought worth reprinting, for it was known only to a limited number of readers, some of whom had read it only in condensed form, one of which appeared in Town Talk. A very good job has been turned out in perfect facsimile by Thomas C. Russell at his private press, 1734 Nineteenth avenue. He has printed two limited editions, one of only two hundred copies. The book contains a reproduction of the old paper-cover title page bearing a photograph of the man who immortalized himself by the story of his hair-breadth escapes from San Francisco to Santa Barbara while pursued for a crime wherewith he had no connection.

Mr. De Young Twits Mr. Hearst

That was an interesting editorial on "Rebuilding Europe" which was published in last Friday's Chronicle. I liked especially these two paragraphs:

In the meantime, there is the question as to where the money for rebuilding is to be raised. People with a sturdy sense of justice believe that the destroying nations should furnish the greater part of the funds for reconstruction, while all who have anything of the practical in their make up think that this matter must be left until decided at the peace conference.

As against this common sense view of the situation there is that of the dreamers and visionaries who in their misguided humanitarianism would relieve the Kaiser and his fellow conspirators of all financial

STATEMENT

At the Close of Business, December 31, 1917, of the

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK OF SAVINGS

SAVINGS AND COMMERCIAL

108 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

RESOURCES

First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	\$ 4,110,910.66
Bank Premises	519,550.00
Safe Deposit Vaults, Furniture and Fixtures	38,000.00
Real Estate	42,400.00
United States, Municipal and Other Bonds	2,962,074.47
Collateral and Personal Loans	1,164,199.20
Letters of Credit, etc.	161,225.35
CASH ON HAND AND IN BANKS	1,023,489.92
TOTAL	\$10,021,849.60

LIABILITIES

Capital Paid In	\$ 750,000.00
Surplus	194,000.00
Undivided Profits	187,972.46
Contingent Fund	12,118.33
Letters of Credit, etc.	113,556.95
DEPOSITS	8,764,201.86
TOTAL	\$10,021,849.60

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responsibility by collecting the money in the form of subscriptions from Americans. They may not intend to act in the capacity of Wilhelm's good angel, but that monarch could ask for nothing better than that the American people should pay for his misdeeds.

It is all very well to help France, but is not this rebuilding scheme of Hearst's calculated to help Germany still more? That is the serious question raised by The Chronicle editorial. It is a question which must be answered by those who are thinking of contributing to Hearst's fund.

Farley at the Cliff

Our famous Cliff House may presently be restored to what it was in the days when its individuality was as distinctive as the marine feature that has been its chief attraction since the barking seals came to abide amid the breakers beneath. Formerly the Cliff was a distinctively San Francisco institution, a resort with a character all its own, where an epicure with a palate could get a dish not to be found elsewhere and where liquid refreshments were either properly warmed or delightfully chilled according to the sector of the West Front whence they had been transported. Along with our change of manners and customs the Cliff in time became an ordinary cafe with a menu and music and a sort of dining room impresario who depended on an affable manner, his only asset, to stimulate trade. Whining himself into people's good graces, he gave the place an atmosphere not a bit more interesting than himself. After various vicissitudes a novelty was introduced in the person of Mrs. Crane who capitalized good dancing and featured the social atmosphere, but now the Cliff is once more in the hands of that veteran of the resort life that San Francisco knew in other days when clubmen spent less time in stilted clubs than among their cronies. John F. Farley is once more at the helm in sight and sound of the seals. Now Farley is an old San Franciscan with a knowledge of the ways and tastes of the kind of folks that one may expect to meet at the Cliff. To him the Cliff is something more than a mere resort. He loves the Cliff as a tradition; he knows the romantic history of the Cliff, and nothing delights him more than to meet folks who appreciate its features and its environment, and who relish stories of its past. Farley is himself unique, and it's a treat to draw him out and to realize to the full that there is much worth while in all that he dispenses whether from the cuisine or from his fund of anecdote. In Farley is to be found the very salt of the Cliff House circumambient.

A French Critic on Frenchmen

There is much that deserves the attention of students of literature as well as of students of politics in Ernest Dimnet's book "France Herself Again." Dimnet is a scholarly Frenchman who has written much that is interesting for leading French and English papers. Like all Frenchmen Dimnet holds that the mood of a nation can best be discovered in its literature, and his analysis of the present temper of his country is illustrated by frequent references to the poets and novelists of the younger school. His main thesis is that the first thirty-five years

of the Republic witnessed an intellectual deterioration due to "a baneful philosophy and a lawless literature" produced by the "sceptical, pessimistic, nihilistic generations" who during that period led France from bad to worse. The twin roots of this evil M. Dimnet finds in Romanticism and Naturalism—both alien to the traditions and temperament of the French people, seldom able to voice feelings that are deeply seated in the national soul, and consequently both failures. It follows from this that the generation of those who were young in 1870, was too much tainted by the virus to produce a literature truly French, and M. Dimnet's book is filled with criticisms of their humanitarianism, socialism and internationalism. An accomplished critic, Dimnet's views of modern French literature will interest foreigners. He speaks of Taine as "a wizened old savant," Jaurès as "only a ranter," M. Aulard as "a carping specialist," M. Anatole France as "a fossil," who, "were it not for his irony, would only be the top boy in a large class of pupils of Voltaire and Montesquieu, and, in better days, would not be taken seriously," and that "L'Île des Penguins" is "a caricature of the history of France, conceived in the coarsest materialistic point of view of the Socialists, but drawn in the vein now of Rabelais and now of Voltaire, and deceiving the unguarded reader about its essential vulgarity by its cleverness."

The New French Spirit

M. Dimnet speaks of a new spirit among French writers, one fruit of which is a return to the traditional French qualities of directness, finish, measure and restraint. It leads M. Dimnet to hope that "after the Parnassian glacier and the decadent jungle, French poetry is coming to a more open space, where the sun and

breeze of real inspiration may rise any day." Inspiration is to spring from patriotism, and poetry is to aim at being national above all things. The new spirit is exemplified in the works of Madame de Noailles, Francis Jammes, Viélé-Griffin, Henri de Régnier, Paul Fort, Claudel and Verhaeren.

An Interesting Personality

A converted Jew who has constituted himself a lay apostle of Catholicism. A former leader of the Socialist party, once its candidate for Mayor of Boston, who saw the insidious inroads upon Americanism which Socialist doctrinaires were making, long before John Spargo and other leaders repudiated the Socialist programme. Such is David Goldstein who spoke to a large crowd in the open air at the Civic Center last Sunday. His is an arresting personality. Such widely separated leaders as Colonel Roosevelt and Samuel Gompers meet and join hands in their admiration for Goldstein's work. Both have drawn for arguments upon his book "Socialism: The Nation of Fatherless Children" written in collaboration with Mrs. Martha Moore Avery. Goldstein is traveling the length and breadth of the country by autovan, and speaks everywhere from the tail of his conveyance. Thus he is using the favorite method of the soap box orator in combatting that dangerous busybody's pet theories. Goldstein has an itinerary which is taking him just now through the bay counties and the Santa Clara Valley. Perhaps he may be heard again in this city before he leaves our part of the State.

"I dreamed last night that I proposed to a beautiful girl," he confided.

"And what did I say?" she queried breathlessly.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

BANK OF ITALY

SAVINGS

COMMERCIAL

TRUST

Head Office, San Francisco
DECEMBER 31, 1917

RESOURCES

First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	\$26,924,751.03
Other Loans (Collateral and Personal)	20,079,438.07
Banking Premises, Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit vaults (Head Office and Branches)	2,341,000.00
Other Real Estate	160,634.43
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit	1,215,590.08
Other Resources	388,787.97
United States, State, Municipal and Other Bonds	\$13,308,176.52
CASH	13,054,774.69
TOTAL	\$77,473,152.79

LIABILITIES

*Capital Paid Up	\$ 3,000,000.00
Surplus	\$ 811,600.00
Undivided Profits	288,400.00
Dividends Unpaid	112,834.00
Letters of Credit	1,215,590.08
DEPOSITS	72,044,728.71
TOTAL	\$77,473,152.79

A. P. Giannini and A. Pedrini, being each separately duly sworn each for himself, says that said A. P. Giannini is President and that said A. Pedrini is Cashier of the Bank of Italy, the Corporation above mentioned, and that every statement contained therein is true of his own knowledge and belief.
A. P. GIANNINI,
A. PEDRINI.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of December, 1917.
THOMAS S. BURNES, Notary Public.

The Story of Our Growth

As Shown by a Comparative Statement of Our Resources:

December 31, 1904	\$285,436.97
DECEMBER 31, 1906	\$1,899,947.28
December 31, 1908	\$2,574,004.90
DECEMBER 31, 1910	\$6,539,861.49
December 31, 1912	\$11,228,814.56
DECEMBER 31, 1914	\$18,030,401.59
December 31, 1916	\$39,805,995.24
DECEMBER 31, 1917	\$ 77,473,152.79

NUMBER OF DEPOSITORS { DECEMBER 31, 1916, 90,683
DECEMBER 31, 1917, 141,298

Savings Deposits Made On or Before January 10, 1918, Will Earn Interest from January 1, 1918

*On June 15, 1918, Capital will be increased to \$5,000,000.00, fully paid.

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28 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

New Year's Eve

"On account of the war there won't be the usual big New Year's Eve celebration." The remark was heard on many sides prior to December 31; but on investigation one found that it was made by habitual stay-at-homes. As a matter of fact, this celebration was the biggest we have ever had. It was not as noisy as some—an indication that we have learned the real carnival style. And it was not as wild as some—proof that we are getting more sensible. But in point of numbers it beat all records. And in point of elaborateness it left the preceding celebrations far, far behind. The St. Francis and Palace had larger throngs than ever; the Fairmont had a very large celebration, for the first time; and the Whitcomb celebrated its first New Year's Eve with every foot of public floor space jammed. So much for the hotels. The cafes were packed to the last seat all night long. The streets were thronged as usual. And the Civic Auditorium held fifteen thousand people, its record gathering. Nobody forgot that we were at war. Indeed, soldiers and sailors, both officers and enlisted men, were numerous in evidence everywhere, having the time of their lives. Patriotism flamed up as the minutes sped from 1917 to 1918. It was a bully night.

From Dry Places

One interesting feature of the celebration was the remarkably large number of strangers who came to town. They came from the dry States in droves. Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Utah and Arizona sent great numbers to our hospitable city. Soldiers have learned that they can celebrate and have a good time without the inspiration of bubbling wine; but civilians still feel the need of stimulation when they see the old year out and the new year in. So the dry States gave of their citizenship that night, and San Francisco was host extraordinary. The records of the police show that there was a very small outbreak of intemperance that night—smaller than ever before. Among those who drank to excess were a good many visitors from dry territory. That of course was to be expected. It is a psychological condition too well known to need elucidation.

Myrtle Donnelly in New York

Myrtle Donnelly, the young California song-bird who astonished us at a concert she gave in this city some months ago, has been lately

provoking rhapsodies in New York. It will be remembered that Miss Donnelly received the tribute of Helen M. Bonnet's warm praise in the course of an earnest criticism in Town Talk. According to this critic, whose judgment has been vindicated in several notable instances, Miss Donnelly possessed a voice of exceptional quality and exhibited a familiarity with the art of song that justified confidence in her ability to rank with the past mistresses of that art. Well, this San Francisco girl is on her way to the higher regions of the vocal art where great singers command high salaries. Her mental powers are not employed wholly to attain perfection in art. She is using her brains to make her way in the world. She has had sense enough to get away from San Francisco at the earliest opportunity, to expedite her "arrival" as it were, and word of her comes to me from the metropolis. It was her good fortune to number among her acquaintances two Californians with a standing in New York musical circles—Joe Redding, author of Natoma, and Uda Waldrop, the clever accompanist whom Melba tried to lure to Australia. One night recently Miss Donnelly made her appearance at a concert at Waldrop's studio in New York in the presence of a coterie of New York music lovers and the impression her singing made on them was equal to the one she made at her first public appearance in this city. They pronounced her a heaven-born singer and predicted that her debut at the Metropolitan would be a roof-raising affair.

In the Navy

The navy has claimed two prominent San Franciscans within the past few days. Charles Templeton Crocker is an ensign, and it is announced that Richard Tobin has a commission and is about to go abroad. Crocker is just outside the draft age, being thirty-two. Dick Tobin, of course, is considerably older. Both men are examples of that fine spirit of patriotism which has been manifested on all sides of us by rich and poor. We have been told time and time again by American Bolsheviks—what the Russians call "class conscious proletarians"—that the rich were bad citizens. We never believed it, but what striking proof of its falsehood we have had since we went to war!

Poker and a Dictaphone

The man who has a dictaphone in his office should read the story of an Oaklander. He has a reputation for probity, prudence and skill and there has never been breathed one word against his spotless reputation. True it is that there are some who have noticed that his office lights occasionally burned into the late hours of the night. It was after one of these nights when the lights had been burning that the Oakland man's stenographer came to him with a record from the dictaphone and a puzzled look upon her face. "I can make nothing of this letter you dictated last night," she said; "will you explain it." When the record was put on the machine there was a purring and a grinding, and then: "Whose deal? I'll stay. How many? One card. That's better. Same for me. Oh, hell!" etc., etc. The Oakland man looked puzzled, and then a light dawned. "You may leave the record with me," he told the stenographer. He figures that he set the dicta-

phone going with his elbow during the game the night before.

Will They Take Their Tapestries?

The indications are that Daniel C. Jackling's work as director of the manufacture of "T. N. T." will compel him to spend most of his time at Washington. This means, doubtless, that the Jacklings will take a house in the national capital and do their share of entertaining. Although he is working for a dollar a year, Jackling and his vivacious wife can afford to "keep up their end," and may be counted on to do so. The question is, Will they remove their precious tapestries from the St. Francis to Washington? A specially high ceiling had to be constructed in the two-story apartment of the Jacklings to accommodate these tapestries, they are so large. They are such exceptional works of art that they would make a stir even in blase Washington. The Jacklings were at the St. Francis for the New Year's Eve celebration, and as usual Mrs. Jackling who looked lovely, received a great deal of attention.

The Christmas Guest

We have heard stories of women who have been patronizing to soldiers or sailors only to find that these belonged to millionaire families

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HOTEL OAKLAND PRIVATE SCHOOL—Office room 103.

or had ancestors of the Mayflower stock; but here is another sort of story, showing what the war has done for democracy. It is being related with joy in certain circles in Oakland. A society woman who wished to do the kind and proper thing for Christmas, invited a sailor whom she saw walking the sidewalks near her home, to Christmas dinner. The sailor had the time of his life and seemed particularly to relish the idea of being waited on by the attractive maid of the household. The dinner was a success for all hands despite the fact that the hostess was puzzled all the while with a thought that she had seen her guest before. After the sailor had departed she remembered that she had seen a fleeting glance of understanding between the bluejacket and her maid, so she questioned the girl:

"Marie, it seems to me that I have seen that young man before. Do you know where and when it was?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Marie, trying hard to hide a smile. "He is the young man who used to call here last year. I knew him up in Chico before I came to your home. We are going to be married."

And then Mrs. H. remembered the fact that she had warned Marie that the young man could not call more than twice a week and that he had always been received in the kitchen. She says, in relating the story, that she can appreciate the maid's feelings when she saw "her man" being entertained in state.

Miss Comte Entertains

An afternoon of knitting and of Christmas cheer was given by Miss Helene Comte at the home of her parents on Friday last. The guests who were her friends at school included: The Misses Mildred Bulger, Edna Fennell, Dorothy Queen, Emilie Chapruis, Alzire Von Phul, Claude Von Phul, Margaret Dunne, Berenice Mitchell, Gladys Waterhouse, Margaret Tynan, Josephine Tynan, Anita Leonard, Marie Comte and Madeline Comte.

At the Whitcomb

Three hundred merry-makers had table reservations for supper in the Arabesque and Blue rooms at the Whitcomb New Year's Eve. As many more who had not made reservations filled the lobby and the Sun Room, so that the hotel

force had all it could do to minister to their wants. It was the merriest night the hotel has had in nine months of life. Among those who entertained large parties were John Bray of Burlingame; C. L. Pratt; Dr. D. E. F. Easton; Mrs. H. Archibald; Charles T. Crozier; John H. van Horne; L. Hymans; H. A. Van C. Torchiana; J. R. Lee; Dr. W. P. Hall; R. Lundstrom Jr.; W. F. Heilbron; and G. A. Bell. New Year's night saw the capacity of the hotel taxed again at dinner time. A special dinner was served, and there were numerous smart parties. The management of the hotel announces that henceforward there will be dancing every Saturday night, with refreshments, in the Sun Room on the roof.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick G. Myrtle have closed their home in Ross and will pass the winter months in an apartment at 722 Taylor street.

At Hotel Oakland

Amongst prominent arrivals at the Hotel Oakland recently are: G. F. Wills and wife, Fresno; Frank H. Norecross, Reno; Sherman Leonard, Sacramento; D. Benjamin, Molino, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. E. Russ, Camp Lewis; Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Biddle, Hanford; Captain and Mrs. W. Hallo-way, Menlo; Mrs. D. Castle, San Francisco; W. Cake Jr. and wife, Portland; W. T. Palm and wife, Sacramento; L. E. Pratt and family, New York; Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Pries, San Francisco; J. W. DeWitt and wife, Antioch; Mr. and Mrs. H. Blackman, San Francisco; Wm. Cooper and wife, Placerville; J. T. Besnon and wife, Bakersfield; Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Lyn-colin, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Thompson, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. M. Reynolds, Los Angeles; J. H. Durham and wife, Walla Walla; L. F. Breuner, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Smith, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. H. French, Sacramento; W. Buthworth and wife, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Crellin, Pleasanton; Mr. A. B. Castleman, Los Angeles; Mrs. H. B. Carter and children, Portland; and Mrs. C. E. Marsh, Tacoma.

At the Cecil

Mrs. William Munter, wife of Lieutenant Munter of the U. S. Navy, and their little girl are sojourning at the Cecil. After a delightful trip in the East C. B. Jennings has returned to his apartments at the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Beck were hosts at a dinner Thursday evening. Covers were arranged for twelve. Seventy dollars was cleared for the Red Cross at the benefit card party given at the Cecil Friday. Manager Bortzmeyer did everything to make the affair a success. The management donated delicious refreshments. Among those who attended the pleasurable affair were General and Mrs. McClelland, Commodore and Mrs. Reah Frazer, Drs. and Mesdames C. G. Kenyon, F. B. Reardon, H. Boeger, Messrs. and Mesdames W. B. Hamilton, James Hough, J. F. Evans, W. S. Thompson, E. B. Ryan, J. W. Pew, Lee Le Rue, Stanley Vail, Crofton, W. K. Reese, J. D. Riddell, Howard Turner, Judge and Mrs. Frederick Henshaw, Mesdames Elizabeth Pratt, M. E. Rowley, Charles Graf, E. V. Foote, L. W. Moore, George Knight, Eugene Davis, B. F. Keith, W. F. Morris, E. J. Walker, Richard Ives, Vincent Cook, Dr. H. Damkroeker, Messrs. Nat Sims, John Harbour, Arthur Thane and others. The dinner hour was gay on New Year's Eve at the Cecil. There were numerous dinner parties and the management supplied each table with confetti, horns, whistles and other favors appropriate to the holiday season. Among the guests who entertained on this oc-

casion were General and Mrs. McClelland, Messrs. and Mesdames Crothers, J. W. Pew, E. B. Ryan, Commodore and Mrs. Frazer, Dr. and Mrs. H. Boeger, Mesdames Armstrong, M. E. Rowley. Mr. and Mrs. George Brooks have closed their home at Ross and have taken apartments at the Cecil.

Favors at the Tavern

Considering the fact that Techau Tavern was packed on New Year's Eve with merry makers, there was absolutely no confusion nor any diminution in the Tavern's usual excellent service and each and every one in attendance voted the evening one of extreme pleasure. Until further notice the Tavern will continue its feature (introduced several months ago) of presenting each afternoon to the ladies in attendance from twenty-five to thirty-five large bottles of Stearns' Suprema toilet water, and in the evenings after each souvenir dance Le Lilas de Rigaud perfume favors to the ladies, and Melachrino cigarettes to the gentlemen.

A Big Mark

A clergyman who preached a strong sermon against gambling and betting at a church near Newmarket was surprised, at a subsequent luncheon, to find himself opposite to a well known bookmaker, who had sat in a front pew. The clergyman thought it necessary to explain that he meant "nothing personal by his remarks from the pulpit." The bookmaker smiled pleasantly. "Oh, don't apologize," he said. "It would be a mighty poor sermon that didn't hit me somewhere."



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The Stage

Democracy in the Theatre

It is a matter of patriotic duty now to cherish the ideal of democracy, for we are fighting in this war because of the conviction that such is the wisdom of the people it increases the sum of human happiness. Now I am willing, in order to be in harmony with my country during the war, to acquiesce in the common and amiable belief that a genius for government resides in the People, but having derived some knowledge of the People from the gallery, having closely watched popular demonstrations from that angle, I am not disposed to swallow the mob whole. While it is not to be denied that the flower of our intellect delights to clamor with the largest crowd, it is especially when it is on the winning side that the flower preserves a fine faith in the wisdom of that crowd and the chastity of the crowd's honor. Go to the Orpheum or to any other theatre, for that matter, and bear the results of popular rule, and democracy may seem to have its drawback. In vaudeville when curtain-calls continue long after a performer has done his bit and exhausted all that he has up his sleeve, the People almost make one anti-social. First you enjoy, then you tolerate, then you practice patience and finally you become intolerant. Such is the effect of popular rule in the theatre. However, misjudgment in the theatre does not preclude wisdom in the agora. So much I concede as a patriot. And this much I ought to say as a faithful Orpheumite—the gallery may do its worst this week without causing unbearable irritation, the reason being that the performers are able to respond to all demands. The bill is good throughout and yet it includes a female impersonator who reconciles you to him even if you start with prejudices. It includes also that classic vaudeville team, McIntyre and Heath, of Ham Tree, Georgia Minstrel fame. They have another minstrel classic called the "Man from Montana" which has all the charm of the old-time minstrel afterpiece. There are several popular old-timers on the bill, among them James H. Cullen who has his own inimitable way of getting over comicalities that endure through second thought.

—Theodore F. Bonnet.

Maud Powell's Programmes

The Maud Powell programmes which will be given by that sterling violinist at the Columbia tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon, and on next Friday afternoon, are literally studded with musical gems. This consummate artist whose visits to this city constitute one of our rare musical treats, stands at the very front of American violinists irrespective of sex, and ranks high among the great exponents of the instrument of whatever nationality. Maud Powell's programmes are always of the keenest interest to music lovers, for she is known to be a great student of the literature of the violin, and to have introduced a score of the world's most important works to American audiences. Tomorrow she will play the Allegro Moderato from the Sibelius Concerto in D minor, Op. 47; Saint-Saens' magnificent D minor, op. 75 concerto; Fiorella's prelude in C minor; Mozart's Rondo in G major; Cadman's Indian lyric "Wah-wah-taysee" (Little Firefly), and Bazzini's "Dance of the Imps." Arthur Loesser, Miss Powell's assisting artist, will preside at the piano, and will render suitable aid to his star in the great Saint-Saens work, and will play the following soli numbers: Gigue in E minor (Loielly-

Godowsky), Song without words (Mendelssohn) and "La Campanella" (Liszt-Paganini). Next Friday's programme will be of equal interest, containing the big Arensky Concerto in A minor, op. 54 (introduced to this country by Miss Powell); Brahms' great Sonata in D minor, op. 108, with the assistance of Loesser at the piano; Bach's Prelude in E major; Martini-Powell's "Love's Delight;" Beethoven-Auer's "Marche Orientale;" Dvorak-Powell's "Songs My Mother Sung;" Gretchaninow's "Songs of Autumn" and Vieuxtemps' "Polonaise." Loesser's numbers will be the Chopin Berceuse, Valse in A flat, op. 42, and Liszt's "Rakoczy March." Miss Powell will be greeted by big crowds, for she enjoys a splendid popularity among local music lovers.

Godowsky's One Concert

With only one concert announced for the peerless pianist Leopold Godowsky, it is assured that the Columbia will be crowded to its fullest capacity on Sunday afternoon, January 13, when the great Polish genius will play a wonderful programme of piano classics. Godowsky has been aptly described as the "master of master pianists." His appeal is remarkable, the foremost players of the instrument acknowledging that in Godowsky the master has been found. His interpretations of the works of Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin, etc., are taken as the last word in music, and his concerts are as eagerly

sought by his brother artists as by the music public in general. As a composer, too, Godowsky is preëminent, and his own original works, as well as his arrangements for the piano of much of the fine old seventeenth century music, have brought him added fame and importance. A colossal programme will be played in this city, opening with the big Beethoven op. 110 sonata in A flat. Brahms' Intermezzo, op. 76, No. 3 in A flat, and Rhapsody No. 119, No. 4, in E flat come next. Three numbers from his "Renaissance" are next on the list. These are the Minuet in G minor of Rameau, the Courante in E minor of Lully and the Tambourin in E minor of Rameau. The Chopin group includes the Fantasia, op. 49, F minor, Waltz, op. 64, No. 3 in E flat, Berceuse, and Polonaise, op. 53 in A flat. Henselt's "Ave Maria," Blumenfeld's etude, op. 36, in A flat (for the left hand alone), the Mendelssohn-Liszt "On the Wings of Love," Liszt's Polonaise No. 2 in E major and Godowsky's own Humoresque are also included in the offering. Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer is now accepting mail orders for the Godowsky concert, which should include current funds and 10 per cent additional for the war tax. These will be filled in the order of their receipt.

De Gogorza in Two Concerts

Two Sunday afternoon recitals are to be given by Emilio de Gogorza. The announcement that this superb Spanish-American baritone is to appear at the Columbia on the Sunday afternoons of January 20 and 27 is already interesting the hundreds of admirers that the artist has in this city. Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer of the Greenbaum office, under whose auspices the de Gogorza concerts will be given, is already accepting mail orders for the same, and the indications are that the singer will be, as usual, greeted by great throngs at both events. Since his appearances here, de Gogorza has added largely to his already extensive and wonderful repertoire, and critics everywhere are agreeing that never in his career has he been in such wonderful voice nor has his art been more beautiful and exquisite. The promise is held out that the programmes that he will offer here will be specially attractive and will serve to charm lovers of beautiful song to the very maximum. De Gogorza is one of the few great artists that appeals alike to the ultra musical and to the merely casual concertgoer, hence the great vogue that he enjoys.

The Hilarious Columbia Attraction

These are days of rare fun and good cheer at the Columbia where "Turn to the Right," the sensational laughing hit of last season in New York and Chicago, is giving the Geary street playhouse a most auspicious start on the New Year. Another week of the comedy record-smasher is announced, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. Never in the history of the theatre has the laughter of audiences been so spontaneous, so frequent or so prolonged. In fact the thread of the story is often strained to the breaking point by the storms of merriment and applause which interrupt the snappy dialogue of Joe Bascom, the erring son, and his crook comrades "Slippery Muggs" and "Dynamite Gilly," during their plotting to save the Bascom farm from the clutches of the skinflint Deacon Tillinger and to garner quick riches from the sale of Mother



ANNA CHANDLER

Next week at the Orpheum

Bascom's justly celebrated peach jam. But hilarity gives way to hushed stillness with each appearance of the saintly Mother Bascom, through whose love and Christian influence the "boys" are restored to honesty and rectitude. Her untarnished sincerity lends an atmosphere of refreshing wholesomeness to the play. In the hands of Mabel Bert, white-haired and angelic, the role of Mother Bascom is one of the most lovable ever introduced to a San Francisco audience. The introduction of peach jam as a short-cut to riches gives an unique twist to the story and invests it with a note of domesticity which holds a special appeal to the feminine portion of the audiences. This is reflected in the unusually heavy attendance at the matinees, with sometimes a bare sprinkling of men. The jam takes the place of the broken-down drug store, which rehabilitated the fortunes of the characters in Winchell Smith's other great success "The Fortune Hunter." "Turn to the Right" is being presented with the original cast and production, exactly as it ran for thirteen months at the Gaiety Theatre, New York, and nine months at George M. Cohan's Grand Opera House, Chicago. The company includes Ralph Morgan, Barry McCormack, William Foran, James H. Huntley, Philip Bishop, Gene Lewis, Charles W. Goodrich, Samuel Lowenwirth, George Spelvin, Mabel Bert, Ethel Remey, Helen Collier, Dorothy Betts and Maude Fox. The play introduces New York's newest firm of producers, Winchell Smith and John L. Golden. Smith has confined himself to play-writing heretofore.

Avon Four at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will include seven entirely new acts. The Avon Comedy Four, the personnel of which is Goodwin, Kaufman, Smith and Dale, will present a new hilarious skit called "A Hungarian Rhapsody." For years audiences have roared at the antics of this quartet and their songs are always received with enthusiasm. Their popularity today is if possible greater than ever and their new vehicle has scored one of the greatest hits of the present vaudeville season. Harry Green who shares the headline honors will appear in Aaron Hoffman's novelty skit "The Cherry Tree." Mr. Green is supported by his own company. Bert Swor, blackface comedian and for many years minstrel endman, will introduce an entirely new monologue which is funny beyond description. Anna Chandler is a splendid comedienne whose songs are descriptive and exclusive. One of her numbers is entitled "Breaking into Society" and this is the keynote of her repertoire. Sam H. Sept, composer of Miss Chandler's music, will assist her at the piano. The Gaudsmidt Brothers hail from The Netherlands and their two shaggy black poodles are Spanish. The brothers are eccentric clowns and pantomimists. The Levolos, Pat and Julia, will introduce a sensation on the wire which is new. The only holdovers will be the Alexander Kids and McIntyre and Heath. The latter will present entirely new acts, appearing Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday in the greatest of all their successes "The Georgia Minstrels," and Thursday and the remainder of the week in their side-splitting travesty "Waiting at the Church."

St. Francis Little Theatre

After a two weeks' vacation the St. Francis Little Theatre Club will resume performances on January 8 and 10, presenting three delightful little plays, with professional players. "Bound East for Cadriiff" is a very dramatic little play of the sea, written by Eugene O'Neil,

son of James O'Neil of Monte Cristo fame, and played with much success in the East; it will bring forward a new member of the Maitland players, Albert Morrison, a leading man of recognized ability, who will undoubtedly be a valuable addition to the company. "The Constant Lover," a charming comedy by Sir John Hankin, will be played by Mr. Maitland and Miss Sullivan. The third play will be a satire by Stanley Houghton, "Phipps," played by Holbrook Blinn during his engagement at the Columbia. "The Game of Chess" will be repeated by general request, January 14 and 16. Members are now being rapidly enrolled for next season, and the membership is limited to 200.

Yvette Guilbert to Return

On Sunday afternoon, February 3, Wednesday night, February 6, and Saturday afternoon, February 9, the great Yvette Guilbert will again be in this city. The wonderful French song-actress so firmly established herself locally on her appearances last season that no exaggerated comment is necessary at this time. The art of this divine woman is superb, her interpretations unequalled, and when it is promised that she will present a long list of works, many new to this city, and many of her old favorites, it is assured that all San Francisco will be interested. The Guilbert recitals will take place at the Scottish Rite Auditorium which is peculiarly adapted to the intimate art of the great French-woman. Manager Selby Oppenheimer is already accepting mail orders for these events.

Minneapolis Symphony to Return

Emil Oberhoffer and the entire Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, eighty-five strong, will renew their San Francisco and Oakland acquaintance with fine programmes on Thursday and

Friday afternoons, February 7 and 8, at the Columbia; on Saturday afternoon and night, February 9, at the Auditorium Opera House in Oakland, and in a special programme on Sunday morning, February 10, at the Tivoli Opera House. Reinald Werrenrath, the famous baritone, and Marguerite Namara, superb coloratura soprano, will be special soloists.

Persinger with Symphony Sunday

Louis Persinger, the brilliant concert master of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, will be soloist at the seventh regular Sunday symphony concert, announced for the afternoon of January 6, at the Cort under the direction of Alfred Hertz. The programme which was received with such favor on Friday afternoon at the Cort will be repeated in its entirety, though the prices will be just half those charged for the previous event. Persinger's wonderful violinistic art will again be displayed in that favorite of all concertos for violin and orchestra, Mendelssohn's E minor concerto. The orchestra alone will open the concert with "A Faust Overture," one of the few compositions written by Richard Wagner for concert purposes only, and a marvelous tragedy in miniature, based on the immortal Goethe poem. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, with new beauties revealed through the inspired conductorship of Alfred Hertz, will conclude the concert. The sixth "pop" concert will be given on Sunday afternoon, January 13, at the Cort, with the entire orchestra participating, and Emilio Puyans, flutist, as soloist. Puyans needs no introduction to local music lovers, for his artistry is well known. He is a true musician and has occupied the position of first flutist with several important organizations. This is his fifth season with the Hertz players. Godard's suite, opus 116, will be given at the



LEOPOLD GODOWSKY

The master pianist whose concert at the Columbia Sunday afternoon, January 13, is attracting wide attention

"pop" by Puyans with the orchestra. The remaining offerings of an ideal popular programme are: Overture, "Poet and Peasant," Suppe; "Nutcracker Suite," Tchaikowsky; Three Slav Dances, Dvorak; "Serenade," Moszkowski; overture "William Tell."

"Fair and Warmer" at Cort

The latest farce by Avery Hopwood and the great farce hit of the decade "Fair and Warmer" will return to the Cort commencing Sunday evening, January 6, after a triumphant tour of the United States. It comes under the direction of Selwyn and Company who have proved themselves among America's foremost producers of the very best in the line of popular entertainment. "Fair and Warmer" tells a piquant tale of how two highly respectable young persons, one a domesticated husband with never a thought beyond his hearthstone, and the other a charming little wife whose whole idea of life has been gleaned from the tip of her mother's apron strings, suddenly discover that their respective partners in matrimony have been having times more gay than creditable and, with equal suddenness, decide to be revenged. They can think of nothing better to do than something as wicked as their spouses have been guilty of—but having no practice in wickedness, they find they cannot do it very well. It is precisely the sort of idea which Avery Hopwood knows best how to handle, to give its fullest farcical flavor, and to decorate with his wisest and most profound social commentary. It is three acts of unflagging hilarity. In the cast are Henry Stockbridge, Lillian Foster, Jack Hayden, Grace Benham, Alexandre J. Herbert, Bessie Brown, Thomas Springer and Joseph A. Bingham. The engagement promises to be one of the most successful of the season.

Evelyn Vaughan at Alcazar

Under the most delightful conditions imaginable, Miss Evelyn Vaughan will return to the Alcazar at the matinee Sunday afternoon at the head of a brilliant company of new Alcazar players, and in her favorite role of Nan Carey in the notable Al Woods' success "Cheating Cheaters." The combination should prove irresistible to theatregoers. The star is a superb and proven actress. The play is a very gen-

uine Broadway success, with a record of two solid years of triumph to its credit. It has never been seen in San Francisco. Its production will be under the guidance of George Lask, the veteran director. This trinity of assets should make Miss Vaughan's season at the Alcazar an unquestioned triumph.

A Farm in Flanders

(Continued from Page 6)

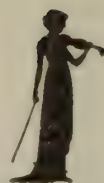
M. P. get? Double the pay of a company commander, isn't it?

"We heard of K.'s new army, of course, but hope deferred made our hearts pretty sick, and it used to be a standing joke with the battalion to say: 'It's rumored that Italy and the New Army are about to definitely abandon their neutrality.' A silly joke, I admit, because we might have known that the authorities at home were working night and day to get a move on and succor us. And at last, like the dove to the ark, there came two Territorial regiments—attached to us for instruction. Topping fellows they were, too! And, then, as winter gave way to spring, and spring to summer and the floods subsided in our trenches, the New Army began to arrive. We could hardly believe it at first. And it grew and grew like a grain of mustard seed. And all kinds of fancy things came with it—Stokes guns and Mills bombs and Lewis guns and stacks of shells. By that time I could cheerfully have said 'Nunc Dimittis,' for I knew we were saved. I felt old, very old, like the Johnny in the Bible, but like him I could have said, 'Now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace.' I tell you I could have wept for joy as if I'd sniffed a tear shell. But by that time . . ."

Borlase stopped and gazed out to sea in silence. He was silent for so long that at last I gave him a cue.

"Yes, I know," I said. "I've been there. But I can't see why you want to buy that filthy farm. You know you said it was all dust and ashes by now."

"So I did. But you see all my pals are buried there. Only the O. C. and myself, we, even we only, are left . . . No, I shouldn't like to feel it belonged to anyone else."



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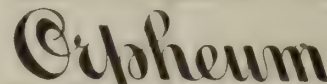
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7TH SUNDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT

Soloist, LOUIS PERSINGER

CORT THEATRE

Sunday Afternoon, Jan. 6, at 2:30 Sharp

PROGRAM:

Wagner "A Faust Overture"
Mendelssohn Concerto for Violin and Orchestra
(LOUIS PERSINGER)

Beethoven Fifth Symphony

PRICES: Sunday, 50c, 75c, \$1; box and loge seats
\$1.50. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, except concert
days; at Cort on concert day only.



MAUD POWELL

The American violinist who plays at the
Columbia tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon
and next Friday afternoon

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Wall Street took a decidedly optimistic feeling over the action by the President in taking over the railroads, it being regarded as the most important development bearing on security values since the beginning of the war. The market is broadening daily. The distrust caused by the railroad situation which was responsible for the selling of the last thirty days, has been dissipated. There is a basis now on which rails can be bought and people are realizing it. Certain of the group are too high. Reading is noticeably so. It is no higher than it was recently and other rails are up ten points. Canadian Pacific is another stock which is selling above its value in the money market. There has been good buying of Willys Overland for some days. This group is assuming the activity that they had formerly when they were selling at about the same price. In buying the rails caution should be used in picking out the stocks which have a basis of earnings back of them, because it is possible that when this matter comes before Congress objections may be made to paying dividends by companies that do not earn them. One group which has been overlooked are the coal stocks. Coal is the basis of industrial life. As the steel companies have been treated with liberality, the copper companies and the railroads, we expect to see better prices. This is necessary to bring about a higher rate of production for it has been found by our Government that with a higher price it is more important to stimulate a big output than anything else.

Corn—Prices were ruling at a material advance over the level of last week. Much of the gain was made recently and overnight because of the removal of the embargo on shipments and a reported discussion relating to the restrictions now in vogue. A recession has occurred from the top levels reached on this news, as there is a great deal of doubt that any change will be made. Otherwise the situation is about as it has been for some time. The primary movement is somewhat above last week's volume, but as yet has not assumed any large proportions, while the shipments about correspond in size with those of the previous weeks. The situation from the standpoint of weather has improved in the respect that transportation is more efficient, but there is still a lack of facilities, and the warmer weather is not as beneficial to the crop as the previous cold spell. It is intimated, however, that there is a prospect of a greatly increased supply of cars. Shipments abroad are very light, being practically nothing, but notwithstanding there is little evidence of foreign demand. The Argentine shipments are estimated at a fair quantity for the week, being considerably larger than

the volume for many weeks previously, but at that greatly under the shipments of last year. Necessities abroad must necessarily be rather urgent and probably will come into view when there is a supply to draw from. Cash prices continue at good premiums for the better grades, although a material decline took place during the early days of the week. The action of prices suggests no particular decline, except that which might follow an insecure technical situation. Supplies are not large enough to work a material decline in cash prices, and a movement of considerable proportions over a long period would probably be necessary to build up stocks to a point where they would act as a restraint on any upward tendency in values. Again, when supplies increase, very likely a larger demand will also develop, so we do not believe that the conditions to bring about a protracted decline are present, and expect that any loss in values will be recovered.

Cotton—Although offerings from the South were more liberal, the cotton market displayed a steady tone with a broadening demand from outside sources and buying by trade interests the sustaining factors. That the actual is wanted by the spinners is evident by the large sales of spots in the Southern market at the highest prices of the season. The drought in Texas is unbroken, and while it is early in the season, relief must be had within a month or two, otherwise crop preparations in that section will be badly hampered. Japanese interests have been good buyers of the new crop options in this market for the past few days. We continue of the opinion that cotton will sell considerably higher and advise purchases on all recessions.

The Rider

My Arab steed so fleet and spare,
Sniffing the keen, cool air,
Eager to carry me anywhere,
Bitted and bridled, gaily dight,
Sleek and glossy and black as night,
Prancing and dancing, wheels into sight,
Arching his haughty neck with pride,
Bearing a little page astride,
He passes my window; the boy slips down
And patiently waits in the quiet town.

My fiery stallion waits outside—
Oh! for the courage to mount and ride!

Oh! for the courage to mount and ride
Far and wide, o'er the country side,
On and on through the sleeping towns,
On and over the windswept downs,
Out through the valleys and high on the hills,
Faster and faster—my spirit thrills
To the musical beat of his flying feet,
Clattering ever fleet—more fleet;

On would I gallop and never draw rein
This side of my magical castle in Spain.

But safe at home I meekly bide
For lack of courage to mount and ride.

My little page has a pensive air
As I glimpse him idly standing there
In the street below, and I know that he
Is filled with curious doubts of me,
While my champing steed with his quivering
flanks
Paws the ground till his harness clanks.
The sun grows red in the eastern skies
And my townsmen open their drowsy eyes—
Shutters are drawn and another day
Has dawned as my page rides gravely away.

Another day—and Hope has died,
And with it the courage to mount and ride.
—P. O'T. in Reedy's Mirror.

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DECEMBER 31, 1917

Assets\$63,314,948.04
Deposits60,079,197.54
Reserve and Contingent Funds2,235,750.50
Employees' Pension Fund272,914.25

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PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

Jane Barlow

By Katharine Tynan

The Noted Irish Poet, Essayist and Writer of Memoirs

By the death of Jane Barlow Ireland has lost not only a tenderly-loving daughter but one endowed with the gift of making other people see the mother through her loving eyes. She was one of those—and their number is increasing enormously in these days—who, sprung from the dominant, “planted” class in Ireland, have discovered for themselves the sweetness of her at whose heart they have been nourished. At once shy and ardent, the love of Ireland was in her life a light ever burning. She liked to call herself “a rebel” in the old days. She would, perhaps, hardly have called herself “a rebel” in these, when the name stands for something definite. Apparently the war engrossed her, and she had no sympathy with the latest rebellion, which seemed to her a stumbling block in the way of a crusade.

She “lived with visions for her company” her life long. So shy was she, so retiring, that one used to wonder how she acquired the knowledge that is in her books; but her gentle eyes were very observant. If she made Irish life an idyllic thing, almost too unshadowed as some critics thought—well, her eyes were for beautiful things. Although she was surprisingly broad and tolerant, considering the cloistered life she led—we used to ascribe it to her classical scholarship that she had so wide an outlook from the sheltered garden of her life—she had no eye for ugliness. She was by nature an idealist. Her soul lived amid gardens and flowers, solaced by music and poetry and all things beautiful. Her heart was given up to the most tender and clinging family affections, but she had also a gift for friendship. We were friends for many happy years; and I have always thought it a great proof of her friendship that in the days of “the interview,” when people far less retiring than she were up in arms against such an intrusion on their privacy, she gave me abundant material for any personal article I wished to write about her.

She was the daughter of the Rev. James Barlow, who died vice-provost of Trinity College, whose name recalls the religious controversies of the mid-Victorians, for he was of the heterodox in those days of hard-and-fast orthodoxies. Both father and mother were adored by their children. I remember an occasion on which I was introduced to Mr. Barlow by his daughter as “another rebel.” She used to recall for me days and dreams which I, too, remember, the days of the Fenian movement in Ireland, when she, in her loyal home at Clontarf, and I in my home where the loyalties were all for Ireland a few miles away, lay awake in our small beds at night, thinking every gorse fire on the mountains the signal fires of the Fenians and the thumping of our pulses in our ears the tread of armed men. I always think of her now in the big comfortable drawing room of her beloved home at Raheny, the organ at one end on which her father played, piles of new books on the table, growing violets and lilies-of-the-valley sweet in the air, the adored mother's picture above the mantelpiece—a room into which all

the sanctities and sweetness of home were gathered.

It was part of the incongruity of things that she made a literary success—or perhaps a popular success—by coming in on the crest of the wave when the kailyard-school was in fashion. There was nothing kailyard about her work in the belittling sense. Only it happened that idyllic stories about one's own plot of earth happened to be the fashion. Her plot of earth was Ireland; and so she came in with a fashion to whom fashion was the last thing that could concern her.

She wrote exquisitely, with a delicate, minute observation and a rare quality of style. She



EMILIO DE GOGORZA

The eminent baritone who will give two song recitals at the Columbia Sunday afternoons, January 20 and 27

had delicious humor as well as pathos, and she had that gift of describing the Irish country which must have made the most ordinary reader see it. The love of it had entered into her. England is a queen to her children, but always, one imagines, or nearly always, a triumphant woman who wears a helmet and carries the sceptre of the seas—Britannia, in short; whereas Ireland is to her children the Little Dark Rose, the woman always young yet always the mother, full of griefs, but with her Destiny to come. When one has arrived at the passion for Ireland, her beauty assumes a new meaning. Jane Barlow had attained to that passion and that understanding.

Of course, the kailyard-school passed and was forgotten. It was one of the endless toys with which the 'Nineties, that literary decade, amused itself. Who now remembers Crockett and Ian Maclaren? But the beautiful work of Jane Barlow remains.

She was a mistress of the conte. Her one or two ventures into the long story never satisfied herself. She was a poet as well as a writer of prose which was fused with poetry. Her poetry is in many manners. “Bogland Studies,” her first volume of poems, and its successors,

“Ghost-Bereft” and “The Mockers,” were studies of life, with a greater poignancy and diversity of manner than her prose idylls. “The End of Elflintown” had an extraordinary and delightful deftness and dexterity which recalled the Elizabethans. It is strange to remember that her earliest published poetry appeared in *Hibernia*, a monthly review edited by Count Plunkett in the early 'Eighties. I can recall a visit paid to the editorial offices high above College Green, in those early 'Eighties, when Irish poetry and culture had fled from the violences of the Land League into a cloistered quietness. The editor had set before my youthful eyes, ready to shine or be wet with admiration for poetry, a lovely April poem signed “Owen Balair,” which signature, he told me, stood for Miss Barlow, the daughter of a Fellow of Trinity. One would have said then that Count Plunkett's stream of life would run as gently as Jane Barlow's own, instead of widening out into the rapids as we have seen it.

Miss Barlow's work does not belong to the ephemeral things; it stands and will stand for a microcosm of Irish life at a certain period as it was beheld by one whose eyes had been touched with vision, and it is secure of its place in Anglo-Irish, or Irish literature as she would have preferred to call it. It is work as sincere and faithful as it is beautiful, the expression of a nature as richly endowed as it was sensitive. This heart of intense loyalties doubtless broke as many a heart has broken and will break under the burden of the war. A naturally saintly soul has escaped from the wrongs and the griefs of this world in ruins to a world where no canker frets.

If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the Flower of Peace:
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy Fortress and thine Ease.

The Spendthrift

In Concord, New Hampshire, they tell of an old chap who made his wife keep a cash account. Each week he would go over it, growling and grumbling. On one such occasion he delivered himself of the following:

“Look here, Sarah: mustard-plasters, fifty cents; three teeth extracted, two dollars! There's two dollars and a half in one week spent for your own private pleasure. Do you think I am made of money?”

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31ST ANNUAL EDITION FOR 1918

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHAUNCEY M. ST. JOHN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of CHAUNCEY M. ST. JOHN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Arthur Joel, Room No. 620 Mills Building, 216 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHAUNCEY M. ST. JOHN, deceased.

ELIZABETH ST. JOHN,
Administratrix of the estate of Chauncey M. St. John, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 8, 1917.

ARTHUR JOEL,

Attorney for Administratrix,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

12-8-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 21773; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANNA ROSALIE LEWIN, deceased.

EDNA ROSENTHAL, the Executrix of the estate of Anna Rosalie Lewin, deceased, having presented to this Court and filed herein her verified petition, in due form of law, praying for an order, for the sale of all the real property and all the personal property of the said deceased for the purpose therein set forth, and it appearing to this Court by said petition that it will be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate, and those interested therein, to sell the whole of the real estate and that it is necessary to sell the whole of the personal property to pay the debts outstanding against said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration.

IT IS, THEREFORE, ordered by this Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased shall appear in the said Court, on the 28th day of January, 1918, at 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the court room of said Court in department No. 10 thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why said petition be not granted, and why an order should not be granted to said Executrix, to sell the whole of the real estate and the whole of the personal estate of said deceased, at either private or public sale, as said Executrix should judge to be the most beneficial for the estate;

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this order be published once a week in "Town Talk," for four successive weeks, in a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: this 26th day of December, 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

JOS. ROTHSCHILD,

Attorney for Executrix,
1101-1109 Chronicle Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-29-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MAUD W. POTTER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MAUD W. POTTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MAUD W. POTTER, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Maud W. Potter, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 22, 1917.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,
860 Phelan Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-22-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE W. FOX, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last will and testament of GEORGE W. FOX, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor, at its office, junction of Grant Avenue and Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE W. FOX, deceased.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,
Executor of the last will and testament of
George W. Fox, deceased.

By H. G. LARSH, Secretary.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 15, 1917.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,

Attorneys for Executor.

12-15-5

VALUABLE INFORMATION

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DIVIDEND NOTICE

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO, junction of Market street, Grant Avenue and O'Farrell streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1917, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1918. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1918.

Cashier, "HSN" "D" H

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 23,692; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of PATRICK O'CONNELL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Will of PATRICK O'CONNELL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this Notice (which said first publication occurs on the 5th day of January, 1918), in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this Notice to said Executor at the office of his attorney, Garret W. McEnerney, Room 2002 Hobart Building, No. 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of PATRICK O'CONNELL, deceased.

JAMES P. CANTWELL,

Executor of the Last Will of Patrick O'Connell,
deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, January 5, 1918.

GARRET W. MCENERNEY,

Attorney for Executor,
2002 Hobart Bldg.,
582 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

1-5-5

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California street, San Francisco; Mission Branch, corner Mission and 21st streets; Richmond District Branch, corner Clement street and 7th avenue; Haight Street Branch, corner Haight and Belvedere streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1917, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after January 2, 1918. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from January 1, 1918.

GEO. TOURNY, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery street. For the first half year ending December 31, 1917, a dividend upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum will be payable on and after January 2, 1918.

S. L. ABBOT, Vice-President.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market street, near Fourth. For the half year ending December 31, 1917, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1918. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 2, 1918.

H. C. KLEVESAHLE, Cashier.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MELVINA F. FALES, deceased—No. 23680, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executrix of the last will and testament of MELVINA F. FALES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix, at the office of her attorney, Alfred Fuhrman, 2641A Mission Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MELVINA F. FALES, deceased.

LILLA L. MACKAY,

Executrix of the last will and testament of
Melvina F. Fales, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 29, 1917.

ALFRED FUHRMAN,

Attorney for Executrix,
2641A Mission Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-29-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of VIRGINIA EVANS SMITH, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of VIRGINIA EVANS SMITH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of W. H. Morrissey, 804 Mechanics Building, 948 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of VIRGINIA EVANS SMITH, deceased.

ESTELLE B. EVERETT,

Executrix of the estate of Virginia Evans Smith,
deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 24, 1917.

W. H. MORRISSEY,

Attorney for Executrix,
804 Mechanics Bldg., 948 Market St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

11-24-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY E. MANN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARY E. MANN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Seth Mann, Esq., Room 1040 Merchants Exchange Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY E. MANN, deceased.

A. H. TURNER,

Administrator of the estate of Mary E. Mann,
deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 15, 1917.

SETH MANN,

Attorney for said Administrator,
1040 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-15-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY PETITION FOR THE CHANGE OF NAME SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 86523.

In the Matter of the Application of the DUNCAN'S MILLS LAND AND LUMBER COMPANY, a corporation, for a Change of Its Name.

In the matter of the petition of the DUNCAN'S MILLS LAND AND LUMBER COMPANY, a corporation, for a change of its name, the said corporation and I. E. Thayer, Philip R. Thayer, and George D. Gray, a majority of the Directors thereof, having filed and presented an application and their petition that the name of said Duncan's Mills Land and Lumber Company, a corporation, be changed to Marin Lumber and Supply Company.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in said matter appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department 10, at the court house in said City and County on the 29th day of January, 1918, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, to show cause why such petition for change of name should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that notice of said application and of this order, be given by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County, State of California, once a week for four (4) successive weeks before said hearing.

Dated: December 22nd, 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

JACOBS & OLIVER,

Attorneys for Petitioner,
900 Humboldt Savings Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-29-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Number 23,436. New Series. Department Number Ten. Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM MATSON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the last will and testament of WILLIAM MATSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of their attorneys, W. I. Brobeck and Peter F. Dunne, Rooms 709-718 Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Market, Post and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, which said last named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM MATSON, deceased.

LILLIE B. MATSON,

ALEXANDER F. MORRISON,

Executors of the last will and testament of William
Matson, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, December 22, 1917.

W. I. BROBECK and

PETER F. DUNNE,
Attorneys for Executors,
709-718 Crocker Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-22-5

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Edited by THEODORE F. BONNET and EDWARD F. O'DAY

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ESTABLISHED 1878

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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, JANUARY 12, 1918

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88 First St., Cor. Mission, San Francisco

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXI

San Francisco-Oakland, January 12, 1918

No. 1325

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

Peace Prospects

Once more we venture to observe there are accumulating signs that the flames of war are waning to extinction. True, men are still arming for war, and the nations are not neglecting the business of manufacturing munitions; indeed there is no surcease of activity anywhere; nor are the Allies contemplating a suspension of hostilities as presumably the Kaiser desires. But peace talk is becoming more coherent and is engaging nearly universal attention, and apparently the people of Germany are becoming more receptive to the views of our President with respect to the reorganization of politics in the Central Empires. Meanwhile it may not be advisable to lose interest in that big German offensive which the Kaiser's publicity agents have been advertising, but at the same time we should take a fresh interest in the words of our President who in his latest message has spoken in behalf of civilization more felicitously and with more forthrightness than any other statesman. As the spokesman of American democracy our President has the confidence of all honest peoples. He has made it clear that nobody understands better than he the broad outlines of the situation confronting the Allies, and he has set forth luminously the character and menace of Prussian aims. His words, we believe, are to be reconciled with all that have gone before even since the days when he was little understood in his own country. These words, an indictment of the German Government, are not those of a man who has suddenly waked to the wickedness of the Hohenzollerns but of one who while tracking its course with close attention from the first felt the need of gradually persuading the American people of their duty.

Abusing Roosevelt

According to Mr. Hearst in his papers, Roosevelt is rocking the boat, trying to embarrass the Wilson Administration and doing all sorts of depraved things detrimental to the nation at war. It is perhaps worthy of note that while the former President is indulging in treason the former friend and admirer of the Kaiser is earnestly playing the part of an earnest, indefatigable and preposterous American patriot. It is never too late to mend, and

anyway the Kaiser is no longer good to boost. Further, it is desirable nowadays from business and other standpoints to burn incense at the feet of our President; nay, it may be hazardous to permit the memory of the hostility to him that was manifested in the first years of the war to remain alive. But is it not a little absurd to assume that it is grateful to so large a spirit as Mr. Wilson's to abuse Mr. Roosevelt? It may be worse than absurd; it may be stupid, for remembering that the Colonel was the first aggressive patriot in the land at the time when a twentieth century Benedict Arnold was extremely active as a pro-German propagandist some folks may surmise that denunciation of Roosevelt is only another method of proving one's fealty to the expiring Hohenzollern.

San Francisco's Criminal Hypocrisy

A little incident of the recent holiday season prompts us to appeal once more to the decency of San Francisco. Our city is going from bad to worse under the impulse of hypocrisy; morally we are almost on a level with Los Angeles; does it not revolt the average man to ponder the consequences of cant in the midst of us? These consequences are physical as well as moral, as we may easily perceive. Consider for example the shocking case of the man and his wife who were found after a debauch in the semi-fashionable Clift Hotel the day after New Years, one dead and the other unconscious from drink. Here was a typical example of the effect of the Puritan principle of curing us of our wickedness. We are not arguing against prohibition; we are merely pointing out a common instance of the evil into which a whole city has been plunged by hypocrisy. We do not mean to say that men and women generally are drinking themselves to death in the privacy of their living apartments, but we would affirm that men and women are inordinately indulging carnal appetites where formerly they practiced restraint. We would further affirm that San Francisco has become a Pecksniffian city; that while affecting a superior virtue it is surreptitiously practicing a pigstye morality. At the very hour at which a man and his wife were wallowing in booze in their rooms in a hotel in the centre of the city the head of a police moral squad was going about driving dancers out of restaurants as though it were a crime to have it appear that the prevalent mood of the metropolis was one of unbounded joy. Now, what was go-

ing on in the Clift Hotel was occurring all through the city, not precisely in the same form but in variations thereof. San Francisco has not been forced into asceticism by the policeman's club; men have not been coerced into continence, nor have prostitutes been compelled to abandon their profession; they have been merely made accessory to the horrible crime of facilitating the spread of a dreadful disease that will ravish generations unborn. It is easy to be virtuous, but the self-deception of good people is the grand ally of the deliberate deceptions of humbugs. Good people, like everybody else, are inclined to believe whatever is most convenient, and the result is cant. Cant is speech with a coat, but not a heart, of virtue. As exemplified in San Francisco, where street walkers have been made to abound, it is the attempt of a municipality to pay its debts to law and order with a base coin bearing the image and superscription of decency, but with a hollow ring that even an intelligent child could recognize. It is the introduction of forgery into public life, and surely the people of San Francisco instinctively loath its bad currency, just as even people who themselves would not hesitate to pass a bad quarter become full of righteous indignation if anyone else tries to pass a bad coin on to them. As citizens of San Francisco we are all forgers in some degree, but how little respect even the worst of us has for his craft. We have been made forgers by our Mayor who knows the truth, but who, as a cheap, vulgar politician yields to the demand of the criminals who find that it pays for them to play the hypocritical game.

How We Shall Win the War

The great idea of this war was conceived in the soul of him who first thought of darkening the sun with aircraft and flying into the teeth of the Hun to smother him. This was not precisely what was thought, but it is the idea that dimly we now see crystalizing. When something like it was first expressed the plain, practical man smiled in his superior way and expressed his distrust of theorizing as though it were a case of getting away from the solid ground of hard facts into airy regions of high generalization and sheer stupidity. As a matter of fact it was a dream like all great achievements at their birth. We are going to win this war with aircraft, as the Germans will presently see. Listen to the tales that are coming from San Diego, and you will see too. How true it is that when the imperative neces-

sity becomes known to man he is ready for the realization. A few years ago it was only the foolhardy person who could be induced to go up in a balloon. The average man shunned great heights; great heights made him dizzy. A little later the average man was predicting that it was absurd to talk of aircraft for commerce because it was only the exceptional person who was capable of cruising through the ether. Then came the war and the call for men, and much to the general amazement, from all sections of the country came volunteers who specified the air service as the one they preferred to enter. Everywhere we heard of parents trying in vain to persuade their sons to keep away from aircraft. And now we hear that our aviation schools are crowded with pupils, and that in the immediate neighborhood are mechanical seagulls in great flocks doing spirals from morn till eve. Apparently the war must be won in the air—and the means of winning it are available.

* * *

George Rolph—Claus Spreckels

Speaking of the recent attack on Herbert C. Hoover and the food administration by Claus A. Spreckels, the associate of Rudolph Spreckels in the fight over the Spreckels estate, the Philadelphia *North American* says editorially that it should be viewed with grave suspicion. Indeed the *North American* pronounces it an "obviously rehearsed attack" that inevitably invited suspicion and likens it to the things that have been done by pro-Germans and paid agents of the Kaiser in their ceaseless propaganda designed to create distrust of Governments in their national policies. "It was so boldly conceived and executed," says the *North American*, "so sinister, so ingeniously calculated to inspire public opposition to vital war measures, that the perpetrators must expect their actions to be subjected to the same vigilant scrutiny that would be directed to the movements of the I. W. W. agitators or alien enemies found lurking

near a munition plant or a navy yard." Claus A. Spreckels is referred to in this editorial as "a multi-millionaire sugar manufacturer, whose opportunities for making abnormal profits from the sugar needs of the American people evaporated with the establishment of the food administration against which he made several loose charges which were easily shown to be without merit." The *North American* continues: "But the principal item in the Spreckels accusation, and that calculated to do the greatest harm, was his charge that the food administration has favored the American Sugar Refining Company—the sugar trust—and that that corporation is making excessive profits through the discrimination." Fortunately the complete refutation of this charge, according to the Philadelphia journal, was made possible by the presence in Washington of an unimpeachable witness—George H. Earle Jr., president of the Pennsylvania Sugar Refinery Company, an opponent of the trust, one of the ablest business men in the United States. He refuted every one of Spreckels' slurs wholly as a matter of patriotic duty. Admitting that the fixing of prices deprived his own company of the opportunity to make the large profits that would have resulted from an uncontrolled market, he declares that but for that action consumers might have had to pay as much as \$1 a pound. While he is not unaware that sugar refining profits have been "cut to pieces," he authoritatively states that the plan now in effect has kept the price to consumers within reason, even while allotting 70,000 tons to relieve the severe shortage in France. No one who realizes the thorough acquaintance of Mr. Earle with every detail of the sugar trade will question his statements or his approving verdict. But it was especially important that he decisively rejected the imputation of favoritism to the trust, because his company is absolutely independent of the big combine. His judgment is decisive, and in the course of his testimony he paid high tribute to Mr. Hoover and also to a San Fran-

ciscan who enjoys the esteem of our entire community—Mr. George M. Rolph. The *North American* quotes Earle's testimony as follows:

After the closest contact with the sugar situation I must bear testimony to the fact that I have never seen such loyal, unselfish, patient, enthusiastic devotion to patriotic duty as that being displayed by Messrs. Hoover and Rolph (a western refiner, head of the sugar division of the food administration). They are not only working to the point of exhaustion without compensation, but I know that Mr. Rolph has voluntarily subjected his company to enormous losses of what could be gained, in order that the people may get sugar cheaper and the armies be properly supplied. If ever a departure from the laws of trade has been justified, it has been so far in this question of sugar. Mr. Hoover and Mr. Rolph have kept the refiners' price at 8.18 cents, and they have accomplished it by voluntary agreement—and the last man to agree was Mr. Spreckels.

A point was made that the price was fixed by Rolph and the referees without the public. But no price was or has been fixed, although Mr. Spreckels again and again has insisted that it should be. All Mr. Rolph did was to get for the public a voluntary agreement not to charge above a certain price. Mr. Spreckels insisted that they should be compelled to pay a minimum price.

While I have not always agreed with Messrs. Rolph and Hoover, I have never seen such untiring, self-sacrificing, patriotic devotion as they are constantly displaying. I believe that they will soon reach their goal of a reasonable supply of sugar at less than reasonable prices, if they are not thus uselessly diverted from more than exacting duties.

Such was the testimony of an unprejudiced witness, for between Mr. Earle and the sugar trust there is no relation or sympathy. Not only is he a competitor, but he defeated a purpose of the trust by opening a refinery which it had closed, and he compelled it to pay upward of \$1,000,000 to settle its part in wrecking a trust company which he rehabilitated. The whole subject derives its importance from the fact that the attack concerned the element of food which is the all-important element of the war, the one about which the Germans have sought to excite suspicion in every country.

Perspective Impressions

Naftzger doesn't write with the Neylan punch.

Heney is "pulling old stuff." His beef-trust disclosures, so-called, are as out of date as Upton Sinclair's "Jungle."

The head of the "dry squad" in the Seattle police department has been caught importing and selling booze. Perhaps he was shocked by the effects of prohibition.

Hearst's great test of friendship requires Tom, Dick and Harry to stand for an interview on the brilliant idea of rehabilitating France.

Hoover has the confidence of the people. Has the Senate?

Where is the mother who didn't raise her son to be a soldier?

Every man who ever grasped the hand and looked into the smiling face of Frank L. Brown felt a pang when he died.

It is said that Peru is ready to make war on Chile. Soon we shall hear the gun of the Peruvian bark and the Chileno pepper 'em in return. Hot stuff!

Four out of eleven churches of a certain denomination are to be closed in Denver as "a war-time economy." The next thing we know somebody will propose a "Prayerless Sunday."

The question a great journalist is now trying to solve is which is the better camouflage with which to give the vraisemblance of patriotism—falsome praise of the President or propaganda for the rebuilding of France?

It is rumored that the Huns are reading Ruskin's "Stones of Venice" to find the most artistic places to drop bombs.

Varied Types

363—HARRY R. BOSTWICK

By Edward F. O'Day

When Harry Bostwick first went from San Francisco to Seoul in the late nineties, the capital of Korea was an oriental city untouched by modern occidental influence. The material civilization of the West had not penetrated the Hermit Kingdom. Indeed, Seoul (it is pronounced Sowl, as the stage Irishman pronounces Soul), had scarcely responded to that progressive urge imparted to other cities of the East by the nervous energy of the Japanese. The spirit of the great Bell Tower (there is a spirit or a demon haunting everything in Korea), perched upon the huge bronze bell which has hung in Seoul since 1468, looked down upon a city uninfluenced by the tendencies which had wrought such changes in the more important cities of China and Japan.

Within its ancient granite walls a population of two hundred thousand worshiped its ancestors in the orthodox fashion of devout Confucians, and propitiated the demons whose malign activities made life fearfully uncertain and hideous. Hundreds of female sorcerers and male geomancers gathered the gold of the superstition-ridden people who swarmed in its labyrinth of filthy alleys. The Son of Heaven was enthroned in the sacred recesses of the imperial palace. True, some of the more odious customs of the people had been abolished, or nearly abolished, by the Japanese during their occupation of the country after the victorious war with China. Domestic slavery had been pretty well stamped out. The pleasant custom of beating or slicing malefactors to death had been curtailed. But Seoul was dirty, it was unsanitary, it was inert, it was no place for a white man with a healthy fear of germs.

Harry Bostwick has just returned from a visit to Korea which extended over the better part of two years. He found a very different Seoul. And the remarkable changes in that ancient capital, changes which make Seoul habitable for civilized Orientals and Occidentals alike, are due in very large measure to the enterprise of Harry Bostwick.

When Harry Bostwick first set foot in Korea there was no hotel of any sort in Seoul. Travelers had to look for accommodations at Chemulpo which is the sea port of the capital. There Harry Bostwick was obliged to be content with a room in a Japanese hotel, very small and very bad. He had to remove his shoes before entering that Japanese hotel. He had to sit on a mat on the floor. He had to take his meal of Japanese food from a tabouret six inches high. If he dared to bathe, it was in the single bath which served the needs of all the guests. He had to sleep in a room with sliding paper doors and windows.

This time, however, Harry Bostwick put up at a hotel in Seoul. He went to it in a motor car from a fine railway station. It is a magnificent hotel, the best in the Orient, Harry Bostwick says. It has spacious lobbies, splendid offices, great banquet rooms. Its guest rooms have private baths attached, with porce-

lain tubs. The service is excellent. The management is Japanese.

On that first visit Harry Bostwick made the journey from Chemulpo to Seoul by litter with native carriers, over vile roads. This time he went by rail. And the railroad is of Harry Bostwick's building. It was the first ever built in Korea. When he first saw Seoul, its streets were dense with litters and pack animals. This time the bells of electric cars clanged up and down the modern streets. And the electric street car system is of Harry Bostwick's building.

When Harry Bostwick and his partner H. Collbran built the first electric railway in Seoul in 1898, there was the devil to pay in more senses than one. The fact that the Emperor of Korea was their partner in this and other undertakings did not save the two white men from the wrath of the superstitious people. The first electric car went over the shining new rails in the midst of a season of drought. Unfortunately it killed a Korean child. That wrought the inhabitants of Seoul to a murderous fury. They had known from the start that the foreigners had built their power house right on the back of the Korean rain dragon, thus causing the drought, and the child's life, obviously, was a sacrifice exacted by that angry spirit. There was a riot in Seoul that day.

It will be seen that Harry Bostwick and his partner did a good deal to wake Seoul from its sleep of centuries. But they did more than I have told. They built the first electric light plant, installed the first telephone service, put in the first water system, established the first American bank.

In most of these undertakings the Emperor of Korea was their partner. They did business with the Sun of Heaven, no less! Doubtless he is the Sun of Heaven still, but he is no longer Emperor. As everybody knows, Korea has been a Japanese province ever since the Russo-Japanese war. Korean sovereignty ended in 1910, and the old Emperor and his son (in whose favor he had abdicated some time before), went to live in separate palaces in Seoul where they can enjoy life without vexing themselves with the cares of state.

At first under Governor-General Terauchi, and now under Hasegawa who has been Governor-General since Terauchi resigned to become Premier of Japan, Seoul and the whole of Korea have traveled far on that road of progress which was first opened by Harry Bostwick.

"The Japanese have worked wonders in Seoul," says Harry Bostwick. "They built the magnificent hotel, they widened the streets, they laid sidewalks, they introduced the very latest devices of sanitation, they made the chow houses or restaurants not only tolerable but inviting.

"Throughout all of Korea their rule has been progressive and enlightened. They are doing a great deal in the matter of education. Every Korean village has its school. They have established model farms. They have attacked the important work of forestation. They have started fish hatcheries. They are encouraging the breeding of horses and cattle. They are everywhere developing the agricultural and mineral resources of Korea which are very rich.

"Formosa was the first scene of Japan's colonial experiments. Korea is the second. And

what Japan has done in Korea shows conclusively that Japan has the genius for colonial administration. Her statesmen have studied the French and English colonial systems, and have profited by their studies. They have given positions to the better and more intelligent of the old Korean official class, and the results have been good.

"The Koreans were a very patriotic people, devoted to their Emperor, and at first they showed great resentment toward the Japanese. But their hostility gradually abated as the good results of Japanese administration began to show. Today the anti-Japanese feeling has almost entirely disappeared. One of the most significant proofs of this is the fact that Japan is reducing her garrisons very materially in all parts of Korea."

When Harry Bostwick first went to Korea it was the custom of the provincial governors to make an annual pilgrimage to the capital to pay their devoirs to the Son of Heaven and give an account of their stewardship. The governors made these journeys in great state, as became such important functionaries. They traveled slowly, magnificently borne in their chairs of ceremony by coolie carriers. They were escorted by Korean warriors in full panoply, and surrounded by an entourage of lesser officials. They stopped at all the villages en route. In a word, they had the time of their lives.

One day, while Harry Bostwick was engaged in building the Seoul-Chemulpo Railway he met one of these governors who was making his leisurely and splendid progress from Fusan to Seoul. It is a distance of 280 miles, and the governor took six weeks to the trip.

"When this railroad is completed," Bostwick told the governor, "you will be able to leave Fusan in the morning and arrive in Seoul by nightfall."

The governor shrugged his shoulders in a gesture which showed that he was not a bit impressed.

"But what shall I do with the rest of the time?" he asked.

It is the Oriental attitude. But it is passing away, routed by the influence of Japan. And that influence took up the work of modernizing Korea where an enterprising American from San Francisco laid it down. Harry Bostwick's work in Korea is a romance of business, with all the elements of courage, daring, originality and excitement without which business could not claim to be romantic. Years ago his imperial business associate the Son of Heaven decorated Harry Bostwick with the Third Order of Pal Kwai in recognition of his services. Japan has decorated Harry Bostwick too. And indeed, Japan should. Harry Bostwick prepared the way for Japan's benevolent assimilation of the Hermit Kingdom.

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The Great Russian, Dostojewski

By L. B. Namier

For centuries they have been watching the calm white face of a silent god, they have gazed at the patient, mute eyes of a suffering people. They have cursed it and they have taught it; they have feared it, and they have bullied it; they tried to wring from it and master the unknown, they tried to bring it to the level of their own thinking, to conquer it, to transform it and to destroy it. It remained. Then it became a nightmare to them. Sometimes Germans describe it as the spirit of the Russian soil, as the spirit of the Russian people. The "spirit of a people," what is it? Merely a phrase, a subterfuge of those who in self-defense try to enclose life into abstract words and meaningless descriptions, so that they may master it, measure it and juggle with it at pleasure.

Go into the endless sad plains of Russia, among its infinitely patient peasant folk. What can you Germans do with them? For you always wish to do something. You and your work and your thoughts will pass over Russia as the wind that straggles across the plains. Even in that wind there is more than in your wisdom; it is part of infinite nature. It has wandered across the steppes, it has seen the rising sun, the cornfields have bowed to it, and it has talked to the trees in the forests, and it goes on towards an endless, unknown future; just like the Russian people. Men have listened to its songs, to the songs which it sings to lonely men in the wide, open fields, and it has listened to the mute sighs of patient, suffering men, who work silently, waiting for the day whose coming none can tell. But what are your thoughts, what are those artificial, stillborn creatures which you call ideas? "Children of the Spirit?" What is the spirit which is not man, which neither suffers nor rejoices but merely prides itself on an unreal existence? Your ideas will pass away unheeded.

You call the Eastern man aggressive because he is not willing to fight you on your own level. Why should he fight against you? You are the "dumb ones,"* the strangers, who come and go. The Russian peasant can put up with much that is unpleasant, and Russia has put up with plenty of Germans. Why have you so suddenly grown fierce? What do you fear, you clever, efficient, victorious people? You have been insulted, Russian life itself is an insult to you. You tried to transform it and you failed; you tried to understand it and you shuddered; you tried to deny it in a wild, hysterical cry, and the same silent, patient eyes still look at you with amazement. Poor amazing German folk! You do not even know how to suffer. Your conceit is too great, your achievements are too magnificent, your philosophy is too highly developed. You have asked Russian life for its philosophische, erkenntnistheoretische Er-runkenschaften† and you got no answer; so you called the Russians barbarians. Then why do you fear them? And by God, you do fear them.

There was a German poet who wrote many fine, delicate lyrics, that skim the esthetic surface of the life of the rich. He has also written several novels which describe the unreal vice of the meaningless German *Nachleben* (is it not funny, your petty vice of the body and

your great spiritual discovery that it is not vice?). The writer's name was Otto Julius Bierbaum. He was very deutsch and in the year 1912 set out to study *das Phänomenon Dostojewski*. He has come very near being tragic. He escaped it by a hair-breadth. He saw a strange god, and did not strive with him. He shut his eyes and did not dare to keep them shut; and he finished by playing hide-and-seek like a little child, he, the great spokesman of a Kultur-Nation. He did not dare to keep his eyes shut, for he suffered from an *europäisches Kulturgewissen* (a European conscience for culture) and he did not dare to keep them open, for he felt that he was shaken in his conceit as he gazed at the calm, open features of the man who had the courage to see, because he had neither the desire to judge, nor the impulse to change the things which he saw.

The German writer feels that "a kind of perversion of his natural feelings overcomes him," his pride on which he prides himself is in danger of vanishing before the sufferings, the understanding and the crushing humility of that simple, human giant Dostojewski. Bierbaum wishes for a Nietzschean "transvaluation of all values," but values must remain; there must be definite values, otherwise how could there be pride of achievement?

Dostojewski is truly great, says Bierbaum, "though at bottom I don't like him; he oppresses me more often than he uplifts me. I know it now, he is not a peak, he is a mountain system. All our modern peaks, excepting only one, reach scarcely to half the height of his middle-chain. The one who excels his height is Nietzsche; but besides the enormous mass of live-rock that peak looks to a terrifying degree like a work of art, like something made, beside things elemental." Nietzsche's ideal expressed itself at its best in one giant statue, in his superman Zarathustra. Dostojewski has created crowds of men; none of them takes thought to add to his own stature, they bow to the ground in the sad, humble consciousness of their human lives. And yet, when looking from a distance at his living crowd, one perceives "a colossal figure resembling the images of those Indian gods with hundreds of heads, with thousands of arms, uniting in their bodies all the generations: the giant people of Russia."

Moments come when the German feels that he can no longer stand up as judge, as a wise and cultured judge against the poor, great man Dostojewski. He follows him as in the old legend the children followed the mystic piper. He looks to him as to a saint, he would adore him, and pray to him for miracles. "His works are . . . self-crucifixion; all literary confessions vanish before the stations of his Cross, there is no word which could express the adoration . . . when one sees that suffering man rise up again and again on his path toward Calvary; he loves the pain, and with the pain he loves humanity. . . . But without any pathos, without any pose. One might think of the images of the Byzantine Christ. But only for a moment. For the magnificence of Byzantium is lacking. Dostojewski is the very opposite of a *schöne Seele* (a beautiful soul). He was too great for that."

Dostojewski understood the heart of man and knew the name of God. He loved that which the world despises and crushes in contempt,

says Bierbaum, but "which internally is glorious and sublime." And his love for it was not that of mercy, not even that of compassion; he wanted to change nothing, for he knew the secret glory which lives in debasement and suffering, and rejoiced in it. Before Dmitri Fyodorovitch, the brazen, animal, and yet so passionately human Karamazoff, Father Zosima fell to the ground in silent, feeble reverence; and he sent his disciple Alyosha into the world to live man's life, to learn the mystery of good and evil, and the meaning of things which lie beyond the borders of both. It is beyond those borders that reveals itself the true sense of existence, for redemption cannot be of this world, material achievements are froth, and freedom and power are to be found only in feeling and understanding.

Is that then his gospel? "If so, we have arrived at a point where the instinct of the man of Western Culture refuses to follow any further the sorcerer Dostojewski." He refuses to work miracles? He is not "a saint of action?" He will not use his power to any material purpose? He cannot therefore crush us. Our simple and sane German mind and German wisdom are stronger than he! The charm is broken; a broad, greasy grin spreads over the fat, angular face of the German writer. "Na, ja, Verehrter, at the best we may use you as an interesting exhibit!" It was only when dazed by fear that the eyes of the German had seen the glories of things which lie beyond the reach of calculation. The mystic piper has left the land of dreams, the golden stars of his magic robes have died away, his power has vanished. The German brings him back as captive into the land of values; he is now hardly anything but an interesting fool—the disciple has changed into his impresario. He will explain *das Phänomenon Dostojewski* and charge an entrance fee. The German nation is safe. It has no reason to fear; it will make profits from trading in Russian "spiritual values" as for centuries it has by trading with the bodies, property and freedom of the Russian nation. Heroes, when it is safe, otherwise hucksters.

"Sincerely prepared to admire those virtuosi of humility as extraordinary men," says Bierbaum, "and to ascribe to them powers akin to those of saints, we refuse to accept them as examples and models for humanity at large . . . And we enjoy the confident hope that, if the Russian spirit is really affected by this inclination towards passivity, which we consider sublime, but yet diseased, then there is no danger of our being overwhelmed by it. Processions of flagellants do not conquer the world . . ."

"That which has made Dostojewski so great is perhaps just the thing which will prevent the Russian nation from becoming great as against ourselves. But even assuming that this spirit answers the Russian heart, and is therefore beneficial for it, it can hardly further our own development. For it seems that we are not made to enter into it in the way shown to us by that, after all for us very strange, phenomenon Dostojewski. To follow his spirit would mean to deny Goethe and to consider Nietzsche a disease . . ."

The Germans will never do that; but Goethe did not care for Germany, and Nietzsche prided himself on his foreign Slav extraction.

*Germans are called in Slav languages by a word which signifies "the dumb man;" Slavs are the "worded ones."

†"Achievements in the philosophical theory of knowledge."

"Foyer Des Allies"

By Susanne R. Day

"Hé, la belle Marguerite, un jus." There was an unholy twinkle in my eyes as I watched an outraged companion fill the proffered bowl with coffee, but my own turn was to come. "Mad'm'zelle, I would like to be garçon in your café; you have an air un peu rigolo." Whereat we laughed outright, for they are like children, the poilus, and filled with devouring curiosity about everything connected with the canteen. From the illuminating Glisser la porte upon the door to the tiny label Cuiller à remuer tied to the spoons on the counter, everything, including Les Dames Anglaises themselves, is of absorbing interest. We quickly became accustomed to La Mère, La Patronne, La Dame aux Lunettes, La Frisée, La Petite, or any other endearment that pleased their fancy, but there were moments when even the most dignified and unapproachable was obliged to send S. O. S. messages for help, the trench-stained thing leaning over the counter loving Les Anglaises and not being shy about saying so. Snatching the moment when duty chains you to your post, he tells you he is going en permission to Paris, or Marseilles, that he is very lonely, and if Mad'm'zelle . . . But at this point, if you are wise, you suggest that the chairs at the far end of the room are comfortable. If Monsieur would be so kind as to try one of them? Monsieur is so kind, but the end is not yet. In thirty seconds he is back again, this time to plead for gnoille (rum). "A drop? Just a tiny drop, Mad'm'zelle. Eh, there is none? Mais, comment ça? How can one drink coffee without gnoille? Mad'm'zelle is not kind." So he pleads. If you ignore him, he keeps up an automatic "Dites, dites. Dites, Mad'm'zelle," that is maddening in its iterance; if you tell him there is no alcohol in the canteen, he is frankly sceptical. "What, not even a drop?" "Monsieur, I assure you there is none." He shakes a reproachful head and goes away to drink his coffee in a babel of sound that rises and falls with almost rhythmical cadence, for the poilu is rarely silent. A French canteen is at least five times as noisy as an English one.

Curiously dramatic, though, at times is the sudden silence that falls upon the crowded room. It is just as though a giant knife cut swiftly downwards, shearing all the sound away. For a second, perhaps two, perhaps three, you can hear your own pulse beat, and then with a roar the tide rises again. When a troop train comes into the station canteen workers gird up their loins and make ready for the fray. The door slides back with a crash and in the men pour—fresh from the trenches perhaps, mud-stained, indescribably dirty, weary yet ready for anything, their pay in good five-franc notes in their pockets. How they shout! Five, six, seven deep round the counter and more crowding in. "Un tické!" "Trois tickés!" "Sept tickés!" A clamor of voices, a forest of snatching hands. It is the great moment of the day. Spread temptingly in view are the madeines, choux-à-la-crème, brioches and slices of English plum cake.

"It is I who will pay." A little party hovers over the cakes. "Qu'est-ce que tu prends?" "For me, I will take a madeleine. Non, non, une brioche." What is that? Ploom cak? Ah, mais c'est bon ça." So they discuss and ponder regardless of the surging throng that elbows and jostles and swirls impatiently about them. And then the all-important question of a drink. "A coffee, how much? Two sous? But it isn't

dear, that." "Moi, je prends bien un chocolat." Choice may be made and remade a dozen times before the final order is given and the never-failing ceremony, the "A vous!" or "Bonne chance!" or "Bonne santé!" is muttered as bowls are clinked together and the toast is drunk. "Bien chaud," they would plead last winter when even the eggs in the canteen froze, and I shall not readily forget the fair-haired little lieutenant who strayed in one bitter night and when he had been given his coffee ejaculated: "But how good it is. The first hot drink I have had for fourteen days." "From Verdun, Monsieur?" "Yes, from Vaux—front line trenches," he replied as he held the bowl out to be refilled. And as I complimented him on the splendid victory which France was even still celebrating I thought of two men who had been in the canteen an evening or two before. Small, thin, dark, wiry-looking creatures they were, one with a deep murderous scar across his face, and both wearing the much-coveted fourragère—the cord of honor given to regiments for exceptional gallantry in the field. They were just out of hospital, they told me, and going back to the front. Yes, they had been in the Vaux battle; it is the Zouaves who are always in the place of greatest danger. "They know us," the scarred man said without a touch of pride—he was merely stating a fact—"and when the impossible thing is to be done they ask us to do it. For the Zouaves have no fear. If they see Death waiting for them, they march straight up to it. They care as little for it as they would for that"—he held up his glass of lemonade. "For that is the honor of the regiment. Death?" he shrugged. "One will die, sans doute. At Verdun, on the Somme, n'importe. My copain (pal) has been wounded twice. And I? I had two brothers; they are both in your cemetery here. Yes, killed at Verdun, Mad'm'zelle. I was wounded. Some day I suppose that we, nous aussi" . . . Again he shrugged. "Will you give me another lemonade?"

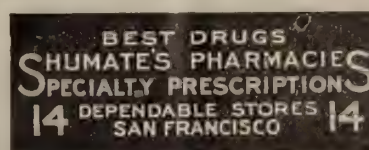
But they are not all like that, though fatalism lurks under nearly every uniform. There are many who even after three years of war can still be gay. "Voilà, une jolie brune. Va-s-y." So two worthies, catching sight of a decorative worker engaged prosaically enough at the moment in selling sausages. And away they went; wherefore, being intent upon my own affairs, I lost sight of them. But without regret, for a tall, blue-eyed, gallant-looking thing was holding out a torn and bleeding hand for his coffee. "Monsieur has cut himself?" It was a stupid question, but he only laughed. Yes! He had been taken to Camp Z with his company, but the straw was so full of petites bêtes he and his comrade had scrambled over the barbed wire and escaped. He would spend the night in the station. "If Mademoiselle would be so kind as to bind it up?" He surveyed his dripping hand ruefully. Perhaps Mademoiselle should have given him over to the gendarmes, but an unwilling acquaintance with the voracity and agility of certain French petites bêtes inclined her to mercy, lint and boracic. He came back later on and drank seven bowls of coffee; but the record, thirty-seven, was held by a sailor, a searchlight manipulator, who drank soup and coffee alternately with a sang-froid that was sheerly stupefying.

Strange, picturesque, arrestingly unexpected are the types one sees in a canteen. Now it is a man with the face of a mystic, a poet, a

dreamer, who clinks bowls with a heavy, coarse, brutal-looking butcher. What chance had brought so incongruously assorted a pair together? Again a tall commanding creature so like the portraits of Napoleon he took our breath away, and then a boy of ten or twelve, a refugee, separated from his family in the awful hours of flight and found wandering in the woods by the soldiers who had adopted him. He lived in the trenches sharing their food, their dangers and discomforts. His companions, one an elderly man, the other young, with a sensitive, delicately cut face, took immense care of him, and in his little uniform he swaggered it as bravely as any poilu of them all.

But perhaps the most poignant memory is that of the pallid, nervous wreck who prowled up and down like a panther in its cage. His home was in the invaded district; his friends, his relatives prisoners in the hands of the Germans. In all France he stood absolutely alone. He had been eighteen months in the trenches, refusing his permission because, away from his comrades, he could not bear the intolerable loneliness. His relatives—were they alive or dead? He knew nothing. Heart-sick and utterly weary of the war, his nerve shattered, there was tragedy in his every word, his every gesture; the shadow of suicide or mental disaster fell close behind. "You should have a marraine (godmother)," advised a neighbor, knowing that many a friendless soldier's life has been brightened and made endurable by kindly women, often unknown, who write to them, send them gifts, and take an interest in their welfare. A marraine is indeed a priceless possession. "You are English? And my marraine also. Regardez, Mademoiselle," and a photograph was proudly produced—a girl in evening dress, a name scribbled underneath. "You will read her letter?" But I knew that Miss S. of Liverpool had not written that letter for English eyes. "When I have a permission I am going to see her. Where is this Liverpool?" He stumbled badly over the name. "You know it?"

And so the crowd shifts and changes, and men pass unceasingly through the room. Human nature is there in all its frankest nakedness, a thousand qualities, a thousand shades of character weaving vivid, entrancing designs upon the web of life. But standing out above all others is the never-failing courtesy of most of the men. "C'est pour l'oeuvre," and shamefacedly a few sous are thrust across the counter. No need to ask if they appreciate the generosity that built the canteen in that wind-swept station yard. And yet there were those who prophesied disaster. "You will not have an unbroken bowl, cup, glass or chair in a week," a general said warningly. Yet the canteen furniture is intact, unless the bombs which blew the windows out recently have damaged it. And if any doubt of the men's appreciation had lingered in our minds, it was dispelled for ever by the characteristically French praise of a friend who lived in the town: "C'est parfait," she cried when she visited us. "But what a pity you did not think of it sooner."



The Spectator

Polygamy in Germany

"Germany and dragging polygamy" is the recurring systematic methods of extramarital intercourse to repair by procreation her decimated man power? Many of us have seen a translation of what purports to be an order taken from a German prisoner, which, if genuine, would seem to prove that Germany is doing this. But as in the case of the astounding story about corpse-utilization strong doubt remains in the mind. What shocks the most primitive instincts of decency must be proved beyond the peradventure of a doubt. And in both cases such proof is not yet forthcoming. Not long ago Herr von Kuehlmann, German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, referred to these charges in a speech to the main committee of the Reichstag, as follows:

Some time ago I spoke to an excellent well informed reporter about English statements and their astounding substance at the Court-mart, more especially in Germany. My clever informant thought Lord Robert Cecil to be the cleverest of the younger men, so far as foreign affairs were concerned. He may have been right. One would think that Lord Salisbury's son, having from childhood breathed the air of great international affairs, might have some knowledge of affairs outside England, but since that gentleman pinned the British Government to acceptance of the ridiculous and disgusting story of the utilization of corpses, and since he now, in a speech propagated by Reuter, in all seriousness declares the alleged plan of a bill to introduce polygamy into Germany to be characteristic of our views and institutions, one must really say that the world is to be pitied if in its most vital affairs, for which thousands are daily sacrificing their lives, it is led by men who are so shockingly ignorant about their adversaries' mentality and habits.

That is an official denial. But now we have the evidence presented by the newspaper "Die Freie Zeitung" of Berne, Switzerland, in an article entitled "Is the Sense of Shame at Last Awakening?" Here is what the Berne newspaper submits:

Before us lies the November issue of Nord und Süd, the monthly published by Ludwig Stein. We look through it, and on page 180 we find the following notice printed in black type and indicated by three hands: 'Pages 181-188 are absent from the foreign edition of this number.' But the censor, through carelessness, has merely cut out the eight pages containing without touching the rest of the contents, so that we find upon pages 181-188 there is an article entitled 'Multiplication of the People and Policy of Population After the War,' by Dr. Georg Jahn, at present in Brussels.

Some time ago it was very disagreeable for the German officials when Die Zeitung presented the marriage proposition to the neutral public in order to show what a demoralizing effect the quantitative idea applied to everything human, in connection with the alliance with the Turks, was having in Germany. As the result of this, the foreign edition of the Ludwig Stein monthly is mutilated. If the German censor had really wanted to suppress the moral ideas of Dr. Georg Jahn he would not have allowed them to be published. Therefore they appear to be without danger in Germany, perhaps they are even approved from military sources. In the neutral countries, on the contrary, they are likely to compromise Germany.

A Suggestion by Torges

It goes without saying that the suggestions of individual writers are not to be considered as proof of governmental action, or that because such articles as that by Dr. Georg Jahn are permitted to circulate they therefore have governmental approval. Nevertheless there is a certain amount of justice in what the Berne newspaper says. And Dr. Georg Jahn is not the only one who has been dealing with this delicate subject in a way to shock the right-minded. There is also Carl Hermann Torges. He has written a pamphlet, published in Cologne, lengthily entitled "The Secondary Marriage as the Only Means for the Rapid Creation of a New and Powerful Army and the Purification of Morality." Torges starts with the dicta that "the conception of immorality is relative," and that "good morals are only what the upper classes of society approve." Right here one might suspect that Torges' pamphlet, like some of Jonathan Swift's, was conceived in a spirit of scathing irony, but Torges seems to be in deadly earnest. Here is an extract from his pamphlet which explains what he means by secondary marriages:

Women in all classes of society who have reached a certain age are, in the interests of the Fatherland, not only authorized but called upon to enter into a secondary marriage, which is supported by personal inclination. Only a married man may be the object of this inclination, and he must have the consent of his married wife. This condition is necessary in order that the offspring of these lawful secondary marriages bear the name of their mother, and are handed over to the care of the State, unless the mother assumes responsibility for them. They are to be regarded in every respect as fully equal members of society. The mothers wear a narrow wedding ring as a sign of their patriotism. The secondary marriage can be dissolved as soon as its object has been attained.

Being a broad-minded man Torges sees that there are obstacles in the way, but he has no trouble disposing of them:

The difficulties cannot really be ethical scruples, which, notwithstanding the issue of the proper regula-

tions by the State, will continue to operate until conscience has triumphed over them. Thus this question becomes a religious question, which can be solved only with the help of the clergy. It rests, therefore, with the women and the clergy, assisted by the State, to determine whether Germany shall be able not only to maintain herself on her present pinnacle of morality, but by her own strength to stand up in the future as in the present to the pressure of enemies who are increasing numerically.

A Mixture of Finance and Politics

"Say, Gus," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock to his friend former Senator Hartman, "you keep in touch with Sacramento politics, so give me the low down on all this preliminary campaign skirmishing. Does it mean Johnson or Rolph?"

Before answering Senator Hartman lit a cigar, puffed it leisurely a few times, and closing one eye he asked, "When did you see Gavin McNab?"

"Not for months," said the clockwinder with an air of impatience.

"Then of course you don't know anything," said Hartman. "Listen. I've just come from Sacramento, and that's the one thing I learned up there."

"What's that?"

"McNab is the man. Say, there's the smartest man in the State when it comes to politics. All these other mugs—the Johnsons, the Sullivans and the Rolphs are just so many puppets. They don't know themselves what's doing till it's all over—but McNab does. You know Rolph has broken away from the Bank of California, don't you?"

"No!"

"Yes, Anderson thought he could handle him like a two-year-old, but Jim is banking now with that Fleishhacker combination on Sansome and Sutter, which is bringing the banking business out West to a level with the real thing in New York and Boston. You see Jim made a little money in ships and he became independent again. To get the low down you'll have to join the Pacific-Union Club." Hartman suddenly took his tongue in two fingers.

"What's the matter?" asked the clockwinder.

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"I'm afraid I'm talking too much. Somebody might hear me. But say, let me tell you, the centre of financial gravity is shifting in the old town. The old families that used to play the game are slipping. New blood—new methods, and say, we're getting more human."

The clockwinder looked bewildered. "I don't get what you're driving at, but what I'm interested in is the political game."

The Genius of Gavin McNab

Emerging from an executive session with himself and his cigar Senator Hartman observed: "I was talking about McNab."

"Yes? Yes?—" said the clockwinder eagerly.

"Well, he hasn't made up his mind about this gubernatorial fight. Of course Johnson would like to have McNab behind him, but Hi is afraid that Rolph might spill the beans."

"Behind Johnson!—for what?"

"For President."

"You don't mean to say that Johnson has that bee yet. Why he's a joke in the East."

"Yes, I know, but some of the big interests in the East are managed by dubs like some of our wonderful financiers. You know the banker of course who took himself so seriously that he undertook to stop the war and proudly told of his efforts. Well, he's a fair specimen of the wise guys who never get out of the club atmosphere. They're going to seed. Now Johnson may be a joke but he thinks he's an idol of the people and some of the big interests think so too, and he knows that to become President he must at least have the delegation from his own State. See?"

"Yes," said the clockwinder, "I see now the importance of the manœuvring at Sacramento."

"And let me tell you McNab has the fine Italian hand to attend to that sort of business. The great problem with Johnson is, How to hold the old machine intact? McNab may attend to that, but will he use Rolph to help Hi?"

"I don't know."

"Neither do I, but by the way things are going Gavin may name the delegates to both conventions. So you see he's a pretty important man these days, and nobody knows it better than McAdoo."

Closing San Jose's Saloons

The following letter speaks for itself:

Dear Spectator: Meant to write sooner, but you know how it is in the holiday season—all the spare moments are given to acknowledging receipt of Christmas presents you didn't want and can't use. Now that I've attended to all the "Just what I needed" correspondence, I'll write you a few words about San Jose going dry. It was a quiet funeral—nothing like the closing up of Salt Lake as Tod Goodwin described it in a celebrated article. Of course there must have been a few jags, but I didn't notice a single "bun" of the old-fashioned variety. Consider-

ing that San Jose went dry on New Year's Eve, that was a remarkable showing. The fact is, we're a pretty temperate lot down here. I made the rounds of the dying bars with the Old Timer, and as usual at funerals, there was a lot of reminiscing. The Old Timer used to drive a sixteen-mule freight team to Alviso, and he remembers the good old days of San Jose when the drinking man used to ride right into the saloon and take his "slug" without leaving the saddle. Said the Old Timer a little sadly: "The Mission Fathers came here years ago and made this spot an oasis. Now the long hairs are making it a desert. Well, it looks as though they'll have all the dry they want this year if we don't get rain mighty soon." In one cafe we dropped into the Old Timer pointed out a strange trio representative of the life that is lived after the sun goes down. One was a victim of the Redlight Abatement law. Her escort was a race track man who had to seek other pastures when the anti-betting law was passed. They were clinking glasses with the owner of the cafe who was reciting—what do you think? Bartholomew Dowling's famous poem "Hurrah for the Next That Dies." And outside the bells and whistles were sounding the midnight death knell of the saloons. We noticed some rather humorous signs on the back bars, as for instance:

Whether you owe me

Or I owe you,

The important thing is

Please come through!

And this one:

Don't ask me what I am going to do after January 1. What are you going to do?

One saloon keeper with an eye to business had this:

Genuine Forced Clearance Sale of Wet Goods. Buy Now!

Next day San Jose woke up a genuine duplication of Hoyt's farce "A Temperance Town." Where Old Joe and Garden City Steam used to be dispensed, Bevo and Rainier Special were on sale. Gin, rum, whiskey, brandy and wine had given way to clam juice, hot beef tea, bromo seltzer, grape juice and cider. About twenty-five places opened up again on this soft drink plan. As one converted saloon keeper called out to a timid customer who was looking in at the door: "Come on in. It's all right. We tied the dog up last night." Well, it's all over now. The saloon keeper proved himself a good sport and a law-abiding citizen. He reminded me of that story "He Comes Up Smiling," only he went down that way.

Sincerely yours,

—"Orchard Street."

The Mission Land Barons

Mrs. Miguel Noe died at her home in Oakland last Friday at the age of ninety-five years. Which reminds me that there are few survivors

of the old Spanish and Mexican families that once peopled this peninsula and contiguous territory. How interesting, how tragic, would be the story of their disappearance! How stirring to the imagination their rise and fall! For those old families were the primitive aristocracy of California. Their founders were the land barons of the State when it was admitted to the Union. Romantic is the history of them that has never been written except in occasional chapters of books with episodes on the early stages of California's development. Much of it is spirited and thrilling history, much of it is as pathetic as anything ever written. It is too bad that the human interest of it should ever be lost, but save for the recollections of a handful of old Californians, hardly anything remains to be revived in story save the dry-as-dust records of State and county documents. The history of the Noe family is typical. Fifty odd years ago that family occupied a pretty and picturesque home in the Mission. The home itself, a low, rambling frame building embowered in honeysuckle vines was architecturally characteristic of early Californian dwellings. It was situated in an orchard extending from San Jose avenue to Guerrero street between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth. In that period the Noes were engaged in the cattle business and their herds were brought hither from Mexico of which Mrs. Noe was a native, but like most Mexicans and Spaniards of the times they were always ready and willing to dispose of some of their vast acres. That was the easiest way to get cash, and they had so much land that it seemed a small matter to sell a ranch occasionally. In those days lived the Valencia, the Bernal, the Guerrero and the Sanchez families in the Mission, all of them rapidly decreasing their possessions until their land passed into the hands of Americans. Some of them lived to see their children doing menial work. One of the last of the founders to go was Valencia who, such

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SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

was the irony of fate, saw a son driving a Valencia street horse car in the days before the cable road was invented. Old Miguel Noe lived till about ten years ago. For years he had haunted Montgomery street where he did odd jobs for acquaintances. His grave, like the graves of many of his old friends, may be found in the Old Mission Dolores churchyard.

Descendants of the Dons

The death of Mrs. Paola Fatjo of 2829 Pacific street, widow of the late Dr. Luis Fatjo, severs another of the few links that connect the Golden State of the twentieth century with the golden days of the Dons in California. Mrs. Fatjo was the granddaughter of General Francisco Perez Pacheco, the richest of all the Dons, and also of Juan Malarin, another very distinguished and very wealthy señor of the old regime, whose son, Mariano, married Pacheco's daughter. It was a common and popular error to assume that Mrs. Fatjo's family was the same as that of the distinguished Governor Pacheco. As a matter of fact General Pacheco was a far more distinguished and more powerful man in the old regime than was the Governor, who came from Southern California, and was not a man of great wealth like the General. General Don Francisco Perez Pacheco is the man that figured in the romantic stories of the infant days of California. His was the open hand, the helpful hand, the teeming wealth and the open house of plenty. His were the Government grants from old Spain. The St. Luis Rancho at Gilroy, which now passes to Mrs. Fatjo's children, is the biggest ranch in North California today. The San Felipe Rancho, at Hollister, is about the next biggest now left unbroken. They were but drops in the bucket, as it were, of the wealth of General Pacheco.

The Malarins and Fatjos

Mrs. Fatjo's paternal grandfather was Juan Malarin, a ship-owner and ship-captain of Spanish descent, who came to Monterey from Peru over a hundred years ago and married Josepha Estrada, daughter of Mariano and Ysabella Estrada, Ysabella being sister of the then Governor Arguello. In due time a son came, and he was sent to Lima to be educated. The Malarins had great wealth, and young Mariano Malarin, the father of Mrs. Fatjo, graduated from the highest seminary in Peru. When he came back to California he met and married the beautiful Isadora—"Lola"—Pacheco, daughter of the famous and popular General Pacheco, and the most celebrated heiress and beauty of her day. Some idea of the standing of the General and his family in the California of the old regime may be inferred from the fact that he and his daughter and son-in-law were all interred in the niches of the old San Carlos chapel in Monterey—the church he had built for the mission fathers. The Malarins had a daughter, Paola, the late Mrs. Fatjo. While traveling with her in Spain in 1890, they met Dr. Luis Fatjo—a Spaniard, but a cousin of the well known Fatjo family of the Santa Clara Valley. He followed them back to California and married Paola the following year. Her

father died the same year, leaving an immense fortune to his two daughters. He was well known as the president of the San Jose Safe Deposit Bank, and was connected with numerous big financial ventures in that part of the State. Dr. Luis Fatjo died while the family was residing in Spain in 1910.

Won't Write for Hearst

It seems that certain men who make their living by writing for the magazines have resolved not to sell any of their writings to papers controlled by Hearst. The New York Tribune is authority for this. To quote:

The acquisition of Puck by William Randolph Hearst is gradually resulting in a boycott of that publication by certain former contributors because of patriotic scruples, according to Oliver Herford, one of the foremost boycotters. Other magazines controlled by Mr. Hearst are likely to lose the writers and illustrators who contribute largely to their popularity, it was said yesterday, as soon as it is appreciated that the name International Magazine Company conceals William Randolph Hearst.

"Yes, I refused to write for Hearst," said Mr. Herford yesterday, "and so have Gouverneur Morris, Wallace Irwin and Rea Irvin. There are other writers whose names I cannot remember at this moment who are following the same course."

"We are patriotic. It is not a case of temperament this time, but pure Americanism. Why isn't Hearst suppressed?"

The refusal of Gouverneur Morris to write for Mr. Hearst probably means the writer's exile from his public for three years, as he is under contract with Hearst for that length of time. He did not flinch at the conditions of his refusal, however. The decision of Mr. Irwin and Mr. Irvin was reached the other day at the Players' Club, where they chanced upon William Randolph Hearst as a topic of conversation.

Gouverneur's Reformation

In the case of Gouverneur Morris this resolve is particularly interesting. For Morris is sadly in need of reformation. A few years ago Morris was regarded as one of the most promis-

ing of our short story writers. He had invention, he had style, he had literary form, and he seemed to have ideals. His stories were powerful, and were getting progressively better. But the siren sang to him from the office of the Cosmopolitan Magazine, and he was not chained to the mast. From that time Morris's work was different. He cultivated the sugar-coated eroticism in which the Cosmopolitan specializes. He went in for stories of boudoir lubricity. He out-Chambered Robert W. He out-Glynnd Elinor of the tiger skin. He prostituted his talents to provide high school girls with a titillation. Now that he has left the Hearst service, ransomed his soul from William Randolph, he should once more become worthy of the honored name he bears.

From the Pacific Coast

The other two men mentioned by Oliver Herford are Pacific Coast products. Wallace Irwin is one of us. He has written for the Hearst magazines for a very long time. When he had made Hashimura Togo a national character in the pages of Life, Hearst put him under contract, and the Japanese school boy became a feature of Good Housekeeping which is one of the Hearst string. And a book of the Togo articles was published by the International Library, Hearst's short-lived publishing venture. Rea Irvin came to San Francisco from Portland about the time of the disaster of 1906, and immediately won a position for himself by his clever and original illustrating. He is a writer as well as a draughtsman. His best work has been appearing in Life which thinks so much of Irvin that it gives him a full page to disport in almost every week.

Examiner Excluded from P.-U.

The San Francisco Examiner has been excluded from the library and reading room of

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CONDITION AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS DECEMBER 31, 1917

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$21,828,798.56
U. S. Bonds	1,958,000.00
Other Bonds and Securities	4,240,392.07
Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco	150,000.00
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit	3,294,515.74
Cash and Sight Exchange	12,770,238.81
	\$44,241,945.18

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$ 2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	4,206,811.41
Circulation	1,972,900.00
Letters of Credit	3,324,600.62
Deposits	32,737,633.15
	\$44,241,945.18

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

the Pacific-Union Club. Just before the super-tax upon wines and liquors went into effect The Examiner published an item stating that the house committee of the Pacific-Union had circularized members, pointing out that by stocking their private wine cellars from the club's copious supplies they could save themselves the heavy tax. This item gave great offense to the board of directors of the club on Nob Hill. To punish The Examiner the board cancelled all its Examiner subscriptions, twenty-five in number. Only one member of the board protested against this measure of retaliation. When his protest was disregarded he resigned from the board of directors.

What Kind of Mayor Is This?

After taking the oath of office as Mayor of New York, John F. Hylan stepped out of the City Hall to find a battery of cameras leveled at him and to hear a request that he pose for the newspaper photographers.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, "but I shall be so busy for days to come that I haven't even the time to let you take a snapshot."

Great Hevings! What kind of Mayor has New York got, anyway? What a change from John Purroy Mitchell who posed for every camera and moving picture machine in New York City! It is said on respectable authority that Purroy Mitchell was photographed almost as often as our own Mayor Rolph. Of course it is permissible to doubt this latter statement. Since Mayor Rolph took office eight imported lenses and the mechanism of fifteen shutter cameras have been worn out on him by newspaper photographers. And it has been estimated that the photographic paper used in developing his likeness for publication would, if stretched out in one continuous line, reach from the office of the Mission Promotion Association on Valencia street to the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. It is on this account that Mayor Rolph has been named "the camera man's delight." In the list of photographed mayors Mitchell came second. But this strange creature Hylan will be nowhere in the list if he doesn't get over being so busy.

Hadley Wins a Prize

On top of the first presentation of his opera "Azora" by the Chicago Opera Company, comes more honor for the former leader of our great symphony orchestra, Henry Hadley. He has won a prize for another opera. William Wade Hinshaw offered a prize of \$1,000, with promise of a stage production in 1918, for the opera judged to be the best by a jury consisting of Louise Homer, Victor Herbert, David Bispham and Richard Hageman. Eighteen operas were submitted, and Hadley's "Bianca" won. It will be produced by the Society of American Singers some time this year. The libretto of "Bianca" is by Grant Stewart, an actor, and the story is taken from an old Italian comedy by Goldoni called "The Mistress of the Inn." The award was made three days after "Azora" had its successful premiere. This is not the first prize Hadley has won. In 1901 he won two prizes—the New England Conservatory and the Paderewski—for a symphony. The first singing of "Azora" by the Chicago Opera Company was a great night in the life of Hadley.

The enthusiasm was great, and Hadley who conducted his own score, was presented with a silver wreath amid great demonstrations of approval. "Azora" is described as "an American cousin of Aida." It is a story of the Aztecs in the days of Montezuma. The book was written by David Stevens, a Boston lawyer. "Azora" will be heard in New York this month or next.

Theory and Fact

"Industrial Unrest" was the subject of the latest series of papers read and discussed at the Commonwealth Club. Ira B. Cross, doctor of philosophy, associate professor of Economics at the University of California, declared that farm labor has not been properly "mobilized." The pressing thing, he said, was proper mobilization of farm labor. "It can be done, and done fairly easy," he said, "if we get at it in the right way." Whereupon E. E. Bowles arose and said: "In reply to that I have a statement of a sugar beet man from Santa Barbara, where they were paying \$3.50 a day for pulling beets, and the men struck for \$4. The men betook themselves to their tomato cans and mooched for food as best they could and refused to work for less than \$4 a day. There is the mobile labor."

So it is with college professors. They prepare a nice little theory, and then somebody comes along with a fact and hits their theory right in the eye.

Pacific Service Association

The Pacific Service Employees' Association which is an organization for all the employees of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company in San Francisco and all the outlying districts in which this company operates, now contains some sixteen hundred members and is rapidly growing and taking definite form. All the activities of the employees, of any nature whatsoever, are taken up through the association. These include athletics of all kinds, for which tournaments, etc., are arranged between different districts; educational matters, entertainments, etc., and, what is of greatest interest now, the present whereabouts and doings of all men who have left the service of the company to enlist in the service of the United States. The matter of permanent headquarters is now being taken up and the members of the association hope soon to have a "home." Two meetings are held each month—one at Oakland and one at San Francisco—at which matters relating to the company and the employees are brought up and discussed so that all members may keep informed of the company's activities. Papers concerning the work being performed by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company are read at these meetings and prove to be of great educational value. There is always plenty of entertainment provided at the meeting, also, as the association boasts of some very clever members, a large chorus and a good orchestra. At the last meeting of the association the following officers were chosen: Chairman, K. I. Dazey; vice-chairman, F. R. George; secretary, R. W. Robinson; treasurer, Henry Bostwick. Executive committee: R. E. Fisher, San Francisco; E. B. Price, San Francisco; A. U. Brandt, Oakland; L. M. Evans, San Francisco; John A. Britton Jr., Oakland; H. P. Pitts, San Fran-

cisco; F. E. Oldis, San Francisco; R. A. Gentis, Oakland.

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THE WAR TIME AIMS OF THE CHAMBER *of* COMMERCE

AT THE close of the past eventful year, the SAN FRANCISCO CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, reviewing its own activities and contemplating the largest service of which it is capable for the Year 1918 is moved to restate some of its fixed and fundamental policies. *The organization is solemnly aware of its obligation to render a MOST DEFINITE and UNRESERVED SERVICE to our Nation.*

Inasmuch as the present war is supremely one of production, calling for the maximum of efficiency in industrial and commercial life, organizations of business and industry of the type of the Chamber of Commerce have enormously increased significance and responsibility.

The first policy of the Chamber is to make the organization thoroughly representative so that when it speaks, it speaks with the power and backing of the vital and responsible commercial interests of the city.

It is a matter of congratulation that so much progress has been made in this direction and that San Francisco has a real organization with which to express its united opinion and to voice its common needs.

The Chamber is committed to get the basic facts concerning the community. Intelligent activity cannot be had without thorough information. Every department of the Chamber is required to gather the fullest information upon all subjects under consideration. We are ambitious to have the best informed organization in the United States as to the transportation, shipping, legislative and other subjects bearing upon commercial and industrial development.

While the various departments of the Chamber are of distinct service to the membership, it is the fixed aim of the Chamber of Commerce to contribute and express, rather than to exploit for immediate selfish advantage.

The Chamber seeks to function the power and influence of its membership toward community development and service.

It is not organized primarily to secure direct business advantages for individual members, but to furnish an organized opportunity to individuals, firms and groups of business men to build up the highest type of commercial and industrial development for the benefit of every man, woman and child in the city.

The Chamber therefore seeks to deal with the dominant problems which face the community, problems which are beyond the resources or abilities of anything less than our city's combined commercial forces. These problems are concerned with port administration and efficiency; they are concerned with a higher type of municipal administration. They arise in connection with unsound legislation which would remove the lawful protection from the peaceful pursuit of business or threaten the legitimate conduct of business or, on the other hand, the Chamber may undertake to guide constructive legislation for the freer opportunity of commercial intercourse. These problems concern large transportation ques-

tions, undue discrimination of rates and realization of wider distributive areas for San Francisco. The problem is one of foreign markets and especially in this time of greatly disturbed international relations, deals with the intricate detail and adjustment due to necessary government regulation. The problem is one of properly using the giving power of six thousand members of the Chamber to influence efficiency and legitimacy of the various social and charitable organizations of the city, the efficiency and service of which so greatly affects industrial and commercial prosperity. On the industrial side, the problem is one of the strictest investigation to the end that a wise and far-sighted program may be laid out for manufacturing development. At a time when anarchist, I. W. W. and other destructive forces threaten the free exercise of constitutional rights, the commanding problem before the entire community is one of the preservation of law and order.

All of the activities of the Chamber in 1917 have dealt fearlessly and constructively with these problems.

In interpreting the terms commerce and industry, it must always be remembered that these are fundamental human questions and that activities which tend to stimulate commerce and industry widen the opportunity of every individual in the community and affect advantageously both those who work with their hands and those who fill executive posts. The greater the opportunity for employment, the greater the opportunity for the enjoyment of adequate wages and therefore the greater degree of comfort in life.

The Chamber of Commerce realizes that it represents a world city, located at the very cross-roads of international commerce. It must be concerned with every national movement affecting the Pacific Coast. It does not dare treat any subject from a strictly local viewpoint. It must meet all these problems with the one dominating idea that the commercial community of San Francisco with its remarkably advantageous position must contribute everything to the national industrial development in order to win the war.

The policy of the Chamber is therefore to stimulate and encourage the greatest activity and efficiency in commerce and industry and to bring home to each individual member the strength and necessity of his personal contribution to this great end.

With these "WAR TIME AIMS" the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce looks forward to the coming year of service.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

"I'm from Kentucky"

Market street at New Montgomery had a thrill last Saturday afternoon when a young woman armed with a blacksnake pursued a man from the sidewalk to the Palace Hotel, lashing at him as he fled. When the young woman was disarmed she explained the thing quite casually:

"He insulted me, and I'm from Kentucky."

Now this is the sort of news item our papers dearly love, so the young woman has received a great deal of publicity which, I trust, is not distasteful to her. Indeed, I think it cannot be distasteful, for she has talked quite lengthily and unreservedly to all reporters—something one doesn't do when one shuns publicity. And in every statement the young woman has made, she was sure to say:

"I'm from Kentucky."

I have glanced through most of her statements, not because a horsewhipping is my idea of important news, but just to see whether the phrase is repeated. Sure enough, the young woman always says:

"I'm from Kentucky."

A Magic Formula

Pride in one's State doesn't have to be explained to a Californian. And as Kentucky is on the other side of the continent and doesn't conflict with us in any way, even a State-proud Californian will admit that Kentucky is a great commonwealth. But that doesn't seem to account for a young woman who wields a blacksnake saying so many times:

"I'm from Kentucky."

If it were mere pride of State it would be all very well, but when one is in a scrape one doesn't waste much time in boasting of one's birthplace. No, when this young woman said: "I'm from Kentucky," she was not merely stating a fact of which she is justly proud. It is plain she thought that statement of hers would make everything clear to everybody. Obviously, to her mind, the words "I'm from Kentucky" convey something, or are supposed to convey something not conveyed by the words "I'm from Michigan" or "I'm from Iowa" or "I'm from Rhode Island." Obviously, when one says "I'm from Kentucky," one is not merely stating something—one is employing a meaningful, nay a magic formula.

It's a Great State

Certainly Kentucky is a great State. It has been said to be the State of fast horses and

beautiful women. Which reminds me that once upon a time a young man got up to make a political speech in Louisville or Frankfort or some other city of Kentucky, and was so taken with stage fright that he referred to Kentucky as the State of beautiful horses and fast women. I believe he was horsewhipped across the State line. Perhaps when he reached safety and was asked what had happened to him, he replied:

"I'm from Kentucky."

But of course that would not be using the words in the formula way they were used by the young woman whose blacksnake gave Market street a thrill last Saturday. To return: Kentucky's greatness must be freely admitted by all who remember that Kentucky is the State of blue grass, Marse Henry Watterson and mint juleps. It is true, indeed, that the colonels of North Carolina refuse to admit that the colonels of Kentucky know how to mix mint juleps. That is probably jealousy. Kentucky's fame is safe, embalmed in song and story. "She was born in old Kentucky. Take her, boy, you're mighty lucky," says the song. And no doubt the boy took her. And no doubt too, he was mighty lucky. Provided she didn't buy a blacksnake and do a Simon Legree with it to the tune of "I'm from Kentucky."

Do They Wear 'Em There?

In one of the papers the young woman from Kentucky was pictured. She had posed for the newspaper photographer, blacksnake and all. The deadly weapon was held gracefully in her gloved hand. Which raises the question: Do women wear blacksnakes in Kentucky, the way women wear swagger sticks here? It may be so. But here a horrid thought intrudes itself. We have heard much of the gallantry, the old-world politeness of Kentucky gentlemen. Is it possible that the women wear blacksnakes to enforce that politeness? It cannot be so. Doubtless the women of Kentucky wear blacksnakes—if they do wear 'em—to defend themselves against men who are not Kentuckians. Reading about the horsewhipping on Market street, and with my ears dinning by that iterated and reiterated formula "I'm from Kentucky," I picture Kentucky not as a place of blue grass and mint beds, not as the State of "My Old Kentucky Home," but as a place where young women are forever chasing men through the streets, snapping blacksnakes as they flee. But somehow or other, the picture doesn't seem quite right. Maybe the young woman who repeated so often "I'm from Kentucky" exaggerated the Kentuckianness of female Kentuckians.

A Smack Out of School

A tempest in a candy shop which has already echoed in police court and the solemn meetings of the Oakland Board of Education, was started the other day when pretty little Frances Shaw, waitress at the Venus confectionery, charged that Miss Zanette Potter publicly had slapped her face. Miss Potter is a teacher of music in the Oakland schools. For years she has been at the head of the music committee of the Teachers' Association and has arranged most of the concerts held under its supervision. Of late she has been an impresario on her own account and has brought famous artists to the eastbay. The story told by the candy girl is that Miss Potter had ordered luncheon at the Venus and complained when the girl forgot to

bring her a glass of water. An emphatic order was given and another girl brought the glass. Then Miss Potter, it is claimed, called the waitress a hussy and slapped her face. The Board of Education by a three to two vote has recommended an investigation. The case has been set in police court and the candy girl has been sent no less than two dozen bouquets of flowers.

"I will say nothing until I appear in court," says Miss Potter. "I am too wise to try my case outside."

Mathieu and the Players Club

The Little Theatre movement has grown so in the past few years that it possesses a literature of impressive size. Only a few months ago a history of the Little Theatre in America was published—a sure sign that this most interesting movement has become an institution. One of the significant outgrowths of the Little Theatre consists in the facilities it has been found necessary to provide for amateurs who desire to perfect themselves in the practical technique of the stage. Thus, in connection with the famous Washington Square players there have been established courses in dramatic instruction where experienced masters of stage technique train young men and women with histrionic ambitions, even though these ambitions may look no further than the amateur stage. Indeed, students of playwriting as well as writers who have achieved stage production for their work have been known to take such courses, regarding them as of the highest value in connection with their literary endeavors. Little Theatres develop, broadly speaking, on certain well defined lines. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Players Club has felt the need of such an adjunct as that just described. So what the Washington Square players have the Players Club is about to have. The directors of the Players Club have persuaded Frank L. Mathieu to institute a course of practical stage technique in connection with their Little The-



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atre out on Clay street. Members of the club will take advantage of this course, and as it will be open to outsiders as well, the club will undoubtedly gain through it some very desirable amateurs. Mathieu's fitness for the work is indisputable. His productions of the grove plays of the Bohemian Club and of the farm plays of The Family have made his name known to all students of grove drama. And as director of dramatic productions at Stanford he has achieved conspicuous success. Mathieu has the knack of finding dramatic talent where its existence is barely suspected. If the spark is there he can fan it into a flame. San Francisco is rich in undeveloped dramatic talent, and Mathieu is just the man to bring it out and give it proper direction.

An Appeal for Belgian Babies

Belgian children, too young or too emaciated to be compelled to work for the German invaders, are being dumped by the thousands across the Switzerland border into France, and California is asked to aid in their care. An appeal has been issued by the Commission for Aid Civil and Military Belgium and France, Pacific Division, following the receipt of an urgent message for assistance from the relief workers in France. The Belgian youngsters are taken by the Germans through Switzerland and put across the border into France. As many as 500 a day are thus deported. They are suffering from tuberculosis, scurvy or weakened by starvation; or they are tiny babes of two or three years, orphaned by the rigors of war. Germany is getting rid of them because she will not feed, clothe nor shelter them. Relief workers in France and under the Belgian Queen, stand ready to care for these expatriated children, but they need financial assistance to carry on the work. Food, shelter and clothing can be provided for a child for an average of \$5 a month and California is asked to care immediately for 2000 of these babies. The need is reported as extremely urgent. The commission is also asking for clothing, new or old, for adults and little children. The clothing and food should be sent to the Superfluity Shop, 306 Post street, where it is being packed by volunteers, and sent direct to Belgium and France. The expenses of the shop are being paid by Mr. and Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels and Mr. John D. Spreckels. All monies are sent direct to Queen Elizabeth of Belgium and to Madame Poincare, wife of the President of France. The Queen of Belgium herself personally looks out for these little children. Telephone Garfield 2099, and the commission's motor truck will call for goods. The Superfluity Shop announces that its total receipts to date have been \$3,000, or which \$1,500 has been sent to the Queen of Belgium and \$1,500 to Madame Poincare. Also that it has sent over one hundred cases of food and clothing.

A Letter from the Queen

The following letter has been received by the commission from Her Majesty Elizabeth, Queen of the Belgians: "I am commanded by Her Majesty Elizabeth, the Queen of the Belgians, to formally thank you for your kind promise to enlist sympathy in your country on behalf of the refugees and wounded in the unoccupied part of Belgium. I am to tell you that any practical help will be valued by the Queen and will bring relief to many who at present are great sufferers. I write this letter so that you may have something on which to base your appeal. May I wish you success in your work of mercy."

Mrs. Jackling and the Richards' Schools

Mrs. Richards' Schools are now under the patronage of Mrs. D. C. Jackling, Archbishop Hanna and Mrs. Jesse W. Lilienthal. Over twelve hundred people witnessed the Yuletide party at the St. Francis School. Victor the chef distributed the gifts while Pathe Weekly took moving pictures. At both the Christmas and New Year Auditorium celebrations Mrs. Richards' schools were represented.

Art Students off to War

Another star was added to the Service Flag at Best's Art School the other evening, making five in all, on which occasion the whole school enjoyed a pretty ceremony and a turkey dinner. The dinner was in honor of Bert Lyman, the new recruit who has been ordered to Camp Fremont. During the ceremony Mrs. Best made her appearance as Columbia. Mrs. Best has five relatives in the Canadian army fighting for the Allies. The art students who are now in the American army are Charley Friles, George Skaff, Clarence Hoffman, Ed Ziegler, George Gaskins and Bert Lyman.

Carnival at Gianduja's

Director Cabiale of Cafe Gianduja at Union and Stockton streets announces the first observance of the old-time Mardi Gras and dinner on the last Thursday in this month. Thereafter the carnival will be held every week on Thursday night. As to be expected, the entertainment will consist largely of operatic contributions by the really worthy artists from the Liberty Theatre season with an enlarged orchestra and elaborate house decorations. M. Maggoira, chef de cuisine, maintains at Cafe Gianduja the always appreciated system of "hot service." While one is served, we will say soup in tureen, the entree is already on the grill and so on through the seven courses of the dinner. Nowadays when most of our restaurants and cafes endeavor to do "volume" business, individual attention to each order is a rare and keenly relished departure. Out beyond Chinatown you'll find Cafe Gianduja, a quaint resort where a bit of the flavor of the Old World may be sensed of an evening at dinner—"Napoli in San Francisco."

Halifax Benefit at Winter Garden

Fourteen hundred dollars was raised at the Halifax benefit at the Winter Garden. The organizers of the ice skating carnival were the Canadian Club, Mr. St. Clair of the Olympic Club and John Tait of the Winter Garden. The Canadians defeated the Olympics at ice hockey. The tug of war was won by the United States, defeating Canada. The waltzing contest was won by Walter Parks and Carman Sprague. The fourteen step was won by George Brain and Mrs. Frank Kerrigan. All prizes were given by local Canadians and others interested in the welfare of Halifax and were of a value seldom seen at sporting competitions.

Techau's Famed "Jazz" Music

Far and wide went the popularity of "jazz" music when it was first given to the world at the Techau Tavern by George Gould's Techau Tavern "jazz" orchestra. Nothing that had ever happened was quite so stimulating to the dancing life of San Francisco. As it was when it first appeared at the Tavern, so it is today; the best dance orchestra in the universe. Only recently the management of the Tavern augmented the orchestra by the addition of several new "jazz" artists. No one, even if not an expert dancer, can fail to "keep time" to the accentuated rhythms of the Tavern's "jazz" or-

chestra, and it is the favorite orchestra of San Francisco's dancing experts. The "jazz" selections played during dancing intermissions cover every up-to-the-minute humorous, catchy, melodious, patriotic hit published. The Tavern still continues its custom of presenting each afternoon to the ladies in attendance from 25 to 35 large bottles of Stearns' Suprema toilet water, and in the evenings after each souvenir dance Le Lilas de Rigaud perfume favors to the ladies, and Melachrino cigarettes to the gentlemen.

At Hotel Oakland

Amongst prominent arrivals at the Hotel Oakland recently are: Mrs. W. A. Miller, Dallas, Tex.; Mae Brone, New York; Grace Ellsworth, New York; J. Prazo and wife, New York; Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Clark, New York; W. C. Cresmer and family, Chicago; Miss H. Bennett and Mrs. I. B. Bennett, Fresno; Mrs. C. R. Hill and son, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Davidson, Los Angeles; E. S. Hammond and wife, Los Angeles; L. W. Brasselle and wife, Palo Alto; Mrs. E. G. Tennant and Mr. E. G. Tennant, Yakima, Wash.; E. Ester and wife, Walla Walla; Mr. and Mrs. T. Rabreman, Fresno; L. B. Lavson and wife, Vallejo; D. S. Furguson and wife, Leavenworth; Mrs. J. E. R. Reid, Sacramento; Eva O. Taylor, Sacramento; R. E. Sharps and daughter, Winters; W. W. Gade and wife, Dallas; Mr. and Mrs. S. Anderson and daughter, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. N. Travehall, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Johnson, Fresno; Mrs. R. E. Carney, Philadelphia; Commodore F. M. Bostwick, U. S. N.; Mrs. J. Finlen, Butte, Mont.; Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Bradford, Tacoma; J. T. Burke and wife, Denver; Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Strange and son, Burlingame; C. P. Hewitt and family, Boise; Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Tabor, St. Joseph; J. Thomey and wife, Walla Walla; Mrs. L. E. Doan Jr., San Anselmo; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Stubbs, Billings, Mont.; Mrs. L. F. Breuner, Sacramento; R. W. Breuner, Sacramento; and Miss A. E. White, Seattle.

St. Francis Little Theatre Club

Direction of MR. ARTHUR MAITLAND
COLONIAL BALL ROOM
HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

Desires to state that the matinees which are given once a week by Mr. Maitland and his company of professional players are open to the public. Three playlets are given on each programme.

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The Stage

Maud Powell's Violin

This American woman has a violin worth going miles to hear. And it has been heard in every great city of the world where violin music is esteemed. Everywhere it has been acclaimed a magnificent instrument. There was not what one would call a throng at the Columbia Sunday afternoon when Maud Powell drew her bow over this violin. But all who went to hear the instrument were enthralled by it. What a pity that the labor of love of spreading the glad tidings of this violin's high worth was not divided between a thousand people at least, instead of—a good many less than a thousand. It is indeed a magic violin. It is a box of wonders, a little treasury of priceless gifts. And its riches were showered upon that audience prodigally, with a generosity inseparably allied to the joy of giving. Maud Powell's violin told the secret of Sibelius to that audience—that impressive part of his secret contained in the Allegro Moderato from Concerto D minor, opus 47. And the audience listened breathlessly to what the violin sang of the great Finnish master. Then the violin discoursed Saint-Saens—the Sonata D minor, opus 75. It was a very different message from that of Sibelius, but how truthfully, how clearly, how inspiringly delivered. There was also Fiorello—Prelude C minor; and beautiful Mozart—Rondo G major; and our own Cadman—Little Firefly; and Bazzini—Dance of the Imps. These are diverse voices, but Maud Powell's violin reproduced them all in their native tones, differentiating them, interpreting them in the universal language only great violins can speak—the Esperanto of the soul. So profound was the impression the violin made that the audience manifested a desire to hear more of its living voice, so the violin sang the "Turkish March" from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," and Chopin's exquisite "Bird of Air" and three or four of our own American melodies in conclusion, for this is an American violin, it must be remembered, and loves its own American-born music. Sometimes the violin sang in concert with Arthur Loesser's piano which is another splendid instrument. At times, too, the piano sang alone, very beautifully. One may not bow down in worship before a graven thing, so admiration for Maud Powell's violin must stop this side—just this side—of idolatry.

—The Concert Goer.

"Come Out of the Kitchen," "The Boomerang" and "The New Henrietta" in artistic staging and masterful interpretation and to those who have witnessed it at the Columbia the principal reason why Producers Winchell Smith and John L. Golden have formed no "road companies" is quite apparent. From Joe Bascom, the erring son, to the saintly Mother Bascom and the sharp-witted young crooks the characters are "types." The players for the original companies which introduced "Turn to the Right!" to New York and Chicago were selected by a fine-tooth combing process, each for some unusual attainment or physical peculiarity to exactly fit his or her character. The result is perfection in the portrayal of the contrasting types of city, farm and village. As well as being a great laughing hit, "Turn to the Right!" is permeated with a delightful "back home" atmosphere. Don't miss it. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday this week and throughout the engagement, which terminates Sunday night, January 27.

—The First Nighter.

The Maitland Players

The Little Theatre in the St. Francis Hotel is becoming a habit. Lovers of the one-act play have come to realize that Mr. Maitland has got hold of a string of fine plays and that the Little Theatre is a place where a few quarters of an hour may be spent very agreeably. Last Tuesday evening when the curtain parted at 8:45 the Colonial ball room was crowded as never before and nearly all the boxes were occupied. Though the audience was composed chiefly of members of the St. Francis Little Theatre Club not half of the folk present were guests of the hotel. Folks

were there from fashionable residence districts and some there were who dropped in from nearby just to see one play, and this, by the way, is one reason why the Little Theatre appeals—it does not impose on one a sense of conscientious duty to remain from beginning to end. All the plays may be good as is often the case but if one has not the time for three one may avoid having his interest invoked in more than two. Tuesday evening, much to my regret, I could sit through but one, and fortunately it was "Phipps" by Stanley Houghton, one of the plays that Holbrook Blinn presented at the Columbia. A clever little play is "Phipps," a study of a butler. In this case the butler falls in love with his mistress, and entertains quite plausibly the hope of enjoying the lovely lady as might an ordinary amorous gentleman. Doubtless many a butler dreaming in his pantry in an English home has dreamt that he might have graced the episcopal bench. Not butlers alone but even coachmen, not to mention men higher up may lament lost opportunities and envy lapsed chances in an adventurous career. In this play one almost sympathizes with the lady who married a nobleman instead of the manly butler, for the lady is Miss Sullivan, so delightful an actress that it is natural to wish that she should always be able to recapture opportunity. Phipps, the butler, was played with a fine intuition by Mr. Yule.

—T. F. B.

Howard Revue at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will not only maintain the highest standard of vaudeville but will be rich in novelty and variety. Joseph E. Howard, the well known composer,

The Success of "Turn to the Right!"

Tumultuous applause within the theatre and a line at the box office tell the story of the hit scored by "Turn to the Right!" at the Columbia where it is now in the second week of its record-smashing run. Predictions that this quaint mixture of tears and laughter would take San Francisco by storm, as it did New York and Chicago, have been amply fulfilled already but some new theatrical records are likely to be established before it leaves town. As a mixture of comedy and heart interest "Turn to the Right!" occupies a niche all by itself, but wonderful as it is, it can boast of no greater merit than the company presenting it. The cast is the same that appeared for nine months at George M. Cohan's Grand Opera House, Chicago, including Ralph Morgan, Barry McCormack, William Foran, James H. Huntley, Philip Bishop, Gene Lewis, Charles W. Goodrich, Samuel Lowenwirth, George Spelvin, Mabel Bert, Ethel Remey, Helen Collier, Dorothy Betts and Maude Fox. The offering ranks with



JOSEPH E. HOWARD
Next week at the Orpheum

will present "A Musical World Revue" in four scenes, which has proved one of the big successes of the season. It is a summary of various Howard musical compositions introduced with proper scenic settings and a company of forty players to enact the songs. Regina Connelli and Ruby Craven will appear in the Washington Square Players' success "Moon-down." Miss Connelli will be remembered for the great hit she scored in the title role of "The Lollard," one of Edgar Allan Woolf's best sketches. She was also one of the Washington Square Players. Miss Craven is a recruit from the legitimate stage. Harry Sylvestor and Maida Vance, clever comedians and singers, will appear in a satirical comedy with the title "Get Out of the Theatre," the author of which is Willard Mack. Vivian Holt, operatic soprano, and Lillian Rosedale, pianist and composer, will be heard in songs and stories to music. Both girls are Americans and have achieved marked success in Europe. Miss Holt who was a pupil of Lazar Samaloff, is a lyric coloratura, and Edwin Markham, the American poet, described her singing when he exclaimed, "She sings with a lark's tongue." Miss Rosedale is a concert pianist and composer of much ability. She also uses a group of stories to music which are her own composition as also is the song "Within Thine Eyes I Gaze" which Miss Holt sings. The Kanazawa Boys are a trio of Japanese who are Risley artists of extraordinary ability. One of them is a natural comedian. Bert Swor, the popular blackface comedian; Anna Chandler in "Breaking into Society;" and the Avon Comedy Four will be the remaining acts.

Puyans as Symphony Soloist

For the sixth "pop" concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, announced for Sunday afternoon, January 13, at the Cort, Conductor Alfred Hertz has contrived a programme of wider appeal than any he has yet offered. That a capacity audience will be attracted is certain, and those who contemplate attendance are urged to make reservations in advance to avoid the annoyance of standing in line at the Cort box office on the day of the event, as well as disappointment in not being able to secure tickets at the last moment. Emilio Puyans, the able flutist of the orchestra, and an artist of the first water, will be soloist, playing Godard's Suite, opus 116, with the orchestra, a composition graceful and effective and admirably calculated to exhibit Puyans' art at its finest. That the concert in its entirety is the most popular yet offered is evidenced by contemplation of the programme which embraces many old favorites. Every "pop" concert follower loves Suppe's "Poet and Peasant" overture and Rossini's overture to "William Tell." Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker Suite" will be given in response to many requests for its repetition. Another "Serenade," by Pierne, is certain of appeal. Three Slavonic Dances, by Dvorak, which are new to the baton of Alfred Hertz, and "The Star Spangled Banner," now an established feature of all programmes, will be the remaining offerings of a prodigal feast of light music. The eighth regular pair of symphonies is announced for Friday afternoon, January 18, and Sunday afternoon, January 20, at the Cort. Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony; Debussy's "La Mer;" and Chabrier's rhapsody, "Espana" will make up a programme of vital interest.

"Fair and Warmer" Continues

"Fair and Warmer" the Avery Hopwood farce classic, has not outlived its usefulness in San Francisco as is proven by the throngs that have been enjoying it to the fullest during the past

week, and who no doubt will continue to do so during the final week of its stay which begins Sunday evening. "Fair and Warmer" is indisputably Avery Hopwood at his best. His "Seven Days" and "Nobody's Widow" had run the standard of American farces to the very top—in fact it was the first of these which first displaced the foreign farce from its post of honor. "Fair and Warmer" has settled once and for all any question of his supremacy. There is not a flagging moment from Mr. Hopwood's first curtain to his last, and the sparkle of wit enlivens every rapid-fire situation. In the cast are Henry Stockbridge, Lillian Foster, Jack Hayden, Grace Benham, Alexandre J. Herbert, Bessie Brown, Joseph A. Bingham, Thomas Springer and others. The engagement will positively end Saturday evening, January 19, owing to previous engagements elsewhere which must be fulfilled. "The Bird of Paradise" opens January 20.

At the Players Club

The first group of plays to be presented by the Players Club in the new year holds unusual interest, as among theme is a military drama by Col. R. C. Croxton of the Presidio. The play takes place on the Mexican border and is called "Christmas on the Border." While the principal roles will be in the hands of the members of the Little Theatre, soldiers from the Presidio will appear in the minor parts, having offered their services that realism may be added to the sketch. Two delightful comedies also will be offered. The first by Alice Brown, one of America's most beloved writers, called "Joint Owners in

Spain," the other by Clarence Stratton of St. Louis, whose dramas have been presented with great success by the Little Theatres of the East. This comedy, entitled "Ruby Red," has been played at the Cincinnati Art Theatre, the Little Theatre in Philadelphia and by the only municipal playhouse in this country, the Municipal Theatre of Northampton. Nicholas Evreinov, the great Russian dramatist, will be represented by a harlequinade of unusual beauty—"The Merry Death." Incidental music will be played by the Players Club Trio, and Miss Virginia Whitehead will be seen in the Dance of Death. The plays will be given every night for one week in the Little Theatre at 3209 Clay street, beginning January 28. A special matinee will be given Saturday, February 2, at 2:30.

Godowsky Tomorrow Afternoon

Not inaptly has Leopold Godowsky been called "a pianist for pianists—a miracle worker," and the majority of living pianists recognize his transcendent art and gladly do him homage. One has said of him: "His ten digits are ten independent voices recreating the ancient polyphonic art of the Flemings." Nothing musical is foreign to this great man who will give one superb piano concert at the Columbia tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon. Colossal as is the man in his art, so his programme, which comes close to absorbing enough poetic beauty for four ordinary recitals. The list in full: Sonata, Op. 110, A flat, Beethoven. Intermezzo, Op. 76, No. 3, A flat, Brahms; Rhapsody, Op. 119, No. 4, E flat, Brahms. (a) Minuet, G minor, Rameau (1683-1764); (b) Courante, E minor, Lully



GODOWSKY

The great Polish pianist who will play at the Columbia tomorrow afternoon

(1633-1687); (c) Tambourin, E minor, Rameau (1683-1764)—Nos. 4, 10, 6 from "Renaissance," Godowsky. Fantasia, Op. 49, F minor; Waltz, Op. 64, No. 3, A flat; Berceuse; Polonaise, Op. 53, A flat, Chopin. Ave Maria, Henselt. Etude, Op. 36, A flat (for the left hand alone), Blumenfeld. "On Wings of Song," Mendelssohn-Liszt. Humoresque from "Miniatures," No. 29, Godowsky. Polonaise, No. 2, E major, Liszt. Godowsky tickets can be had at the Columbia ticket office today.

Critics Extol Guilbert's Art

Admirers of great art will be afforded the privilege of hearing one of the very greatest artists of the age, when Mme. Yvette Guilbert, the famous Frenchwoman, returns to this city to give three distinctive programmes at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, February 3, Wednesday night, February 6, and Saturday afternoon, February 9, under the management of Selby C. Oppenheimer. The word "great" has been so much abused that it has often proved misleading. Of Mme. Guilbert it is fittingly employed, if the unanimous verdict of the critics of two continents is just. For this season she has arranged three programmes, each entirely different from the other, and containing mostly works in which she has not appeared here before. Mail orders for the Guilbert recitals can now be sent to Manager Oppenheimer at Sherman Clay.

Minneapolis Orchestra en Route

The famous Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra is now started on its annual transcontinental tour which will bring it to San Francisco for concerts at the Columbia on Thursday and Friday afternoons, February 7 and 8, and at the Tivoli Opera House for a special concert on Sunday morning, February 10, and for two concerts at the Oakland Auditorium Opera House on Saturday afternoon and night, February 9. It is the only one of the great American orchestras which has grown to artistic maturity under the conductor which formed it, and still continues under his baton. Emil Ober-

hoffer has been the conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra from its inception fourteen years ago, and the unprecedented development from its beginning to its present position, as one of the greatest symphonic bodies in the world, is due largely to his genius, tact and magnetic personality. Mr. Oberhoffer has been called the "poet-conductor" and his interpretations are remarkable for their virility, unusual musical insight, and a temperamental warmth which lends a peculiar charm and reveals new and unsuspected beauties, even in familiar works. The entire Minneapolis organization of ninety "star" musicians, the same that annually invade New York and Boston with signal success, is making the coast trip, and specially attractive programmes of unusually interesting music will be given in this city. Selby C. Oppenheimer will manage the concerts.

De Gogorza Concerts Postponed

Manager Oppenheimer has just been advised that the famous American baritone Emilio de Gogorza has contracted a severe cold in Chicago, and will have to postpone his visit to San Francisco for the present. De Gogorza has telegraphed that he does not want to return to this city unless his voice is at its absolute best, and promises speedily to advise Manager Oppenheimer just when he will be able to make the journey to California, which will probably be some time during the latter part of February.

Another Week of "Cheating Cheaters"

So marked has been the triumph of Evelyn Vaughan in "Cheating Cheaters" at the Alcazar that the management has decided to continue the Max Marcin play for seven more days, announcing, however, that "Cheating Cheaters" positively will close on Saturday of the coming week. Unquestionably both star and play have scored a smashing and genuine success at the O'Farrell street playhouse. Miss Vaughan is an actress of power and distinction who needs only a fitting rôle to show her great gifts.

Bulotti to Sing McCoy's Songs

At the next concert of the San Francisco Municipal Orchestra which is to take place at the Exposition Auditorium on Thursday evening, January 17, a prominent place on the programme will be given by Director Frederick G. Schiller to William J. McCoy, the California composer, from whose opera "Egypt" several songs will be taken. These will be sung by Charles Bulotti, tenor, and Miss Catherine Retallick, soprano. A "Surprise Potpourri" of old and new songs that everybody is familiar with will be a feature of the concert. The audience will join in the singing, which will be led by Hugh Allen, the baritone. A number of orchestral pieces which thousands of listeners wanted to hear again when they were played at former concerts will be repeated by Director Schiller at the January concert, including Carlos Troyer's "Ghost Dance of the Zunis," Nicolai's overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Mendelssohn's "Spinning Song," "Morning" and "In the Hall of the Mountain King" from Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite.

Maitland to Repeat "Game of Chess"

Another attractive programme has been contrived by Arthur Maitland for the next performances of the St. Francis Little Theatre Club, which will be given on Monday evening, January 14, and Wednesday afternoon, January 16, in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis Hotel. The performances will be identical on these two occasions. A timely note will be struck in the presentation of "For the Honor

of America," by Sada Cowan, which is a bid for enlistment and an indictment of the slacker. The story is stirringly told and will be interpreted with the full strength of the Maitland players. "Enter the Hero" is a clever little satire on a spinster who suddenly evinces a desire for the marital state. It will be played by Albert Morrison who showed to advantage in his first appearances with the organization last week, and the Misses Helene Sullivan and Ruth Hammond. The remaining offering will be "A Game of Chess," which is to be repeated in response to numerous requests. This unique melodrama of a Russian nobleman who pits his wits against the strength and arms of a Russian serf, is generally regarded as the most effective little play yet offered. It particularly affords Arthur Maitland opportunity for acting of distinction.



COLUMBIA THEATER

This Sunday (January 13) Afternoon at 2:30

Superb Program: Beethoven, Brahms, Godowsky, Chopin, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Henselt, etc.

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Sunday Afternoon, Jan. 13, at 2:30 Sharp

PROGRAM:

- 1—Overture, "Poet and Peasant"Suppe
- 2—"Nutcracker Suite"Tchaikowsky
- 3—Suite, Opus 116, for Flute and Orchestra.....Godard
(EMILIO PUYANS)

- 4—Three Hungarian DancesBrahms
- 5—(a) "Serenade"Pierne
(b) "Serenade"Moszkowski
- 6—Overture, "William Tell"Rossini

PRICES: 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, except concert day; at Cort Theatre on concert day only.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market which had been strong and higher early in the week, turned lower toward the close of the week on general realizing sales, and a big slice of the recent advance was lost. There was no news to account for the heavy selling other than profit taking and the fact that the market had shown a steady advance of ten points and a reaction was in order. The old rule works out again, a market up ten to twenty points in ten days, three and a half days at the rate of over a million shares a day and people wonder why there is a reaction. Certainly that big trading indicates distribution, and on the recent advance there has been three classes of buying, the short, the man who never buys until they are up twenty points and the sold-out investor who was afraid of his stock. People who were afraid to buy steel at 80 had plenty of courage after it had gone up fifteen points. They always have. Notwithstanding extreme weakness in the industrial list, railroad stocks have held well. Their troubles are behind them to a great extent. The investor now knows that he has Government backing, that his dividends will be paid and his interests conserved. We repeat again what we have said many times—there is no money and no desire among the financiers at this time for a bull market. They want a stable market, a liquid market, but no crazy speculation. Two or three times in the last six months this has been attempted, and each time it wound up in a disastrous break. The panicky feeling of the fall and early winter has disappeared, but monied interests are still conservative. The prospects of the largest Government loan on record and impending new taxation are not incentives to bull speculation. Reading was really the only distinctly heavy railroad stock. It never should have gone up the way it did in the recent market. At present prices it is far too high as an investment, but will do as a speculation.

Corn—Further strength was in evidence this week, prices making a fair gain above last week's levels. Receipts continue quite moderate and the movement of larger proportions than has long been expected, has not as yet materialized. Some of the recent setback was attributed to the idea that a larger movement might now be reasonably looked forward to as a probable result of the unification of railroad facilities by the Government. Cash premiums are still maintained and the local arrivals are so light as to make but little impression. No especial demand has been reported, but in the circumstances of small supplies moderate requirements are sufficient to preserve values. The primary movement is somewhat under the volume of the previous week. Any especial

growth in the movement is probably inhibited until the present cold spell passes, as very low temperatures are forecast, and any such conditions are not favorable to railroad efficiency. Little, if any, foreign demand is reported, and Argentine shipments this week are again light, decreasing considerably from the quantity moved last week and last year. Advices from the Argentine indicate an improvement in crop conditions, and also in the quality of arrivals, with the volume increasing. In the rest the market is light, but prices move upward more easily than downward. This is natural in view of the light stocks and receipts and the fact that the futures rule so much below cash prices. The nearness of values to the maximum price has had a tendency to induce realizing and check the strength, but until there is a sufficient movement of the crop to increase stocks to the extent that cash values will get into close proximity with the prices of the futures, it is unlikely that there will be much decline in the latter. We believe a strong undertone will continue in evidence.

Cotton—There was no particular news to change the aspect of things in the cotton situation. Spot cotton in the South seems to be very closely held, and very little seems to be for sale even at record prices. Trading in the futures is not very brisk, but the supply of contracts is so small that it does not take much buying to bring about an upturn in prices. The deliveries on January contracts so far have been light, and what was delivered went to Japanese accounts, and will likely be shipped out of this country, which makes the short side dangerous, especially in the nearby deliveries. Spot demand continues very good, and prices in the South have advanced to a level where it is not profitable to buy there and ship to New York. Spinners have all the business they can take care of, and with the present freight situation showing some signs of improvement, they will continue to absorb spots even at this level. The drought in Texas is becoming more serious daily, and while it is just a little early to be a market factor, the weather will soon become a factor. Peace talk enters the market from day to day, but it is beginning to lose its force as a market factor. As long as the spinner continues to take the cotton offered, it is highly probable that inasmuch as actual holders are parting with their product grudgingly, the level of prices may still be further enhanced.

Retort Courteous

The father of a certain charming girl is well known as "a very tight old gentleman." When dad recently received a young man who for some time had been "paying attention" to the daugh-

ter, it was the old gentleman who made the first observation. "Huh; so you want to marry my daughter, eh?" "Yes, sir; very much indeed." "Um—let me see. Can you support her in the style to which she has been accustomed?" "I can, sir," said the young man, "but I am not mean enough to do it."

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTON KOENIG (also called A. KOENIG), deceased.—No. 23748; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of ANTON KOENIG (also called A. KOENIG), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named place the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANTON KOENIG (also called A. KOENIG), deceased.

FRANK KOENIG,

Executor of the last will and testament of Anton Koening (also called A. Koening), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, January 12th, 1918.

A. COMTE, JR.,

Attorney for Executor,
No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

1-12-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 21778; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANNA ROSALIE LEWIN, deceased.

EDNA ROSENTHAL, the Executrix of the estate of Anna Rosalie Lewin, deceased, having presented to this Court and filed herein her verified petition, in due form of law, praying for an order, for the sale of all the real property and all the personal property of the said deceased for the purpose therein set forth, and it appearing to this Court by said petition that it will be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate, and those interested therein, to sell the whole of the real estate and that it is necessary to sell the whole of the personal property to pay the debts outstanding against said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration.

IT IS, THEREFORE, ordered by this Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased shall appear in the said Court, on the 28th day of January, 1918, at 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the court room of said Court in department No. 10 thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why said petition be not granted, and why an order should not be granted to said Executrix, to sell the whole of the real estate and the whole of the personal estate of said deceased, at either private or public sale, as said Executrix should judge to be the most beneficial for the estate;

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this order be published once a week in "Town Talk," for four successive weeks, in a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: this 26th day of December, 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

JOS. ROTHSCHILD,

Attorney for Executrix,
1101-1109 Chronicle Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-29-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MAUD W. POTTER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MAUD W. POTTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MAUD W. POTTER, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Maud W. Potter, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 22, 1917.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,
860 Phelan Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-22-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE W. FOX, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last will and testament of GEORGE W. FOX, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor, at its office, junction of Grant Avenue and Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE W. FOX, deceased.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,

Executor of the last will and testament of George W. Fox, deceased.

By H. G. LARSH, Secretary.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 15, 1917.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,

Attorneys for Executor.

12-15-5

Ballad of Broken Things

The toy no skillful fingers may repair

Is dearer far in tearful childish eyes

Than all remaining treasures whole and fair,

For here is tragedy that beautifies.

The broken doll assumes heroic guise—

Puts on a halo and an angel's wings.

The saints must die before we canonize—

The broken things are the immortal things!

Yes, shattered gods the heart of man ensnare;

'Tis the scarred loveliness we praise and prize;

To wreck and ruin fealty we swear—

How near one's soul the Coliseum lies!

And see, ere straining flight may scale the skies,

Ere she may know her life's true awakenings,

From ashes must the fabled bird arise—

The broken things are the immortal things!

Ruin and dust and ashes of despair—

On these we build our shrines; and here our cries

Of adoration and exalted prayer,

Ascending like the smoke of sacrifice,

Halo waste lands and homes. On dying sighs

Are wafted seeds of perfect flowerings:

The Christ accepted death, and He was wise—

The broken things are the immortal things!

A Just Estimate

A Philadelphia divine was entertaining a couple of clergymen from New York at dinner, when the guests spoke in praise of a sermon their host had delivered the Sunday before. The host's son was at the table, and one of the New York clergymen said to him: "My lad, what did you think of your father's sermon?" "I guess it was pretty good," said the boy, "but there were three mighty fine places where he could have stopped."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 23,692; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of PATRICK O'CONNELL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Will of PATRICK O'CONNELL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this Notice (which said first publication occurs on the 5th day of January, 1918), in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this Notice to said Executor at the office of his attorney, Garret W. McEnerney, Room 2002 Hobart Building, No. 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of PATRICK O'CONNELL, deceased.

JAMES P. CANTWELL,

Executor of the Last Will of Patrick O'Connell, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, January 5, 1918.

GARRET W. MCENERNEY,

Attorney for Executor,
2002 Hobart Bldg.,
582 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

1-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MELVINA F. FALES, deceased.—No. 23680, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executrix of the last will and testament of MELVINA F. FALES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix, at the office of her attorney, Alfred Fuhrman, 2641A Mission Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MELVINA F. FALES, deceased.

LILLA L. MACKAY,

Executrix of the last will and testament of Melvina F. Fales, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 29, 1917.

ALFRED FUHRMAN,

Attorney for Executrix,
2641A Mission Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-29-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH PATTERSON MITCHELL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the will of ELIZABETH PATTERSON MITCHELL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Wm. M. Madden, 809 Crocker Building, corner Post and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH PATTERSON MITCHELL, deceased.

FREDERIC W. EATON,

Executor of the will of Elizabeth Patterson Mitchell, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 12th, 1918.

WM. M. MADDEN,

Attorney for Executor,
809 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

1-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY E. MANN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARY E. MANN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Seth Mann, Esq., Room 1040 Merchants Exchange Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY E. MANN, deceased.

A. H. TURNER,

Administrator of the estate of Mary E. Mann, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 15, 1917.

SETH MANN,

Attorney for said Administrator,
1040 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-15-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY PETITION FOR THE CHANGE OF NAME SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 86525.

In the Matter of the Application of the DUNCAN'S MILLS LAND AND LUMBER COMPANY, a corporation, for a Change of Its Name.

In the matter of the petition of the DUNCAN'S MILLS LAND AND LUMBER COMPANY, a corporation, for a change of its name, the said corporation and I. E. Thayer, Philip R. Thayer, and George D. Gray, a majority of the Directors thereof, having filed and presented an application and their petition that the name of said Duncan's Mills Land and Lumber Company, a corporation, be changed to Marin Lumber and Supply Company.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in said matter appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department 10, at the court house in said City and County on the 29th day of January, 1918, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, to show cause why such petition for change of name should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that notice of said application and of this order, be given by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County, State of California, once a week for four (4) successive weeks before said hearing.

Dated: December 22nd, 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

JACOBS & OLIVER,

Attorneys for Petitioner,
900 Humboldt Savings Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-29-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Number 23,436. New Series. Department Number Ten, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM MATSON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the last will and testament of WILLIAM MATSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of their attorneys, W. I. Brobeck and Peter F. Dunne, Rooms 709-718 Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Market, Post and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, which said last named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM MATSON, deceased.

LILLIE B. MATSON,

ALEXANDER F. MORRISON,
Executors of the last will and testament of William Matson, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, December 22, 1917

W. I. BROBECK and
PETER F. DUNNE,
Attorneys for Executors,
709-718 Crocker Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-22-5

STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities of

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

HIBERNIA BANK

DATED DECEMBER 31, 1917

ASSETS

1—Bonds of the United States (\$8,418,999.00), of the State of California and the Cities and Counties thereof (\$10,840,150.00), of the State of New York (\$2,149,000.00), of the City of New York (\$1,300,000.00), of the State of Massachusetts (\$1,097,000.00), of the City of Chicago (\$650,000.00), of the City of Cleveland (\$100,000.00), of the City of Albany (\$200,000.00), of the City of St. Paul (\$100,000.00), of the City of Rochester (\$200,000.00), of the City of Philadelphia (\$350,000.00), the actual value of which is.....\$25,756,355.99

2—Miscellaneous Bonds comprising Steam Railway Bonds (\$2,044,000.00), Street Railway Bonds (\$1,314,000.00), and Quasi-Public Corporation Bonds (\$2,206,000.00), the actual value of which is. 5,271,866.20

3—Cash in Vault and on demand deposit in banks.. 4,002,481.42
\$35,030,703.66

4—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is..... 32,089,494.02

Said Promissory Notes are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State, and the States of Oregon and Nevada.

5—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured the actual value of which is..... 332,160.00

Said Promissory Notes are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge of Bonds and other securities.

6—(a) Real Estate situate in the City and County of San Francisco (\$2,106,955.75), and in the Counties of Santa Clara (\$72.47), Alameda (\$60,-

897.10), San Mateo (\$58,212.51), and Los Angeles (\$60,043.46), in this State, the actual value of which is 2,286,181.29

(b) The Land and Building in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is 972,627.90

7—Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds..... 254,254.93

TOTAL ASSETS\$70,965,421.80

LIABILITIES

1—Said Corporation owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is.....\$67,748,541.18

Number of Depositors88,149

Average Deposits\$764.24

2—Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds..... 254,254.93

3—Reserve Fund, Actual Value 2,962,625.69

TOTAL LIABILITIES\$70,965,421.80

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By J. S. TOBIN, President.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By J. O. TOBIN, Assistant Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

J. S. TOBIN and J. O. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said J. S. TOBIN is President and that said J. O. TOBIN is Assistant Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

J. S. TOBIN, President.
J. O. TOBIN, Assistant Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of January, 1918.

CHAS. T. STANLEY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
State of California.

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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Vol. XXXII. No. 1326

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, JANUARY 19, 1918

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Our Clubwomen and Low-Heeled Shoes

With the Seeadler Raiders on Mopelia Reef

The Question of Questions—Woodrow Wilson

The January Lantern—a Special Rodin Number

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXI

San Francisco-Oakland, January 19, 1918

No. 1326

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John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Attacks on Stephens

Perhaps Governor Stephens has no reason to complain of the vicious attacks that have been made on him. The psychology of them appears to be obvious enough, and such being the case he should be felicitated by his friends, for presumably he is to be a candidate for election to the office to which he was appointed. Nothing succeeds in politics like abuse, as witness the case of District Attorney Fickert. We believe that the worst to be said against Governor Stephens is that he was appointed by his predecessor, which is not an insignificant circumstance, and we feel that having come out of the Johnson machine the sincerity of the criticism leveled at him by a protégé of the former Executive is, to say the least, questionable. All these warring politicians are tarred by the same brush. Now it was not regarded as a crime to loot the State in the heyday of Hi Johnson. Governor Stephens having been accused of proposing to spend public funds without audit, we are reminded that when Johnson was Governor it was deemed desirable, presumably by himself, to vouchsafe him the privilege of disposing with the same freedom of moneys allowed for the maintenance of the Executive mansion. It was actually pronounced malicious to complain of extravagance in the halcyon period when Hi Johnson was purifying the State. He needed a free hand to carry out his reforms, and none but an unregenerate reactionary would say him nay.

* * *

The Home of the Jews

It seems absurd to talk of a Jewish State until the Jews have become the leading elements of the population, but meanwhile Palestine will be the "national home" of the Jew. To the whole dispersed race it will be the focus and symbol of Jewish national life, a corner of the earth where a civilization may be constructed on Jewish principles by Jewish

hands. Such is the meaning of the determination expressed by the Allies with reference to Jerusalem—to withhold that ancient city forever from the Ottoman Empire. Aside from this there is almost a universal Christian public opinion in favor of reparation. It is on the conscience of all Christendom that the burden falls, of the secular persecution which this enduring race has suffered, and in all nations except the Central Empires is felt the desire to end a shameful record. Of course masses of the Jewish race will remain where they are; for one colonist imbued with idealism and enthusiasm who goes back to Palestine ten will prefer to remain in their present environment, but a Jewish society will shape itself in the Holy Land where now the Jews are but a small minority of the population.

* * *

The Question of Greatness

To talk learnedly of great men is in a measure to bask in the light of their greatness, and so it is that a recent article by Lord Bryce on *Great Men and Greatness* has led to a deal of discussion. The subject, as he says, is one of "inexhausted freshness," and this is a time, one may observe with obvious truth, conducive to speculation on the elements and signs of greatness. We are all looking for a great man, for we feel the need of him. We are so eager for the great man to bob up and lead civilization to triumph that we are ready to bestow the laurel and bleat applause. We are therefore much liable to err. In pronouncing certain great men great, one confesses one's soul, since greatness is measured by the means to the most desirable end; the most desirable end to most men at present is social stability, and we should pronounce him the exceptional man who proved his ability to lead us into the promised land. Of one thing we may be quite sure,—that the great man of the present is not necessarily rich in rhetoric; he may be a good man, he may be ethically sound, but he will not accomplish all that is desired on paper. Aristotle would not be counted great at this time, nor Shakespeare, but a capacity for scientific and mathematical discovery might enable a man to achieve greatness. Of the men whom the world has designated great, there is scarcely one among them who was not a fighter. There have been Alexander the Great and Pompey the Great and Charlemagne and Peter the Great and Frederick, but never an Aeschylus the Great or a Leonardo or a Beethoven.

Greatness is a form of possession that we admire quite unethically and without a sense of beauty, as Bismarck has been admired and the Caesars whom we believe great without pretending to believe them good. In truth, considering all the great men we revere after a fashion it appears to be a sort of demoniac energy that makes a certain kind of genius that we accept as exceptional excellence. And all things considered it is not improbable that posterity will regard a certain demon of evil expressing itself through a man with a maimed hand as the highest type of greatness in his generation.

* * *

The Greatness of Woodrow Wilson

Speaking of greatness, what about Woodrow Wilson? Here is one of the arresting figures of our tumultuous times. Surely he is not conspicuous merely in consequence of the star part Fate has summoned him to play on the palpitant stage of an eventful epoch. His own personality compels attention, his own performances proclaim him that heroic type which appears once in a century, which towers like an oak tree above bramble bushes. True, concerning him there is some diversity of opinion. All men have not the gift of appreciation. To many of us he has appeared small and narrow, but even so we have at times questioned our own vision, and the searcher for truth has had to admit to himself that the President has that definite quality which has characterized those great democrats of every age whose theories have destroyed favorite enthusiasms and moulded a vast society to their will. At least, then, he has the great and exceptional power of will if not of intellect. Assuredly this man has some of the signs of greatness, a most notable one being the secret of equanimity which lies in the conservation of energy. No vain exertion or excitement marks the conduct of Woodrow Wilson. By these the body and mind are weakened. Not to be moved by conflicting moods of the hour, Mr. Wilson has that philosophic calm which excludes from the balance all the weights that prevent equipoise of intellect and reduce stamina. Neither hating with vigor nor loving with passion he pursues his exalted purpose steadily, doubling his opportunities by using them. He may be a bad judge of men, but perfect tools are not essential in every instance, and though Frederick of Prussia was greater than Voltaire he wrote bad poetry and didn't know it. It is enough to ask ourselves, "Is he a successful agent of social

progress?" Surely he is superior to the majority in producing a given result, and he excites our intellectual and ethical admiration by the way in which he got the American people behind him and won the confidence of the world. Once we were afraid he was misleading the nation and that he did not understand the German menace. He spoke, it seemed, like a weak and timid Executive. His words seemed to imply a misapprehension of his duty to mankind. Now we see that he was an astute politician, a master of the game with wit and imagination to understand the European situation and with an eye continually on the public opinion of his own country. It was this opinion wherewith it was important for him to deal, for it was perilous since we were pacifists for our own sake, and it was perplexing by reason of its want of correlation. Always Mr. Wilson, we now see, appreciated better than any of us the vast and widening whirlpool of the Great War into which he feared we were being dragged. Of his sympathy there was no doubt, but we have a big German population, and it was working overtime trying to influence the President. It went so far as to try to force him to violate international law by refusing to sell munitions to the Allies, and all the while there were many good Americans who insisted that the war was a feudal riot in which we had no concern. At no time did Mr. Wilson lose his head. Always he was the Chief Magistrate of all the people, and at the right moment all the people were behind him, pacifists no longer, but genuine Americans. At times some were ashamed of his utterances, but read his utterances now, all of them, including the note of December 10, 1916, in which he urged the belligerent Powers

to consider the terms upon which peace might be made and virtually offered his mediation. Read, and it will be found that he spoke with unerring judgment, with the foresight indeed of one who was at once a great statesman and a Man of Destiny. That December note read in connection with the speech to the Senate containing the startling formula of "Peace without victory," might seem to involve an insoluble riddle, but when note and speech are read together and along with the speech of June 14th when Mr. Wilson had decided that it was time for Uncle Sam to assert himself, it is clear that the President is uttering himself consistently and sanely. Gradually he arrived at the point where he could speak as an Executive who no longer doubted that he had the united support of the American people. How easy now to perceive the intensity of his conviction from the beginning of his political career. It was as Governor of New Jersey that he first acted on the theory that the American statesman, to be sure he is right before going ahead, must first mould public opinion to his views. Now, in that speech of June 14th we hear talking the great playwright and stage manager who has prepared everything for the going up of the curtain.

"The war was begun," he says, "by the military masters of Germany who have proved themselves to be also the masters of Austria-Hungary. Their purpose has been long avowed. The statesmen of other countries to whom that purpose was incredible, paid little attention and regarded what the German professors expounded in their classrooms and the German writers set forth to the world as the goal of German policy, as rather the dream of minds detached from practical affairs and the preposterous private conception of Germany's destiny than the actual plans of responsible rulers. But the rulers of Germany knew all the while what concrete plans,

what well-advanced intrigues lay at the back of what professors and writers were saying, and were glad to go forward unmolested filling the thrones of the Balkan States with princes, putting German officers at the service of Turkey, developing plans of sedition and rebellion in India and Egypt and setting their fires in Persia."

The President went on, as he has been going on ever since, consistently with the statesmanlike purpose of moulding public opinion to his will; but the will now aimed at is that of the German people. He was the first to perceive the importance of going over the heads of the German rulers and now along with revolts in Germany we see that even the mob in Russia has come to appreciate his wisdom. At first he was laughed at by the junkers of Germany, who figured that the dupes of the military power were inaccessible to foreign appeal. Revolt everywhere now is making them serious. Revolution in Germany no longer seems impossible, and the densest Britisher in England who once thought it absurd to differentiate the German people from the boorish boss of German politics is now applauding Woodrow Wilson. Surely this college professor has not studied history in vain. Surely there is the rare quality of greatness in the President of the United States. Call him narrow if you will, but it may be well to reflect that the intellectual stream flows strongly when it is confined in a narrow channel. And after all the main thing to do is the proof of greatness when done. Nothing much else matters. And after all greatness is what the times call for. Abate prejudice, for anyway the man we dislike may incur our obligation.

The mean man with the little thing to do
Sees it and does it.

The great man with the great end to pursue
Dies ere he knows it.

The First Seven Divisions

By Robert Bridges

Poet Laureate of England

The fearless man is his own salvation;
His heart for the world is Freedom's throne:
Though he be outnumber'd a hundred to one
It shall not suffice to daunt his doing:
If twice or thrice the hosts of wrath
Should force him back, they will find him ever again in their path.
Such were our brothers who cross'd the Channel
The day when England's foe a-swarm
Swept with annihilating storm
To enslave the nations and sack the cities:
When sudden, to stem their stolen advance,
The old British Army stood against them in the marches of France.
There—a thin line ever thinning—
They batte'd the foe to hold him thence;
Wrestling unrespited, till the invader
Shrank, and ensconced him in self-defense.

But they were falling that deadly Autumn
Like leaves—for the tempest did not cease—
While sunshine wrapp'd their homes with a mockery of nature's peace.
Then was the bitterest weeping of the world unwept:
The woman's heart was unbroken,
And praise in silence slept
Of deeds too high to be spoken:
And tho' man's Hope should wither as a blossom in Winter's blight,
Tho' Reason sicken to her own despite,
Tho' Faith were utterly quell'd by Might,
Tho' God Himself should hide His face in night;
Then should the trembler see that these men never died:
A flame would play o'er the graves by Marne and Aisne
To burn up all the dross of the earth and abide
A flower of fire, to rekindle mankind's desire,
And awaken the world to Freedom and Love again.

Varied Types

364—HANS HANSEN

By Edward F. O'Day

This is the story of the last days of the German raider Seeadler, told by one of her prisoners.

Hans Hansen was first mate of the schooner Manila from Newcastle. A Scandinavian by birth he is a naturalized American citizen who in his moments of leisure writes patriotic rhymes about the land of his adoption. The Manila was captured and sunk near the Equator in the Pacific Ocean on July 8, 1917. Captain Southard and her crew were taken aboard the raider which then ran south until it reached Mopelia or Mopiha, an atoll in the Leeward group of the Society Islands. The Seeadler is still at Mopelia, very still, hung up on the reef. Hans Hansen had a plan for overpowering the Germans, but circumstances forbade its execution. On the sixth of October, three months after capture, when the American prisoners marooned on Mopelia had about given up hope of rescue, Hans Hansen prepared to go to sea in a dory of his own building, hoping to make Samoa. That dory was appropriately called The Last Chance. But succor came from Papeete before he started. When Governor Julien of Tahiti drew up a memorial of this whole affair in the name of the French Government, Hans Hansen received most honorable mention. With other participants in the Mopelia adventure he arrived in San Francisco on December 12. This is how Hans Hansen tells the story:

"On July 8 at 4:15 p. m., the wind being light, the weather thick and rainy, and the sea choppy, Mr. Williams, our second officer, reported a ship firing on us. I did not credit this at first, but was soon undeceived. On our port quarter a ship loomed up and gained on us rapidly—apparently a vessel with power of some kind. Four more shots were fired and we hove to. As soon as she got along side we knew she was a German raider. She hailed us and told us we were to be sunk. We started to get the boat out, but in the short choppy sea the schooner rolled so heavily that it proved a hard job. It was quite dark by this time, and raining heavily. The raider, laying close on our starboard bow, told us to keep our boat on deck as she was sending one to take us off. Shortly afterwards a motor launch came alongside. Two officers boarded us with five men. They demanded the ship's papers, and gave us twenty minutes to gather our personal effects. But in less than that time we were ordered into the launch.

"Aboard the raider we found the crews of the schooner A. B. Johnson (from Raymond), Petersen master, and the schooner R. C. Slade (from Sydney), Smith master. There was also a Hollander supposed to have been captured on board an English steamer in the Atlantic. In reality he was stooldpigeon to the German officers.

"The raider was the Seeadler, a full rigged ship of 1600 tons register, supposed to have been under the American flag when she was taken by the English in 1914. At any rate she was on her way to an English port when captured by the Germans. At Hamburg she was fitted with a crude oil motor engine of 2000 h.p., said to have come from some exposition in Belgium. She had two 4½ inch breechloading quickfiring rifles of Krupp make, two machine guns, about 30 rifles, some pistols, a large

quantity of hand grenades and some timefused bombs. She carried a complement of 65 officers and men all told. The commander was Graf von Luchner; the first officer, A. Kling; the navigator, Kirckiers; the prize officer, Preiss; the third officer, Luedemann; the chief engineer, Krause; the boatswain, Dreyer. There were ten Schleswig-Holsteiners among her crew; these spoke Danish. Most of the officers spoke Scandinavian.

"By making friends with the crew I found out how the Seeadler had run the blockade. She left Hamburg just before Christmas 1915. She was boarded from an English cruiser, the Highland Scot. But the Seeadler had all her guns beneath a deckload of lumber and had a false house over the engine. All the crew on deck spoke Scandinavian. The boarding officers drank a Christmas toast to the King and departed well satisfied! After that she had no trouble raiding. She took fourteen steam and sailing vessels and landed 300 prisoners in Brazil, sending them off in a captured French bark. On her way to the Horn she ran across another English cruiser, but by burning a chemical which surrounded her with a dense fog bank she escaped south and made her way into the Pacific.

"The Manila was captured and sunk in 7 degrees North, 149 degrees West. On July 20 the Seeadler was in latitude 1 degree North, 150 West, standing on a south and west course.

"The officers and crew pretended to be very friendly and conversed freely with all of us. They were deeply interested in shipping and Pacific sailing routes. We told them all the steamers were armed. They decided to confine their attention to sailing vessels. They were anxious to learn where schooners crossed the Equator. As there must have been four or five schooners following us from Australia, most of us were careful what we told.

"The prisoners were invited to work and were promised sixty marks a month. Those who declined had to work anyway. From six in the morning till nine at night we were allowed on deck. From dark till daylight there was an armed guard in the prisoners' quarters.

"Provisions were plentiful, most of them from captured vessels. But there was a large supply of flour, beans and salt pork from Germany. There was plenty of beer and wine, and the German officers were frequently flushed after dinner.

"Every afternoon there was a public reading of wireless messages. Preiss did the reading and always managed to work in a few slurs against the United States. This led to a hot argument one morning, and after that there were no more readings. Our cook was so disrespectful to the Germans that they had to threaten him with irons before he subsided.

"On Tuesday, July 31, we sighted Mopelia, a coral island in 16 degrees 50 minutes S. Lat. 154 degrees 50 minutes W. Long. The intention was to go into the lagoon, but the entrance proved too shallow, so an attempt was made to anchor on the reef. The anchor broke through the reef and the vessel drifted all night, with the Trade freshening. In the morning mooring wires were run ashore. The Germans wanted to know whether the vessel was safe. We replied that so long as the Trade remained as it was she was safe. But we failed to explain

that in a calm the vessel would swing on the reef. We felt that the undertow and eddy from the inlet to the lagoon would explain that soon enough.

"Thursday, August 2, a liberty party was made up consisting of the Graf, the officers and crew, also the three captured masters. Preiss was left in charge. The prisoners were sent over the side to clean and paint. This seemed to confirm a rumor that the Seeadler was going to attempt a run back to Germany, prisoners and all. At ten a. m. the first launch with all the officers was well inside the lagoon, and the second launch was ready to shove off. As it was plain that the vessel would soon strike the reef the second launch was called back and ordered to take a line from the stern and try to swing the vessel out again. But a light catspaw from about NNW. heeled against her, a very easy swell from about NW. kept steadily swinging her nearer, and an eddy from the inlet caught her just right. She went on the reef. At 10:30 two shots were fired to call back the first launch with the Graf. A kedge and line was run out, but hove right home. The stream anchor was then got ready, the two launches ran it out and all started to heave her out. For a few minutes it looked feasible, but when the line parted it was all over. Then they tried to lighten her by throwing overboard the counterballast in the 'tween deck. In two hours only 500 pounds were out of her, and considering that all the prisoners were engaged in the work, you can guess that we were doing all we could to keep her where she was. The Graf asked Captain Southard if it was possible to get off. Southard replied that it was impossible to get an iron vessel off a coral reef, which was true.

"The Graf gave orders that the provisions and ammunition be taken out of her. Half the crew was sent ashore. The beer and wine were taken out first, and the crew began to show signs of liquor. I saw a chance to work out a plan which had been forming in my head. My idea was to get the prisoners together, rush the Germans who remained aboard, take possession of the wreck and send a launch for help. Captain Southard was willing, but Peterson and Smith were celebrating, so nothing came of it. We never got another chance.

"On Sunday the fifth of August the ship was abandoned. We were furnished with canvas for tents, but first we had to build the German camp. The Graf made a speech in which he declared that he was life and death, and if we didn't behave we'd have to dig our own graves.

"We were allowed one meal a day. There was no bread for us, and the food was filthy. We lived principally on cocoanuts and the heart of palm. We had to carry water and fuel and do the rest of the work while the Germans loafed. There was only one well on the island,

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FOR MEN

**Herbert's Bachelor Hotel
and Grill**

151-159 POWELL STREET

Perspective Impressions

He is a conscientious if not a moral man who selects his religion with a view to living up to its precepts.

What a powerful delineation of a man to say that he looks as though he has his clothes made in Los Angeles rather than in peevishness.

What has become of the prophet who said on every street corner that this war couldn't possibly last a year?

Our millionaires seem to be of two classes: California millionaires and Los Angeles millionaires.

King George prays for peace, and Lloyd George makes war. In the palmy days of monarchy it used to be the other way round.

Wonder what sort of fame or infamy Brest-Litovsk will have in the definitive history of this war?

Warning: A Hearst newspaper is not the best place to look for reliable news of Mexico or Japan.

The brevity of a woman's skirts may compel one's attention without losing one's respect.

The Kaiser wants a quiet birthday. Well, he knows how to get it.

We are hearing more and more about the awful weather at Camp Lewis. From all accounts the boys up there will be grateful for the comparative comfort of the trenches.

The German-American Otto H. Kahn talks like a German-American who loves his country, and the German-American's country is the United States.

Emma Goldman must go to jail, says the Supreme Court. And although Emma doesn't believe in Supreme or other courts, you bet she'll go.

It is said that Lenine's real name is von Lehmann and that he is a German. On the other hand, we are told that Maximilian Harden's real name is Witowski and that he is a Polish Jew.

What ever became of the giant guns that battered Liege and Namur?

The word "Sammy" has been banned at Camp Lewis. But it is already dead.

Beef never seemed so appetizing as last Tuesday.

The Kentucky legislature went on record for national prohibition. Then all the colonels in both houses reached for their pocket flasks.

The more we read of Rasputin the more we're inclined to think that "there never was no sech person."

Somehow or other, Joseph Caillaux has always reminded us of somebody in the Dreyfus case. We're not sure whether it is Esterhazy or Paty du Clam.

That sailor of the Jacob Jones who yelled "Where do we go from here?" probably smokes, drinks, cusses and spits tobacco. Can't imagine a pet of the W. C. T. U. saying that.

An Old Story

By Desmond McCarthy

I was sauntering with my dear, when she said: "Tell me a story."

"But I've told you all my stories," said I, "long ago."

"You can think of another one," said she.

And I did try to think. At last: "I have remembered one," said I, "but I am afraid you will find it stupid. It is a kind of story that is out of date."

"Nonsense; I love old-fashioned things," said she.

"Well, promise you will not interrupt," said I. She promised, and I began:

"A young girl of extraordinary beauty and many merits—we will call her Anna Higgs—having heard of an enterprise for spreading Christianity among the tribes of Central Africa, and learning with distress that it had hitherto achieved but small success, resolved she would do her utmost to support it; she could at least employ her beauty in the service of the great undertaking. Her idea was to charm some well known Minister of State, and having roused in him a strong desire for her person, to compel him to purchase her consent to marriage by a formal and binding promise to start for Africa afterwards—there to devote all his money and all his abilities to the conversion of the heathen. You will surmise that no ordinary methods of gallantry on her part were likely to achieve so great a result. Still, all that a virtuous woman can do to enhance her natural attractions she did. At the same time she openly declared her preference for politicians; and, indeed, would hardly suffer the presence of other kinds of men. But in spite of these precautions a young man took a violent fancy to her, and set himself to follow her about. She rebuffed his advances, and though she was by no means so stupid as to be blind to his merits, she resolved never to listen to his love.

"Meanwhile several public men with whom

she was on familiar terms, found they could not see much of her without feeling towards her decided premonitions of tenderness. Among them were two who felt more than that. To both of these she listened at first impartially, but only with the aim of studying their characters. Then one, without otherwise pleasing her by his personal qualities, appeared to her the more fitted for her purpose. This at once decided her in his favor.

"From the moment she had made her choice all that she had to do was to enrapture him further. For several months she kept him on tenterhooks; for several months, while admitting him to considerable intimacy, she constantly gave him to understand that there was still a bar to their union which he alone could remove. And at the same time, while she lavished those proofs of affection which promise even more delight than they bestow at the moment, she excited his passion to the highest pitch by continually hinting that the overcoming of this obstacle required a fervor of devotion of which she could hardly believe him capable. At last, pressed by questions as to the nature of this obstacle, and feeling—thanks to his redoubled assertions that there was nothing he would not do for her—almost confident of success, she confessed that it was rather zeal for religion than passion which had induced her to encourage him; that she wished to make a missionary of her husband, to share his labors, and, in a word, to exchange London for Central Africa; in order to eradicate from those regions the false worship of Sassabonsom. To the young Secretary of State this discourse appeared so extraordinary that, knowing his mistress incapable of a joke, he had serious misgivings as to the state of her reason. Too much enamored, however, to leave her, he was still less inclined to meet her demands. Unfortunately he had often told her that he was himself most

dissatisfied with a political career; inasmuch as it never seemed to make large enough draughts upon that reservoir of self-sacrificing devotion which he felt existed in himself. In their talks they had often mingled their sighs after some cause, which in importance could be counted second to none other upon earth, and which would also bring into play those adventurous qualities which, as a sedentary man, he was most anxious to persuade her he did not lack.

"Seriously hampered now by these previous conversations, of which she retained the most vivid and minute recollections, he entrenched himself behind excuses and objections which it did not need anyone as sincere as Anna to perceive were hollow. Her own zeal, however, did not exclude some personal pique, and this emotion would alone have been sufficient to inspire her with disdain for a man who had fallen so short of her expectations. She now despaired of attaining an end which both religion and love had been insufficient to achieve. He often spoke of rest cures; but she dismissed him, and at the same time all admirers who appeared in any way to resemble him. Although no formal engagement between them had been announced, their approaching marriage had been a matter of common knowledge in the circles in which they moved. Anna refused to explain to anyone the reason of their rupture; but not so the young statesman, who hastened to pour out before astonished auditors the secret history of his adventure. The news thus soon reached the ears of the young man whom Anna had refused; but whom her rigor had by no means cured of his love. What would he not do to please her? He did not hesitate for a moment. Without concealing that he knew everything, he threw himself at her feet. He offered at once to take Holy Orders, if indeed it was only for a clergyman she had reserved

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Japan in the World War

(In England as well as in this country Japan has been criticised for not putting her army at the front. This recently drew forth a statement of the case in the form of the following letter to the editor of the English Review.—Editor's note.)

By Naoshi Kato

London Editor the "Osaka Mainichi" and the "Tokyo Nichi-Nichi"

Sir: The call for a Japanese expeditionary army first came from France, then Italy and finally from England, not to mention Russia, always (of course) unofficially. Now that the British press is beginning to take the matter seriously—e.g., "An Old Soldier" in the Morning Post suggests as one of Mr. Lloyd George's immediate considerations the bringing over of the Japanese troops—may I venture to say a few words which, I believe, reflect the general opinion of the Japanese people upon this question?

Now, Japan's entry into the war was entirely due to the request of the British Government in accordance with the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, under the explicit condition that Japanese military operations should be limited to the Far East. It was the desire of England, to which Japan willingly agreed, that Japan should not use her naval force, much less her army, beyond the China seas. But Japan has not adhered literally to this agreement, because she thought it her duty, as one of the Grand Allies, to trespass beyond the strict limitation of her coöperative scope, and so at the present moment the Japanese navy is taking an active part in many oceans. Some portions of the Japanese people have taken objection to this extended coöperation, thinking that Japan was over-"obliging;" but the more far-sighted and intelligent leaders of the nation, both in and outside the Government, have tried hard to convince the people that it was the bounden duty of Japan to do everything in her power to hasten the day of the Allies' victory over the sinister power of the common enemy, not only in the Far East, but all over the world. Considering the position of Japan in this war, both politically and economically, the creation of this public opinion among the nation herself was not an easy task.

I come now to the chief point at issue, viz., the sending of Japanese troops to the main theatre of the war. Is it impossible, then, to induce the Japanese Government and people to send their troops to Europe? No, decidedly not, in my humble opinion, because no sacrifice would be too great on the part of the Japanese nation if only by such sacrifice the Allied cause of justice and lasting peace could gain an early victory. The most disinterested Ally—for such is Japan will never hesitate to do her duty in far greater extent than hitherto, provided such an effort is absolutely necessary. But is it truly necessary? If so, where to send and how? The chief difficulty lies in transport. To send half a million of troops to the western front by sea would require a vast transport tonnage. Where is this tonnage to be found? A few divisions, for purposes of morale, would never do, for we Japanese are not the people to be contented with half-measures. The Japanese people hate sham show; they are too deadly in earnest for that. I again put the question: how to overcome this paramount difficulty of tonnage?—a tonnage which is nearly double that of the whole Japanese naval and mercantile fleets combined.

Why not send via Russia? Here the difficulty of transport seems less insurmountable, although one must remember that the Old

Russia in the last war with Japan was only able to send 300,000 troops to Manchuria during the course of eighteen months. But granted the possibility, the question remains whether the Russian people would like the Japanese to reinforce their own army? Despite the recent Russo-Japanese agreement, I fear that this is a problem of some difficulty, though, in my opinion, not insurmountable. But, it may be asked, is Russia doing her duty as one of the chief Allies? Were M. Kerensky's recent remarks simply a slip of ungarded tea talk? Although I, for one, have the deepest sympathy with the travail of the new-born Russian Republic, it is not too much to say that her internal conditions, both political and economical, are too chaotic to allow her to devote her strength to the war. The Russian demoralization is only one of the symptoms of her internal disorganization. The chief trouble is that Russia is hungry and wet-footed. Her paper currency is enormously inflated, with the consequence of starvation prices in all commodities of life. With her the revolution comes first, the prosecution of the war next. I am the last to deplore the outbreak of revolution in Russia; it was bound to come sooner or later, and I wish Godspeed to its successful settlement; but it is a pity that it came during the war, when her active military coöperation with the Western Allies might already have ended this war. At the present moment, however, is it possible for any country to send reinforcements to Russia, who has practically lost the fighting spirit against the common enemy? Where are the guns, munitions and all sorts of equipment which Japan has sent by her industrial mobilization during the past three and a half years?

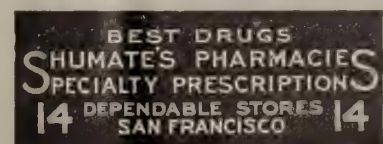
I will say nothing about the Italian débacle in the face of a few German-Austrian armies, except this: that it could have been very well avoided by a better and closer coöperation of the British and French armies with that of Italy long before the surprise took place. The chief weakness of the Allies has lain in the lack of single-front strategy, not only in the military sense, but also in politics, diplomacy and finance. French clamor for the creation of a Grand Allied Headquarters is, to my mind, two years overdue.

I have nothing but admiration for the gigantic effort of England and France in this war; they have done and are doing their duty more than could be expected. But have they not also got their own defects and weaknesses? I do not refer to the failures in Gallipoli, Serbia, Mesopotamia, etc. No one can expect a perfect conduct of war. The question is whether England and France have shown the same sacrifice of attitude towards their internal troubles as in their external affairs. At once I think of Ireland. Why not settle their internal strife right out by the sacrifice of party contentions on both sides? Is not this world war, involving the destiny of the British Empire, reason sufficient for the creation of a new atmosphere of reconciliation with regard to this age-long question? If this question be settled right now, at least 300,000 more troops could be sent to the front to fight against the Germans, instead of

keeping large garrisons and beating marches against each other at this critical moment of the world's history. What about the Alsace-Lorraine question? Why does France attach the whole issues of the war to this question now, when surely the main objective is the defeat of the enemy? It seems like putting the cart before the horse. It is all very well to have splendid national aspirations, all kinds of irreverent, re-mapping, vistas of a new Europe, etc., but is it not more urgent for the Allies to conduct the war in such a way as to ensure final and complete victory over the enemy? And in order to achieve such a victory, it seems to me essential for the Allies to put forth far greater efforts than they have done in the past. First of all, they, each and all, have to change their attitude of mind, forget all about their petty contentions, throw off their suspicions, and devote the whole of their minds and hearts to the all-inclusive cause of the Grand Allies as a whole.

The spirit of a common task and of mutual sacrifice as of complete coöperation in "the single front" is, to my mind, yet very far from satisfactory realization. The supreme will of the Allies in order to win the war should lie in the amalgamation of all national interests in one grand scheme of an International Commonwealth, based primarily on the principle of justice and equality. Is it not high time now to liquidate all national interests and strengths, both spiritual and material, into one common account of all nations now engaged in the war to crush the world's enemy? The lack of wider vision, the narrowness of the scope of coöperation, the insufficiency of an all-embracing imagination—in short, the unreadiness to sacrifice traditional prejudice—is, to my mind, the chief cause of the Allies' weakness, at least at the present moment. Should this spirit of sacrifice be materialized into a concrete form of international sanction, based on the authority of national tribunals—surely the future main-spring of all power and wisdom on the lines of "The International Magna Charta" suggested in The English Review, then, and then only, will all the internal and external difficulties now facing the Allies as a whole and the nations individually disappear as a mist before the rising sun. The Japanese army could then be sent over to Europe, for the question of transport could be settled by a rigid adjustment of the world's tonnage, also Russian suspicions could be allayed by guarantees of Japan's disinterestedness; the Irish problem would soon be settled, thus relieving a quarter of a million troops, for Dublin Castle, Ulster and Sinn Féin would have to submit them to the decision of the tribunals of such a charter. The Alsace-Lorraine and other irreverent problems would be put in their proper place, for the national tribunals during and after the war would see

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The Spectator

Eugene Schmitz' Return

Has 'Gene Schmitz come back?

This is the question many a man asked himself when he heard of the scene in the Supervisors' chambers at the first meeting of the new board to which the former Mayor was recently elected. I'm sorry I missed that scene. It must have been a ten-reel thriller. The story of it from unemotional, reliable witnesses gives one enough food for thought to startle a Hoover. Among other thoughts suggested in this connection is the thought, how strange that this significant piece of news should have been neglected by the press. How parochial we are becoming in our journalism! Doubtless it will be said that it was good public policy to exclude Schmitz from the limelight, which, from all accounts he successfully courted on the day of the installation. Good public policy, indeed! But when did our dailies begin to consult public policy with an eye to the interests of our much abused city? Hitherto they have excused themselves for publishing some news and even for torturing some on the ground that they must conscientiously serve their readers. And conceding what you may with reference to the amazing recrudescence, is it good public policy to bury the municipal head in the sand? May it not be good public policy to keep the dear people posted respecting the trend of our political affairs? We may be ashamed of ourselves, but the emotion is not new. It might have been better for us all if long ago we began to repent, began to consider the prospects of retribution and undertook to forestall the disagreeable.

Received and Glorified

The return of Eugene Schmitz is a very big story from the ordinary newspaper point of view. It is a very big story even in extraordinary times, big enough to crowd the story of a German repulse, as repulse now go, off the front page. But the story was crowded into a wastepaper basket. Here is a man, once, nay several times, elected Chief Magistrate of a great city and later sent to jail for debauching that city; here he is returning to public office in glory, receiving what the reporters might properly call an ovation. From all accounts it was the most tremendous reception that a public officer ever received in this city. Yet our agents of publicity had no hand in it. They ignored the event, and so it had the appearance of spontaneity, and as a spectacle it was like a grand, glad celebration in which the people let themselves go in their enthusiasm.

The City Hall was packed with humanity, the vulgus surging through all the labyrinths of the forum, through all corridors in the neighborhood of the Supervisors' chamber. That room itself was packed. A scene had been set for the reception. The stage centre had been set as with props for the entrance of the great star of the performance. He remained in the hushed background until the signal was given for his entrance, and when his graceful form appeared there burst forth a great round of applause, the duration of which reminded one of the artificial acclaim that marks national conventions when such things are managed in the interest of candidates and timed by the reporters. Schmitz moved majestically to his seat, a chair embowered in roses, the roses so arranged as to proclaim him in flowered words the next Mayor of San Francisco. Here surely was something like a royal welcome to the man who was once driven from office in disgrace and driven to the county jail by a deputy sheriff who wept over the tragic downfall of his friend.

His Speech

Eugene Schmitz was always a good actor, equally good in tragedy or melodrama, more clever than Jim Rolph, and he never played his part better than on the occasion of his return to the scene of his former triumphs. A less experienced actor might have stumbled in his lines on this momentous occasion, but the artist of other days was letter perfect. If he suppressed his emotions it was as an Ysaye mutes his instrument. And surely Schmitz was filled with emotion on this occasion, so like a Roman apotheosis. He was the calmest man in the room, and he spoke his piece with deliberation and in full rounded periods. "Thank God!" he said, "I have been returned to office without the endorsement of any party. I owe allegiance to no man or set of men. I have retained my freedom and independence and I owe no obligation save to the people of San Francisco whom I have come here to serve to the best of my ability." These sentiments apparently thrilled the throng. They were received with evidence of applause that rocked the building. All of his sentiments were warmly approved. The speech was well phrased. Compared with some of the other speeches made by representatives of an heterogeneous constituency it was a masterpiece of eloquence. But the truth is some of the other speeches were laughable or tragic, according to how one feels on hearing the typical repre-

sentative of municipal government utter himself in English as she is spoken by the raff politicians. Schmitz shone by contrast, but his speech was a meritorious performance, and it made a deep impression on his hearers, many of whom audibly predicted that he would take advantage of the new situation by "showing up" his associates and proving himself an efficient and zealous Supervisor. This prediction was perhaps warranted by some of the things said by the former Mayor with reference to the cost of running the city government. He made it clear that he has kept track of the development of the municipal machine during his absence. Doubtless he has come to the conclusion that the extravagance of the day has made him as Mayor look like a "piker."

Rebuke and Retribution

A great newspaper or magazine story this,—Schmitz Redivivus—and of course it will be written for consumption in the East where people have been mystified time and again by events that have steadily marked progressive politics in California ever since Hi Johnson emerged from the Graft Prosecution to purify the atmosphere. The psychology of politics hereabouts has bewildered grave students everywhere from the days when Johnson became an idol down to the day when a Chicago journal observed that there was nobody at home in California. We excite much curiosity in the East where people forget they are continually presenting puzzles of their own, like the recent one in New York resulting from the defeat of Mayor Mitchell. It is the peculiarity of the superior people in New York and elsewhere across the Rockies to draw conclusions from the apparently obvious far away, and in all probability they will have their views regarding the return of Schmitz and they will see nothing but licentiousness in the character of the people who elected him. Of course there were many circumstances that influenced private judgment. There were for instance the circumstances and methods of the prosecution that gave the impression that Schmitz was persecuted by criminals whose criminality was worse than that of all the defendants with whom he was connected. It is very unwise to enlist sympathy for anybody whom it is thought desirable to punish. There is also the circumstance that men like Johnson profited politically by achievements that won for them the reputation of heroes and reformers. We have had a chance to observe them closely ever since and study their handiwork. We have seen strange intimacies formed by heroes and we can trace these intimacies right down to the Rolph Administration in the midst of which came the Preparedness Day Parade and many industrial disturbances of the kind that Schmitz spent much time averting. Also we have had many strange obsessions since the Schmitz day, to which our new and pure city government has given reign much to the glee and satisfaction of Aked and Paul Smith and very industrious chaps who have made capital out of their virtuosity as promoters of artificial chastity. Finally we have seen the cost of government rising steadily, and we have seen Supervisor Power fighting in vain to keep it down. So all things considered it may be that Schmitz has come back to us as an instrument of rebuke. This would not be at all strange



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A Cure for Vice

District Attorney Fickert is having a hard time trying to satisfy the good people of the Welfare Committee who are intent on keeping the old town free from vice and especially desirous of preserving our soldiers from dangerous contamination. The District Attorney, though a practical man, as Mr. Roosevelt would say, regarding it as his duty to do as the law requires, is zealous in his efforts to minimize indulgence of the rampant instinct that old Adam introduced into the world as a result of his loose morals, but he meets with so many rebuffs that he is in danger of losing his enthusiasm. It does him good therefore, so he tells me, to meet the good gentlemen of the Welfare Committee and talk it over with them. He finds that they never lose heart, and that they are spending a lot of time devising ways and means of embarrassing men who seem to have no control over themselves. This he learns from the information obtained at the public hospital where industrious women are subjected to examination by physicians. "These women are making it very hard for our soldiers to keep themselves fit either for fighting or fun in France," says Fickert. "And," he adds, "our Redlight Abatement law, I am sorry to say, does not abate the evil in our city, we have so many parks wherein al fresco diversion has become very popular. The most attractive, from all accounts, is our big military reservation where soldiers kiss their sweethearts almost under the eye of their superior officers."

Mr. Fickert spoke of these things the other day at a meeting of the Welfare Committee, and at once he received a wise suggestion from a gentleman with a fine shock of hair from San Diego. "We have no trouble where I come from," said the gentleman. "The Federal Government keeps the reservation watered and the municipal government attends to the small playgrounds."

"It's too bad," said Fickert, "that this thing is no longer numbered exclusively among the indoor pastimes. You see, we have very big parks up here and unfortunately thus far we have had a very dry year."

Young Musical Geniuses

They are appearing every day. Mostly they come from Russia, via New York's East Side. Mostly they have names that sound decidedly Bolshevik. Mostly they are young and pale and long-haired. Mostly they are described as modest and retiring. And mostly they give no signs of modesty, of a retiring disposition. Right now we have several of them in our midst—young chaps who are touted as Ysayes and Paganinis and Sarasates, Paderewskis and Rubinstains. They are worshiped by music-lovers of both sexes with a feminine gushiness, idolized by female reporters. Generally their vogue lasts until they play. Then sensible people

want to know what the violin and the piano have done to deserve the ill-treatment administered by these prodigies.

Real Genius Neglected

While so-called music-lovers are running after one of these touted youngsters a great player like Maud Powell gives an exquisite programme to a hundred or two hundred people instead of a thousand. But Maud Powell is an American woman. She was born in a small, unromantic American town. Her name is uncompromisingly western. She has no mannerisms, but dresses and comports herself like the self-respecting lady that she is. How must Maud Powell feel when she sees press-agented nobodies courted and lionized while she plays to so many empty seats? Doubtless she regards the matter with equanimity. But it should not be so.

The Case of Ornstein

Leo Ornstein's was a typical case. Here was a young fellow who packed 'em in when he played here. For days he got almost as much publicity as the Kaiser. He was heralded as the pathfinder in new regions of music. He was declared not a genius merely but a superman. Not only his composing and his playing were slavishly exalted but his habits of living. I have had people tell me with circumstantiality just how much spaghetti he could eat. You'd think he conferred a distinction on the whole Italian people by condescending to devour great masses of spaghetti. He was brusque, affected, poseful—all signs of genius in the eyes of his admirers. And what do we hear now of Ornstein? Simply this, that he cheerfully admitted to a friend he made in this city that he was consciously cultivating notoriety. "There are so many musicians," he is quoted as saying, "that one cannot hope for notice unless one is sensational. So I have made up my mind to be sensational." Or words to that effect. There is no question that Ornstein has talent, but the particular musical outrages for which he was so much acclaimed were deliberately planned for purposes of advertising. They were successful because so many people who pretend to know all about music are actually so uncertain of their bearings that they are afraid to be conservative, or are so insincere that they are incapable of recognizing insincerity in others. Hence the vogue of charlatans while a talent like that of the great Maud Powell is disregarded.

A Chinese Game

A stranger in Oakland engaged a regular commuter in conversation at the old "narrow gauge" station at Seventh and Webster streets. He told the Oaklander that he had had occasion to come to Oakland on business for the last few days, returning to San Francisco at the same time, 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon, and from the same station, which is in the heart of Chinatown. Each day his attention had been attracted to several Chinese who boarded the train at the same time. These Chinese, he continued, he had concluded were playing some queer sort of Oriental tag game. He had become so interested in what they were doing that he had kept them in sight during the entire trip across the bay. The "out-runners," as he had named them, ran up to several persons, who were standing at the same place each day, and seemed to tag them and run on. It was white men the Chinese tagged. The "out-runners" leave the train coaches before the depot, at the end of the pier, is reached, stand on the steps of the cars and, as soon as the

gates are opened, run ahead of the crowd tagging the white men. The first man tagged is a venerable looking old gang-plank tender, with Southern Pacific service stripes all over him, at the Alameda mole. Next come certain deckhands, firemen from the depths of the ferry boat and many others. In the San Francisco ferry

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building, and on up Market street, the "tagging" continued.

"If you have noticed closely," said the commuter to the stranger, as they parted on Market street, a little out of breath from keeping pace with the "out-runners," "each white man was given a package of brown papers by the Chinese."

"Yes," answered the stranger. "I noticed the packages. I thought that was part of the game."

"They are," said the commuter. "But the game is not Chinese tag. It is a game of chance, Chinese lottery. These 'out-runners,' as you have named them, are distributing the results of the Chinese lottery drawings for the day to the white customers."

Oil on Troubled Waters

How often we have heard the phrase! But did you ever see the actual pouring of oil on stormy waters for the purpose of calming them, described in print? I have just read such a description for the first time. I find it in an article "Victims of a Submarine" by R. D. Garwood in the current number of Scribner's. The writer was an able seaman on the steamer Verdi when she was torpedoed. The boat in which he left the stricken steamer was three days and nights at sea before it made the Donegal coast. It was after land had been sighted that the most trying experience of all came to that boat load of men. "Death seemed near but not horrible," the able seaman writes. The boat was leaky, and when enormous seas began breaking over it the case seemed hopeless. Then comes (for me) the novel description:

The oil can was passed forward and the oil, poured out astern, kept the succeeding waves from breaking long enough to enable us to get the water nearly bailed out. The man at the tiller worked heroically, so that with the aid of the oil the boat was soon under control.

Four hours of heart-rending struggle ensued:

Mountains of water, green near the top and curling over, seemed to advance upon us in quick succession. As long as our gallon of oil lasted it kept them from breaking, but as soon as it was exhausted we began to see more to ship water.

Carlyle, Chamberlain and Compensation

Whenever it is proposed in this country that liquor dealers shall be compensated for the loss of their business through dry legislation, a wild loud cry of indignation goes up from the Puritans. In this connection there is an interesting passage in Lord Morley's recently published "Recollections." It is to be found in the pages devoted to Morley's lifelong friend Joseph Chamberlain:

He was a master of self-control if occasion demanded. When he was busy on temperance and the Gothenburg system, we had one of our talks with Carlyle. The sage told him that he rejoiced that this mighty reform was being attempted; then all at once he took fire at thought of compensation for the disappointed publicans, and burst into full blaze at its iniquity. Fiercely smiting the arms of his chair, with strong voice and flashing eye, he summoned an imaginary publican before him. "Compensation!" he cried. "You dare come to me for compensation! I'll tell you where to go for compensation! Go to your father the devil, let him compensate you!"—and so on in one of his highest flights of diatribe. Chamberlain, still as a stock, listened with deferential silence for long minutes, until he was able in patient tone to put the case of the respectable butler whom a grateful master had set up in a licensed and well-conducted

tavern: was Mr. Carlyle sure that to turn him out, bag and baggage, was quite fair play? And so on through the arguments. The old Ram Dass with the fire in his belly attentively listened, and then admitted genially that he might have been all wrong.

What Young Men Read

Thanks to Josephus Daniels who wants to provide American sailors with books, we have a line on what young men read. To find out what sort of books should be put in our ships' libraries, the 716 young men who entered the Naval Academy in September were asked to name the two books they liked best. The books which head the list of replies are "The Sea Wolf" and "The Call of the Wild" by Jack London. Here are the first fifty titles in the order of popularity:

"Sea Wolf," Jack London; "Call of the Wild," Jack London; "Treasure Island," R. L. Stevenson; "Tom Sawyer," Mark Twain; "Over the Top," A. G. Empey; "Huckleberry Finn," Mark Twain; "When a Man's a Man," H. B. Wright; "Poems," Rudyard Kipling; "Two Years Before the Mast," R. H. Dana Jr.; "Virginian," Owen Wister; "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," H. G. Wells; "Three Musketeers," Alexandre Dumas; "First Hundred Thousand," Ian Hay; "Spell of the Yukon," Robert Service; "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," Jules Verne; "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," A. Conan Doyle; "Clansman," Thomas Dixon; "Count of Monte Cristo," Alexandre Dumas; "Crisis," Winston Churchill; "The Man Without a Country," E. E. Hale; "Ivanhoe," Walter Scott; "Four Million," O. Henry; "Tales," E. A. Poe; "Eyes of the World," H. B. Wright; "Shepherd of the Hills," H. B. Wright; "Last of the Mohicans," J. F. Cooper; "My Four Years in Germany," James W. Gerard; "Penrod," B. Tarkington; "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," Robert Service; "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," John Fox Jr.; "Freckles," Gene S. Porter; "Graustark," G. B. McCutcheon; "Harvester," Gene S. Porter; "Innocents Abroad," Mark Twain; "Richard Carvel," Winston Churchill; "Silver Horde," Rex Beach; "Lorna Doone," R. D. Blackmore; "Tale of Two Cities," Charles Dickens; "Winning of Barbara Worth," H. B. Wright; "Broad Highway," J. Farnol; "Barrier," Rex Beach; "David Copperfield," Charles Dickens; "Luck of Roaring Camp," Bret Harte; "Burning Daylight," Jack London; "Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," Mark Twain; "Iron Trail," Rex Beach; "A Man's Man," Ian Hay; "Ne'er Do Well," Rex Beach; "Riders of the Purple Sage," Zane Grey; "Sailor's Log," Admiral Robley D. Evans; "Les Misérables," Victor Hugo.

There are plenty of virile books there; but how distressing to find Gene Stratton Porter and Harold Bell Wright.

A Suit Against George Moore

George Moore is one of the few big literary lions of London of whom one hears very little these war days. Nearly all the others from G. K. Chesterton and Wells to Belloc and Bennett are pursuing their craft as never before, but Moore is doing very little. Nevertheless the author of "Evelyn Innes" is in the public eye. The other day a British jury turned down very emphatically a claim for damages brought against Moore by a music hall artist named Louis Seymour. Mr. Moore recently brought out a new edition of his book, "A Modern Lover," under the new name of "Lewis Seymour and Some Women." The real Mr. Seymour alleged that he had suffered considerable annoyance owing to this. Some very unpleasant things were said about the book in the course of the action. Counsel for the plaintiff made a reference to a mass of salacious and disgusting details which rendered the book unique in pornography, and the judge jumped hard on both the

hero and the book. Some folk perhaps will share the judge's views of some of Mr. Moore's literary efforts, but no sensible man can help feeling that the jury was perfectly right when it said: (1) that no reasonable person would think that the Lewis Seymour of Mr. Moore's book was a portrait of a real person; and (2) that no reasonable person would think Mr. Moore's book referred to the plaintiff, for the book was written many years ago, and the real Mr. Seymour only took his present name seven years ago, his father's name being Kempner! There therefore could be no possible suggestion that Mr. Moore had maliciously attacked him or had even heard of him when he wrote.

Other Cases

One remembers two other cases of the sort occurring recently in England. In the first case a paper in the provinces published a sketch in which a character named, I think, Artemus Jones was exhibited in an unfavorable light. It was held to be proved that plaintiff was liable to suffer serious damage from the libel, and he was awarded a large sum of money. A year or two later a Sunday newspaper ran a serial story in which one of the less exemplary characters bore a conspicuous and unusual name which happened to be that of a gentleman who lived in much the same professional world as the fictitious character. Here, again, heavy damages were given. Those cases caused English novelists qualms, for it was evident that coincidence might go far and the most innocent of men might possibly libel, and if he were accidentally close enough in his description seriously injure, a total stranger. But if the enterprising Mr. Seymour had won his case, no novelist would be safe. Novelists would still presumably have been all right with their heroes and heroines—at least with those that were well up to the usual novelist's standard of impeccability. But as for the ordinary light and shade people, and still more the villains, the weaklings, the profligates, the criminals, the murderers, the blackmailers, the coiners, the spies and the adventuresses, it would have been utterly impossible to name them at all without imperilling one's household and the whole future of one's wife and children.

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Old Family Romance in California

By Helen M. Bonnet

"Tout lasse, tout casse, tout passe!" Vanished are the picturesque days in California so charmingly depicted in "The Little Lady of Lagunitas" and "Ramona," leaving but few visible traces. The descendants of the early Spanish settlers have become absorbed in our prosaic American life and the conscientious chronicler even at this not remote day has to delve very carefully to find authentic relics of those wonderful times. For instance, one of our dailies last week in recording the ancestry of the late Mrs. Paula Fatjo, the sweet and charming typical representative of Spanish Californian life, said that besides being the granddaughter of General Francisco Pacheco she was related by marriage to Mariano Malarin "on her mother's side." She was indeed, he having been her mother's husband and her own father, and was, as A. A. Moore, an authority on early California times, says, "an important man in his day" and entirely responsible for having kept the general's vast estate in condition to be handed down today to Mrs. Fatjo's heirs at a valuation of three millions. Besides Mrs. Fatjo's mother Isadora, General Pacheco had an elder daughter, Manuela, sister of Isadora, who died young and is interred in San Carlos church, Monterey, with her parents. She married Francisco Maximo de Taboas of Vigo, Spain, whose ancestors were granted letters patent of nobility by Enrique II, King of Spain, in 1365. She left two little sons to whom the general bequeathed half his estate, the other half going to Mrs. Malarin. But de Taboas with the lavish carelessness of the unbusiness-like Spanish grandee, administered it carelessly, even disposing of his children's interest in the general's estate during their minority. After de Taboas' death, there was a contest over the legality of this transaction which finally ended in a compromise. The general's home where they were born and lived until after their mother's death is "Casa Pacheco," one of the historic places in Monterey which the Landmarks League discovered as a colonial adobe castle. When I visited it a few years ago it was a sort of country apartment house; but to me its thick walls, its outside stairways, its glassed galleries, small interior garden, prim furniture and evident provision for the housing of a beloved family and

a large retinue, cried out with the eloquent appeal which inanimate objects have for the sensitive, of the need of the early Spanish settlers against the rapine of the Indian, and again, of the ardent desire of the colonist to create a home like that in his own comfortable country for the family to whom in a new land he had become ancestor.

Well, these sons of Manuela Pacheco and her noble Spanish spouse spent not only their inheritance from General Pacheco but also that which they received some years later from the sale of their father's estate in Spain. Both are dead, but a grandson of Manuela, son of Manuel, her eldest son, still lives, Francisco Carmel de Taboas, a handsome youth who resides most of the time with his mother in this city, she having remarried twenty years ago. By a strange coincidence, her husband, Salvadore Pacheco, is a grandson of another Pacheco, Ygnacio Pacheco, who settled on the Pacheco grant in Marin county in the fertile district surrounding the town of Ygnacio. Salvadore Pacheco's maternal grandfather was Domingo Sais, owner of the Cañada de Herrera tract which consisted of ten thousand acres north from San Anselmo. He is one of the few descendants of the early Spanish settlers who has retained, increased and multiplied his inheritance and in large measure he owes his ability to do so to the wisdom and foresight of a woman, Mrs. Sais, his maternal grandmother. Mrs. Sais was a remarkable character, a new woman of her sphere and generation. Born at the Presidio, the daughter of a Spanish officer from whom she received an excellent education, there she married Domingo Sais, scion of the house of that name, which Professor Edgar Lucien Larkin calls probably the most ancient in Spanish history, being found on the oldest sarcophagi unearthed not only in Spain but in all countries to which Spanish explorers penetrated.

Some years after her marriage, her husband acquired the Herrera grant. When he had built upon it a handsome adobe home suitable for the reception of his family, he sent a trusted company of Indians to escort them thither. They canoed Mrs. Sais, her children, servants and treasured lares and penates across San Francisco Bay; it has been claimed that Mrs. Sais was the first white woman to take this voyage. The faithful Indians guided the caravan to the Sais Rancho, the home being located where now stands the Carrigan estate above San Anselmo. There the brave woman lived the rest of her long life which endured till the age of ninety and in all those years never left Marin county. Rapidly the American settlers discovered and developed this wonderful State and Mrs. Sais as chatelaine of what was then a luxurious home, received and entertained for weeks and months at a time after the hospitable manner of those days, not only her own Spanish friends from the distant San Francisco and neighboring ranchos, but many stranger Americans. She learned with eagerness of the innovations and developments in California, but grieved profoundly to learn of the improvidence and extravagance of her friends of Spanish blood who valued too lightly the glories of their own lands and too highly the new luxuries and pleasures of the stranger. Not only did she urge her husband to study the business methods of the Americans but set to work to

do so herself to such good purpose that upon his death she assumed control and directed the affairs of his estate until her death. She was an intimate friend of Lord and Lady Fairfax who purchased from her husband a tract adjoining the Sais home which they named Fairfax, upon which they erected a replica of the Fairfax home in Virginia. It became years after "Pastori Villa" and when it was burned a few years ago, Mme. Pastori erected upon the site a modern structure; but the spell of the garden, the romance of the old Virginia plantation enveloped in Spanish tradition, still hovers about the place. From the Fairfaxes, Mrs. Sais never tired of hearing about events in American history. They were Virginia patriots and possessed many books and documents relating to colonial days and the later period of American liberty. Many of these they presented to their beloved friend, Mrs. Sais, which she valued "above rubies."

So great was her desire that her descendants should become good business men "like the Americans" that she induced her son-in-law, eldest son of Ygnacio Pacheco, to take his son Salvador away from Santa Clara College where he was a student and have him trained for a business career. She wept tears of joy when the boy showed her his diploma from Heald's Business College, and gave him a present of a thousand dollars. Later on, when he had proven to her satisfaction that he was a real money earner, "like the Americans," she sent him upon a tour of Mexico.

Salvador Pacheco has made these Fairfax documents the nucleus of a collection of rare and valuable Historia Americana which he values as his most precious possession. He and his brilliant wife are compiling a series of Spanish-American stories, much of the data for which they derive from Spanish diaries written by Mrs. Sais and by Mr. Pacheco's father.

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By TANTALUS

Our Willing Clubwomen

Has anybody ever celebrated our clubwomen as they deserve to be celebrated? Not by praising them effusively, you understand, but by giving them their just deserts? Our clubwomen are never found backward about coming forward. They are never too busy with their knitting or their club meetings or their tea drinking to strike a blow for humanity when humanity needs it. Is humanity in need of a set of resolutions? Our clubwomen pass them. Is humanity imperilled by the lack of a committee to rescue it from this, that or the other dire evil? Our clubwomen promptly form the committee. Does humanity cry out for a report on something or other? Behold, our clubwomen cheerfully, painstakingly prepare that necessary report. Does the salvation of humanity demand that interviews be given to the newspapers? Who so quick to be interviewed, so willing to be quoted with their names and titles prominently displayed in blackface type as our self-sacrificing clubwomen? If there is such a thing as "Service"—and we are reliably informed that there is—it is embodied in our willing clubwomen. Indeed, I have a suspicion that "Service" was invented by clubwomen, although college professors sometimes claim this honor. The chances are, however, that college professors are jealous of clubwomen, the reason being that college professors are classed as males and are debarred from joining women's clubs.

Clubwomen and Low Heels

Take the very latest activity of our clubwomen and you will see at once how wonderfully ready our clubwomen are to do their part in the world's work, their bit in winning the war. Somebody started the cry that women's high-heeled shoes were using up too much leather. Our clubwomen met the emergency bravely, boldly, fearlessly—in a word, like clubwomen. They made an immediate drive for low heels. That shows the resourcefulness of clubwomen. And it destroys a lie which has been told for centuries of women in general—the lie that women are illogical. High heels are a waste of leather, say our clubwomen; therefore, let us have low heels. The logic of that seems indisputable. But even logic must be backed by deeds. Our clubwomen saw the need for immediate action, and they took it. Here was not a case calling for resolutions or a report or a committee, but for interviews in the newspapers.

And so our clubwomen gave interviews. Immediately one of our papers appeared with a column of low-heel propaganda. The clubwomen struck hard for low heels. High heels got what was coming to them, you may be sure. Our clubwomen showed high heels no mercy.

What One Clubwoman Says

In this symposium of low-heel propaganda we find one clubwoman saying that "women always arise to any emergency," which is a broad statement of course, and susceptible perhaps of varying interpretation. There is, for instance, the emergency of the sudden appearance of a mouse. Most women rise to that emergency by jumping on a chair or a table. And taking a particular woman in a particular case, there was the emergency of our Congress declaring war. One woman—Congresswoman Jeannette Rankin—arose to that emergency in a fashion which caused many to declare that it would have been better had she remained seated and let the emergency pass by. For Jeannette wept and refused to vote for war. But taking them in the mass, it may be admitted that women rise to an emergency. And taking clubwomen alone, one may be sure that they always rise to an emergency. I suppose Jeannette is not a clubwoman.

What Another Says

In this same symposium we find another clubwoman saying that "style is often set as the result of some emergency," and she applies this to the emergency arising in the leather market. Hers too is a pretty broad statement. One may be permitted to wonder what emergency gave rise to the style of hobble skirts, or to the style of slashed skirts, or to the style of peekaboo waists, or to the style of bustles, or for the matter of that, to the style of high-heeled shoes. It may be that the desire to display the female figure is an ever-present emergency. Certainly, it is an emergency mere men are willing to recognize as cheerfully as they are prepared to study the revelations it gives rise to. Such an emergency would explain hobble skirts and slashed skirts and peekaboo waists; but it would not explain bustles which camouflage the female form divine, or high-heeled shoes which tilt it precariously. Perhaps some other emergency resulted in these styles. Or perhaps they were just styles.

A Dire Threat

The clubwoman whom I quoted last, the one who sprang that emergency idea, added a statement which I find very disquieting. We women, she said, may "not only make it our 'preferred style' to wear low shoes," but "may lengthen our dresses besides." I don't see the need of going that far. If dresses must change their inches, let them be shortened, not lengthened, says Tantalus. Without any intention of being impolite or impertinent I cannot help reminding clubwomen that they are not the only women. And while we might look with resignation on clubwomen who lengthened their skirts, we should look with sorrow, with keen disappointment on another section of the fair sex who made the mistake of following the clubwomen's example. I refer to that section of womanhood in which "chickens," "broilers" and "flappers" are found. Let not these lengthen

their skirts, I pray. The world's revelations of beauty are few enough as it is. Let us continue in the pleasant contemplation of what the short skirts show. The war can be won without sacrificing that. The statement of the clubwoman that skirts may be shortened sounds to me suspiciously like a threat. But perhaps it is a threat the clubwomen cannot make good. Clubwomen have tremendous influence in many directions, but sometimes I suspect that it does not extend to the regulation of other women's skirts. In this case I hope it does not.

An Unsettling Rumor

On top of all this low-heel propaganda word comes to me from a seemingly reliable source that high heels do not waste leather; that high heels are made of wood covered with a bark of leather, so to speak. It may be so. Of if it be an unconfirmed rumor, certainly it is an unsettling one. Have the clubwomen heard it? Did they investigate high heels, to see what they are made of? If they should appoint a committee to take some high heels apart and determine what they are made of, only to find them wooden, what would our low-heel propagandists of clubdom do about it? Would they abandon their propaganda when it was just getting nicely under way? I think not. Clubwomen are resourceful, they are never at a loss. They would perhaps declare that high heels are wasting wood needed for the construction of wooden ships and continue their drive just the same.

Edgewood Club at Whitcomb

The Edgewood Neighborhood Club, an association of ladies who reside in Edgewood avenue on the sunny side of Sutro Forest, took their knitting to the Hotel Whitcomb Monday and after luncheon in the Arabesque dining room, spent the afternoon in the Sun Room, plying their needles for the Red Cross. Those who joined in the good work were Mrs. Harry C. Peters, president of the club; Mrs. Robert

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C. Owen, treasurer; Mrs. Charles Upton, secretary; Mrs. Arthur Sherman, chairman of the club's Red Cross committee; and Mesdames Charles H. Blinn, C. F. Richards, Leigh Rodgers, W. G. Gilmour, Emil Hogberg, Charles Lewis, William Patch, A. B. Southard, Walter Anthony, Ida Tognazzini Charles H. Sooy, Winfield S. Wands, Carleton E. Todd, Thomas White, George B. Bushnell, Richard Harvey, E. S. Butler, Rose Levy, H. J. Allen, L. C. McCann, H. J. Knobloch, G. A. Sturtevant, Thomas Hughes and George Rothermel.

Father Sesnon Recovering

Rev. Robert Sesnon, who is ill at St. Mary's Hospital, is improving and hopes to be out within a fortnight. His countless San Francisco friends are glad to be able to see him occasionally when he is strong enough to receive them.

The Raemaekers Collection

San Francisco is fortunate in having the opportunity of examining the large collection of original Raemaekers cartoons now on exhibition at the Tolerton Gallery. So much has been written about the artist and his work that any introduction to the former is unnecessary and any new angle of criticism of the latter is almost impossible. The drawings themselves give the clearest analysis of the artist. They reveal as nothing else can, the intense ardor of the man, the indignation, the purposefulness, the passion that have made Raemaekers' name and Raemaekers' drawings things to be feared by Prussian militarism. They are more than works of art by a skillful draughtsman; they are graphic and visible expressions capable of being comprehended at a single glance, impossible to forget, of the supreme protest of the artist. They are the epitome of the judgment of humanity upon Germany. It is doubtful whether San Francisco will have a similar opportunity of seeing such a large and characteristic exhibition of Raemaekers' work, as the cartoons are being sold and a number will be withdrawn from the collection when it returns to New York.

At Hotel Oakland

Amongst the prominent arrivals at Hotel Oakland recently are: W. W. Loomis and wife, Los Angeles; Miss V. Hale and Miss H. Dean, New York; Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Shipley, San Francisco; S. C. Rapp and wife, San Francisco; Dr. E. A. Peabody and wife, San Francisco; A. S. Heleman and wife, Bakersfield; G. W. Tape and wife, Paso Robles Springs; Eda U. Watkins, Tacoma; Mrs. F. King, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Smith, Salt Lake City; Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Elder, Washington, D. C.; A. Davison and wife, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Roper, Salt Lake City; E. Benson and wife, San Jose; Paul Garrett and family, New York; Mrs. Chas. Salisbury, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Baer, Chicago; W. M. Cake Jr. and wife, Portland; Paul L. Graff, New York; P. J. Mortimer and wife, Stockton; Mrs. A. L. Cressey and Mrs. C. M. Maze, Modesto; Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Crellin, Pleasanton; Mrs. J. Cleghorn, Salt Lake City; Mr. and Mrs.

Shingles, Honolulu; Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Keiler, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. K. R. Clifford, Strathmore, Cal.; and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. B. Cameron, New York.

A Letter from Belgium

Commission for Aid Civil and Military Belgium and France
(Pacific Division)
306 Post Street, San Francisco

We have received the news with joy which the Commission has sent us. Your spirit, your energy for others is wonderful. Indeed, words cannot express the gratitude that will go out to you when we distribute to those who are cold and hungry, the food and clothing you are sending. And the motor you have sent us! If you only knew how much it means to us. If you only knew how much we need it. A world of gratitude goes out from us.

And the Store—"The Superfluity Store"—what a wonderful name, and what a wonderful idea! We are all so keenly interested about it and about all you are doing. Her Majesty appreciates how kind you are for the work which is under her patronage. She is always deeply touched with all that is done for her poor people. I shall write also to our Minister in Washington.

Very sincerely,

COUNTESS VAN DEN STEEN.

The Countess Van den Steen is the directress of the Aide Civile and Militaire Belge, the organization founded by the Queen of Belgium in uninvaded Belgium. The Commission, representing the Aide Civile and Militaire Belge, asks the people of San Francisco to send paintings, sculpture, furniture, books, bric-a-brac, ornaments, wearing apparel, new or old, fancy work, toys, glassware, etc., in fact any useful or saleable articles, to 306 Post street. By telephoning Garfield 2099, they may have a motor truck call for the goods.

For Wounded Battle Horses

Members of the Red Star are congratulating themselves on the brilliant success of the horse show holiday week, not only as one of the most spectacular and dashing equestrian entertainments that has been held in San Francisco in years, but from the financial standpoint as well. It netted a goodly sum to go toward providing a San Francisco ambulance corps to be sent to France to take care of the sick and wounded horses of the American army. It costs considerably over \$5,000 to provide an ambulance unit, and as many of them are needed for the horses of the battle fields, the Red Star members are already planning new entertainments to assist in raising funds for this inspiring war work. Plans for a ball have been under way for some time, but it probably will not be given until after Lent, the Mardi Gras being the large event scheduled for Shrove Tuesday. As an additional war work during Lent, Red Star members will endeavor to obtain as many new members as possible for the American Red Star Animal Relief among their friends, and as the annual membership is only one dollar, and a life membership one hundred dollars, they expect to have no difficulty in obtaining scores of new signatures.

A Letter from Mrs. Atherton

Dear Tantalus: I quote from a letter written to me by Madame d'Andigné, president of Le Bien-Etre du Blessé, on Thanksgiving Day in Paris: "You know that the Bien-Etre is growing to be such a tremendous affair that it frightens me. Every day we have to refuse to send to hospitals that beg for food. Would it be possible to have a little more money each month? Food is getting so frightfully dear. If we could have fifty thousand francs each month it would be great, and seventy-five thousand would be wonderful. The Red Cross gives us nothing, but constantly recommends us hospitals, or rather asks us to send food to hospitals, and it is becoming a tremendous drain on our bank account. I saw the médecin chef of the evacuation hospital at Mont Frenet where our first diet kitchen is. He said with tears in his eyes that with the diet kitchen food

he had been able to nurse back to life ten men that were dying of inanition. They watch for the hour when they they are brought their slice of ham, their cup of strong bouillon, a biscuit with a little jelly, or a custard. It seems so little, yet a man's life means so much these days."

Madame d'Andigné has established Miss Vanneman, an experienced dietician, in the hospital at Mont Frenet, the first diet cook ever sent into a French military hospital. Heretofore our things have been sent to the various hospitals in the war zone and cooked by the nurses. I may as well state here that she wants twelve more certified dieticians for this work. Those that see this and wish to go, and are able to fill all the other requirements: independent income, sound health and endurance, some knowledge of French, and age not under twenty-five, will please write to me enclosing recommendations and stamped envelope. I will get them their passports.

As Madame d'Andigné says, the task grows bigger and bigger. Our donations have been steadily rising for the past few months, and in November I was able to send fifty-eight thousand francs to Paris. This appeal is late, owing to the demands of the great bazaar, Hero Land, on every one connected with the Allied Charities, but I hope that its appearance just after the holidays will not affect our customary support.

For the matter is very serious. There is far more fighting than we know anything about, and these Frenchmen are still fighting our battles. They are wounded every hour in the day that we may remain intact as a nation. We not only have saved thousands of lives with our delicate palatable life-giving foods, but we have added our quota to the morale of the French army. Every poilu who goes back to the trenches from one of the hospitals supplied with our dietary tells his companions that suffering and desolate as he may be when lying for weeks or months in one of the hospitals in the war zone, at least he will have the consolation of delicious food and plenty of it. Those that have supported Le Bien-Etre du Blessé so far have given more comfort and happiness than it will ever be possible for them to know. But they may reflect upon it and take comfort themselves whenever they feel futile or depressed.

As Madame d'Andigné was verging upon a breakdown from a year and a half of almost unrelieved work I sent her a staff of volunteer workers for her office and barques in Paris. She speaks of the five who had already arrived when she wrote the letter from which I have just quoted: "The ladies are splendid. Miss Josselyn and Miss Hopkins are in the office and are a tremendous help. Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. Stratford and Miss Howe are at the baraque and are doing splendid hard work. It is such a relief to me to feel that I can lie in bed when I am ill."

Another expansion of activities contemplated by Le Bien-Etre du Blessé, is an auto unit to carry hot soup and cocoa to the wounded men at the dressing stations, just behind the lines. This is another of Mme. d'Andigné's creative ideas and will no doubt result in the saving of many more lives.

Will not those who are able to appreciate the great seriousness of this work give generously once more? And will not those who can afford it assure us of a certain sum monthly?

We now supply nine hundred hospitals.

While I hope for large checks, I am always glad of the little ones, as they mount up rapidly. All checks should be made out to "John Munroe and Co., for Le Bien-Etre du Blessé," and sent to 360 Madison Avenue (Eighth Floor), New York.

Please give!

GERTRUDE ATHERTON,

American President Le Bien-Etre du Blessé.
January 10th, 1918.

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The Stage

Puyans, Soloist

Benjamin Godard wrote his beautiful Suite for Flute and Orchestra, Opus 116, in 1893. He dedicated it to Paul Taffanel, and that celebrated flute virtuoso was the first to perform it. It was because of this fact that Emilio Puyans performed it at the "pop" concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra last Sunday afternoon. You don't see the connection? Let me explain. When Emilio Puyans was studying medicine in Paris he read of a competition for entrance at the Paris National Conservatory. Puyans' heart was in music, and his mind was only half on medicine. Here was his opportunity to justify the abandonment of medicine and the choice of a career in music. There was only one candidate to be admitted to the Conservatory, and there were many competitors. Puyans entered the competition and won. At the Conservatory he joined the class of Paul Taffanel. When he made his first brilliant appearances as a soloist in Paris he was hailed as a pupil of Paul Taffanel and declared to be worthy of his master. Is it any wonder Puyans has a profound affection for Taffanel? Is it strange that for his appearance as soloist with the Hertz orchestra he should select the Godard Suite which was dedicated to and first played by his master? It was heavenly music that Puyans blew from his flute last Sunday. It might have been Apollo piping to Daphne, or Pan piping to the nymphs. The magic of his playing was well known to all the regular attendants at symphony concerts, but it was never displayed to such advantage as on Sunday when the whole superb orchestra supplied a background for his flute.

—The Music Lover.

A Great Musical Intellect

Leopold Godowsky is to the piano what Kubelik is to the violin. This Lithuanian master has commerce with the intellect of the piano rather than with its heart. Perhaps that accounts for the predilection he has always shown for composers like Rameau and Lully, men who were great figures in an age which thought more of mentality than of soulfulness. Godowsky is calm, unostentatious, self-contained. He exhibits at the piano nothing of that sensationalism one associates with the name of De Pachmann. Indeed, one can imagine him regarding all mannerism with horror. His virtuosity as shown, for instance, in the Blumenfeld Etude, Opus 6, A flat played with the left hand alone, is amazing. And he is so interested in technique that it is not surprising that he chose as the first number of his concert last Sunday the Sonata Opus 110, A flat of Beethoven. There are more appealing Beethoven sonatas, but none which challenges the technician as this does. Godowsky accepts its challenge and is triumphant. He played a group of Chopin numbers, the Fantasie Opus 49, F minor and the Berceuse being particularly pleasing to his audience. It was a great programme greatly rendered. The applause of a gratifyingly large and very discriminating audience warmed Godowsky as he proceeded, for he is of a temperament which catches fire from enthusiasm and responds with an answering flame. The pleasure of the concert was heightened by the unexpected announcement that this master is to play again before leaving us.

—The Amateur.

Alan Brooke at the Orpheum

There will be seven new acts in next week's Orpheum bill. Alan Brooks, one of vaudeville's cleverest and most popular actor-authors, will appear in his successful comedy "Dollars and Sense," which is a keen satire. The action is retrospective and is disclosed in four separate scenes, each a period earlier than the other. Mr. Brooks is seen at his best and as usual has an excellent supporting company. Toots Paka and her Hawaiians, native singers and instrumentalists, will present the instrumental music, songs and dances of their island. Toots Paka's Hula Hula dance has never been equalled on the vaudeville stage. Jack King and Morton Harvey will be heard in songs of unusual excellence. They are as popular as song writers as they are asingers and will sing their latest success "The Tunes My Dear Old Daddy Loved So Well." Mr. King composes the music and plays the accompaniments of their songs, and Mr. Harvey sings the lyrics of which he is the author. Kellar Mack and Anna Earl will present original songs and patter. Miss Earl is a decidedly clever singing comedienne and Mr. Mack is a clever song writer. Bee Ho Gray, the versatile cowboy, and Ada Summerville with her trained horse "Onion" will appear in a potpourri of comedy and skill. Bee Ho Gray holds the world's championship for riding and roping. Miss Summerville gained the title of world's champion horsewoman through her riding and trained horse exhibition. The Le Grohs, two men and one girl, are pantomimic contortionists who present an eccentric novelty full of twists. Roy Rice and Mary Werner will introduce a novelty by Blanche Merrill called "On the Scaffold." The only holdover in this bill will be Joseph E. Howard and his company in his "Musical World Revue" which has scored a tremendous success.

"Turn to the Right" Another Week

Though it has already shattered the season's records at the Columbia, "Turn to the Right" is announced for an additional week and it is predicted that its final performances will attract the largest audiences of its four weeks' engagement. This quaint mixture of fun, heart interest and home cooking has captivated San Francisco audiences to a degree that has few parallels in local amusement history and there is little doubt that it could remain several weeks longer. Engagements in Oakland and several Southern California cities have been cancelled for the company in order to remain at the Columbia for an additional week but it is announced that the engagement will positively terminate Sunday night, January 27. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday during the rest of the run. Since the unusual qualities of "Turn to the Right" have become generally known, there has been a great influx of people who seldom attend the theatre. The fact that "Turn to the Right" combines all the natural, homely elements of old favorites with the clean, bright, brisk comedy of "The Boomerang" and "The Fortune Hunter" gives it a wide appeal.

Godowsky in Two More Recitals

Contrary to expectation, the master pianist Leopold Godowsky has been able to rearrange his California tour, and will return to this section following his southern appearance to play

once more at the Columbia, on Thursday afternoon, January 31, and once in Oakland at the Auditorium Opera House on Friday night, February 1. Godowsky has prepared special programmes for these two events, each entirely different from anything he has yet played in this city. At the San Francisco recital he will, by popular request, play the wonderful Symphonic Studies of Robert Schumann, a work in which no living pianist can compare to the great Polish player. Brahms' Rhapsody op. 79, No. 1 (B minor) and Capriccio op. 76, No. 2 (B minor) will come next, to be followed by the Grieg Ballade in the form of a set of variations on a Norwegian theme. The Chopin group includes the Fantasie-Impromptu, the impromptu No. 3, in G flat, the Scherzo op. 20 in B minor and the Andante Spionato and Polonaise op. 22. Finally will come a group containing the "Islamey" of Balakereff, Ravel's "Jeux d'eau" and the Liszt "Mephisto Waltz." In Oakland the programme includes such gems as the Beethoven op. 81 sonata and the famous Chopin B flat minor sonata, Brahms Rhapsody op. 79, Shakespeare's Serenade by Schubert-Liszt, a special Chopin group, Hensel's Berceuse, Scriabin's "Poeme," Moszkowski's "Autumn," Hensel's "If I Were a Bird" arranged by Godowsky, and the Schubert-Taussig "Marche Militaire." Tickets for the San Francisco concert are on sale at the usual places, and for the Oakland concert at Sherman Clay, Oakland.

Yvette Guilbert Coming Soon

Someone has said of Yvette Guilbert, whose art has exhausted the superlatives of critics, that she is the most beloved in France of all her countrywomen. And after witnessing one of her performances it is easy to realize in what love indeed she must be held. In the presence of Madame Guilbert one understands that it is not art which creates personality, but personality which creates art and makes of art the highest expression of a great common experience. And the art of Yvette Guilbert, so easily intelligible even to those who know no French, lies not only in her complete mastery of the finest shadings of vocal expression but in her grace of movement, her unlimited powers of resource and characterization, her marvelous pantomime, her sense of color and line, an art which she has created and developed absolutely as her own, and further an art which contains the cardinal elements of all other arts. Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer announces three programmes by Madame Guilbert. These will be given in Scottish Rite Auditorium, where she found such perfect success on her visit here last year, and where it will be possible for Madame Guilbert to give an evening recital. These events take place on Sunday afternoon, February 3, Wednesday night, February 6, and Saturday afternoon, February 9. At her first recital Madame Guilbert's programme will include the "Great Songs of Great France" costumed appropriately according to the period they represent, and her wonderful new creation called "The Life of Pierrot," said to be a wonderful allegory of French bravery and heroism as exemplified in the present war. Emily Greaser, the talented violinist, will be assisting artist, and Maurice Eisner, will preside at the piano. Mail orders for the Guilbert concerts should be sent at once to Selby C. Oppenheimer, manager, in care of Sherman Clay, and should include current funds, with war tax added.

Oberhoffer's Marvelous Memory

When an orchestral conductor directs a symphony or a concert from memory it is usually commented upon as a feat worthy of special mention and with reason, as to do so requires a most thorough study of the score, and a full grasp of every musical thought and phrase. There are many conductors who so conduct certain works of which they have made a special study, but few possess the genius to conduct a large repertoire without a score before them. The remarkable gifts of Emil Oberhoffer, conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, in this direction have excited comment everywhere. He not only conducts practically all the standard orchestral works from memory, but his study and grasp of the many new works presented by the orchestra are so thorough that even new and modern works presented for the first time have been conducted this season without the use of the score. Undoubtedly much of the unusually magnetic and interesting interpretations for which the Minneapolis Orchestra is famous is due to the foregoing, for Oberhoffer has been the director of this famous organization since its inception fourteen years ago. The Minneapolis Orchestra will make its annual visit to this city next month, giving superb programmes at the Columbia on Thursday and Friday afternoons, February 7 and 8, and a special programme at the Tivoli Opera House on Sunday morning, February 10. In Oakland it will play at the Auditorium Opera House Saturday afternoon and night, February 9. Reinald Werrenrath, the great American baritone, has been engaged as special soloist at the Thursday and Sunday concerts, and Marguerite Namara, famous coloratura soprano, will sing at the Friday event. Mail orders should be directed now to Selby C. Oppenheimer, manager, in care of Sherman Clay.

Eighth Sunday Symphony Concert

The unusually interesting programme rendered on Friday afternoon by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Hertz, will be repeated on the afternoon of January 20, at the Cort, as the regular Sunday event of the eighth pair of symphonies. The Fourth Symphony of Tschaiowsky, which opens the programme, is quite as well known as the great Russian composer's "Pathetique" symphony and ranks as high in popular favor as the latter composition. The Fourth Symphony was dedicated to Nadesha von Meck and was first performed in Moscow in 1878, under the direction of Nickolas Rubenstein, at a concert of the Imperial Musical Society. Of the Fourth Symphony Tschaiowsky himself wrote: "I love this child of my fancy dearly. It is one of the things which will never disappoint me." Particular interest attaches to the three symphonic sketches by Debussy called "La Mer" (The Sea), which is one of the most difficult works yet interpreted by the San Francisco Symphony. To its performance Hertz has brought vast study and several extra rehearsals have been required by the orchestra, which is augmented for this number. The score calls for five trumpets, two horns, three bassoons and other unusual requirements. "La Mer" represents Debussy in his most advanced mood, and is notable for the marvelous tonal effects he has secured. "Espana," a Spanish rhapsody by Chabrier, will conclude the concert brilliantly. It is an elaborate composition dealing with dance rhythms and melodies. The seventh "pop" concert will be given at the Cort on Sunday afternoon, January 27, and Con-

ductor Hertz has contrived another feast of popular masterpieces that is certain to find favor. These will be the offerings: Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai; Largo, from "New World" Symphony, Dvorak; Ballet Music from "Le Cid," Massenet; Voices of the Forest, from "Siegfried," Wagner; British Folk Song Settings, Grainger; Irish Rhapsody, Herbert.

Maitland Players

Three clever little plays, far removed from the commonplace, have been selected by Arthur Maitland as the offerings of the St. Francis Little Theatre for the next pair of performances, scheduled for Tuesday evening, January 22, and Wednesday matinee, January 23, in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis Hotel. An element of the serious enters into the first offering, "The Harvest," but the other two plays, "The Dear Departed" and "The Marriage Lease," are light and whimsical in character. "The Harvest" is by T. W. Hanshew and it deals with the eternal "triangle," but the theme is given a novel twist by the playwright, and it should make for one of the most attractive presentations of the season. The organization will be reinforced for this play by Caroline Clifford and a clever juvenile actor Clifford Shipser. Maitland himself will be most congenially bestowed, and the cast will further include Helene Sullivan and Albert Morrison. "The Dear Departed" is one of Stanley Houghton's conceits and was first produced at the Gaiety Theatre, London. It abounds in rural character studies and is steeped in drollery. Hobart Lee is the author of "The Marriage

Lease," which ingeniously satirizes a marriage agreement presumably made in the year 1930, and which is subject to cancellation after a term of years if the bride and groom decide that single blessedness is preferable to the marital state. Attendance at the St. Francis Little Theatre continues to grow with every performance. The weekly matinees, which are open to the public, are becoming very popular.

Zimbalist Coming

A telegram from Efrem Zimbalist and his charming wife Alma Gluck to Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer, wishing him the compliments of the season, concluded with the assurance that Zimbalist was preparing special and interesting programmes for his forthcoming San Francisco recitals, which will take place at the Columbia on the Sunday afternoons of February 17 and 24.

Theodore Karle, American Tenor

A tenor new to San Francisco, yet whose successes have been tremendous throughout the country, is the young American singer Theodore Karle, who will shortly appear here in superb recitals.

Kellerd in Shakespeare Coming to Columbia

Following "Turn to the Right" on Monday night the 28th inst. at the Columbia will appear John E. Kellerd and an exceptionally brilliant company of actors all of whom have appeared for years in the classic drama. The two weeks of the engagement will be devoted to a reper-



YVETTE GUILBERT

Celebrated interpreter of songs to appear at Scottish Rite Auditorium Sunday afternoon, February 3, Wednesday evening, February 6, and Saturday afternoon, February 9

toire including "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," "Much Ado About Nothing" and "The Bells." William Winter in the New York Tribune said of Mr. Kellard: "He is the most distinguished actor in America."

Tully's Hawaiian Play at Cort

Oliver Morosco's production of Richard Walton Tully's pulsating Hawaiian romance "The Bird of Paradise" will be the offering at the Cort beginning Sunday, January 20. It comes this season with an entire new scenic investiture and a complement of players said to be superior to that seen in several years. This will be the fifth visit of America's favorite drama. The cast this season includes Marion Hutchins, who for five seasons has been playing leading roles in A. H. Woods' productions. She will be seen as "Luana." Prominent among the other members of the company are Forrest Stanley, as Dr. Wilson, John Richardson as the "Beach-comber," Roberta Forrest as Diana, James Applebee, Jack Ellis, James Nelson, Rose Watson, Maude Farrington, Maude Melville, James Glasgow and A. Francis Lenz. Then there are the Hawaiian singers, dancers and musicians. These natives are credited with making Hawaiian music popular in this country and giving the proper atmosphere to the play.

"Just a Woman" at Alcazar

The announcement that "Cheating Cheaters" would not be played at the Alcazar longer than this week has added to the keen interest in Evelyn Vaughan's successful engagement. Max Marcin's mystery play could remain longer, but Miss Vaughan had contracted to produce two other plays during her brief season. "Just a Woman," a big drama with a powerful punch, by Eugene Walters, is to be Miss Vaughan's offering, with her players, on Sunday afternoon.

Augmented Orchestra at Tavern

Techau Tavern's augmented "jazz" orchestra has certainly caught the fancy of the lovers of the best to be had in "jazz" music. The dancing public who have not as yet become acquainted with the superior quality of dance music played at the Tavern are losing much enjoyment and it is suggested that no time be

lost in visiting the Tavern and passing time most pleasantly. It would take considerable space to itemize all the delightful features to be found at the Tavern, but it is sufficient to state that there is never a dull moment there. Sunday night with its continuous entertainment is the feature night, but every night at the Tavern is one of unalloyed delight. The perfume and cigarette favors are distributed free and without competition every afternoon and evening and after the theatre hours.



ALAN BROOKS
Next week at the Orpheum

She—I suppose you saw some close things at the front?

He—Rather! There was McDougall of our battalion—I think he was the closest.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARIE PERRON TARDIEU, Plaintiff, vs. GASTON AIME TARDIEU, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GASTON AIME TARDIEU, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of January, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MUCREY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. W. SANDERSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
420 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

1-19-10



LEOPOLD GODOWSKY PIANIST EXTRA CONCERTS COLUMBIA THEATER

Thursday Afternoon, January 31st

Tickets \$2, \$1.50, \$1 on sale Monday, January 28, at usual places.

AUDITORIUM OPERA HOUSE
Oakland

Friday Evening, February 1st

Same prices. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co., San Francisco and Oakland. Knabe Piano Used.

YVETTE GUILBERT

Celebrated Interpreter of Songs

SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 3

WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 6

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 9

Orchestra (15 rows) \$2.00, next 5 rows \$1.50, balance \$1; parquet \$2 and \$1; entire balcony \$1.50.

accompanied by funds (10% added for war tax) to Selby C. Oppenheimer, manager, care Sherman, Clay & Co.

SEAT SALE at usual places Monday, January 28. Knabe Piano.

Coming—MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA



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Last Time Tonight "Fair and Warmer"

Starting Sunday Night, January 20

OLIVER MOROSCO'S

Never-Dying Dramatic Triumph

THE BIRD OF PARADISE

By Richard Walton Tully
Author of "Omar, the Tentmaker"

Nights and Saturday Matinee, 25c to \$1.50
BEST SEATS \$1.00 WEDNESDAY MATINEE
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A GREAT NEW SHOW

ALAN BROOKS in His Successful Comedy Dramalet "Dollars and Sense"; TOOTS PAKA and Her Hawaiian Native Singers and Instrumentalists; JACK KING & MORTON HARVEY in a Song Programme; KELLAR MACK & ANNA EARL, Original Songs and Patter; BEE HO GRAY, the Versatile Cowboy, and ADA SUMMERVILLE with Her Trained Horse "Onion" in a Pot-pourri of Comedy and Skill; THE LE GROHS, a Pantomime Novelty; ROY RICE & MARY WERNER, "On the Scaffold"; JOSEPH E. HOWARD, the Well Known Composer, and His Company of Forty in "A Musical World Revue."

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

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FOURTH AND LAST WEEK

Begins Monday, January 21st

The Comedy That Will Live Forever

"TURN
TO
THE
RIGHT"

It's a Peach of a Play

Monday, January 28—JOHN E. KELLERD in
Shakespearean repertoire

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA ALFRED HERTZ—CONDUCTOR

8TH SUNDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT
CORT THEATRE

Sunday Afternoon, January 20, at 2:30 Sharp

PROGRAM:

TschaikowskyFourth Symphony
Debussy "La Mer" (The Sea)
Chabrier "España"
PRICES: Sunday, 50c, 75c, \$1; box and loge seats,
\$1.50. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, except concert
day; at Cort on concert day only.

NEXT—January 27—SEVENTH "POP" CONCERT

VARIED TYPES

(Continued from Page 5)

but we dug another secretly so as to be prepared in case the water supply failed. The Holland stoolpigeon promptly told the Germans.

"All this time one of the motor boats was on the beach for repairs. The idea was to put to sea in it and either capture a vessel or make a raid on another island. On the twenty-first of August the motorboat was ready. Double guards were posted every night. The beach was of white sand, there were two hundred yards of shallow water and the nights were clear; so we had no chance to get away. On the twenty-third the Graf made a noisy speech to the effect that he was going to capture another vessel and add a few islands to the German Empire. Then with Kirckiers, Luedemann, Krause, the master-at-arms and the gunner's mate, armed with a machine gun, six rifles, six automatics, hand grenades, six months' provisions and oil enough for a week the Graf departed in the launch on a southwest course. That was the last we saw of them. They were captured and are now prisoners in New Zealand.

"Meanwhile we were employed building a wharf, also in repairing two lifeboats and sewing sails. On the twenty-eighth men were told off to go aboard the wreck and cut the mast out of her. After they had worked two days Kling went aboard to blow the mast out with bombs. The ventilation from the oil tanks led up through the main mast. The gas caught fire and there was a tremendous bonfire. A column of smoke stood up all day, and as there were more than a hundred shells on deck there was a continuous explosion. The forward end of the vessel burned completely.

"On the first of September high water destroyed a lot of our provisions. Wireless messages were received and work on the boat was speeded up. On the fifth at daybreak a two-masted schooner was sighted. In less than half an hour Kling and ten men started out in the launch after her. At nine in the morning two boat loads of prisoners came ashore, and we found that the captured schooner was the French island trader Lutece from Papeete, with her owners Messrs. Miller and Fane and fifteen natives on board.

"The Germans immediately prepared to leave on the Lutece. The prisoners who had worked were paid in German scrip. Kling made a speech appointing Captain Southard to the command of our camp. He said he would have sent a wireless about our condition, only the wireless had already been destroyed. He left us a bottomless boat and provisions, hauled down the German flag and said goodbye. On the way out he blew up the Seeadler's remaining boats. So far as I know Kling is still at large on the Pacific in the Lutece.

"On the fifth of September we had a bottom in the boat, and Captain Smith with the second officers of the Slade and Manila, and one sailor set out for Tutuila, a distance of a thousand miles, to get help.

"Meanwhile we cleaned up the filthy German camp and waited. We had flour, sugar, rice, peas and beans, plenty of coffee, a little tea and eight tins of bread. Most of the provisions were unfit to eat. However, we had cocoanuts, and plenty of fish and turtles.

"October came and no word from Smith. I built a dory large enough to hold three men, with the intention of following him. We named it the Last Chance. But on the sixth of October the motor steamer Tiare Taporo arrived from Papeete and took us off Mopelia. Smith had reached Tutuila and had sent word of our plight to Tahiti.

"Here's something that may interest you," concluded Hans Hansen. "One of the crew of the Seeadler had been in the firing squad which executed Edith Cavell. He told me so, and I believe he was speaking the truth."

An Old Story

(Continued from Page 6)

her heart, and declared himself prepared to penetrate with her the darkest forests of Africa. For her part Anna had too much good sense not to distinguish between the enthusiasm of passion and a sincere zeal for missionary work; but his excitement could not permit her to doubt that she was loved; and that at least was one of the satisfactions in life which she had promised herself. Might not what was still lacking follow in time—as the fruit perhaps of a less tumultuous infatuation? She promised her hand to the young man without making any other condition than that he should love her faithfully, and the marriage took place without delay. Even if their zeal, which shows no more sign of declining than their mutual tenderness, never takes them to Africa, there is no doubt they will always continue to help, both by their counsel and their purse—similar enterprises."

I had hardly spoken the last words of the story when she for whom I had resuscitated it turned upon me with: "That is the silliest story you have ever told me."

"I said you would not like it," I exclaimed triumphantly.

"But you told it so pompously."

"That is how it ought to be told," said I.

"You are too modern, that is all. When the Abbé Prévost told your great-great-grandmother sentiment of it delicious; and your great-granddaughter will find the psychologic episodes you delight in—with their sharp or blunt points—equally odd and tedious; probably even more odd and tedious than this sort of story."

"But the end is so flat," said she.

The end, I maintained, was delightfully flat.

"You have not even understood the moral,"

I went on. "Let me tell it you again: A young woman of extraordinary beauty" . . . but I was stopped.

Japan in the World War

(Continued from Page 7)

to it that they could be settled according to the principal of justice and lasting peace; the Russian financial position with a successful outcome of revolution would be restored with comparative ease, for the Allied financial resources would be so liquidated as to extend all necessary credit and cash to the most needy of the Grand Alliance; and the day when Germany came to her knees begging for peace would soon arrive, for the formation of such a Grand Alliance of World Powers, far stronger and far more effectual than that of the present conglomeration of different nations with their respective self-interests and petty difficulties, would completely demoralize the enemy, thereby leading to the desired goal. The day of peace will dawn upon the devastated world when, and not till then, the Allies are inspired by and act upon some such great principle as that outlined in the International Magna Charta, which, uniting the Allies now for maximum effort in war, might later on possibly include a repentant because enlightened Germany, to be developed finally into the establishment of a League of Nations, the true guarantee and safeguard of a lasting peace. I am, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

NAOSHI KATO.

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Bv R. E. Mulcahy

Corn—The market was quiet from the maximum price 128 and trading in it was very little. Receipts of corn in the market from day to day. Receipts of corn accounted for by the industries, and very little

prices hold up, and as long as cash corn commands a premium over the futures there will be very little profit on the short side to traders. The recent storm in the Middle West will delay the movement, and it is doubtful if there will be any pronounced movement in the next thirty days. In the meantime with the maximum price fixed at 128, there is very little in the market for the long side. Later on in the season, if we do not get a big run of receipts to market, and the cash price continues strong, many the speculators in selling the market short at this level, but conditions are such that it is hardly to be expected that the movement will be large enough to affect the cash prices to the extent of putting the price below the 125 level. What trade there is in corn will be of a scalping kind, selling when the price gets near 128 and buying back when the price gets around 125 until

Cotton—The cotton market continues to make a high level, but the price has been well above the 32 cent level for the January option. The advance did not hold, however, and prices sold off almost a hundred points on a rumor that Congress would do something in the way of fixing a maximum price on cotton. With the New England mills selling their product on the basis of 62 cent cotton and buying all the spot cotton they can get in the South, it is hard to see how cotton can decline or keep from advancing. Of course, things can happen over night that will upset the price temporarily, and give the market a quick setback that will prove disastrous to a weakly margined trade. There was some selling later in the week on reports of rain in Texas, where the drought is beginning to be felt, as it interferes with spring preparations in that State, but why anyone should want to sell the nearby futures on that is hard to see. It is a report that the drought is not so bad as it was at first, and the reports are extremely light, considering the price cotton is selling at, and it shows that the farmer has ideas of higher prices for cotton later on, and as his financial condition is such that he has no trouble in financing his cotton, he can hold out until he gets his price. We may have some quick setbacks from time to time, due to the technical conditions of the market, but in our opinion the price will continue to rise.

A Wild Guess

All week the kindergarten had been studying the story of the boy who was afraid of the dark. The subject had been pretty well exhausted. To stimulate interest the kindergarten said in her most enthusiastic manner:

-Children, as I came to school this morning

in the trolley car, the door opened and something came softly in and kissed me on the cheek. What do you think it was?"

And the children joyfully answered, "The conductor!"

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DECEMBER 31, 1917

Assets	\$63,314,948.04
Deposits	60,079,197.54
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,235,750.50
Employees' Pension Fund	272,914.25
Number of Depositors	63,901

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For the six months ending December 31, 1917, dividend on deposits of 4% per annum was

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH PATTERSON MITCHELL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the will of ELIZABETH PATTERSON MITCHELL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Wm. M. Madden, 809 Crocker Building, corner Post and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH PATTERSON MITCHELL, deceased.

FREDERIC W. EATON,

Executor of the will of Elizabeth Patterson Mitchell, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 12th, 1918.

WM. M. MADDEN,

Attorney for Executor,

809 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

1-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Number 23,436. New Series. Department Number Ten, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM MATSON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the last will and testament of WILLIAM MATSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of their attorneys, W. I. Brobeck and Peter F. Dunne, Rooms 709-718 Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Market, Post and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, which said last named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM MATSON, deceased.

LILLIE B. MATSON,

ALEXANDER F. MORRISON,

Executors of the last will and testament of William Matson, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, December 22, 1917.

W. I. BROBECK and

PETER F. DUNNE,

Attorneys for Executors,

709-718 Crocker Building,

San Francisco, Cal.

12-22-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MAUD W. POTTER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MAUD W. POTTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MAUD W. POTTER, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Maud W. Potter, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 22, 1917.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,

860 Phelan Bldg.,

San Francisco, Cal.

12-22-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY PETITION FOR THE CHANGE OF NAME SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 86525.

In the Matter of the Application of the DUNCAN'S MILLS LAND AND LUMBER COMPANY, a corporation, for a Change of Its Name.

In the matter of the petition of the DUNCAN'S MILLS LAND AND LUMBER COMPANY, a corporation, for a change of its name, the said corporation and I. E. Thayer, Philip R. Thayer, and George D. Gray, a majority of the Directors thereof, having filed and presented an application and their petition that the name of said Duncan's Mills Land and Lumber Company, a corporation, be changed to Marin Lumber and Supply Company.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in said matter appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department 10, at the court house in said City and County on the 29th day of January, 1918, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, to show cause why such petition for change of name should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that notice of said application and of this order, be given by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County, State of California, once a week for four (4) successive weeks before said hearing.

Dated: December 22nd, 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of said Superior Court.

JACOBS & OLIVER,

Attorneys for Petitioner,

900 Humboldt Savings Bank Bldg.,

San Francisco, Cal.

12-29-5

The Greater Hardy

Although Thomas Hardy, the famous English novelist, has lived so long in Dorsetshire, among the very scenes he has depicted graphically in his books, he is of such a retiring and modest disposition that his fame is unknown to a number of the quiet country folk who live in his vicinity. There is an amusing story of an enthusiastic admirer who visited Dorsetshire and approached an old lady whom he found sitting outside her cottage door.

"Mr. Hardy lives near here, doesn't he?" he inquired.

"Which Mr. Hardy?" asked the old woman.

"Why, Mr. Thomas Hardy, who writes books," replied the astonished pilgrim.

"Oh, I know naught about him," said the woman, "but there be a Hardy near by that rears grand pigs."

Lines to a Pencil

I know not where thou art.

I only know

That thou wert on my desk,

Peaceful and contented

A moment back,

And, as I turned my head

To light a pill,

Some heartless wretch

Went south with thee.

I know not who he was

Nor shall I investigate.

Perchance

It may have been

The guy I stole thee from.

Dogs in Convention

There was a meeting of the committee appointed by the dogs to ascertain why they were getting nothing to eat. The different members were called upon to report on the different articles they had been asked to investigate.

"Bones?" asked the chairman.

"I find that they are grinding bones to feed

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MATHILDE JACOBY, deceased.—No. 23754; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of MATHILDE JACOBY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Asher, Meyerstein & McNutt, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MATHILDE JACOBY, deceased.

PHILIP I. JACOBY,

Executor of the last will and testament of Mathilde Jacoby, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 19, 1918.

ASHER, MEYERSTEIN & McNUTT,

Attorneys for Executor,

110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

1-19-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MELVINA F. FALES, deceased.—No. 23680, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executrix of the last will and testament of MELVINA F. FALES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix, at the office of her attorney, Alfred Fuhrman, 2641A Mission Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MELVINA F. FALES, deceased.

LILLA L. MACKAY,

Executrix of the last will and testament of Melvina F. Fales, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 29, 1917.

ALFRED FUHRMAN,

Attorney for Executrix,

2641A Mission Street,

San Francisco, Cal.

12-29-5

to the hens in order to make them lay," said the first dog.

"Meat scraps?"

"They are grinding it up into hamburger steak and boiling it into soup."

"Crusts?"

"There aren't any."

"Dog bread?"

"Used for a breakfast food."

The convention adjourned without day.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 21773; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANNA ROSALIE LEWIN, deceased.

EDNA ROSENTHAL, the Executrix of the estate of Anna Rosalie Lewin, deceased, having presented to this Court and filed herein her verified petition, in due form of law, praying for an order, for the sale of all the real property and all the personal property of the said deceased for the purpose therein set forth, and it appearing to this Court by said petition that it will be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate, and those interested therein, to sell the whole of the real estate and that it is necessary to sell the whole of the personal property to pay the debts outstanding against said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration.

IT IS, THEREFORE, ordered by this Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased shall appear in the said Court, on the 28th day of January, 1918, at 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the court room of said Court in department No. 10 thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why said petition be not granted, and why an order should not be granted to said Executrix, to sell the whole of the real estate and the whole of the personal estate of said deceased, at either private or public sale, as said Executrix should judge to be the most beneficial for the estate.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this order be published once a week in "Town Talk," for four successive weeks, in a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: this 26th day of December, 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

JOS. ROTHSCHILD,

Attorney for Executrix,

1101-1109 Chronicle Bldg.,

San Francisco, Cal.

12-29-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 23,692; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of PATRICK O'CONNELL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Will of PATRICK O'CONNELL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this Notice (which said first publication occurs on the 5th day of January, 1918), in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this Notice to said Executor at the office of his attorney, Garret W. McEnerney, Room 2002 Hobart Building, No. 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of PATRICK O'CONNELL, deceased.

JAMES P. CANTWELL,

Executor of the Last Will of Patrick O'Connell, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, January 5, 1918.

GARRET W. MCENERNEY,

Attorney for Executor,

2002 Hobart Bldg.,

582 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

1-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTON KOENIG (also called A. KOENIG), deceased.—No. 23748; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of ANTON KOENIG (also called A. KOENIG), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named place the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANTON KOENIG (also called A. KOENIG), deceased.

FRANK KOENIG,

Executor of the last will and testament of Anton Koenig (also called A. Koenig), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, January 12th, 1918.

A. COMTE, JR.,

Attorney for Executor,

No. 333 Kearny St.,

San Francisco, Cal.

1-12-5



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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, JANUARY 26, 1918

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXII

San Francisco-Oakland, January 26, 1918

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Dealing with the I. W. W.

We assume that by this time secret service men are in close touch with the I. W. W. We assume this because of late there has been official anticipation of sabotage plots. Critics of the Administration have complained bitterly that the society of I. W. W. had not been suppressed by drastic measures, but the problem of putting an end to industrial disturbances is a hard one to solve. It is one of considerable delicacy to handle, for in some instances, as we have learned, members of the I. W. W. had suffered much injustice and had been driven into radical socialism by cold-blooded employers, of whom there are many in certain regions. There was as much need of reforming some employers as of reforming the I. W. W. themselves, and with the realization of this fact has come much improvement. Gradually all the while government officials have become more vigilant and the probability is that as in the days of the Molly Maguires many agents of the Government are now members of the sabotage society. When the I. W. W. generally become sensible of this suspicion they will find it hard to gather recruits and they will become less active, less zealous.

* * *

The Two Garfields

The President's objection to a War Council is something more than a mere whim or a mere expression of ultra self-confidence. Nor is it to be wholly attributed to partisanship. It is evident that we are in the midst of politics as well as of war, and that while there are Democrats more concerned about party than about country there are also Republicans more deeply interested in the next election than in the fate of an army. President Wilson has to be mindful of both sets of poli-

ticians, and it is natural that he should regard it as unwise to divide responsibility at this time. People generally, we believe, are of the same opinion. But even many people who agree with the President believe it unfortunate that certain Secretaries were in office when we entered the war. Of the incompetency of some officials there is no question among intelligent men, and the removal of these incompetents is a consummation devoutly to be wished. It would inspire confidence even among croakers. Meanwhile it may be well to consider that there is much haphazard criticism whenever the war hurts with more poignancy than was expected, as for example, when the Garfield coal embargo order was made. We now see that it was a good order. Clearly it is wrong to blame Dr. Garfield for our sins against the transportation companies. From Dr. Garfield, by the way, we seem to be getting more intelligent service than was rendered by a certain member of the Tennis Cabinet in the days of the somewhat self-opinionated Colonel, who despite all the powers by which he made himself an idol of the people, erred occasionally. Dr. Garfield is not the Roosevelt Garfield who used to make us laugh.

* * *

Hearst and Brisbane

The Hearst papers are quite right in what they tell us of the evil of vindictive attacks on our President. It is important that we should all pull together, but we do not all feel that we are all under a selfish obligation to refrain from any kind of criticism. Fair and sensible criticism of the Administration is far more patriotic than hypocritical lip-service rendered by one actuated by the desire to deceive people regarding a past, mischievous record. Flattery is not to be encouraged when there is danger of its imbuing men in high place with unjustified self-satisfaction. However, as one Hearst editor says, "this is not a time for politics," but neither is it a time for the stimulating of class hatred, which has long been the favorite occupation of that other Hearst editor, Mr. Arthur Brisbane, now posing as the owner of a Washington paper. Mr. Brisbane is a Socialist, the son of a Socialist, who has been carrying out in the Hearst papers the policies of one of his parents who studied Socialism in Germany. When one Hearst editor was abusing Mr. Roosevelt the other day for his malicious war-time criticism of the Administration, Mr. Brisbane was discussing the labor

problem on the same page in the old familiar strain so grateful to anarchists and the I. W. W. "When the price of bread doubles," said Mr. Brisbane, "the employer must realize that it will cost twice as much to feed the workman." The poor downtrodden workman whom Hearst loves—he must never be neglected. And it is good even in war-time to promote hatred of the employer who was signaling his patriotism while Hearst was encouraging German spies to blow up the poor workman. In the same column of the page partly devoted by Hearst to advocacy of unity and to rebukes of politicians Mr. Brisbane takes occasion to swat the telephone company, a vicious corporation that ought to be swatted because it is supported by capitalists whose capital made telephone service possible. Isn't it a fine idea for Hearst in war-time to camouflage himself behind the great class-hatred editor? Are we to suppose that class hatred is a good thing wherewith to fight the Kaiser? Perhaps it would be wrong to criticize the Administration for tolerating Benedict Arnold and waste of time to discuss the absurd rumors to which this strange patience has given rise regarding the methods practiced by Hearst to insure the freedom of his press. Absurd rumors of course, but how unfortunate that in time of war, such is the reputation of Hearst, that anybody should think the rumors plausible. But all sorts of rumors are set afloat these days, even rumors so absurd as the one about the official killing of Tumulty.

* * *

Hearst's Theft of an Idea

The idea of rebuilding France appeals powerfully to one's imagination. There is a thrill in the very sentiment that the world should do something big and noble for the stricken country which has gallantly borne the brunt of the fight for civilization. The epitome of the social world was France. The light and heat of the higher faculties which it developed with all its fomented energies radiated from all the centres to which mankind gravitated to find the elements of culture needful to complete human life. Today the world is grateful to France, and sincere lovers of the land of beauty, knowledge and manners wish to give testimony of their feeling, so let us not hesitate from fear of putting water on the wheel of despised yellow journalism. The grand idea of repairing here and there some of the roads that led to the seat of a high and romantic culture did not emanate from a twisted brain. It was not con-

ceived by the rogue who tried in vain to betray his country. Men and women were preparing for the rehabilitation of France when William R. Hearst while luxuriating in the midst of the New York cabarets was trying to forget the futility of his services to the Kaiser. By one of his hired editors, one of the men employed to keep an ear to the ground and catch the rumble of whatever promises to be popular, was the Prince of the New York Cabarets awakened to a realization of the potentialities of a movement to rehabilitate France. Why not steal the idea just as ideas are stolen by the editorial staff, just as news is stolen, a crime for which the amazing moralist has been convicted in open court? Here was something worth while. Here was a chance to distract the public mind. Here was the seed of a new propaganda that would incur no suspicion of greed. It would mean only devotion to a glorious cause—the renaissance of much that mankind holds dear. Why not embrace the cause as his very own and distract people from recollection of the fact that as a great propagandist he was but the other day defending the Hun against the disparagement of the world? The great chameleon of journalism saw the point. He also saw that it was no use to maintain allegiance to the universal object of obloquy in Berlin who had reduced our beloved France to ruin. More alert than the Kaiser himself, Hearst abandoned Kultur and dropped to his marrow-bones to worship at the shrine of beauty. Another case of beating the backwash back to the open sea. A triumph of yellow journalism indeed! A triumph like the fight for prohibition and the numerous fights to mend the morals of San Francisco and the fight for the fund for the men of the Maine after inciting fiends to murder as cold-blooded as the murder of our munition workers. The Benedict Arnold who went to Washington to stop the sale of munitions to the Allies, encouraging crazy Germans to blow up munition works has had a great relapse to patriot-

ism, but let us not discourage a beneficent propaganda on account of an indecent interference. Let us not fear that the rehabilitation of France will spare a traitor from the damning of his name to infamy for all time. Hearst has provided a heritage inaccessible to inheritance tax collectors.

* * *

Huhs and the Other Kind

"It is about time," says the correspondent of a New York paper, "for Americans to differentiate alien enemies from naturalized Germans who love their adopted country; also it is about time to dismiss the absurd notion that 'once a Hun always a Hun.'" In this sentiment we heartily concur. There are many German-Americans who are true to this country and not in sympathy with the Fatherland. If it is not easy to find them it may be because they are men of few words. Again it may be because we are so often deceived. Some so-called friends are not generally accepted for what they profess because their professions seem to belie their feelings, as we learn from occasional inadvertent manifestations of disloyalty. Again, owing to a tenacious memory a few of the most vociferous of our German-born patriots are remembered as celebrants of the sinking of the Lusitania, and it is hard to think of them as genuine republicans, they were so openly in sympathy with Bopp and his associates when those worthies were plotting against our government, were openly in sympathy with the Kaiser at his worst and actively engaged in propaganda to induce us to submit to the meanest insults of the Central Empires. Now it might do them an injustice to ignore the precise moment at which they became American types of civilization. Assuredly it is not just to say of them "once a Hun always a Hun." In many an instance it may be a case of "once a Hun but never again." Many of them rejoiced at the sinking of the Lusitania not because they were crazy, inveterate Huns but merely because they liked the German

kind of victory. To avoid injustice to our foreign-born citizens we should give them the benefit of the amiable doubt not merely because they purchased Liberty Bonds and made subscriptions to the Red Cross but because in other ways available to all they have shown a zest for victory over the Hohenzollern beast. Many of them, it should be observed incidentally, have sons in our army and have enthusiasm for those sons and hope to see them lick the Kaiser. However, there are Germans who key up suspicion. When you see a German waiter looking real sad every time he catches sight of a newspaper headline reciting a German defeat you are suspicious of him, and when you see one nudging a neighbor, prompting him to read the headline that tells of a German victory, you are inclined to ignore his proud claim to citizenship. Doubtless you have seen many Germans rejoicing at news of the progress Uncle Sam is making, and perhaps you have heard of Germans in some manner evidencing their eagerness to abate the zeal of their countrymen in Germany or in some way proving their whole-hearted sympathy with the cause of the Allies. Therefore you may be sure that every Hun is not condemned to hunship forever. However, you have heard of Germans right here who were Huns when the Lusitania was sunk and who are still availing themselves of reprisals against Americans because the Americans are patriotically aggressive in their hostility to the enemy, but this does not prove anything—except perhaps that some folk may be in a measure justified in their lack of sentimental consideration for the products of Kultur. This lack of consideration is unfortunate, nay, lamentable, but it is not all the fault of native-born Americans. As Americans we have the right to expect if not a heartfelt sympathy at home at least a control of emotions that add to the irritations of the war. With these emotions rampant it is difficult to differentiate alien enemies from Hunnish friends.

The Merciful

By Robert Nichols

Then it was He who gave me all—

His joy, His light, His song, His treasure
And I went forth—in feast and brawl
Spent all and in all found no pleasure.

Now it is I who give Him all—

The coward soul that could not save me . . .
I turn. But back He doth me call
And gives lo! more than first He gave me.

Perspective Impressions

Perhaps it is because of domestic revolts that the Germans are so slow in starting their Western drive.

A good way to get a glimmer of understanding of the Russian puzzle is to study the French revolution.

It took a long time to "get" the Goeben and the Breslau, but the English "got" them at last. Slow but sure is the best we can expect in this war.

As Californians have we not reason to be proud that in the case of Congressman Julius Kahn we had the sense to honor him at home before tribute was paid to him in New York?

The arrest of Adolph Pavenstedt, the banker of Plattsburg, reminds us that nothing has been done to make it possible to employ confiscation of property as a deterrent in the case of Germans caught working for the Fatherland.

What has become of the old-fashioned piano that used to stand for "The Maiden's Prayer?"

Wonder what Tolstoi would think of Russia now?

The only chance for harmony in the Board of Supervisors seems to lie in the remote possibility that Schmitz will bring his fiddle some day.

One of the things we don't worry about is the next Mayor of San Francisco. We don't even worry over the present Mayor, meaning of course the absent Mayor.

"Despite the entirely convincing reasons brought forward by us there is no inclination on the other side to accept our point of view." Thus von Kuehlmann of the Russians at Brest-Litovsk. It's a fairly good summary of the whole Teutonic position.

Carson should have been out long ago.

What an old-fashioned revolution was that of 1776!

Some United States Senators would rather get their names in the headlines than win the war.

If you don't enjoy your little girl's "Chatter-box" you've grown old wrong.

Press despatches tell us that the morale of German soldiers on the Western front is weakening. What about the morale of German spies in America?

There are hunger riots in Russia for want of bread. But there is no King or Queen to suggest cake.

"Gum Shoe Bill" Stone is one of the "little band of wilful men." As a Senator he is considered a good politician.

Germany Far From Beaten

By Robert McTavish

Watchman, what of the war? How is it going? Well, peace is not so near as it seemed a few weeks ago when we were getting news of revolts in Germany. We did not know at that time what had happened around Cambrai. But since then the news has been leaking through, and we know the British suffered more than they cared to admit. This is what often happens on both sides.

Some of the bloodiest fighting in the war occurred near Cambrai where General Byng's Third Army won an embryonic victory that was quickly reversed by General von der Marwitz. But Byng had pierced that so-called impenetrable Hindenburg line and imperiled a considerable part of the German front. This misfortune was made possible by freak weather, by the transfer to Italy of General Plumer (who had conducted the greater part of the successful operations in Flanders) along with much man-power and much gun-power, and by failure to coördinate British-French strategy. As a result of this failure the French missed the opportunity of taking advantage of the depleted enemy lines facing some of the sectors from which German troops had been transferred. At that time the Germans had received reinforcements from Russia and ever since there has been a serious situation to face. The problem of man power, now that Russia has released Germans and Austrians from the Eastern front is once more puzzling European statesmen. The number of men thrown into the battle to overcome Byng showed that there had been a great accession to Germany of new resources. And so it was that at Cambrai the Allies awoke to the realization that Germany was far from beaten. But Cambrai, by the way, is one of the most important centres of the German organized position. In a sense, it is even the most important area of all and the Germans may be in more or less jeopardy there. It lies more centrally than any other, and it is connected more elaborately with the adjacent centres. A more intricate web of railways, roads and waterways discharges into it, and it can neither be abandoned, nor its full use resigned,

without a readjustment probably as great as that after the Battle of the Somme, and more critical. An army can make local readjustment when they are not too near main communications with safety, ease and profit, if there are secure pivotal areas reasonably near. The retreat after the Somme was an instance of such an operation. But during this year sector after sector has been worn thin and ruptured. An extensive sector lies about Ypres; another encroaches on the elbow of the line north of Soissons; a third holds Verdun. The new area about Cambrai adds a fresh preoccupation to the German staff; and it is the gravest of all.

It is for these reasons that the struggle which has developed in the area must have a decisive effect upon the later stages of the war. And yet nothing could be further from the fact than the idea that the Germans are beaten. The extraordinary success of the counter-attack at first came as a disagreeable surprise to most people in this country; and, strangely enough, it was surprising to the soldiers. The story of the battles is something like this. The British, under Sir Julian Byng, won their surprise victory on November 20th, and on that and the next day had all the advantage. Valuable positions in the neighborhood of Cambrai fell into their hands after little resistance. On the following two days, November 22 and 23, the German reserves reacted, and overpowered the British front-line troops. A fringe a mile or two deep was torn off the whole face of the British salient, and the most valuable of the British advanced positions, Bourlon Wood, fell with the rest. On November 24th the British brought up fresh troops and recaptured Bourlon Wood, which, after changing hands repeatedly, remained finally in British hands. But they failed repeatedly for days to secure the flanks of the wood by recapturing Bourlon and Fontaine villages; and they were equally unsuccessful in the costly attacks on Moeuvres and Inchy, by which they endeavored to widen their salient's base. Until November 30th the initiative remained chiefly with the British, but they made no progress; and the correspondents at-

tested every day the strong reinforcement of the enemy, and especially the vast and growing volume of his artillery fire.

The counter-offensive, which these signs foreshadowed, began on November 30th. Its object, as expressed in a captured German order, signed by General von der Marwitz, was to destroy the British salient by an encircling attack. It was partly successful; Villers-Guslain, Gonnelleu, La Vacquerie and even Gouzeaucourt were taken with a rush, and also the important ridges to right and left of the last named village. While the effect of this sudden blow was at its height, the Germans struck their second, aimed against the left face and front of the British salient. Had they done as well here, they might have been victorious according to plan; but fortunately defending troops held them. All-day attacks were beaten back at many points with great slaughter; and in the afternoon the worst perils on the defeated

(Continued on Page 17)

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Is Charity an Indictment of Society?

By G. K. Chesterton

(The highbrow Socialist of the daily press often says it is. The highbrow Socialist often, when most serious, amuses us. In a paper called the Humanist he spoke of Mr. G. K. Chesterton as a man "who knows that charity is a confession of society's failure to work justice, is unnecessary and would be intolerable in a society where justice reigned." Mr. Chesterton retorted thus:)

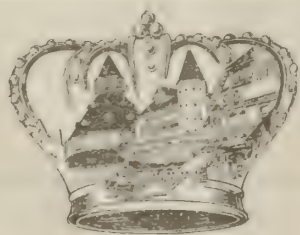
I mean no disrespect to the Humanist, which is an organ of intelligence and idealism, when I say that this sentence sums up the spiritual disaster of the last hundred years. It was so simple that it can almost be told as a private story is told. A rich man refused to give a wounded soldier a wooden leg, on the ground that it is a confession of anatomical failure; and that for a healthy man with two legs, alive and kicking, a third or wooden leg would be found a superfluity or even an inconvenience. The soldier must go without a second leg, because the ideal human figure does not require a third leg. The lame and the halt are to limp, or rather hop, along the path of progress to the land of the gods, because Apollo Belvedere is better equipped with legs than the Venus of Milo is with arms. It is to be noted that the nineteenth century philanthropist did not give the man a real live leg. It may be plausibly maintained that he could not; he himself, indeed, explained most exhaustively that he could not; anyhow it is obvious that he did not. The modern world is not, any more than the mediaeval world, "a place where justice reigns," where no paupers need extra help, or where no cripples need extra limbs. The modern world has not established the justice; it has merely abolished the charity. In the sixteenth century a band of rich robbers simply stopped all the cripples on the King's highway and violently took away all their crutches and wooden legs, to be cut up as firewood for the festivities in the robber castles. In the nineteenth century the heirs and representatives of these robbers had nothing to say, except that it could be demonstrated by an economic law that it was much cheaper to burn a stick in

your own fireplace than to fling it away on somebody else, who was hobbling down the road. Sometimes its more sombre sages said it was dangerous to give a cripple a crutch, for fear he should use it as a club. But whether the nineteenth century reply was an appeal to economic law, or a fear of political lawlessness, it was at least a little nearer the ground of good sense and realism than the airy addition generally made to it in the twentieth century. In the twentieth century, or rather towards the end of the nineteenth, there entered this extraordinary idea, which, I fancy haunts the mind of the writer in the Humanist; that we have a right to cast away the crutch of charity, in the name of a miracle of complete bodily restoration, which certainly has not occurred, and possibly never will occur. In short, in the name of the ideal good we are to abandon the real good, and leave nothing but the real evil.

I have, therefore, no opinion of the ideal which dismisses charity as a mere confession of injustice. I should class it with the Fifty-Seven Fallacies of the Victorian Age, a trifle in some twenty-four volumes which it is my intention to toss off. It is of course only a part of the process by which the prigs of the plutocracy began to effect the harsher half of their task without even waiting for the humaner half. They managed not only to buy up the poor man, but actually to buy him without paying for him. The modern social reformer always offers what is in itself an unequal bargain; and then fails to fulfill his own side of the bargain. Socialism, for instance, was debated as a scheme by which men might give up some liberty to obtain some security. But long before the State had the most shadowy scheme for the security, the State began to take away the liberty; the sacrifice was made a matter of immediate politics, while the reward was still treated as a matter of remote prediction. The poorer English citizen was not only forced to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage. He was told that a bureaucrat was ready on the spot to receive the surrender of his birthright, as if it were his birth certificate. But he was told that a mess of pottage was a cloudy and symbolic thing, only prefigured in the frantic but sublime visions of the Hebrew prophets. He sold himself into slavery for his supper; and is still told that his supper is a far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves; and moves as slowly as it knows how.

But I should like also to say something of this view of charity; and something that goes a step beyond the question of poverty. I do not even accept the Humanist doctrine as applying to the ideal humanity, to which alone it could with any common sense apply. Even if every man had his rights, I deny that things would be right in every sense; at any rate that they would be good in every sense. Even if there were enough justice, justice would not be enough. There would still remain something which may strictly be called charity among equals; it may be called, if anyone desires it, alms giving among equals. The alms of equals are called gifts; and Christmas carries with it, even in modern practice, a recurrent challenge on behalf of this concept of charity. By the

old custom of Christmas presents there has been created a mutable equality, which is the reverse of monotony. In such a sacred Saturnalia each man is in turn the beggar and the alms-giver. There is here a gratitude in which there can be no servility; and a compliment in which there can be no condescension. The philanthropist too often regards the poor man as a sort of enemy, to be bought off with a compromise peace. But under the glamor of the mystical gaiety of Christmas he need not only show charity to an enemy; he can even show charity to a friend. And when the Humanist assumes, as a commonplace, that if all had a just sufficiency it would be enough for all to enjoy it. I reply respectfully with a flat contradiction. I say that even if wealth could be equally distributed, it would still be better that wealth should thus circulate under the stress of will,—especially good will. Gifts are goods in motion; and if riches take to themselves wings and fly, it is surely better that they should be such comparatively angelic wings. And I emphatically deny that a gift for a man is a mere substitute for property or security for that man; it may have the character, not so much of the makeshift wooden leg, as of the miraculous Christmas stocking. Sir Willoughby Patterne had a leg, which (it will be remembered) was far from being a wooden leg; and it may therefore be safely inferred that he had a stocking. But it may be inferred, with at least equal certainty, that he did not hang up his stocking on Christmas Eve; and in this fact we have the whole frightful tragedy of his spiritual fall flashed out in letters of lightning. It is precisely because the theory hinted at by the Humanist has cut so many Patternes of that sort, that I distrust its desertion of the traditional charities. In short, there is nothing the matter with the Humanist except that he is not Humanist enough.



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A Sultan at Vichy

(After the Proclamation of the French Protectorate over Morocco it was considered desirable that the abdicating Sultan should remove himself for a time from the country. At Gibraltar, on his way to France, he met the correspondent of the London Times on his way to England, and, forgetting former strained relations, insisted that the correspondent should accompany him as a member of his suite. Otherwise he threatened to claim British protection. The incident described happened at Vichy.)

The ex-Sultan, always in semi-state, traveled to Vichy, accompanied by his large suite of Europeans and natives. Here a villa, which formed an annex to the well known Hotel Majestic, was placed at his disposal. His majesty was an early riser, and sometimes he would take an early morning promenade in the gardens and streets of the charming town. On one of these occasions he bought a little mongrel puppy, which an itinerant dog seller was hawking at the end of a string. Returning to his villa with his purchase the antics of the little puppy so amused the ex-Sultan that he called in his slaves and ordered them to disperse over the town and buy him dogs. One of the dusky servitors ventured to ask how he was to know which dogs were for sale. The Sultan, fresh from his experience of purchasing the puppy, replied that every dog at the end of a string was for sale. As of course none of the slaves spoke anything but Arabic, they were ordered to bring dogs and sellers alike to the villa, where the bargains would be completed.

Now the municipal authorities at Vichy had recently issued an order that all dogs were either to be led or muzzled, so when the fashionable world went out to drink its early morning waters at least half of the ladies had little dogs at the end of a string.

The writer was at breakfast when he was hurriedly summoned to the villa. At an open window on the ground floor, sitting cross-legged on an armchair, was his majesty looking down with a puzzled expression upon the little garden, crowded with excited ladies and little dogs. Some were in tears, others wore expressions of interested curiosity and a few were evidently trying to look their best, for no social distinctions had been recognized by the slaves who had "rounded them up" in the promenades of Vichy.

"I want to buy," said the ex-Sultan from his window, "all these little dogs, but the sellers do not seem to understand the first principles of trade, and seem to be making a terrible fuss."

The situation was evident—and acute. I explained it to the ex-Sultan, who politely apologized for having disturbed the ladies' early walks, but still insisted, without success, in trying to buy the dogs. It required all the writer's tact and diplomacy to put an end to a difficult situation and to restore equanimity to the indignant ladies.

The ex-Sultan's purchases were often embarrassing. One evening at sunset he visited a farm a few miles from the town and insisted upon going all over it. In an enclosure were collected from 20 to 30 fine specimens of the

beautiful white cattle for which this part of France is so justly famous. The ex-Sultan decided to buy the lot, and gave the farmer his card, saying, "Send them tonight to this address."

Now the address he gave was the Hotel Majestic, the most fashionable and magnificent of Vichy's palaces. About 11 o'clock that night, when life at the hotel was at its height, the manager sought the writer and announced the unexpected arrival of twenty-seven enormous cows in the courtyard of the hotel. And there, sure enough, meandering in and out of smart motor cars, lowing gently into the ground-floor windows, were the ex-Sultan's latest purchases. Where they passed the night the writer never knew, but the next day more suitable quarters were found for them.

The first few days of the ex-Sultan's visit were wet and cloudy, but one morning the August sun asserted itself with uncompromising efficiency. The villa reception rooms faced southeast, and by 8 o'clock in the morning were insufferably hot, for the Sultan refused to close the outside shutters, as he liked to see and to be seen. Half an hour later he decided to change his quarters. On the opposite side of the road was a charming villa, in the deepest shade, with a balcony on the first floor wreathed in flowering creepers. Ordering his slaves to follow him the ex-Sultan strode across the road, entered the villa, and found his way to the upstairs room with the balcony. It was gorgeous but empty. An immense bed, which had evidently been slept in, stood with its head against the wall. A word from his majesty and the bed was wheeled by the slaves into the window which opened on to the balcony, and, arranging the silk quilt and lace-fringed pillows, the ex-Sultan seated himself cross-legged, gazing down into the street below.

Now the Russian lady of title who had occupied the bed had retired a few moments previously into her adjacent cabinet de toilette to take her morning bath. Her ablutions completed, but not clad for a reception, she entered her room to find a dusky oriental potentate, with his still more dusky slaves, in possession. The ex-Sultan's politeness was extreme. He bade her welcome, and invited her to sit down beside him.

An overflowing sense of humor on the part of the lady saved a situation which might otherwise have been embarrassing, and when the writer, hastily summoned, arrived, the lady, now more suitably arrayed, and her husband were thoroughly enjoying the novelty of the situation.

A few nights later a gala performance of Meyerbeer's "Roma" was given in the ex-Sultan's honor at the Opera. Now singing in Morocco is a nasal monotonous repetition of words, with little expression and no gesture. The "basso" in the opera was an extremely corpulent gentleman with a voice like thunder, accompanied by wild gesticulations. A few bars of recitative by the orchestra and his great voice burst out and filled the theatre. To the Sultan the effect had nothing in common with music, and all he could imagine was that the

performer was suffering intense, unbearable pain, more especially as the louder he sang the more he waved his arms about and beat his capacious stomach.

Springing to his feet his majesty cried, "Where is Dr. V—?" (Dr. V— was his English doctor who had accompanied him on his visit to France). "Where is Doctor V—? Find him quickly, someone. He may yet be able to save his life," and with an expression of terrible anxiety the ex-Sultan's eyes alternately gazed fascinated at the singer or sought for the doctor in the gloomy recesses of the royal box. It was not without difficulty that his majesty was persuaded that the singer was suffering no pain; but that he was actually supposed to be giving pleasure to the audience he entirely refused to believe.

The ex-Sultan was bored and left the theatre before the end. The following morning he asked the writer what had taken place in the last act, and on being told of the terrible fate that almost all the characters in the tragedy had suffered, he replied, "I am sorry I did not stay. I should have sent for the manager and insisted that the piece should end happily. The young lady should have married the soldier with the big sword. The blind woman should have had her sight restored by an able doctor—and no one should have been stabbed or built up in a tomb."

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The Passing of June McCree

Junie McCree, just dead in New York, was an actor, playwright and producer in the night life of "The City That Was." It was a long road from the Bella Union on Kearny street to the Vanderbilt lawn at Newport, yet Junie McCree made the distance. I suppose no other actor could ever boast that he had starred in a San Francisco dive and in the midst of Newport's millionaires. Doubtless, when Mrs. Vanderbilt arranged to have Junie bring his "Wild Rose" company to her sacred lawn she didn't know that he used to be the favorite actor of our underworld. But he was, most emphatically he was. Junie McCree and Mat Trayers made a team of comedians who catered to people who were not particular. From the Bella Union they went to the Midway Plaisance on Market street. There must be many who still remember Junie's name on the sign over the door of that sad bad old "dump." He was featured with Little Egypt of Midwinter Fair fame. A brass band used to blare in the street outside the Midway, and when a crowd gathered the music would lead the way upstairs. That band played ragtime and "jazz" music before these varieties of insane sound became respectable. In the Midway the players put aside their brasses for reeds and strings, and to their music Junie sang his famous (or I should say his notorious) parodies on such popular songs of the dead past as "Every Nigger Had a Lady but Me," "On the Banks of the Wabash," "He Was a Natural Born Liar" and "I Don't Know Why I Love Her but I Do, Do, Do." Junie never knew which song he was going to sing when he came on the stage. That was up to his admirers who jammed the chairs on the sawdust floor. As soon as Junie appeared on the stage they started shouting for their favorite song, and Junie sang the one that was demanded most loudly. The late George Fuller Golden used to do the same thing in more respectable theatres, and Harry Lauder does not disdain this vox populi today. With Mat Trayers Junie appeared in the "after-pieces." I remember some of them: "Fooling the Farmers," "McFee in Paris," "The Baseball Game." There was always local color in Junie's after-pieces. Cow Hollow, Butchertown, Bernal Heights, etc., all had their day, or night. Junie's society characters were Miss Van Ness or Miss Pacific Heights; his working girls were Minna or Clementina or Jessie. If there was a society scandal of any sort in the papers, Junie dished it up for the after-piece. Drummers used to take their country customers to the Midway to see Junie and the rest of the Midway show. Farmers had a weakness for the place. Once upon a time Junie McCree and an actress named Jessie Eldridge did a parody of the murder of Nancy by Bill Sykes. An English actor saw them and offered Jessie Eldridge a London job. She scorned the offer, but perhaps it set Junie thinking. At any rate he departed for New York, and soon made his undoubted talents tell. We saw him return as headliner on the Orpheum circuit in a skit called "The Dope Fiend" which introduced us to the Queen of Bavaria. Its local color came from the upper end of Kearny street in the old days before the fire. In those old days Junie entertained from eight-thirty p. m. to two-thirty a. m. for ten cents; but from the time he hit New York he worked shorter hours and it cost you more

to see him. And he never lapsed into any of his "old stuff." Had he done so he might have received police attention. For that "old stuff" at the Bella Union and Midway was very, very rough.

Our Wonderful Moral Squad

San Francisco's moral squad is a new institution that ought to receive some attention like everything that becomes popular over night. It would at once become interesting and instructive to the general public to invite information from informed circles regarding the moral squad and the morals of the influential newspapermen who exploit the doings of that squad. A little light on the business of the syndicate breadwinner in fine dresses, showing whither membership in the syndicate leads and how when one member of the combination in restraint of trade allies himself with the management of a big concern that has access to news in many avenues, great damage may result to a while city, would certainly be illuminating. But I am concentrating at this time on the subject of the moral squad, a body that does the rough work for many hidden hands. You hear of the moral squad every little while, how in its zeal much wickedness is nipped in the bud and how presumably the city is kept pure. But what really do you know of this wonderful squad, about which our wonderful newspapers have nothing to dispense but applause? To be sure it is a squad of policemen, but even policemen are believed to be under certain restraint. Wise lawmakers have thought it well that they should be under restraint. Indeed, since the days of Sejanus lawmakers have been required by the people to discourage whatever savored of a spy system, so often had it been found detrimental to the interests of the people. Where policemen are given the latitude of action allowed to our moral squad there is likely to be more immorality than in cities where the Executive department insists on regulations such as are generally observed in decent society.

How the Moral Squad Operates

A brief acquaintance with our moral squad startled one of our police magistrates the other day—Judge Fitzpatrick, and also one of the Federal judges—Judge Hunt. They learned much to their amazement that the moral squad men are making records by luring men and women into temptation, providing means of sinning and then arresting the sinners. Officers of the law confessed to Judge Hunt that soldiers are employed to get liquor and to arrest the person by whom it is sold. The court denounced the practice as unlawful. In Judge Fitzpatrick's court it was testified that a policeman went about trying to invade women's private apartments and to induce them to earn money as prostitutes. Judge Fitzpatrick dismissed the case brought before him and condemned all officials engaged in this sort of business. It appears that San Francisco, as a result of the Redlight Abatement law which was beaten by an overwhelming vote in this city has become as bad as Los Angeles in the heyday of the reformers of the southland, when women were employed to solicit prostitution on the public streets. Such is the result of the efforts of our moral zealots hereabouts.

Cupid in Cantonment

The political and tragic consequences of the war are not to be observed exclusively "over there;" there are consequences inducing reflection "over here" that are at once political, tragic and comic. Not wholly, however, are they to be attributed to the belligerent state of the world. Our moralists who would purify the world and pretend to be unaware of fundamental instincts of nature are rendering a peculiar service that multiplies our problems. These moralists who would suppress prostitution are doing so by dignifying it at the expense of marriage. But perhaps this is but an easy step from matrimony as it has been made familiar by the divorce court—an easy step from matrimony to polygamy. A woman and a soldier were arrested in the neighborhood of Camp Fremont not long ago, and to obviate trial they married. A little later it was learned that the marriage was the lady's third leap. All her husbands were soldiers and all the honeymoons interrupted education for the war. The soldiers were training when seized with the impulse to wed. It has since occurred to students of social science that this matrimonial bent is the result of the campaign for purity; the guardianship of soldiers that makes some forms of relaxation hazardous makes some women like the idea of annexing a husband. In truth it makes matrimony a good business.

The Profits of Matrimony

According to students of social science Uncle Sam may be acting on the Kaiser's theory

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that propagation is a problem to be solved in view of the prospect of a dwindling population. When a woman marries a private she becomes entitled to a good slice of his pay, I am told. More than that: in the event of his being killed she will receive \$60 a month out of his insurance money until \$10,00 is consumed. Surely an easy way to make money. And this is not all. When she is married she is on the way to a pension. Maybe marriage is a somewhat popular institution in the army. Anyway soldiers sometimes marry over night now and they are now contributing to the support of their wives. Of course many a service marriage is the result of an honest courtship and there are many congratulations in camp, but the students of social science are lamenting the character of some of the marriages that dis-appoint the moral squad. For there are boobs in the army as well as in private life. Besides there are soldiers on their way "over there" who possibly feel that they may as well avail themselves of whatever is coming to them. Surely our aggressive moralists are rendering service in a variety of ways without going to the trouble of enlisting.

The Profits of "Service"

Belonging to the moral squad is so much worth while in a pecuniary sense that the squadites ought to satisfy some preachers and busy clubwomen of their appreciation. There is money in serving on Mayor Rolph's moral squad now that prosecutions are preferred before the Federal court commissioner. One is entitled to \$1.50 for swearing out a warrant; \$3.00 for testifying before the grand jury; \$3.00 more for testifying in court. So there is \$7.50 in each cause for the policeman, and the policeman doesn't have to give any money to the taxpayers of San Francisco who pay him a monthly stipend. Who wouldn't be a member of the moral squad? It is possible for a man to make \$7.50 in one day, plus his daily wage from the municipality. Of course it is not to be supposed that a policeman thus encouraged might grow over-zealous. Policemen are over-zealous only in the service of God and the preacher round the corner. But why aren't policemen asked to pay an extra war-profits' tax in these flush times?

D. H. Robert's Successor

Charles Stanton, former managing editor of The Examiner, has been appointed by William R. Hearst to succeed the late Dent H. Robert as publisher of the Hearst papers on the Pacific Coast. Stanton comes back to San Francisco from Chicago where he has been managing editor of The Examiner ever since he bade a reluctant goodbye to this city several years ago. He comes to fill a position which is considered

one of the plums of the Hearst service and which has been vacant since Dent Robert died in his home at Coronado last year. Stanton has many friends in San Francisco. He left them with regret, for although Chicago is his real home, he had easily permitted San Francisco to supplant it in his affections. It was no secret to his friends here that he cherished a desire to return. His desire has been gratified by his boss.

The Position of Publisher

The position of publisher of the Hearst papers on the Pacific Coast came into existence after Hearst started his Los Angeles paper. Hearst felt the need of a Western representative in whom authority would be concentrated, a representative with whom he could confer via the leased wire when policies had to be shaped quickly and definitively. Robert was then managing editor of The Examiner; and he had organized the new paper in Los Angeles. So Hearst appointed him publisher. How great Robert's power was in this position has always been a matter of speculation among Examiner men here. Robert let it be inferred that his was the final word with Hearst in all matters pertaining to the San Francisco and Los Angeles papers. There were incidents which seemed to prove as much. On the other hand, there was at least one occasion when Max Ihmsen, managing editor of the Los Angeles Examiner, had a clash with Robert and triumphed over him. Nevertheless, the position of publisher is a big one, clothed with great authority. I am told that Robert's salary was fifteen thousand a year. To this, some say, was added five per cent of the Hearst profits on the Pacific Coast. But others who claim to know say just as positively that Hearst does not believe in profit-sharing, more especially on the Pacific Coast where the profits have generally been large. Stanton, I am told, has enjoyed a salary of twenty thousand a year as managing editor of the Chicago Examiner. Doubtless he will continue at the same figure. The reason his salary is larger than Robert's was is geographical: newspapermen come higher in the East than in the West.

He Had a Good Time Here

Stanton leaves a city where the Hearst papers are not prosperous. The Chicago Examiner, in particular, has not been holding its own. There was a time when it was a paper of power. That was when Andrew M. Lawrence was in charge. But it is not so regarded now. The Chicago Tribune—the paper, by the way, on which Stanton got his training—towers over all the other morning papers in Chicago. It has a very large circulation, and advertisers regard it as their best morning medium. In the even-

ing newspaper field The News occupies a similar position. Its circulation is enormous. Against these two papers Hearst and his Chicago men have not held their own. So Stanton comes from a scene of struggle to one of prosperity. And he comes to a city where he used to have a good time. Stanton liked the social life of San Francisco. He loved the golf course and the club rooms of the Claremont Country Club. He liked the geniality of our city clubs, the good fellowship of our hotels. One or two of his experiences here were exciting—breathlessly so. He returns to the West no tenderfoot. In The Examiner office he will be sincerely welcomed.

Kreling and the Sweet Singer

Our friend, the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, was this day entertaining two friends, and as one of them was that sweet singer, "Kid" Nelson, the youngish-looking capitalist who made "Joan of Arc" famous before it was rolled off a phonograph record, the presiding genius of the clock tower was sure he would hear nothing of politics that day. But he was mistaken. Tiv Kreling also was present. Tiv is much given to those fragments of philosophy called apophthegms, and one of them is "Never introduce a singer into your home if you have a wife or daughter." Besides he is intolerant of the popular Nelson, and to make matters worse, this day the sweet singer introduced the subject of politics, and became personal. He abused Mayor Rolph much to Kreling's in-

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dignation. Nelson has a grievance. He owns property at Sixth and Howard.

"Say," said the Kid, "do you think I ought to pay an assessment of the Twin Peaks tunnel?"

"If you're assessed, of course you should," said Kreling.

Nelson at once uttered himself off the key, thus making it plain that he was agitated.

"I'm assessed all right, but think where I am—down at Sixth and Howard!"

"But," said Kreling, "you go out Howard to the tunnel—with a little turn. The tunnel brings you sooner to the Great Highway."

"Oh, is that so!" the Kid exclaimed in a falsetto voice by way of sarcasm. "Then what about Mr. James D. Phelan?"

"What about him?" Kreling calmly asked.

"He's at Seventeenth and Valencia and they don't assess him."

"But look who he is," Kreling urged with amazing insouciance. "He's a United States Senator."

The popular tenor laughed in high C. "And what about Matt Sullivan at Twentieth and Valencia or thereabouts? He isn't assessed either."

"Why should he be?" demanded Kreling. "He never asked for the tunnel."

"And Mayor Rolph, a couple of blocks farther out," Nelson added. "You can bet he's not on the map."

"I'm not a betting man," said Kreling, "but I know Mayor Rolph is a conscientious man, and if he's not on the assessment map it's because nobody asked him to go on. He shuns publicity."

"I suppose he shuns parades too," observed the sweet singer, "but here I am way down at Sixth and Howard having to pay for a tube at the Farrallones. I say it's a case of highway robbery."

Tiv Kreling sneered in so high a key that the clockwinder could hear him. "The trouble with you, Kid," said the former champion of the mat, "is that you took Sam Rainey's advice when he left you his dough. You—"

"What's that?" asked the clockwinder, butting into the conversation. "Sam Rainey? Seems to me I've heard that name before."

"Yes," said Kreling. "Rainey's advice to the Kid, as the Kid once told me, was this: 'Never get intimate with a policeman, a politician or a newspaperman.' Now I say that was all wrong. A policeman protects you from robbery, a newspaperman exposes the robbery and unless you keep in politics you don't know where to go if you're declared in wrong to a tunnel assessment. Therefore I have no pity on the Kid. He reminds me of a fable about the cricket who was kicking because he was hungry in winter. The rabbit told him he ought to have more sense, that instead of singing all summer he should have been stowing away a little grub in a hole."

"Kid" Nelson having subsided the clockwinder asked Kreling a question.

"Tell me, Tiv, is it true, the story I've heard about Mayor Rolph?"

Kreling made reply: "If it isn't a knock."

"They tell me," said the clockwinder, "that the Mayor went away to be out of town at the inauguration of Eugene Schmitz."

"Never believe what THEY tell you," said Kreling. "I don't know who the hell they

are, but they're awfully busy when the knock is out anywhere along the line. I think they have a private line running into some crooked pulpit."

Where Honest Liquor Is Not Sold

Talking to an old-time clubman lover of good liquor the other day I was amazed to hear him utter himself in vindication of prohibition. Now, he is not in favor of prohibition; on the contrary he has immense contempt for advocates of total abstinence, but also he abominates dealers in dishonest liquor. He thinks they ought all to be hanged. "One of the main arguments I have heard against prohibition," he said, "is that it would make good liquor scarce and increase the output of the blind pigs. Well, we are getting liquor of the bling pig variety right here in San Francisco, and it is sold by men who scorn blind pigs and abuse the prohibitionists. In some instances they are reputed to be gentlemen."

I expressed incredulity.

"Do you know," he asked, "that you can buy real Scotch bar whisky only in the clubs and in a few hotels and a very few saloons?"

I did not. How should I know? I'm not a connoisseur of Scotch whisky.

My friend opened my eyes.

"I'm here today drinking in the St. Francis," he said, "because the bar whisky here is the real thing, and here is one of the few places outside the clubs in which it is sold as bar whisky."

My friend went on to explain that real whisky of special brands is to be found elsewhere at a higher price, but the whisky which the ordinary drinker gets is camouflage. The St. Francis charges a little more for the ordinary bar whisky to meet the war tax but dispenses only the real thing. Elsewhere, according to my friend, even the vermouth is not the real thing, much to the injury even of cocktails. This is not the fault of prohibition. It is the crime of profiteers who take advantage of the war tax, who, by adding spirits, make several barrels of war whisky out of one barrel of genuine whisky. My friend ordered another highball of bar Scotch and after putting twenty cents on the counter took off his hat to the barkeeper saying, "You are selling honest whisky for 20 cents. Would that all would raise the price rather than choke a man."

Bewildering State Politics

In the midst of war we are looking forward at once to peace and all the passions disastrous to peace; in other words, we are looking forward to a political campaign, and the prospect is puzzling. The situation is one that smacks of strife of the most bitter kind, and at this moment the leading political factions are torn with dissension and palpitant with suspicion. The prospective jobchasers know not whom to trust. Poor Hi Johnson far away in Washington is writing to friends in California in the hope of mending his fence with epistolary suggestions. Is Rolph to be trusted to keep the old Progressive machine intact? is one of his suggestions. Johnson has his doots notwithstanding the assurance and reassurance of Matt I. Sullivan. The latest news from California gives Hi pause. Even though Rolph might be willing to swat Governor Stephens could he be depended on to engage in a battle against Francis

J. Heney? There's the rub. It matters not what others may say; Hi Johnson knows that Heney is in the fight for keeps. The Administration at Washington, where one McAdoo spends much of his time, has an eye on California and Washington regards Heney as a faithful warrior and remembers that he came up to the county line from Los Angeles with more votes than Phelan had. Why then should Mr. Gavin McNab prefer Rolph to Heney, and why should Rolph prefer the old Johnson machine to the new Heney combination? Besides Stephens, to borrow the clockwinder's language, looks like the "fall guy." Whichever way it is looked at the prospective campaign stumps the prophets. However, Republican prophets are quite sure of one thing—that the G. O. P. is coming back. The books in the Controller's office will do the trick, they say, for now that Hi Johnson no longer has the dear people in a trance the d—p. will listen; and when it is shown that before Hi dropped down from heaven it cost fifteen million a year to run a State that now costs thirty million what answer will the people make if asked: "Was he worth the difference?" Moreover even Los Angeles may lose much of its enthusiasm for the man who has been reluctant to turn the Johnson taxeaters out of their jobs.

Is Ray Ambitious?

With the resignation of Chester Rowell on account of serious ill health, Ray Benjamin becomes chairman of the Republican State Central Committee. Benjamin was chairman of the executive body of the State committee, and the machinery moves him automatically into the more important place. Ray's elevation gives additional motive power to the rumor that he is going to be a candidate for lieutenant-governor at the next election. There is no doubt that he would be a strong candidate. His position as chief assistant to the Attorney General has made him a figure of State-wide prominence. His activity and popularity in fraternal circles have made his name familiar throughout California. It is supposed that State Senator Arthur H. Breed of Alameda County will also be a candidate. Breed is strong politically, but he has not the personality that Ray Benjamin possesses. Breed is cold and lacking in "mixing" qualities. Ray Benjamin is sociable, and at home in all sorts of company.

Gayley Better Look Out

Charles Mills Gayley is one man who stoutly objects to Hearst as the pretended father of the France rebuilding scheme. Nobody can doubt Gayley's love for France, Gayley's devotion to the high aims for which the United States and France are fighting side by side. But Gayley will have nothing to do with the scheme because Hearst has identified himself with it. Too bad that the plan should lose Gayley's support, but I think Gayley's courage worthy of imitation by other college professors, many of whom are afraid of the newspapers. Gayley has come out into the open and denounced the Hearst attempt. "The reconstruction of the villages of France is for the Kaiser," said Gayley. He said he suspected that pro-German propagandists had a finger in all such schemes. And his audience—the Liberty Loan Committee of One Thousand—almost took the ceiling off the Commercial Club

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in applauding his audacious speech. Gayley better look out. The first thing he knows he'll be barred out of the Greek Theatre which is sacred to the memory of William Randolph Hearst. A University of California professor flouting a Hearst! Did such a thing ever happen before?

A Little Spot of Prosperity

"Here is a letter that might make the Germans angry," said a friend the other day as he showed me a letter from France that he had borrowed from Paul Masson, the popular wine magnate of San Jose who has made the Masson wines famous. "The Germans are all out of business with the outside world," he added, "but France as well as England is exporting millions of dollars worth of products every year."

To be sure a great part of France is desolate and in ruins, but its ports are intact and there is some profitable industry there. The Masson letter was one received from a cousin, Emil Masson, of Beaune on the Cote D'Or. Like all good Frenchmen Paul Masson is as loyal and generous to the folk of the Motherland as were their ancestors in this country of 1870 when wiping out the German indemnity became a matter of zeal and pride. Just before Christmas Masson sent some money to his cousin for the poor of his old village of Merceuil; also to the Mayor and the curate. After thanking him for his generosity and telling him that the town ought to bless him, the writer proudly affirms that Merceuil is enjoying an "era of prosperity." Here is one spot over there that is not suffering greatly from the ravages of war though, as Cousin Masson says, "for the last few months we are reduced down to the absolute necessities in regard to bread, sugar and most provisions. Everything has reached exorbitant prices. For five francs today one can purchase no more than for two before the war." But Merceuil, a wine producing village, is prospering. "With the price of common wine at from 250 to 300 francs per barrel of sixty gallons in 1917, nearly double the price paid in 1915, the people of the town," says Emil Masson, "have made small fortunes." He explains that this prosperity is largely due to the Noah Vine, a new grape vine imported from the eastern section of the United States, producing a white grape not affected by mildew and thriving in low, damp soil. The yield has been easily 1440 gallons to the acre. "As a result country land has increased in value," says the writer, "and my personal investigation revealed only five needy old people."

The Human Interest Note

The letter is not all business. It has some very pretty and tender touches. For instance: "To old father and mother Bizoud who formerly used to take care of your vineyards, I gave 100 francs. Claude Olivier (nicknamed the Fox) formerly Game Warden, is today very old and cannot any more enjoy hunting which was his passion. He has as have all the others kept of you a particularly flattering remembrance. The other two were old man Alexandre who used to work for your parents and is now blind and poor old woman Michelet a widow who lost in the trenches the son that supported her. I still hold a balance which I will keep in case of an emergency. The money you sent to the Mayor and the curate has been divided in lots of 36 francs and that sum will yet be distributed to the people. I helped in your name.

"This cursed war is interminable, but one

cannot permit himself to doubt of the final victory in spite of the alienation of the Russ, seeing now the United States at our side, and we impatiently wait for the time when you will come here to celebrate with us the common victory."

After assuring Masson that all the members of his family maintained the most cordial relationship, the writer adds this pleasant note:

"I saw Lucy Noize, who was very much affected by your kind remembrance. I went to her place where you and I used to hunt, and bad shot as I am I killed one hare, one pheasant, ten partridges and numerous bob-white. Hunting is very pleasant and also rather interesting from the larger standpoint."

For All Income Taxpayers

On or before the first of March most of us must make our income tax return. I say "most of us" because every single person with a net income of \$1000 or over, and every married person with a net income of \$2000 or over, must file a return. Although we shall have until the fifteenth of June to pay the tax, the process of making out the return will cause many a qualm in the region of the pocket nerve, for the tax is drastic in its inclusiveness. Everybody who has to make a return will realize poignantly that we are at war, if he has not realized it before. However, the Government needs the money and we may as well contribute cheerfully. There is no way of evading Uncle Sam. He's a conductor who never overlooks a fare! Good citizens of course won't try to evade payment, but with the best intentions in the world they may make mistakes in their returns—mistakes either in their own favor or in the Government's. The law is complicated and needs a deal of expounding. And the expounder is at hand. Joseph J. Scott, out of an experience of four years in the administration of Federal tax laws, has written a book for the enlightenment of income taxpayers. It was Scott who inaugurated the collection of income taxes in this district under the old law of 1913. In other words, he's an expert. His book "The Income Tax and Other Federal Taxes" answers every question the prospective income taxpayer can ask, no matter whether he be a millionaire or a wage earner, no matter whether he be filing a return for his single self or for a great corporation. It is an exhaustive book, and it makes a dreadfully complicated subject clear as daylight. For many people this will prove an indispensable book. It is a well printed book of 370 pages, bound in flexible leather. Scott's experience as a "make-up man" in newspaper offices enabled him to use type in the elucidation of his subject—important points stand out in bold-face, so that the book is not only easy to read but also easy to find things in.

At the Bachelor

Restaurateurs will tell you that it is more expensive to serve women than men. Women are exacting, but do not always know just what they would like to exact. They spend considerable time in restaurants scanning the menu and discussing its items pro and con, endeavoring to make up their minds. As a restaurant table must receive a certain number of guests to pay for its upkeep, delays such as women seem to love are costly to the proprietor. Hence he fixes his prices on a schedule which makes women—and men too—pay for these unnecessary delays. There is one big restaurant in town where there is no problem of this sort. Its absence is proclaimed eloquently by the reasonable prices on the menu card. I refer of course to Herbert's

Bachelor Grill. Women are not received in this popular place. Its waiters don't have to wait while milady fixes her hair, powders her nose, picks up her fallen bag and gloves and handkerchief, readjusts her furs and leisurely reads the menu through from hors d'oeuvres to dessert. The Bachelor Grill is an Eveless paradise of good food, speedy service and polite attention. There are no better waiters in town than those in the service of Al Herbert. Most of them have been with him for years. They like the place—and the masculine tips. Ask them why they stay so long with Al Herbert, and they'll tell you frankly it's because they don't have to wait on women.

Troubetzkoi and Shaw

It is not generally known that Prince Troubetzkoi, the vegetarian sculptor, once made a bust of George Bernard Shaw. He did the work in Sargent's London studio. "He worked convulsively," says Shaw, "giving birth to the thing in agonies, hurling lumps of clay about with groans, and making strange, dumb movements with his tongue, like a wordless prophet. He covered himself with plaster. He covered Sargent's carpets and curtains and pictures with plaster." When the bust was completed, Mrs. Shaw would not permit George Bernard to possess it—it was too Mephistophelian. The whole story is told in the January Lantern in an article entitled "A Memory of Rodin" written by the irrepressible Irishman himself. This is a Rodin number of The Lantern, the editors evidently being of the opinion that a special number of their unique little periodical ought to be devoted to the death of the greatest sculptor of modern times. Surely they are right. Rodin's death has received too little attention in the hurry and scurry of war. Other articles about Rodin are by Arthur Symonds, England's foremost critic; and Laurence Binyon, poet and authority on art. In addition there is a translation from the French of Rodin's wonderful article on the Venus de Milo, an article which has been termed "a superb hymn to Beauty." It is all of that, and a wonderful piece of artistic criticism as well. The translation was made by Edward F. O'Day. Theodore F. Bonnet contributes "A Fantasy" in which Columbine and Pierrot are made to move through one of the deepest experiences of life. There are some fine poems in this number of The Lantern. Every lover of art will want a copy on account of the Rodin material here assembled.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Keeping Tab on Clubmen

These are parlous times in club circles hereabouts. The war having been discovered in San Francisco, a pro-German must be mindful of his p's and q's. It was not for Hearst's pro-Germanism that The Examiner was barred from the Pacific-Union Club, but his pro-German propaganda was not remembered to his advantage. As to the physician who was expelled from the Pacific-Union Club the other day the cause of action was not his pro-Germanism but non-payment of dues. But the point is that clubmen are in quest of good and sufficient reasons and that they may take advantage of an unwary member who has neglected his indebtedness to the club. As to Dr. Rosenstirn of the Bohemian Club who refused to resign and demanded an investigation, he was charged with pro-German sentiments. In this connection a member of the club about whose loyalty to his country and Uncle Sam there is no question, observed the other day that perhaps the chief objection to Rosenstirn was that as a Bohemian he differed from club bohemians in this: that he was a great lover of books and spent most of his time in the library. "He is one of five men," said my informant, "who frequent the library in preference to every other room." From this it would appear that he was an important member of this particular club in as much as he labored to keep up a poor average, which, however, was not quite so bad as that of the Pacific-Union Club if we may believe the story told of one of the Mizners who was escorting a guest through the stately palace one day. Entering the centre of literature he said: "This is the library. There is a tradition that one day a member dropped dead in this room and that his body was not discovered till it made its presence felt."

An O'Connell Joins the Navy

If the great Daniel O'Connell came back to Parliament what would be his attitude toward the Hun? Surely a man of his temperament would be more likely to share the views of John Redmond than the views of Roger Casement. But why conjecture? Is it not enough to know that the blood of the great O'Connell flows in the veins of one who has enlisted in the United States navy? Let us not confound the O'Connells. There is a man fraudulently calling himself Daniel O'Connell who has engaged in pernicious activities hereabouts. He is known to be a fraud. Misleading the whole city he carried the name of the famous Irishman into the penitentiary without a protest from local Sinn Feiners who boast of their patriotism. A lineal descendant of the great O'Connell is Mrs. Louis J. Kirwin of Cupertino, sister of Dr. Maurice O'Connell of this city. She re-

cently came to town to bid Godspeed to her son who enlisted last month in the navy and who has been entertained by her sister Mrs. Lillian Donnelly at several informal musicales. Mrs. Kirwin's son went to the radio school this week, and his mother rejoices as a patriotic American mother that her boy has the opportunity to serve his country. She is happy that his training for the next few months will be at Harvard from which university her father, grandfather and three uncles graduated.

Another Patriot

A few weeks ago another San Francisco boy, a descendant of Judge James Whiteside, famous lawyer of Dublin who defended O'Connell before Parliament (as also Smith O'Brien), crossed the Atlantic in the American service. And there we are—one might go on indefinitely citing examples of American boys whose ancestors fought valiantly in European causes for freedom of body, mind and soul. The true liberty which America has given to all who have sought it here gives to the present day American youth a mild and gentle exterior, but he has an inexhaustible supply of fight in his constitution and a boundless admiration for the New World to which his father or grandfather or great-grandfather emigrated.

A John Bull Story

At a Red Cross circle one morning last week an English lady, mother of four sons born in San Francisco, two of whom are in the U. S. navy, spoke of the patriotism of American children. She said that on account of it she had, during her boys' childhood, suffered many a bad quarter of an hour. Her husband, an Englishman, who came to this country at the age of thirty, later becoming a citizen, had an enduring love for England and considered it part of his paternal duty to relate English historical events to his children and to glorify English victories in battle. One day, the eldest, ten years old, spoke up: "What's England? We licked you twice—yes, to a finish!—and we could do it easy now; our country was new then." Father had no sense of humor and when later on the three small brothers echoed big brother's offensive sentiments four small boys were in trouble, one father in an irate condition on account of filial disrespect by "the rising generation," and one mother converted from moderator to dictator. "Boys," her decree was, "to bed you go without anything to eat but bread and milk if you are disrespectful to your father, no matter what he says!" To father (when the kiddies were not around): "I thought you had some sense. Why argue with babies? Be proud that they love their country. It is their country—we made it their country by adopting it before they were born. If you say another word to them about England, I'll go back there myself and then let me see how you will manage four American boys!" She paused in her knitting to dry a few tears as she said, "And if he were alive today, he would be the proudest man in California because he has two sons fighting for America."

Clare Payne's Escapade

The pressing need of ready money operates acutely on the nerves of all of us. Who has not experienced this anguish? To need, to need

badly and immediately—and not to have! Various men act variously in this emergency. Some hook onto the first familiar button hole they see and pour a borrower's tale into a reluctant ear. This is sometimes successful, but not more than once in the same place. Some slip down the side street to the avuncular refuge and hock the family jewels, to-wit: one diamond engagement ring and a wrist watch. And some write checks they have no right to write. This last is not a conventional expedient, but it is being done this season, as any banker will tell you. It has been done to quite an extent by what we used to call "social highwaymen" masquerading as heroes returned from the war. And just now we have the quite different case of Clare Payne. Clare Payne is not a social highwayman, he is not a masquerader, he is neither a hero nor does he pose as one. He is a young man with an over-developed zest for the life that is lived after sundown and an underdeveloped sense of responsibility. His bad checks are the documents, not of a crime but of an escapade.

They'll Be Made Good

From the first moment that it was made public that Clare Payne had been signing and cashing bad checks, those who knew the Payne family had no doubt that the checks would be made good. For Clare Payne has a mother who is very rich. Alas, she is also very indulgent. Clare Payne has always had a weakness for getting into scrapes, and his mother has always gotten him out of them. It is the way with mothers of wayward boys the world over. Rich or poor, mothers are always ready to rescue their sons from the results of foolishness, even criminal foolishness. For some boys one experience of the sort is enough. They learn by falling and being rescued once. Others are not so readily persuaded of their folly, or are not strong enough to turn their steps from the primrose path. Clare Payne is of these. He has permitted himself to be very badly spoiled by a loving mother. If Clare Payne gave any thought to the matter (which is doubtful), he knew that his bad checks would be made good. Perhaps he thought they would be made good more quickly, that there would be no sordid publicity, that he would not have police and reporters looking for him. He was mistaken. It looks as if his mother had made up her mind that the time for a bitter lesson had arrived. If this is so, I for one applaud her decision. I can imagine the pain it caused her to arrive at it. But it was the best thing to do.

They Were Cashed Readily

How many bad checks Clare Payne gave I do not know. There was quite a cluster of them. In no case did Clare Payne tender them in payment of bills. His credit was always good. He got cash for them. Perhaps he regarded them as a new form of I. O. U. At any rate, all of them were cashed readily.

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Whether he presented them in the midst of the downtown electricians that burn along the Rialto, or in the cafes that lure the joyriders on the way to the ocean beach, the money was always immediately forthcoming. These worthless bits of bank paper were never questioned. But hard-headed bankers with set ideas about the use and abuse of checks regarded them with coldness, not to say hostility. Bankers are always like that, and it is good for exuberant youth to remember the fact. It saves a lot of trouble. A bad check may seem good for the time being, but when it reaches the receiving teller it is always and uncompromisingly a bad check. And if the money to make it good is not forthcoming, very severe punishment follows. Some unfortunates are unable to make good their fountain-pen indiscretions; they go to jail. Clare Payne is a very fortunate young man.

A Napoleon's Waterloo

There may be certain interesting psychological circumstances surrounding this bad-check escapade of Clare Payne's. It may be that Clare thought a Napoleon of finance could do no wrong. Other Napoleons of finance have had that notion, but very few have found it a working theory. It was in New York that Clare Payne acquired the rather shop-worn title of Napoleon of finance. He was also called a real estate wizard. His Napoleonic brilliance, his real estate wizardry seemed to be shown when he made a real estate deal in Manhattan which netted him the tidy sum of sixty thousands. It was an apartment house transaction: Clare bought and sold within twenty-four hours and was sixty thousand to the good. That was Napoleon's Austerlitz, but the sun did not shine again for this Napoleon, except in the real estate columns of the New York papers. Therein he was acclaimed in a fashion which must have gone to his head. He essayed other transactions; they did not pan out so well. He sold valuable realty in this city to speculate in New York holdings. The wise old heads of that realty market outwitted Napoleon, broke the wizard's spell. Clare Payne fought a Russian campaign and finally landed at Waterloo in the usual Napoleonic way. At the very time that bankers were scrutinizing his checks here, Clare was being adjudged an involuntary bankrupt in New York. It seems he has splurged in jewelry as well as in real estate, for his big New York bills were for expensive trinkets. Perhaps it goes to show that you can't be a Napoleon and a "Diamond Jim" at the same time. Perhaps there is some moral in the story. If so, I hope Clare will take it to his soul. It is high time for him to call a halt. He's been traveling too fast.

Death of Major Simpson

The untimely death of young Major William Fitzhugh Lee Simpson, stricken with appendicitis "somewhere in France," has brought sorrow to many San Franciscans. Major Simpson married Miss Florence Aitken, daughter of the late John R. Aitken, four years ago, the wedding being an affair of great brilliance.

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The young widow received the sad news at the home of Mrs. John R. Aitken in California street where she has resided since Major Simpson went to France. There are two children. Major Simpson was the son of Colonel Simpson who was stationed at the Presidio for a long time, but is now with the Department of the East. George Blake Lyle, the son of Mrs. William Simpson Lyle of this city, who left his work as an illustrator to go to Camp Lewis, is a cousin. Major Simpson's brother, Lieutenant Jack Simpson of the navy, went on furlough to France to see his brother, but did not arrive in time.

The Death of John Parrott

Death laid a heavy hand on John Parrott's heart before it summoned him. A man whose patronymic stands, in this community, for the highest ideals of family life, for the cultivation of those fine flowers of family virtue that are all too rare—he suffered deeply from the recent deaths in the Parrott family which preceded his. He is mourned profoundly by all who knew him. In one special sense his death is a public loss, and that is a sense which lovers of the best in music will understand. Music was a lifelong passion with John Parrott. The most spiritual of the arts appealed to his soul because it was a soul of deep spirituality. All who are like him in that respect—and they are many in this music loving city—feel that their world is poorer for his passing.

His Devotion to Symphiny

Yes, music was his lifelong passion; but more particularly symphony music. You cannot write about symphony music in San Francisco without writing about John Parrott. His patronage of the symphony as an expression of community culture began in the seventies, and continued through all the vicissitudes of a growing city up to the day of his death. He lent to symphony enterprises the invaluable aid of a wealthy amateur whose heart was set on having the best but whose mind was too well disciplined to be impatient of honest striving toward the best, no matter how far that striving fell short of its goal. San Francisco has quite a bit of symphony history. John Parrott's name is in every chapter. He lent his enthusiasm to Herold's symphony season at the Baldwin Theatre in the seventies; to Louis Homeier's and to Gustav Hinrich's seasons in the eighties; to Bauer's season at the Tivoli; to Fritz Scheel's famous season after the Mid-winter Fair. He was president of the Metropolitan Musical Association which was organized to back Scheel; men like William Mayo Newhall, Henry Crocker and Joe Redding served with him. When Scheel gave a later season at the Grand Opera House, John Parrott was once more to the fore in the association over which Mrs. Phoebe Hearst presided. When the present symphony organization was formed with Henry Hadley as conductor, John Parrott was in Paris. He returned to San Francisco about the time that the scope of the society was enlarged by William Sproule, its present president. He became a member of the association at that time, early in 1915, and in September of that year he was unanimously elected a member of the music committee. William Sproule could tell better than any other man how much assistance John Parrott gave him in making the association what it is today. Shortly afterwards he was elected to the Board of Governors, and in April of the following year he was the unanimous choice for

vice-president. In March, 1916, the by-laws of the association were revised, and the various committees were absorbed by the executive committee. John Parrott was deemed the logical man for the chairmanship of that important committee. An able critic, thoroughly versed not only in the theory and practice but also in the history of his beloved art, in the season of 1916-7 he took charge of the expository notes which are the important feature of the printed programme at every concert. He continued this work until called by business to New York. On his return to this city, despite the sorrow which death brought into his beloved family and despite increasingly serious illness he continued to take an interest in this educational work. How many people John Parrott inspired with a love of symphony music, how many he aided in deeper understanding of its profundities can never be known. And he would not want it known. John Parrott did not look to public applause for his reward.

Good Work but Not Fashionable

Apparently in many cases one of the most desirable ways for a woman to do her bit is to knit for the soldiers. By this means a woman may decorate herself with a knitting pocket in her skirt or a very attractive knitting bag. The size of the pocket or the bag is no indication of the woman's zeal. The ornament may be a species of camouflage. I haven't heard it suggested that if the pastime of separating stamps from envelopes were made popular the Queen of the Belgians would be able to raise more money to buy milk for Belgian babies and for hospital work at the front, but alas! this work is conveniently done only at home. Much service, however, is done in this way. I heard of a bank clerk the other day who has saved 20,000 stamps, and who is quite expert in removing stamps with a thumb nail. Another expert is Charles Josselyn of the Bohemian Club, who has found time to collect stamps for the Belgians while writing plays. A stamp, by the way, should never be soaked, but it should be separated from the envelope making it easy to extract the dye by the process which renders one thousand stamps sufficient to enable the Queen to buy milk enough to nourish a babe for a month. Stamps of all colors are available. They should be sorted as to color, tied in packages of one hundred (only one color in each package) and sent to the Belgian consul.

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Plays Worth While

By Theodore F. Bonnet

Somewhere somebody has defined criticism in general as a free play of the mind on all subjects which it touches the rule for its course being disinterestedness. Its business is to know the best that is known and thought in the world and by making this generally known create a current of true and fresh ideas. Now this is not the kind of criticism respecting the drama that we get in this country. Our criticism is guided almost wholly by practical considerations as they are perceived by theatre managers. It has nothing to do with what is excellent in itself or with the beauty and fitness of things, and so it is that we are hardly justified in complaining that people have been flocking to the vulgar moving picture with all its cheap scenarios from sensational novels. And so it is, too, that folks who can tolerate neither moving pictures nor tawdry plays are reading the dramas of the best authors or seeing them in the so-called little theatres. I am giving my mind a little free play, mindful of the dictum respecting criticism. But I am not disinterested. I have been long advocating the one-act drama because in the works of one-act play writers more than elsewhere are to be found the art that creates a current of fresh ideas. And being interested in the success of little theatres I find so many that are indiscreetly pioneering I would take Mr. Maitland of the St. Francis Little Theatre aside and urge him most amiably to be cautious. It is not pleasant to find fault with him he is so industrious, so conscientious and has done such excellent work at the big, enterprising hotel that has so long been leading the way in so many praiseworthy directions.

His Little Theatre is doing so very well as an experiment, that its future should be insured. For that reason there should be not only wise discretion in the selection of every set of plays, but shrewd judgment should be exercised in the order of their presentation. My meaning may be illustrated by this week's bill which opened with Stanley Houghton's "The Dear Departed." One of the essentials of drama is contrast. The psychology of an audience is such that contrast is deemed important even in character. Comedy is aided by a circumstance so trivial as conflict that may be merely spiritual between a very tall person and a very short person. The contrast of individualities is thought important in all sorts of plays, and it is made effective at times by so purely theatrical a trick as alternating tears with laughter. Even the key in which a play is written, unless it be profound tragedy, should not be characterized by sameness. Hence the advantage of the little theatre with its three plays in one evening. Here is facility of variety; the reaction from mood to mood. This reaction is not sufficient by alternating two plays dealing with death, though one be farce-comedy and the other comedy-drama. "The Dear Departed" is good enough of its kind. Stanley Houghton, whose career was cut too short by death, never wrote below the well-enough mark, and he wrote amusing stuff in "The Dear Departed," a play reminding one of a certain Clyde Fitch play though its characters seem to have stepped out of "Shores Acres." With all its fun it is a play of gloom, dealing as it does with death. Its art is the art of the unexpected, for the dead returns to life, but the

play is swathed in black, and immediately follows "The Harvest," a very strong play, well conceived on familiar lines and made as poignant as real tragedy in its appeal to the imagination at the close. There is not much of the unexpected here. The author searches for the heart almost as soon as the curtain goes up and he draws closer and closer to that organ when he makes it clear that the mother, dead in the room off stage, has been the mistress of the man loved by her little son who knows not that she is dead and who is waiting the return of his supposed father from India whom he has never seen. The effect of this play, which abounds in the most painful circumstances, is to deepen the gloom that was comically contrived by the piece; one was tragic-comedy and the other was serious-tragedy that plumbed the depths of human nature. What terrible punishment for the sins of the man who had deceived his friend to have his deeply beloved child torn from his arms forever by the other man! How terrible the sufferings of the other man who returned home after years of separation from his beloved wife to find that she had been living with another and that the child whom he longed to embrace was not his own! A great drama, to be sure, but in the wrong place. Perhaps I ought to have remained to be cheered up by "The Marriage Lease" from the pen of Hubert Lee.

As I have said Mr. Maitland is a very busy man. I am glad to hear that next season a committee of literary men in touch with the drama will relieve him of part of the work of reading plays.

The Stage

At Last, Shakespeare!

When have we had Shakespeare? It seems ages since last we saw one of The Plays. Managers to the contrary notwithstanding, there is an appetite for the Bard, and it is only teased not satisfied. There are those among us who would steep our souls in the acted plays, but how rare the chance! Well, we are to have Shakespeare, and by an English actor who was leading man to Modjeska in "Macbeth," "Shylock," "Twelfth Night" and "Much Ado." He is an actor who first played Hamlet, if you please, in London at the age of eleven! And since that astounding appearance he has studied Shakespeare, thought Shakespeare, acted Shakespeare, always with deeper insight. We are told that we may expect great things of John Kellard. We are prepared to do so. We shall meet him in a sympathetic mood. We are hungry for Shakespeare, and are ready to be grateful to Kellard.

Kellard at the Columbia

For years Kellard has occupied a dominating position as a Shakespearean actor in the East, although this is his first tour of the Pacific Coast. He had a remarkable run of 102 nights in "Hamlet" in New York City, a run that has never been equalled by any other actor and it established him as the foremost exponent of this most difficult and complex role. For the present tour Mr. Kellard has surrounded himself with

a company of unusual strength. The repertoire for the engagement includes five plays. For the first week "Hamlet" is to be staged on Monday and Thursday nights and at the matinee on Wednesday. "The Merchant of Venice" is announced for Tuesday and Friday nights and Saturday matinee and "Macbeth" for Wednesday and Saturday nights. Owing to the length of the "Hamlet" performance the curtain will rise at 8:10 on Monday night.

Zimbalist Here Soon

A notable attraction of the musical calendar of next month will be the two Sunday afternoon recitals to be given by the splendid young Russian artist Efrem Zimbalist whose appearances in this city are always welcome. Zimbalist ranks high among the players of the great instrument, his interpretation making a direct appeal to all serious students of music. His playing at the big New York Symphony Orchestra concert last April, when he was joint soloist with Fritz Kreisler, is still fresh in the minds of music lovers who remember the magnificent manner in which Zimbalist acquitted himself in all-star company. The Zimbalist recitals take place at the Columbia on Sunday afternoon, February 17, and Sunday afternoon, February 24, and Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer promises specially attractive and important programmes. Mail orders should be sent to Oppenheimer in care of Sherman Clay.

A New Tenor in March

Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer will present a new and great tenor to local music lovers in early March. Theodore Karle has enjoyed a wonderful popularity throughout the East, and while the noted singer is a Californian by birth, he has never appeared in this city. Karle is over six foot two in height, and combines great manliness of presence with a flowing golden voice. He is recognized throughout the East and in Europe as one of the coming great singers of the world, and it is expected that his delightful art will more than please San Franciscans.

Godowsky's Return Concerts

The return concerts to be given in this city and Oakland by the renowned pianist Leopold Godowsky will be notable events, as the master of the pianistic cult will render programmes that are of supreme importance and of untold interest to all music lovers. Godowsky is conceded the most important pianist now before the public, his interpretations savor of unquestioned authority, and from him both teachers and students can learn more in one concert than from months of practice and work. To hear an artist of this calibre play is an integral part of one's education and teachers, recognizing this, are insisting on their pupils availing themselves of the rare opportunity afforded by his too seldom visits. On Thursday afternoon, January 31, the

master will play the following programme at the Columbia: Symphonic Etudes, Schumann. Rhapsody Op. 79, No. 1 (B minor); Capriccio Op. 76, No. 2 (B minor), Brahms. Ballade in form of Variations on a Norwegian Theme, Grieg. Fantasie—Impromptu; Impromptu No. 3 (G flat); Scherzo, Op. 20, B minor; Andante Spianato and Polonaise Op. 22, Chopin. "Islamey" (Oriental fantasy), Balakirief. Jeux d'Eau, Ravel. Mephisto Waltz, Liszt. On Friday afternoon, February 1, at the Oakland Auditorium Opera House the programme will include the Beethoven op. 81 sonata, Brahms' Rhapsody op. 79, No. 2, Shakespeare's Serenade by Schubert-Liszt, Chopin's famous B flat minor sonata, a wonderful Chopin group of three preludes, three etudes, a nocturne and a scherzo, and works by Henselt, Henselt-Godowsky, Scriabin, Moszkowski and the Schubert-Taussig "Marche Militaire." Tickets are now selling at the usual Oppenheimer ticket offices.

Yvette to Impersonate Pierrot

As a special feature of the first of her San Francisco recitals, at the Scottish Rite Hall, Madame Guilbert will impersonate the great Pierrot which she has recently added to her repertoire. Not the Pierrot of the comedies but a new and real Pierrot, bubbling with real life and love and allegorically living the struggles of a new France against its oppressor. This Pierrot is acclaimed a great world figure, one of the great stage characters. The balance of the programme of Madame Guilbert's first recital which will be given on Sunday afternoon, February 3, is composed of the "Great Songs of Great France" all appropriately costumed in the gowns of the periods they represent, including the legend of St. Bertha, the Ballade of the wicked rich, a group of popular French chansons, etc. On Wednesday night, February 6, the second programme will be given and this will include groups of songs, showing different French types. The final recital takes place on Saturday afternoon, February 9, and the programmed works mainly concern the army and navy life of France from Joan of Arc to the present day.

Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra

Director Emil Oberhoffer of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra has arranged a most attractive series of programmes for the coming visit of his superb organization. Oberhoffer has down to a science the difficult art of making his programme combine the important orchestral works with attractive novelties. The Minneapolis Symphony concerts will take place at the

Columbia on Thursday and Friday afternoons, February 7 and 8, and at the Tivoli Opera House on Sunday morning, February 10. Concerts will be given in Oakland on Saturday afternoon and night, February 9, at the Auditorium Opera House. On Thursday afternoon and Sunday morning Reinald Werrenrath, the world famous American baritone, will be the special soloist; on Friday afternoon Margaret Namara, the famous coloratura soprano, will be the vocal feature. Cornelius Van Vliet, 'cellist, and Richard Czerwonsky, violinist, will be the Oakland soloists. The programmes: Thursday afternoon at Columbia: Overture to Fidelio No. 4, Beethoven; Symphony No. 1, E minor, Sibelius; Aria, "Vision Fugitive" from "Herodiade," Massenet, Mr. Werrenrath. The Island of the Dead (Die Toteninsel), Rachmaninoff; Ballade, "Lochinvar," Chadwick; Symphonic Sketch, "My Jubilee," Chadwick. Friday afternoon, Columbia: Overture Romantique, Oberhoffer; Symphony in D minor, Cesar Franck; Arias, "Don Giovanni" and "Marriage of Figaro," Mozart, Madame Namara. Valse Triste, Finlandia, Sibelius; Aria from "Traviata," Verdi, Madame Namara. Caprice Espagnol, Rimsky-Korsakoff. Sunday morning, Tivoli: Overture to "Magic Flute," Mozart; Recit. and aria, "Marriage of Figaro," Mozart, Mr. Werrenrath, Symphony after Byron's "Manfred," Tschai-kowsky; Prologue to "Pagliacci," Leoncavallo, Mr. Werrenrath. Rakoczy March from "Damnation of Faust," Berlioz. This will be the first time that Tschai-kowsky's great "Manfred" symphony has been played here. Tickets are now on sale at Sherman Clay in San Francisco and Oakland, at the office of Kohler and Chase and the Columbia in this city. Selby C. Oppenheimer is the manager of the concerts, and further information may be had from him at Sherman Clay.

The Seventh "Pop" Concert

Alfred Hertz will offer a wonderfully appealing programme at the seventh "pop" concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, to be given at the Cort Theatre Sunday afternoon, January 27, a programme that is certain to prove quite as popular as that given a fortnight ago, when the Cort capacity was taxed to its limits by lovers of good light music who were happy to take advantage of the opportunity of hearing many fine old favorites interpreted by an orchestra of the first class, under the guidance of a conductor of world celebrity. Particular interest will attach to the performance of Victor Herbert's "Irish Rhapsody," at the coming "pop," the first work of the popular composer yet programmed by Hertz. It is a glowing tonal fantasia, rollicking and wistful by turns, filled to overflowing with glorious Irish folk tunes, and orchestrally treated in the free, improvisational fashion characteristic of Victor Herbert. The always-liked overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," by Nicolai, is certain to be received with favor, as is the ballet music from Massenet's "Le Cid." The latter embraces seven Spanish dances, of a variety of rhythms, and wholly charming. "The Voices of the Forest," from "Siegfried," one of the most popular excerpts from a Wagner opera, will be given for the first time here by Hertz. Dvorak will be represented by the Largo from the "New World," the movement which made the most general appeal at the recent enthusiastic reception of this symphony. Three of Percy Grainger's exuberant British Folk Music Settings, "Irish Tune from Country Derry," "Molly on the Shore" and "Shepherds' Hey" are further happy selections on Hertz' part. The playing of the National Anthem in stirring manner will, of course, be a feature.

Tully's Play a Great Hit

"The Bird of Paradise," Oliver Morosco's spectacular romance of the Hawaiian Islands from the pen of Richard Walton Tully, author of "Omar the Tentmaker," enters upon the second and final week of its successful engagement at the Cort with the performance of Sunday night. "The Bird of Paradise" is one of the real novelties of the theatre, and, despite the fact that it is now making its seventh tour of this country, its appeal is apparently as great as ever. At any rate the box offices of the nation announce that its receipts this season are even greater than last. The scenic effects are most elaborate, the eruption of Mount Pele remaining the most startling effect of its kind known to the stage. Marion Hutchins, Forrest Stanley and a cast that is excellently balanced interpret the play.

Harry Lauder Coming to Cort

Harry Lauder, undoubtedly the greatest "single" entertainer in the world, comes to the Cort on Monday, February 4, under the direction of William Morris. It is announced that this is his farewell tour of America. His engagements have been triumphs everywhere, not only for his singing of Scotch songs and his inimitable drolleries, but for his war talks which have aroused great enthusiasm. While here Lauder will devote every moment of his spare time to the International Y. M. C. A., speaking to the soldiers in the cantonments and telling them what their brothers in arms are doing for the cause of humanity and democracy in France. Lauder's Cort engagement is limited to six night and five matinee performances.

Sudermann and Dreiser at St. Francis

For the seventeenth week of its very successful season, the St. Francis Little Theatre which has Arthur Maitland as its directing head, will offer three novel one-act plays new to this city. The performances are announced for Wednesday evening, January 30, and Thursday afternoon, January 31, in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis Hotel. "Streaks of Light" which will be the opening bill, is a little tragedy of great power and keen psychological interest, by Herman Sudermann, and characteristic of that great literary artist in his most gripping mood. It deals with the love of a youth



REINALD WERRENATH

American baritone who will appear as soloist with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra



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THE LITTLE THEATRE

3209 CLAY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

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One Week Commencing January 28th

"JOINT OWNERS IN SPAIN"

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"RUBY RED"

By Clarence Stratton

"CHRISTMAS ON THE BOARDER"

By Colonel R. C. Croxton

"THE MERRY DEATH"

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Saturday Matinee 2:30

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ALFRED HERTZ - CONDUCTOR

7TH "POP" CONCERT

CORT THEATRE

Sunday Afternoon, January 27, at 2:30 Sharp

PROGRAM:

Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor"....Nicolai
 Largo from "New World" Symphony....Dvorak
 Ballet Music from "Le Cid".....Massenet
 Voices of Forest, from "Siegfried".....Wagner
 British Folk Music Settings.....Grainger
 Irish Rhapsody.....Victor Herbert
 PRICES: 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, except concert day; at Cort on concert day only.

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for a married woman. The latter might be termed a unique type of "vampire," and unusual demands will be made upon the fine abilities of Helene Sullivan, to whom Maitland has entrusted the role. In "The Old Ragpicker," Theodore Dreiser, the noted novelist, tells a quaint story, touched with pathos, of the decline of a man of position, through loss of his mental powers, to the most humble of lots. Here is a character role of the type in which Maitland excels, and to which he will bring a mellowed art acquired in many portrayals of this kind. A street scene, with its shifting throngs, calls for all the resources of the St. Francis Little Theatre. The concluding number will be "Barbara," by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman, author of "A Game of Chess," which proved so popular that its repetition was recently demanded. "Barbara" is a deliciously amusing satire on the advice-giving butler, something after the manner of Stanley Houghton's "Phipps." Maitland will play the butler and Helene Sullivan and Albert Morrison will have congenial parts. The matinee performances are open to the public and their popularity is constantly on the increase.

"Home Again" at the Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will be headed by the Four Marx Brothers, supported by a company of eleven people. They will appear in the musical comedy "Home Again" which is an excellent vehicle for their versatile abilities and is replete with lilting music and bright and humorous dialogue. Each of the brothers is a distinct vaudeville hit. Bessie Rempel with the aid of her company will present "You," a playlet which made a sensation in the East. It was written by Miss Rempel's sister Harriet to show that everyone possesses a real and artificial self and that usually people say what they do not mean, rarely disclosing their true selves. Miss Rempel who is a well graced and accomplished actress gives a clever and fascinating performance of "Everygirl." George Austin Moore and Cordelia Haager who have just returned from a successful tour of the Orient, entitle their act which is a fascinating assortment of songs and stories "From Texas to Kentucky." They are among the most delightful entertainers in vaudeville. Comfort and King will present their colored classic "Coontown Divorcons." Frank Crumit who is a graduate of the University of Ohio where he was a Phi Delta Theta and a prominent athlete, calls himself "The One Man Glee Club." He is a comedian who can sing, play several instruments and tell good stories. "Five of Clubs" in "A Pierrot's Dream" should not be confounded with playing cards. They are four men and one woman who are responsible for a pretty juggling novelty. Doc O'Neill will present the audience with his new laugh prescriptions and infallible anti-gloom remedy, which he declares is guaranteed under the pure fun law. Toots Paka and her Hawaiian singers and dancers, and Alan Brooks in his great comedy hit "Dollars and Sense" will complete the entertainment.

Evreinov and Others at Players

The Players Club, in the Little Theatre at 3209 Clay street, will offer an unusually attractive series of one-act plays, beginning Monday evening, January 28, and continuing every night for a week, a special matinee being given Saturday. Special interest is centered in the production of "Christmas on the Border," a military drama by Colonel R. C. Croxton of the Presidio. The scene takes place on the Mexican border, and while the principal roles will be played by the members of the Little Theatre, soldiers from the Presidio will appear



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Schumann "Symphonic Etudes," Brahms, Grieg, Chopin, Ravel, Balakireff, Liszt, etc.

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Saturday Afternoon, February 9th, at 2:30

Tickets \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.00 on Sale at Usual Offices

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EMIL OBERHOFFER, Conductor

COLUMBIA THEATRE

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 7TH

Sibelius No. 1 Symphony, etc.

REINALD WERRENATH, Baritone, Soloist

COLUMBIA THEATRE

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 8TH

Cesar Franck Symphony, etc.

MARGARET NAMARA, Coloratura Soprano, Soloist

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 10TH

Tchaikowsky "Manfred" Symphony, etc.

WERRENATH, Soloist

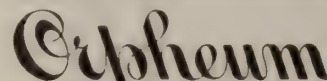
Prices: Columbia, \$2, \$1.50 and \$1. Tivoli, \$2, \$1.50, \$1 and 50c

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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

to create the true military realism. Two delightful comedies also will be presented: "Ruby Red" by Clarence Straton of St. Louis, whose plays have been successfully produced by the Little Theatres of the East, and "Joint Owners in Spain" by the well known novelist and playwright Alice Brown. The following cast will appear in "Ruby Red:" Rafael Brunetto, as the deceiving but majestic Arab, a role which suits this popular actor as if it had been written for him; Benjamin Purrington, the clever actor whose most delightful work is along the comedy line; and Mrs. Lucy Alanson Smith and Carolyn Caro, the two charming and talented members of the club who will alternate as the beguiled American wife. Mary Ritson and Marion Fisher will alternate as the Oriental dancer. In "Joint Owners in Spain" Olivia Hall, Rosetta Baker, Alisa Stevenson and Marion Cumming will appear. A harlequinade by the famous Russian dramatist Evreinow entitled "The Merry Death" will be given an attractive production. The popular actor of the club, William S. Rainey, who has been lured to the professional stage, and has been making a noteworthy success at the Alcazar, will play the role of Pierrot. Dion Holm who has not appeared in the Little Theatre for many months, will be the Harlequin. Mrs. Carolyn Green and Dorothy Wetmore will alternate as Columbine, both actresses being popular with the Players Club audiences. Claire Thompson, a professional dancer of unusual merit, and beautiful Mary Lafler will alternate in the role of Death, giving the Dance of Death. Elmer Stanley Hader, the local landscape artist whose scenic work has attracted much attention in the Little Theatre, will lend his aid to the artistic production of the plays. The Players Club will entertain with concert numbers between the acts. The plays are given under the direction of Reginald Travers.

Evelyn Vaughan in Comedy

Smiles will be in evidence at the Alcazar this week when Evelyn Vaughan takes the center of the stage in the vivacious comedy "Good Gracious Annabelle." Miss Vaughan will give her admirers a chance to see her in the role of a comedienne. The play is by Clare Kummer and is new to the West, although four companies were sent out from New York after its run on Broadway had finished.

Our Expert Ice Skaters

San Francisco is skating better. She takes fewer falls, cuts a more graceful figure on the ice, is lighter on her skates, is "there." We are moved to this cheerful train of thought after watching the daily and nightly crowds at the Winter Garden ice pond. Two years ago as we remember it, there were several men and women who could skate the difficult continental figures with ease and grace, but they were so unusual a sight that everybody else on the ice stopped their own awkward efforts to gaze in awe and envy at the fun. Last year continental experts like Karl Waltenberg, George Brain, Walter Parks and Baptie and Lamb did feats on the ice that amazed San Francisco's skating public and aroused its ambition to do likewise. Today there are so many doing edges and waltzing that the Winter Garden is not able to accommodate them. Some of the smart set that

are considered experts on the steel-shod runners are: Mesdames Frederick McNear, J. P. Sweeney, Jessie Kerrigan, F. Fuller, E. W. Ehrman, C. A. Warren, Hiram Johnson Jr., Luis L. Arguello, C. O. G. Miller, Mabel Hogg, H. C. Davidson, Misses Catherine Sudden, Dolly Payne, Helen Joyner, Bobbie Larne, Rosena Phillips, Mary Mahoney, Christine Donohue, Genevieve Beal, Ethel Hager, Mabel Walton, Dottie Carmody. There will be a big "Kostume Karnival" the night of January 29, Tuesday evening.

More "Jazz" at Tavern

Guided by a thorough knowledge of the requisites for the successful production of dance music the management of Techau Tavern several weeks ago augmented its justly famous "jazz" orchestra by the engagement of several talented "jazz" players. That the Tavern's patrons appreciated the efforts of the management to increase their pleasure and happiness was quickly attested by the increased attendance. The selections played by the Tavern's augmented "jazz" orchestra are in themselves an attraction to the general public as all the very newest hits are usually heard for the first time in San Francisco at the Tavern. For those who are not as yet included in the Tavern's great personal following, attention is called to the fact that every afternoon at 4, 4:30 and 5 o'clock the lady patrons are presented with from twenty-five to thirty-five containers of Sterns' Suprema toilet water.

Germany Far From Beaten

(Continued from Page 5)

British flank were averted by the Guards, who counter-attacked and retook Gouzeaucourt. La Vacquerie was also recovered. But the British had lost prisoners, whom the Germans numbered at 4000 along with 100 guns.

The Germans' main purpose failed and failed as terribly as any of the forlorn attempts they have made to breach the Western front. All reports speak of their extraordinary persistence, and of their huge losses. The machine gun detachments at Moeuvres had a perfect target, and fired belt after belt of cartridges at the assaulting troops. The guns had been carefully ranged and took the massed lines full and fair, cutting great swathes among them. The Germans put the number of troops engaged in the British advance at 100,000. The British estimate of the Germans who took part in the counter-attack is just double the number. Troops recently engaged on the Flanders front were involved in the battle, and there were units from the Russian front and some of those not long ago reported in Italy are said to have been flung in. The counter-attack lacked nothing in violence, and seldom has there been fighting of so severe a character. At La Vacquerie the British troops are said to have killed more Germans than were ever killed before in the same area in the same time.

Now though matters are looking better in Italy there is much to concern the Allies in Russia, Rumania and Mesopotamia.



YVETTE GUILBERT

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—About the only news of interest to Wall Street last week was the announcement by the Fuel Administrator that all industries east of the Mississippi must close down for five days on account of the coal shortage. This drastic action had the effect of causing a quick break in prices of from one to three points, but the selling was only short lived, and a recovery set in immediately, which brought prices back to the early level, and in some instances prices went even higher than before the announcement was made. There was considerable adverse criticism regarding the action of the Fuel Administrator in making so sweeping a decision. However, when the trade read the President's approval of the act, a more hopeful view was taken, and the trade soon forgot it as far as its effect on the market was concerned. The extreme cold weather in the East, and continued interruption of Western wires, kept speculation down to a low ebb. Peace talk again came to the front as a market factor, but the irregular movement of prices shows that there is some confusion of thought prevailing. While stocks fluctuated irregularly, the trend was toward higher levels, but the volume of trade was less than the week before. The steel stocks were slow and sluggish, with Bethlehem Steel inclined to drag to a report that this company contemplates some new financing. The oil stocks, under the leadership of Mexican Petroleum, became quite active and higher. This company issued a very favorable report that their earnings would show they were earning \$20 per share on the common stock. News that the Mexican Government would grant more liberal terms to oil and mining interests was also a help in advancing prices. Railroad shares were stagnant. They have lost much of their speculative character. Traders are now awaiting the action of Congress on the pending bill before taking any fresh stand in these stocks. There still exists a large short interest in them, and any favorable news would cause a quick upturn. Money rates remain firm, and call money is in good demand at 6 per cent, with very little prospects of lower rates, for the present. The stock market is in a waiting mood and marking time, and for the present we would maintain a conservative attitude and only buy stocks when they are depressed.

Corn—While prices were slightly under the level of last week, the variation meanwhile has been of moderate breadth. There were several declines based on talk of peace, but in each instance there has been a recovery of nearly all the loss. The market has been restrained from advancing on account of the nearness of the present level to the maximum price, and was prevented from declining through the fact that

premiums are so far above the futures. There were several declines in the cash article, but not of sufficient scope to bring the futures in close relation with cash values. Receipts at Chicago the last few days have been quite as good as during former weeks, notwithstanding the interference of bad weather with the efficiency of railroad operations, and the primary movement was somewhat in excess of the volume of the previous week. It has been reported from both Illinois and Iowa that the country was disposed to market the crop freely were adequate transportation provided, and apparently efforts are being made to increase the number of cars in the West. No special demand of either domestic or foreign origin has been announced. Wants abroad must necessarily be urgent, as the Argentine shipments were comparatively light and the volume from the United States is of negligible proportions. The Argentine shipments for the week were a little over 500,000 bushels which quantity was under that of the previous week and greatly below the shipments of last year. Rains in the Argentine have helped the crop, according to recent advices. There is apparently no opportunity for a movement of any breadth in prices until there is a decided change in the situation. An important increase in receipts seems necessary before cash values can reach levels low enough to have an effect on the prices of the futures. Until supply and demand conditions undergo such change, we look for a continuation of underlying strength.

Cotton—There was very little activity in the cotton market the past week, until the announcement of the Fuel Administrator that all industries east of the Mississippi River should close for five days. On this announcement, cotton was for sale in large blocks, and prices declined 200 points before a reaction set in. The reaction was almost as fast as the decline, and nearly all of the decline was recovered. While the announcement was very drastic, yet it developed later that a good many of the New England mills are run by water power, and these mills would not be affected by the closing order. The decline no doubt helped to maintain the market in a good technical position, and put the market in a healthier condition. Spot interests were the principal buyers on the decline in futures, and were helped to some extent by a renewal of peace rumors. Regardless of the truth or falsity of these rumors, it looks as though the market is headed for high levels, based entirely on the spot situation, which is in a strong position, with demands in excess of offerings. The indications of a change in weather conditions in the Southwest should be bearish on the new crop options.

Good rains there should be followed by a substantial decline in October and December. However, we feel very friendly to cotton on the breaks, and would buy the July option.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH PATTERSON MITCHELL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the will of ELIZABETH PATTERSON MITCHELL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Wm. M. Madden, 809 Crocker Building, corner Post and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH PATTERSON MITCHELL, deceased.

FREDERIC W. EATON,

Executor of the will of Elizabeth Patterson Mitchell, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 12th, 1918.

WM. M. MADDEN,

Attorney for Executor,
809 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

1-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DANIEL SWANSON, also known as DANIEL SWANSEN, also known as DANIEL G. SVENSON, also known as DANIEL SWENSON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of said DANIEL SWANSON also known as Daniel Swansen, also known as Daniel Swanson, also known as Daniel G. Svenson, also known as Daniel Swenson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Frank M. Hultman, Room 1212 Merchants Exchange Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of DANIEL SWANSON (aliases), deceased.

JOHN CARLSON,

Executor of the last will and testament of said Daniel Swanson (aliases), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 26, 1918.

FRANK M. HULTMAN,

Attorney for Executor,
1212 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

1-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN J. KENNEY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOHN J. KENNEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Frank J. Fallon at Merchants National Bank Building, N. E. corner New Montgomery and Market Streets, Room 615, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN J. KENNEY, deceased.

MARY A. KENNEY,

Administratrix of the estate of John J. Kenney, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 26, 1918.

FRANK J. FALLON,

Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 615 Merchants National Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

1-26-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY PETITION FOR THE CHANGE OF NAME SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 86525.

In the Matter of the Application of the DUNCAN'S MILLS LAND AND LUMBER COMPANY, a corporation, for a Change of Its Name.

In the matter of the petition of the DUNCAN'S MILLS LAND AND LUMBER COMPANY, a corporation, for a change of its name, the said corporation and I. E. Thayer, Philip R. Thayer, and George D. Gray, a majority of the Directors thereof, having filed and presented an application and their petition that the name of said Duncan's Mills Land and Lumber Company, a corporation, be changed to Marin Lumber and Supply Company.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in said matter appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department 10, at the court house in said City and County on the 29th day of January, 1918, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, to show cause why such petition for change of name should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that notice of said application and of this order, be given by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County, State of California, once a week for four (4) successive weeks before said hearing.

Dated: December 22nd, 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.

JACOBS & OLIVER,

Attorneys for Petitioner,
900 Humboldt Savings Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-29-5

Ghosts

The ghosts of the spring are haunting autumn—
The sighing wind and the sobbing rain;
I hear them come in the dusk and mutter,
Searching the land for their loves again—
For the pale new rose and the green vine
twining,
For the beautiful grass and the singing grain;
Out of the gray of the day they wander
Over the land for their loves again.

The ghosts of my youth are haunting my heart—
The simple trust and the dreams long slain;
I feel them come in the wind and water,
Searching my heart for their boy again—
For the wondering child with the eyes of
laughter,

For the glorious joy untouched by pain;
Out of the dusk and the rain they wander,
Searching my heart for their boy again.

—By Scudder Middleton.

Honor for the Cook

There is an elderly member of the faculty of a New England university, a noted entomologist, who has retained in his employ a faithful cook for twenty years. Recently the professor summoned her to his study in a ceremonious way which was unusual. "Regina," he began, "you have been in my employ twenty years. As a reward I have determined to name the bug recently discovered after you."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MELVINA F. FALES, deceased.—No. 23680, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executrix of the last will and testament of MELVINA F. FALES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix, at the office of her attorney, Alfred Fuhrman, 2641A Mission Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MELVINA F. FALES, deceased.

LILLA L. MACKAY,

Executrix of the last will and testament of Melvina F. Fales, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 29, 1917.

ALFRED FUHRMAN,
Attorney for Executrix,
2641A Mission Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-29-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 21773; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANNA ROSALIE LEWIN, deceased.

EDNA ROSENTHAL, the Executrix of the estate of Anna Rosalie Lewin, deceased, having presented to this Court and filed herein her verified petition, in due form of law, praying for an order, for the sale of all the real property and all the personal property of the said deceased for the purpose therein set forth, and it appearing to this Court by said petition that it will be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate, and those interested therein, to sell the whole of the real estate and that it is necessary to sell the whole of the personal property to pay the debts outstanding against said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration.

IT IS, THEREFORE, ordered by this Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased shall appear in the said Court, on the 28th day of January, 1918, at 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the court room of said Court in department No. 10 thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why said petition be not granted, and why an order should not be granted to said Executrix, to sell the whole of the real estate and the whole of the personal estate of said deceased, at either private or public sale, as said Executrix should judge to be the most beneficial for the estate;

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this order be published once a week in "Town Talk," for four successive weeks, in a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: this 26th day of December, 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

JOS. ROTHSCHILD,

Attorney for Executrix,
1101-1109 Chronicle Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-29-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MATHILDE JACOBY, deceased.—No. 23754; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of MATHILDE JACOBY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Asher, Meyerstein & McNutt, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MATHILDE JACOBY, deceased.

PHILIP I. JACOBY,

Executor of the last will and testament of Mathilde Jacoby, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 19, 1918.

ASHER, MEYERSTEIN & McNUTT,

Attorneys for Executor,
110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

1-19-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARIE PERRON TARDIEU, Plaintiff, vs. GASTON AIME TARDIEU, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GASTON AIME TARDIEU, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of January, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. W. SANDERSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
420 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

1-19-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 23,692; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of PATRICK O'CONNELL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Will of PATRICK O'CONNELL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this Notice (which said first publication occurs on the 5th day of January, 1918), in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this Notice to said Executor at the office of his attorney, Garret W. McEnerney, Room 2002 Hobart Building, No. 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of PATRICK O'CONNELL, deceased.

JAMES P. CANTWELL,

Executor of the Last Will of Patrick O'Connell, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, January 5, 1918.

GARRET W. MCENERNEY,

Attorney for Executor,
2002 Hobart Bldg.,
582 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

1-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTON KOENIG (also called A. KOENIG), deceased.—No. 23748; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of ANTON KOENIG (also called A. KOENIG), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named place the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANTON KOENIG (also called A. KOENIG), deceased.

FRANK KOENIG,

Executor of the last will and testament of Anton Koenig (also called A. Koenig), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, January 12th, 1918.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor,
No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

1-12-5

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ESTABLISHED 1878

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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, FEBRUARY 2, 1918

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Is Chambers' Hat in the Ring?

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What McCormick Learned at the Front

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TOWN TALK

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Baker's Impressive Answer

"A tremendous response to a tremendous responsibility," is Secretary Baker's characterization of the part we have thus far played in the war. Reading the War Secretary's answer to his critics we feel that it is an adequate response to the charges that have been leveled at the Administration. It is an impressive response because it is convincing and inclines one to the belief that, all things considered, more has been done since we entered the war than was expected; "more than the wisest in the country thought it was possible to do." To be sure the disgruntled will retort, not unreasonably, "Well, why did we wait so long to prepare?" But why complain after the accident, that we didn't get the good tires ready before starting on the motor trip? Why start a quarrel in the middle of the bridge? Let us do our best to brace the structure. The only question before the Senate is, "Are we doing our best?" According to Secretary Baker we are not neglecting the business on hand, nor are we, like children, making faces at those we dislike. We have not sidetracked General Leonard Wood; we have been taking his advice. Baker has covered the ground pretty well, and if he is not telling the truth we shall presently know. Would he hazard deception in a matter the truth of which cannot be concealed? Of course he is interested in arguing the case to his advantage, but disingenuity is almost in itself a sign that the disingenuous one if under attack is no more than human. To say that the problem is not one of individual star play but of team play, is to utter the obvious, and it may mean merely that there was good reason for sidetracking Theodore Roosevelt, but we at least shall not quibble. The atmosphere has been clarified by the first authentic utterance by which we have been informed what has been done since we entered the war. True, we have been impatient, as Secretary Baker says. This, however, was natural, we were so long kept out of war, but accepting the Secretary's statement we should be impatient no

longer. Rather we should be proud to know that notwithstanding all that has been done in adverse circumstance we have done very little "blowing." And it is inspiring to be assured that self-improvement is the War Department's constant aim and that much credit is bound to come to American enterprise, to American determination and American courage.

Gumshoe Bill the Spokesman

How unfortunate that Senator Stone should have been made spokesman for the Administration in order to defend it against Republican attack! It could hardly have been worse had La Follette been chosen for the job; indeed it might have been better, for, after all, the man from Wisconsin is regarded as only a mischievous crank. Not so, the Senator and "wilful man" from Missouri. Stone's character may be inferred from his nickname—Gumshoe Bill. What a type it implies! Nicknames, Hazlitt thinks, govern the world. Hazlitt exaggerates. Nicknames only serve as an index to character for the world, and to that end they serve a good purpose in politics, the history of which as Hazlitt perceived is in a measure the history of nicknames, as for example the history of the Guelphs and Ghibellines and of the wars of the Roses and of the proscriptions of the Puritans and the massacre of the Huguenots, of the feuds of the Tories and Whigs and Jacobins. A nickname is often something to conjure with, even in national disputes, as when Napoleon was known as the Corsican and as now the German is known as the Hun. And so it is that the nickname "Gumshoe Bill" appeals to prejudice, implying as it does that the Senator by whom it is borne is an offense to manliness in the public mind. It is a good short-hand compendious mode of rushing the general to a conclusion. Think of a Senator whose methods are those of the sneak representing a great political party. Surely he should be kept in the background at this time.

Financial Affairs

The financial priority board which regulates security issues ought to have been active long ago. There is a superabundance of securities aside from national issues for the war, and the market has supplied more than can be absorbed consistently with the maintenance of old issues. As a consequence of the issues of municipal securities before the war there has been a decrease of hundreds of millions in the issues of railways, older in-

dustrials and public utilities. Naturally there was a decline in their price level due to the greater attractions of the new issues. Never was there such a quantity of paper afloat in the history of the country, but with all our wealth we should not discourage private issues of such excellence as to divert money from the Government needs. At the same time States and municipalities should go slow for the benefit not only of the nation but of legitimate enterprise. It may be interesting to observe that there are \$675,000,000 of accruing maturities which cannot be neglected. At the same time it is inspiring to learn that there are billions of credit in sight. Perhaps there really is no fear of restriction of trade. We are rolling in wealth.

Saving Mooney for Democracy

It may be that before making the world safe for democracy we shall first have to make democracy look good to the world, and at present the world in our immediate philosophy is somewhat Bolshevik. This may be unjust to the world, but in the midst of the Kaiser's war it is in a measure important that we should largely be guided by practical considerations. Hence we have come to be prepared to agree with the President in the event of his deciding to order a new trial for Mooney. What happens to Mooney while the world is in flames is comparatively of slight importance. Lincoln would ignore the Constitution rather than continue the Civil War; President Wilson is in the Lincoln mood. However, we are sorry that this Mooney case should remind us of the Wilson Cabinet at a time when it is the occasion of much disquietude. While the report of his commission on the whole does not disturb us much it directs our attention to the fact that one of the commissioners, in truth the head of the commission, is none other than the Secretary of Labor. This is one of the misfortunes of the Administration—that it has advisers of the mental calibre and narrow outlook of a Secretary Wilson. The consequence in this instance is that we get a one-sided report which might just as well have been impartial. For example: "There is no doubt that Mooney was regarded as a labor agitator of malevolence by the public utilities." Is it true that by the public utilities only Mooney was so regarded? Did it wholly escape the President's commission that Mooney is generally recognized as a malevolent and murderous agitator by all persons of intelligence who know the undisputed truth of his vicious doings here-

abouts through the years? The commission deemed it necessary to make it appear that Mooney was tried in an unfavorable atmosphere. Hence we read that owing to many wicked murders the public was "easily aroused to a belief in his guilt;" also, "Just as he symbolized Labor for all the bitter opponents of Labor," etc., etc. Now the truth is that at first he symbolized all that was injurious to Labor even in the labor unions of this state. The unions "turned him down" when he appealed for their support and sympathy because they knew he was a dangerous radical who was not to be trusted. This is not a surmise. The fact was revealed at meetings of labor organizations in this city and in this State, and the slush fund for his assistance was repudiated by Labor here until the agitation for that fund came out of the East, where it was started by the higher-ups of Labor and taken up by the bosses out here, some of whom had been deeply interested in the Indianapolis affair and the Los Angeles affair. But notwithstanding the obvious truth of recent history President Wilson's commissioners tell us that an attitude of passion and of prejudice against the defendants was stimulated by all the arts of modern journalism. Here is downright falsehood in an official report. We all know that the press in this city was criticized for its attitude of friendliness to the defendants at a time when the radicals of the East in fly-by-night journals financed by anarchists were employing all the rogues of journalism to break down the machinery of justice. This was before the stupid Oxman made his appearance in the case. Now we have never been seriously opposed to a new trial. Rather, we have gone so far as to suggest a new trial on account of Oxman. On his account alone the main conclusion of the commission might be easily justified at this time, but how stupid the premises! How utterly false the statement of facts! How absurd the inferences, as for instance that the whole affair that involved many lives was only "an industrial feud," directed by public service corporations. Was it a crime for public service corporations to try to protect their property? And is it easy to induce public officials to prosecute union men? Here we have only some parish officials, but President Wilson has a Cabinet officer, and he symbolizes the character of men in public life, even in high national life. We see what may be expected from officialdom. This one-sided report is enough to teach us the way of Labor sympathizers. "The other defendants," says Wilson, "have significance only because of their relation to him" (Mooney). Including Billings (presumably) who was once in the long ago convicted of carrying explosives in a passenger car, and Mrs. Mooney who once

held up the Geary street cars and who is manifestly the brains of the whole combination of direct action propagandists. But if the Bolsheviks demand the sacrifice we must be kind to these benighted children though to prove their democracy they demand the repudiation of national debts. As good democrats let us be easy with them. Perhaps we ought to bring Bourke Cockran back and celebrate him at Lotta's fountain. But isn't it too bad that Secretary Wilson should be employed to give color to the suspicion of the Bolsheviks—that as our radicals have said our great government is so rotten that an anarchists cannot get a fair trial from us.

* * *

The Profits of Insurance

Hiram Johnson having made over the State without the aid of a new Constitution many Californians of the few intervening years are now looking backward and taking stock, as it were. Their enthusiasms, created by the hammer-and-tongs speeches of a popular mushroom statesman and a demagogic press, have had time to subside and as a consequence we shall probably have a big reaction in the next Legislature. We surmise that such will be the case because of propositions now discussed by people believed to be more or less preoccupied with a worldwide war. They are conjecturing the complexion of the next Legislature, and, by no means prematurely discussing bills that should be introduced and advocated. Curiously enough, though sickened of innovation, they are in some instances in favor of more in order that the evils done should be offset. For instance there is talk of more insurance legislation. It has been thought that much injury was done by State paternalism, but here are folks who backed the Kehoe bill saying now that we should divert the yearly profit of insurance hogs—\$10,000,000—from the hogs to the State Treasury. The Kehoe bill was designed to circumvent the big insurance combine operating in this State chiefly under the direction of a Sunday school superintendent. He is not to be contaminated by politicians he meets at Sacramento even in the interest of the combine, but the persons who are in favor of letting the State Treasury in on the profits of the combine are unwilling to take any chances. They are in favor of appealing directly to the voters of the State, and they believe the proposition will be very tempting since, as they say, out of the \$20,000,000 in fire insurance premiums collected annually from property owners less than \$7,000,000 is returned to them. Holding that such is the case they argue that the profits must be enormous, and that consequently it must be easy to maintain a powerful lobby at the capitol. Assuredly it was a powerful and efficient lobby in the

glad, bad days of the long ago, before we were made pure and funds were collected openly in insurance offices. Those were the days of cinch bills, and cinch bills, it must be remembered, are immoral even when designed to awaken the interest of moral insurance men and to incite them to rally to the protection of their own interests by sub rosa methods. Now all the methods at Sacramento are obviously clean according to Progressive principles. Legislators are not bribed but persuaded, and they get jobs not men to supply them with money. Instead of attaching themselves to private pockets they get onto a public payroll, but in some instances they become available as employees elsewhere, thus doing good not by stealth but in the light of day. It would be interesting and perhaps instructive to the general public to consider where some of the people's representatives are employed. But to return to the subject of the fire insurance companies; are they really making so much money as the politicians say? We have seen figures that show that while in the whole country the companies return in payment of fire losses sixty per cent of all premiums, in the Pacific Coast States they pay back 38.4%; in California only 33.6%, and in San Francisco only 15%. Such being the case a very profitable business to be sure, but do we sympathize with the politicians? Perhaps we should rather be proud of our financiers, men like the Firemans Fund directors who made a profit of 133% on a capitalization of \$1,500,000 last year. And we are to be invited to be envious of such men as those that control the Home Insurance Company which last week ordered a 12½% dividend on its capital of \$6,000,000 payable forthwith. This is a pardonable tribute to efficiency especially in California where the Home yields a net profit of \$300,000, nearly one-half the yield on its business throughout the world.

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Varied Types

365—JOHN E. KELLERD

By Edward F. O'Day

"I was eleven years old when I gave my first performance of 'Hamlet' in the King's Cross Theatre in London," said John E. Kellerd.

"Was it a good performance?" I asked.

"It was better than Sothern's is now," said Kellerd, smiling.

"What!" I exclaimed.

"It couldn't be as bad," said Kellerd firmly.

The Shakespearian actor had just arrived on the "Rose City" from Portland. It is his first visit to San Francisco in nineteen years. In appearance he is what we visualize when we think of a Shakespearian tragedian. His hair is not thick, but the afterlocks brush his collar. His face is lined with the furrows one is accustomed to in the old-time tragedian. Yet he is not such an old tragedian. He must be in the vigorous fifties.

Vigorous is the word for John E. Kellerd, not only physically but mentally. The vigor of his opinions was exemplified in his remarks about Sothern's Hamlet.

Kellerd's is not a well known name here. Yet he was no stranger to the old San Francisco.

"I first came to San Francisco," he told me, "in 1884 with Daniel Bandmann who played 'Hamlet,' 'The Merchant of Venice' and other plays at the Grand Opera House.

"In the following year I came as Frederick Warde's leading man. We opened at the California on the eighteenth of April."

"Why do you mention that particular date?" I asked.

"Because I happened to think of it," said Kellerd. "Why do you ask?"

"It is rather a special date with San Franciscans," I explained. "The great fire started on that day."

"In what year?" asked Kellerd.

"In 1906," I told him.

"Was it as long ago as that?" asked the tragedian. He was silent a moment. "I returned in 1888," he continued, "with Mrs. James Brown Potter. She played 'Romeo and Juliet,'

'Loyal Love' and 'The Lady of Lyons' at the Baldwin."

"Was Mrs. Potter a good actress?" I asked.

"Rotten," said Kellerd, "but a beautiful woman. How could she be a good actress when she started her stage career with Juliet?"

"In the spring of '95 I came again as leading man to Marie Burroughs in 'The Profligate' and 'Judah' at the Baldwin. And finally I came to the California in '99 with Madame Modjeska in 'Macbeth,' 'Much Ado,' 'Mary Stuart' and 'Marie Antoinette.'"

"Where is Fred Warde now?" I inquired.

"In pictures," said Kellerd. "He was never a success in Shakespeare."

"What was the reason?" I asked.

"He didn't play well enough," said Kellerd. "It was the same with so many of those Shakespearian actors. They tried and tried and tried, but down they went. They didn't understand the art of reading, and they hadn't the science of voice production.

"They had the stupid, ignorant way of reading the lines. They mouthed. They were all alike—Tom Keene, McCullough, Warde and Mantell."

Kellerd has the bump of Shakespearian reverence, but it is reserved for the plays not for the actors.

"They are imitators," continued Kellerd. "Mantell remembers the way Barry Sullivan played Shakespeare. It was not the right way."

"How about Booth?"

"Booth was different. And yet Booth received many a hostile criticism. Without lifting a finger I've had ten times as much praise as Booth ever received. Don't misunderstand that statement, though. There is a more intelligent appreciation of Shakespeare today than when Booth played. The people who go to see Shakespeare today know more about the plays. Shakespeare is taught in the schools. That does not mean so much in itself, but people in after years ruminate on what they learned in school and dig the meaning out of it. And so they go to the theatre with an understanding of the play. They are prepared to take an intelligent interest."

"Have you had a successful tour?"

"I've made money in every city on the Pacific Coast where I have played, with the exception of two one-night stands, Lewiston, Idaho, and Walla Walla, Washington.

"I have done what the New York managers said was impossible. I have made Shakespeare pay. I played 'Hamlet' one hundred and two nights running in New York in the season of 1912 and '13, with Amelia Gardner as my leading lady. The managers couldn't understand it."

"How did you come to play 'Hamlet' in London at the age of eleven?"

"I was born in London. As a child I instinctively emphasized the right word when I read. I had a genius for that little thing. I appeared in public at the age of eleven, reading Shakespeare. The actor who was playing Hamlet at the King's Cross Theatre was taken ill one night, and my manager arranged to have me play in his place."

"When did you next play 'Hamlet'?"

"Not till December 1906 when I played it in Brooklyn. I got twenty-two curtain calls. The

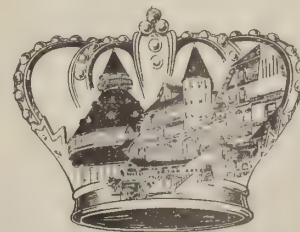
Shuberts had booked me for a number of 'week stands,' but they canceled them all on the ground that Sothern must not be interfered with."

Kellerd is his own manager, and has no press agent. He believes that merit will make itself known, and feels that his belief is being justified by his success. He plans a big starring tour next year, playing Shakespearian repertory and Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac." He has revised the translation of "Cyrano," correcting, he says, many inaccurate renderings of the original which escaped Mansfield. He regards "Cyrano" as one of the greatest of plays.

Kellerd read me a number of clippings showing what the critics of the Northwest thought of his Hamlet and his Macbeth. There is no question that he has made a deep impression. But more interesting to me than the opinions of the critics of Vancouver, Seattle, Portland and so on was the praise lavished upon him by William Marion Reedy in his famous St. Louis "Mirror." There is always merit when Reedy praises; he is too busy a writer to tolerate idle words. If Kellerd does not justify Reedy's praise (I thought as Kellerd read his words to me), I shall be inclined to think that Kellerd has deteriorated, not that Reedy was over-enthusiastic.

How the flame of Shakespearian worship does burn in Kellerd's breast! He'd have talked Shakespeare all night had I had the time to listen to him. His talk is informative. He is a textual critic of sound principles. He has studied prosody, and therefore blank verse, the bugaboo of so many Shakespearian actors, has no terrors for him. His sincere devotion to the greatest of playwrights is very impressive.

"I am keeping Shakespeare on the American stage," he says.



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Perspective Impressions

By the way, who won the decision, Neylan or Naftzger?

The more we read of the Bolsheviks the more we regret that Kerensky was not more ruthless.

If ordinary bread is the staff of life, Victory Bread must be Pershing's baton.

"We have but one police force—the American woman," says Hoover. And verily, the bride's biscuit is deadlier than the copper's club.

We remember the interned Count Montgelas in Town Talk office where he worked before Hearst hired him. He didn't like Town Talk policy, and some of his old pro-German friends who agreed with him are still here.

Hungary has a new cabinet. She'd rather have a new cupboard.

Here's hoping the Kaiser spends his next birthday on St. Helena.

Now that we have to economize on spaghetti Italy can have no doubt that we are making big sacrifices.

If G. P. R. Reynolds were living he'd be writing his salacious novels for The Examiner Sunday supplement.

Why not look up the "Reds" in this country to whom we are so encouraging that their agents are now imperiling American representatives in Petrograd.

What became of the plan of buying the United Railroads?

Speaking of Hoover's latest rules, we slew the punster who suggested that the magazines cut down their serials.

We have a confession to make: We are getting just a little bit sick of the eternal squabbles in the Board of Supervisors. Some of those supervisors ought to be treated like quarreling boys—have their heads knocked together.

Now that the Administration is employing Heney, why has it not hired his old side partner Mr. Burns? Perhaps Mr. Burns has figured in the limelight so much that he has grown a little rotten himself.

The Germans in Africa

By an Englishman

After a resistance, which in fairness we must call enterprising and resourceful, the Germans have been cleared out of East Africa, and except, perhaps, for a few roving predatory bands in the wilds of the Portuguese tropics, there is nothing left of a great German empire several times as large as Germany in Europe. The South African Dutch have loyally coöperated with the British in this great achievement. The military skill of General Smuts, loyally backed by General Botha, contributed greatly to the success, but we need not forget that 80 per cent or so of the forces sent by the Union were of British blood, and that the British navy was the foundation on which the scheme of conquest was built up.

Now that we have got this great empire, what are we to do with it? Are we to return it to Germany? Or are we to make it a part of the British Empire? The German answer to these questions is, that we shall have to give it all back as one of the conditions of their victorious peace. There is also a school in England which says, that as we did not enter into the war for gain, we must renounce all conquests and return their Africa to the Germans in order to vindicate British altruism.

We understand the German point of view. If we are beaten to a peace in Europe we shall be compelled to give the Germans back their colonies, but we may be forgiven if we still refuse to make that presumption and continue to count on peace with victory. The question which we desire to consider is, at all events, what should we do with German Africa supposing we are able to keep it?

The German African colonies, as we all know, consist of four territories. German Southwest Africa is an enormous tract of land on the western flank of the Union. Lord Salisbury would no doubt have described it as light soil, but the South African Dutch, who are more expert in these matters, report that it is excellent grazing ground; and it is certainly true that before the Germans went there it was occupied by pastoral tribes, who owned great herds of beautiful cattle. These tribes were, not to put too fine a point on it, exterminated by what it is nowadays the fashion to call German militarism. The Hereros were driven wholesale into the Kalahari Desert by an act of deliberate German policy, and their

bones, we suppose, bleach there to this day. What the Germans intended to do with the country which they thus depopulated makes an interesting speculation. Their agricultural settlements were certainly not a success, but in one tract of river sand they found widespread deposits of a small but pure diamond, a discovery which saved their colony from utter bankruptcy. Probably, however, the chief purpose of the Germans was to use the country as a base for the conquest of South Africa at some future time. Their railway system points to that conclusion. It was an arrow aimed at Kimberley, and it is said that their military scheme included the mobilization and transport of the Germans in South America, 50,000 of whom were to land in Williamshaven and force the drifts of the Orange River.

So at least the Dutch suspect. They never liked the German as a neighbor, and we were by no means surprised to hear that they are determined to make the whole colony a part of the Union. If we were to make peace with Germany on a basis of giving her back German Southwest Africa, we should certainly have to reckon with her brother Boer.

Those who desire to give Germany back her colonies on the score of humanity would not wish to enter into a new war with the South African Dutch, so they would naturally turn to Germany's tropical possessions. When, however, we turn to the Cameroons we are confronted with a story which might make the humanitarian turn pale. How E. D. Morel, the English propagandist against Belgium in the days of the Congo trouble, failed to get wind of it we are at a loss to imagine, for it might have furnished him with an even more sensational sequel to his "Red Rubber." But Mr. Morel and his friend Roger Casement, for some inscrutable reason, took no interest in any atrocity which did not tend to embroil England with Belgium. The story, however, is told in a drier, but probably more accurate, style by the compilers of a Blue Book which was issued in July, 1916, on German atrocities in Africa. We might supplement that Blue Book with a little ancient history. When the Germans took the Cameroons they found two peaceful and semi-civilized tribes, the Akwas and the Dualas, living happily enough together on the banks of the

Duala River. These tribes considered themselves sufficiently protected in their rights and property by a treaty signed by the German Government which secured them in both. The site, however, was found very useful for the German capital, and the tribes were cleared out in spite of their scrap of paper. Their huts were burned and they were driven away from the river which was their main source of livelihood, without even the shadow of compensation. The chiefs in their innocence appealed to the German Reichstag, and Governor Puttkamer's reply was to sentence them to varying terms of imprisonment. Flogged, robbed and reduced to poverty, they had no choice but to submit and work for the Germans, and from this wretched state they were delivered only by the recent British occupation.

But they were not all delivered. The first act of the Germans on the outbreak of war was to hang a large number of the Duala chiefs, and the military commandant ordered the extermination of the whole Duala tribe. The ghastly story of what British troops discovered when they entered the Cameroons is told in the Blue Book, and I do not propose to inflict these horrors upon my readers, hardened as they may be by recent experiences. If our humanitarian friends propose to hand back the Cameroons to the Germans, they will have to hand back also the cowering, shrinking and mutilated remnants of those once happy tribes.

But German policy in Togoland and East Africa very closely resembles German policy in the Cameroons. There is good evidence to show that those territories have been depopulated in many places by the native fear of German cruelty. The population of the neighboring British colonies has increased in proportion. Except for the Askari, who is recruited from cannibal or warrior tribes, and was allowed, as a condition of military service, to loot, rape and murder at his own free will, the natives of Africa cry out for deliverance from the German.

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SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 24

LITTLE FOLKS WELCOME

What McCormick Learned at the Front

(When the confidential testimony given before the Senate Military Committee was made public last Saturday, the statement which caused the greatest stir was Representative McCormick's. The Congressman from Illinois had told the committee of the uneasiness about our preparations expressed in London. Lloyd George was anxious to know what had happened to General Leonard Wood. American army officers had expressed lack of confidence in Crozier and Sharpe. McCormick made it plain that there was a great deal of apprehension among our Allies concerning the imperfect coördination of war work in Washington. And there was concern as to whether the country's big men were being used in war work. On the seventh of January Congressman McCormick addressed the House concerning his European trip. In the following excerpt from his speech some of these points are hinted at, others are elaborated.)

I had been running from Verdun toward Soissons. General Petain, the commander and chief of the French armies, sent for me to learn if I had profited by the special facilities afforded me for observation. I told him that from the lips of his principal commanders, as well as from what I had seen and heard in Italy, I had come to realize that this was a vast industry in which we were engaged and that big guns were the tools of the trade. I said that therefore I wanted to see with my own eyes on as large a scale as possible an artillery attack. He promised that it should be so. He did not tell me where, nor that it was to be the greatest bombardment of the war. He told me to return to Paris and wait. There had been bloody losses and no success in the spring; there had been no adequate preparation.

The last battle of the Chemin des Dames was planned in July to be fought in October. The French had laid well nigh a thousand miles of broad and narrow guage track to bring up the great guns and the munitions for their service. They had brought in 110 freight loads of high explosives. There was a cannon for every 3 or 4 yards of the front attacked. For every 2 infantrymen employed in that action there were 3 men engaged in the service of the artillery.

We set out very early from the French great headquarters for the front along a highway checked with traffic; motor-driven or motor-drawn trucks, heavily carrying forward supplies of ammunition, horse-drawn light artillery, food convoys, field kitchens, stretcher bearers, ambulances, battalions and brigades, African blacks from the Senegal, yellow-skinned Asiatics from Annam and Cochin China, bronzed tribesmen of Morocco, soldiers from every province of dauntless France.

We worked our way forward, the soldiers on the front seat pressing the slower vehicles to the side. Presently the traffic began to melt along the light railways and narrower roads which lead to the actual line. The main highway was clearing. The driver hurried the car and hurried it still more.

We could hear the voice of the battle softly calling, still far off.

We raced past the nets of grass and leaves—camouflage—which as the road neared the front screened traffic from the enemy airplanes; turned up a rough road, over a steep hill, dropped down, and came to a stop under some bombed and broken buildings.

The air roared.

There were waves upon waves of sound as thousands of noises overlapped one another, shaken together, rolling apart, as far as the ears could hear, even farther—as far as the senses could imagine hearing, while overhead the many airplanes, looked like a flock of birds and through the reverberations of the guns, their engines sometimes hummed like distant sawmills. There were no ear-splitting shocks, such as you have seen described. There are none save when you are near a battery or perhaps when a shell bursts too near, but the air was filled, saturated

by the sound of guns, now and then punctured by the popping of the shrapnel overhead.

Before us was the Chemin des Dames, "the road of the ladies," the blood-drenched "road of the ladies," along which for months men fought and waited, in hate, to fight again. Picture a long, low flat-crested ridge, its sides covered with forests and pierced by caverns—quarries really, from which stone had been taken for the building of Paris. Here and there the ridge widens into a larger mass, from which in turn run out spurs. Such a place was it that the French planned to take. Along the center of the flat top of the ridge runs the "road of the ladies," flanked on either side by wasted fields, once fertile with the minute care of the French husbandman. Across that road the advance posts of the armies faced each other. Beyond the ridge is a valley cut by a little stream and then another ridge upon which was placed a great part of the German artillery. Southwest of the Chemin des Dames there was also a valley and stream and another ridge, on which the French had found emplacements for so many of the guns as were not thrust forward on the spurs of the larger mass which it was purposed to attack.

We had stopped in front of a hut, partly dug in the ground, partly built of sand bags and roofed with railroad iron and still more bags of sand. A calm little man in the uniform of the general of a colonial division came forward to meet us. "Permit me," he said as we shook hands, "to introduce you to our 'wrecking contractor.'" I looked at the "contractor" with some wonder, which doubtless expressed itself on my face, for the general of the division continued, "It is his function as chief of the artillery to wreck the batteries and defenses of the enemy so that our infantry as it goes forward may not be cut up." Then I sought to catechize the chief of artillery, but our host interrupted to lead us to the sand bag and dug-out hut, which was staff headquarters and mess hall for the division. The windows shook in the shocked air. In spite of us Americans, it was impossible to confine the conversation to the subject of the attack outside. The officers wished to question us as much as we did to question them. We talked of public opinion in France, England, Italy and America, even of literature, although we were interrupted by officers coming to report news of the action. All the while the air shivered in the torture of the bombardment.

They are very calm and cool on the battle line, those French officers. I remember when I had persuaded the commander of the citadel of Verdun to let us go to the outermost defenses, we strolled along the very crest of Souville, looking down over the dip of the valley at the German batteries on the rolling ground beyond. I remarked to a French officer standing near, that considering the daily communiquees of "more or less artillery activity," it was very quiet. Just then a bomb burst on the left. We did not purpose to indicate to our French companion that we were disturbed, so I waved my stick toward the enemy and asked where was

the battery which sent that shell. Boom, went another just below us. "My friend," said the French officer, as he took his cigar from his mouth, "that is the way those devils always begin; high first, low next, bang through the middle the third time. Let us stroll along."

But to return to the Chemin des Dames, we walked along the front of the dugout and descended into a hole in the ground, which was the office of the wrecking contractor. It was not unlike the office of an American contractor for a big job. There were plain pine shelves, upon which were stacked little reports of munitions expended and damage done, for all the world like the reports of the number of square yards of earth excavated. There were neatly classified piles of little photographs taken by the airplane observers, showing the work of the French shells upon the German defenses and batteries. Certain officers became expert to read them, just as some physicians are cunning to diagnose disease from radiographs. There were occasional supplemental reports from rarely returning airplanes, while more came by wireless from the planes equipped with Marconi instruments, advising the artillery to sprinkle a little more to the left or lower on the right. There was one report that some German battalions had been definitely located hiding in one of the quarried caverns, on which the roof was too thick to be broken in by shelling, but not too thick to crack. Orders were issued to open fire upon it with the largest shells, filled with the heavy asphyxiating gas, invented by the Germans themselves, so that through the cracks which they might make the gases could filter down and asphyxiate the men within.

When all this had been explained we moved down toward the front, first past the dugouts, where were lodged the infantry waiting for the attack to be made in the mist at dawn. There were guns behind, before, on either side. The screaming of our own shells overhead, to our untutored ears, could not be distinguished from the "arrivals," as the French dub the enemy shots. Then up past the final observation post and down to the last light batteries, just back of the trenches. Here we closed our ears to the steady pounding of the guns that did the work—that is it, the guns that did the work. They blasted the way for the infantry; they destroyed the enemy batteries, overwhelmed, stunned, slaughtered the enemy infantry, so that on the October morning when the French advanced in the measured pace of modern charges, they took with almost methodical exactness that which was planned last July for them to take, and they took it with astonishingly little loss. Have I made myself clear? It is all so clear to me that I am fearful lest I omit something which may make it intelligible to others.

Great guns are to this war what the steam shovel was to the Panama Canal. When the French company, under De Lesseps, sought to pierce the Isthmus with shovels and picks and petty machinery men died by thousands on the tropic hillsides, which they had but scratched.

The Spectator

Charley Stanton, a Hearst Publisher

When Charley Stanton returns to San Francisco some glad notes wild will be heard in The Examiner office. He will get a reception to warm the cockles of his heart. Reporters will greet him, copy-readers, editors will seize his hand roughly and even the elevator men and messenger boys will, after their fashion, make known their pleasure at his return. Everybody is glad to hear that Charley Stanton has been promoted. The reason is curious—Charley Stanton is a gentleman. He is a gentleman in the sense that he is the finished man, one of the flowers of civilization, self-respecting, loyal, true, humane. I wish Mr. W. R. Hearst could be behind a door when Charley Stanton returns and that later Bill might see fit to make a few inquiries. Perhaps for all his faults, as they are generally conceived, Mr. Hearst is not to blame. Perhaps he is not so bad as his representatives have painted him. It may be, as the late Dent Robert has said, that he demanded of his servants the publication of all the news regardless of their personal feelings. Perhaps he could not trust the personal feelings even of learned and humane editors. I don't know. It may be that he ordered everything by wire, such for instance as mean discrimination against a great public asset like the St. Francis Hotel, which I thought was dictated by the prejudice of two editors with a personal grudge. Perhaps nevertheless Mr. Hearst would not permit an editor to discriminate in the case of a piece of personal news seriously affecting the feelings of a private individual even though the news might be omitted without causing the paper to lose prestige or the public to lose valuable information. Again I must confess I don't know. But I will say that the poignant disfavor in which Mr. Hearst stands in San Francisco is not wholly due to what may be regarded as his big and important policies—such as prohibition and paulsmithing. And I will also say that he is disliked most for the things which his own loyal editors have attributed to him and also for the professed loyalty of his most servile worshippers in The Examiner. Their little manhood is such that out of devotion to him they assume an antagonism to everybody who ventures to arrogate to himself the right to express personal views of the public policies of this great purveyor of publicity. Were Hearst to be judged by his social cronies it would be inferred that though a newspaper publisher he is not sincere in professing that he is in favor of the freedom of the press. But to return to Mr. Stanton.

A Little Newspaper History

I have a very slight acquaintance with Mr. Stanton, but he reminds me of Sam Chamberlain who is acknowledged by all working newspapermen to be the greatest man ever on Hearst's staff. The reason is not that he was a great journalist, but rather, that he was a

gentleman. He was to be sure a great journalist, and curiously enough he was the man who by shrewd suggestion induced Hearst to send to San Francisco the man who became the most hated of all Hearst editors. But he had no grudge against this city; he was only interested in getting rid of the man because this individual, the pet of a powerful business manager, reduced the general average of efficiency. Knowing the truth I often smiled when I heard the man applauded in San Francisco for his ability.

A LINE O' TYPE OR TWO

*Hew to the line of truth,
and let the galled jade wince.*

Our old friend Count Montgelas, recently of Hearst's Chicago Examiner, has been interned as a dangerous enemy alien. Why doesn't Hearst give the vacant job to Nelotsky?

* * *

I. N. S. used to stand for International News Service. Now it stands for International Nelotsky Service.

* * *

I. N. S. also stands for anything.

* * *

It Was Premature

Sir: Why did the United Press expose Hearst so soon? A few days more, and he'd have had Nelotsky writing for the Hearst papers.

X. Y. Z.

* * *

Henceforward, before stealing news, Hearst will look to see if it's loaded.

* * *

Nelotsky may now take his place with the non-existent immortals, such as Sairey Gamp's Mrs. Harris, the Flying Dutchman, the Wandering Jew and Bunker Bean's Ramtah.

* * *

A Telegram

Dear Hearst: Don't let them put you in the Ananias Club. There is a Nelotsky. I saw him fishing for suckers on the River of Doubt.

Roosevelt.

* * *

"Nelots is Stolen spelled backwards. The ky was added for Russian camouflage."—United Press expose of Hearst theft.

Doubtless an order will be issued to Hearst editors to read all news backwards before they steal it.

* * *

A Trioletsky

(With apologies to Austin Dobson)

Hearst has stolen Nelotsky—

Will he steal any more?

Though he paid Leon Trotsky,

Hearst has stolen Nelotsky.

True, Trotsky is rotsky—

Who would steal such a bore?

Hearst has stolen Nelotsky—

Will he steal any more?

—Not by B. L. T.

and sub-editors say of him in Chicago and San Francisco but partly on this—that though once employed for a time in this city he is remembered kindly by men of all types who formed his acquaintance. He never found it necessary to blame Hearst for ordering any meanness by way of hostility to a private individual. Thus far Charles Stanton has stood on his own bottom, and he enjoys the esteem of his acquaintances and he is called "Charley."

Are the Bars Down?

By the way, have you noticed that the Committee for Rebuilding France has its headquarters in the St. Francis? Apparently the bars have been lifted since New Year's Day, for on that day The Examiner attributed ninety per cent of the news regarding the night before to the dear old Palace, when as a matter of fact the St. Francis was not closed up on account of the construction of the beautiful main dining room. It was a very lively place New Year's Eve, as lively as ever, and come to think of it the St. Francis was the first to start the business of celebrating New Year's Eve in our hotels, just as it was the first to start concerts and many other things, not to mention one-act plays.

In Bone Dry Portland

From all accounts bone-dry Portland had a very wet New Year's Eve. Reports of the festivities have been coming to us week by week, and they leave no doubt that the Demon Rum had his wicked innings in that Paradise of Prohibition during the hours when 1917 was expiring. Where did the booze come from? It is a crime to take booze into a dry State, a crime under Federal statute. And the manufacture, sale and possession of booze are all prohibited within the boundaries of Oregon. So where did the booze come from? Only the innocent ask the question. But to indicate how Portland celebrated the advent of 1918, let me quote from a letter just received from a Portland man:

"I am on the water wagon to a certain extent. That is to say, the only time I have taken anything to amount to anything was New Year's Eve. About five o'clock a girl came in to the Hotel Benson and asked me up to her room to have a drink. She had another girl with her, and a quart of Hermitage. The three of us had dinner in the room, and proceeded to finish the quart. About eleven o'clock we started to take in the town. We finally landed at the Multnomah and you never saw so many jags. They were even serving it openly right on the tables, and every room in the hotel was holding open house. I reached bed at eight New Year's morning."

Bootlegging Baggage Smashers

Says a friend who visits Portland frequently: "If you go to Portland and want to bring a bottle of whisky with you, carry it in your suitcase or grip, not in your trunk."

I told him I was not eager to visit Portland, but inquired why the careful direction about carrying booze.

"Because," he said, "every baggage smasher in Portland is said to be a bootlegger. The baggage smashers have keys that will open any trunk, and they take the booze out before they deliver the baggage. The traveler has no re-

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But this applause was probably excusable, for the man, an able flatterer, had won the admiration of Hearst and therefore had great power. Now Stanton, like Sam Chamberlain, was above all at once a gentleman and a great journalist. He has made his way not by servility but by honest work as a working newspaperman. These are qualities that the intelligent working newspaperman is quick to appreciate, and hence the appreciation of Sam Chamberlain. My estimate of him is based mainly on what reporters

dress. He is breaking the law by importing booze. So there is no used in his reporting the theft to the police or the baggage company. The baggage-smashing bootlegger is playing safe."

Is Chambers' Hat in the Ring?

Politics is in motion in California. We cannot afford to wait on questions of peace. The future of California is important as well as the future of the world, and some folk are reckoning on the future of the Pacific, a big sea that laves our coast. One of our big newspapers has made us sensible of the movement of politics but rather in a vague way. One of its reporters has heard of a speech made in San Jose by State Controller Chambers, and has concluded that he has served notice on all and singular that he will be in the running when gubernatorial candidates are striving to succeed Governor Stephens. This is not a matter of great importance. True, Chambers is suspected of having designs on the gubernatorial job. He has been suspected ever since he wrote a pamphlet at Sacramento pointing out the excess of commissions due to the liberality of Hi Johnson. But Chambers was appointed by Hi Johnson, and though he is a good man he has just enough of the Johnson taint to make wise politicians suspicious. These wiseacres are saying that Johnson and Stephens having come to the parting of the ways it would be very much like Hi to employ a little camouflage. It would be very much like him, they think, to put a man in the race professing hostility and throw the machine behind him. Hi is shrewd, they say; he knows that he has been found out by the dear people, and Chambers could render better service than Stephens. Meanwhile Chambers denies that he has high aspirations. He says he would be quite satisfied to stay where he is. This is not the only political gossip.

Republicans to Reorganize

More important than personal ambitions is the general uprising of Republicans of California. Some very influential Republicans, men with more knowledge of the game than those who figured in recent campaigns, have come to the conclusion that we are approaching the psychological moment for an appeal to the people to revive the character of politics that was prevalent before and immediately after Colonel Roosevelt planned to wreck the G. O. P. in the interest of himself and his Christian Soldiers. These are the men who have made their activities felt. One of them was prominent in the Republican State Central Committee in the days of President Taft when many apostate Republicans were worshiping at the Johnson shrine. He may loom up as the chairman of the next committee. Another was formerly a Federal official. He may be the secretary of the next committee. These men are even now

rounding up available men to give strength to the movement, and they know the men worth while. They have kept in touch with the recent history of politics and they can give you facts and figures to show you that even when the Johnson machine was intact there were good Republicans distinguishing themselves in the Legislature. Harry Chamberlin of Los Angeles was elected at that time. He was one of the leaders of the Senate. He was elected by a majority of over 8,000. Congressman Osborne of Los Angeles made himself conspicuous at that time by beating Senator Benedict who was on a Progressive ticket. These men and men of the type of Emil Hochheimer, the big merchant from Glenn and Colusa, are expected to figure in the big reorganization.

A Word About Carnahan

"There is no lack of material for the movement," said one of my informants. "And let me tell you this," he added, "the Republicans will not be behind James Rolph for Governor. They have old-fashioned ideas, though their principles are not antagonistic to Progressive ideas, but as California Republicans they believe that with two men from the North in the Senate a Southerner should be elected Governor."

"Then you fear Hency," I observed.

"Not at all," he replied. "Hency isn't the only spellbinder in the South. Los Angeles politicians have been doing things worth while. Hency made his big run for the Senate. He strained himself. He is a Progressive of the red radical school, though now a Democrat once more, but allied with the same old radical crew, some of whom are showing themselves up in this war. I think he has been playing the game too long, like Bryan."

"What about J. O. Hayes?" I asked. "He is from south of San Francisco."

"I don't hear much about him. The man I hear a lot of is H. L. Carnahan, the Commissioner of Corporations. He was appointed by Johnson, but he is from San Bernardino, and if you want to get an idea as to the Johnson commissioner it would be well to reflect on Carnahan. Here is the man who has handled the Blue Sky law. Have you heard anybody knock him? Not a man whose opinions are worth while. He has made it clear that you can be a Johnson commissioner and yet perform your duties satisfactorily."

Kreling and the Clockwinder

"Say, Tiv, what is all this fuss in that Board of Aldermen you're running? Give me the idea, the low-down or whatever you call it." The inquirer was the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock.

"A tempest in a teapot," was the laconic reply.

"Don't give me any of that Shakespeare stuff," said the clockwinder as he squirted a little oil

into the machinery of the pendulum box; "I call it much ado about McLeran or whatever that fellow's name is. He's Rolph's man for Mayor, isn't he?"

"You mean Macbeth, I guess," suggested Kreling; "the fellow who thought he saw the trees moving."

"No, I don't, but whatever his name is I know he isn't Irish. He and Rolph belong to the clan that has a sub rosa grip on the town already. Why they should be so eager to get into the sun, I don't know. It's safer elsewhere. I'll ask The Examiner gang. They started the fight for the Scotchman by cracking Mac up for his thrift. I guess they'll give me the low down."

"Yes, they'll be sure to do that," Kreling observed with a grin.

"Well," said the clockwinder, "it's easy to read between the lines and I should say they've used our friend Jim till he's of no more use—so the ash can for him."

"How do you make that out?" Kreling indignantly demanded.

"It's the old story—the turning down of faithful dog tray. If Mac is doing all they say he's doing, and if he's able to reduce the pay roll, why didn't the wonderful Rolph do the trick? It was Supervisor Power, as a matter of fact, who pointed out how the trick could be done, and Rolph wouldn't stand for him for emergency Mayor. Rolph wouldn't even stand for an investigation by the San Francisco Bureau of Municipal Research that might reduce

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the cost of government. Now we are expected to get behind Rolph's man. Well, perhaps he's a good one and we ought to let The Examiner pick out another Mayor."

"Say," said Tiv in a tone of sarcasm, "I suppose you're for Schmitz, but if McLeran should run I'd be for him. He has made a good supervisor and I know he's honest."

"Well," said the clockwinder, "Schmitz isn't so bad. He didn't fall for a Paul Smith in his time and Schmitz kept taxes down pretty well. The good and pure may pronounce him all wrong, but he gets votes, and say, Tiv, he's half Irish and half Teutonic and every inch American and anyway the Scotch are at their best as leading citizens."

"I think you're incorrigible," said Kreling.

Success of "Turn to the Right!"

Not in a long time has any theatre in this city had such a successful play as "Turn to the Right!" At every performance night and matinee the Columbia was sold out. The war tax alone amounted to a pretty sum. "Turn to the Right!" opened on Monday, December 31, and ran four weeks. At the conclusion of its engagement, Manager George Kingsbury stated, after telegraphic advices from New York had supplied him with data for comparisons, that the Columbia during those four weeks did a bigger business than any other American theatre housing a dramatic attraction.

Keep This Dark

Captain Blank is a well known San Franciscan who was a civilian not so very long ago

but is now one of the very efficient and very popular officers at Camp Lewis. He must remain Captain Blank while this story is being told.

"I have had just one drink of good red liquor since I arrived at Camp Lewis," Captain Blank wrote to a friend here the other day, and he told the circumstances of his wicked act. Captain Blank was taking an after-dinner stroll along the road near Camp Lewis, smoking his after-dinner cigar. He was overtaken by an automobile containing two hunters and a deer. "Jump in and ride, Captain," said the hunters cordially.

"Thank you, I'm not going anywhere in particular; just taking a stroll," said Captain Blank. "Jump in anyway, and have a ride. You can stroll back," insisted the hunters, and the invitation was so kindly meant that Captain Blank jumped in.

"Where you from?" asked one of the hunters.

"California," answered Captain Blank.

"What part of California?" queried the hunter.

"San Francisco," said Captain Blank.

"You'll find the bottle under the deer," said the hunter promptly.

I'd Like to See This Book

There has just been published in London a book called "Two Sides of the Atlantic" by Hamil Grant. Hamil Grant, it seems, is an Englishman who was for some time a newspaperman in this country. From one of the London reviewers I learn that there is a great deal in this book about Wililam Randolph Hearst. Says this reviewer: "A typical 'stunt' for the Hearst press, the author suggests, would be to print a maiden's love-letters as 'exclusives;' and one is left wondering whether it was by the steady pursuit of such devices that Mr. Hearst kept his great organs going at the time when he was debarred from getting war news through the normal channels." Must be an interesting book.

A California Anthology

"Golden Songs of the Golden State" is a new anthology of California poetry, edited by Marguerite Wilkinson who is herself a writer of verse. No anthology ever satisfied everybody—there are those who find faults of inclusion in Palgrave and sins of omission in Burton Stevenson; yet this anthology will give a great deal of pleasure. It is a rich field Marguerite Wilkinson has harvested, but she has left much for the gleaners. Her book is divided into three parts: Pioneer Voices, Voices of the Great Singers and Living Voices. In the first part one finds, among others, Helen Hunt Jackson, Rollin

M. Daggett (why does not some good elocutionist revive "My New Year's Guest?"), Edward Pollock, Richard Realf and Bayard Taylor. Here one misses Joe Goodman's powerful "Lincoln," and Lyman Goodman, and Adah Isaacs Menken of "Mazeppa" notoriety who wrote free verse before most of our vers librists were born. The "Great Singers" are Ina Coolbith, Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, Robert Louis Stevenson (whose right to a place among Californian singers is debateable), Joaquin Miller, Edward Rowland Sill, Edwin Markham and George Sterling. But Ambrose Bierce is not here, the editor regretting that it was impossible to include him, without explaining why. Neither is Louis Robertson. Surely the author of "The Dead Calypso" and "Ataxia" is one of our great singers. Among the "Living Voices" we find Mills Gayley, Vance Cheney Lafler, Emma Frances Dawson, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Wallace Irwin, Lummis, McGroarty, Cameron Rogers, Carruth, Burgess, Urmy, Bashford, Field, Clark Ashton Smith, Keeler, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Dr. Taylor, Starr Jordan and many others. But where are Herman Scheffauer, Lionel Josephare, Henriette Blanding, Arthur Worth Ryder, Richard E. White, Rose Hartwick Thorpe, Ella Higginson, Anna Morrison Reed, Amelia Truesdell, Daniel O'Connell, Christian Binkley, Harriet Skidmore, Nora May French, Mabel Porter Pitts, Howard Sutherland and Louis J. Alexander? And where, O where is Agnes Tobin, the greatest of Petrarch translators? In her preface the editor mentions anthologies which preceded hers, Oscar Schuck's, Edmond Russell's and Augustin Macdonald's. But she makes no reference to Bret Harte's "Outcroppings" nor to May Wentworth's "Poetry of the Pacific."

Joe Choate's Estate

Joseph H. Choate, one of the greatest lawyers America has produced, left a law library appraised at \$892 and a private library of 2,824 volumes appraised at \$2,208. As against this he left a wine cellar appraised at \$2,750. In other words, his wine is regarded by the appraisers as of almost equal value with all his books, including the tools of his trade! Unfortunately it is too late for Choate to make a witty sally about this. His entire estate was appraised at over four millions and a half, principally in gilt edge securities including 201 shares of the Standard Oil of California. His home in Sixty-third street, New York, was appraised at \$105,000; yet its most valuable bit of furniture was a Tabris rug valued at \$500. The report of the appraisers shows him to have possessed only one piece of jewelry, a pink

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pearl scarfpin valued at \$1,000. Choate was a careful dresser—perhaps that is why he wore no gawds.

Choate's Wit

The same day that the appraisers reported on Choate's estate, the New York Bar Association assembled to honor his memory, and Judge Alton Parker told some stories of Choate's wit which are new to me. On being elected president of the New York constitutional convention Choate said: "I find there are forty-three places to fill. Gentlemen, the line will form on my right." Once he adjourned a meeting with this: "All those in favor of adjourning will now adjourn." Speaking of his college friends he said: "They were all able men who thought it a virtue once in a while, or quite frequently, to make fools of themselves." At a lawyers' dinner in honor of the members of the Supreme Court of the United States he said: "We are all lawyers here—except the judges." He said the Pilgrim Mothers were entitled to more praise than the Pilgrim Fathers because they endured all that the Pilgrim Fathers endured and endured the Pilgrim Fathers as well! At this assemblage former Chief Judge Edgar M. Cullen punctured the common fallacy that the age of forensic oratory is past. "Style may change," he said, "but there will never come a time when the power to influence auditors by spoken words will cease to be one of the greatest gifts."

Young Britton Promoted

In the list of promotions earned by young men of the Officers' Reserve Corps in training at Camp Lewis appears the name of Emmet E. Britton, who has been promoted from the rank of second lieutenant to that of first lieutenant in the 363rd Regiment of Infantry. Lieutenant Britton is the youngest son of John A. Britton, vice-president and general manager of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. When the United States entered the war he was among the first to volunteer for active service and was enrolled in the R. O. T. C. at the Presidio. He graduated from that course with the grade of second lieutenant and in August last was sent to Camp Lewis where he is located at the present time.

County Librarian to Tell Tales to Children

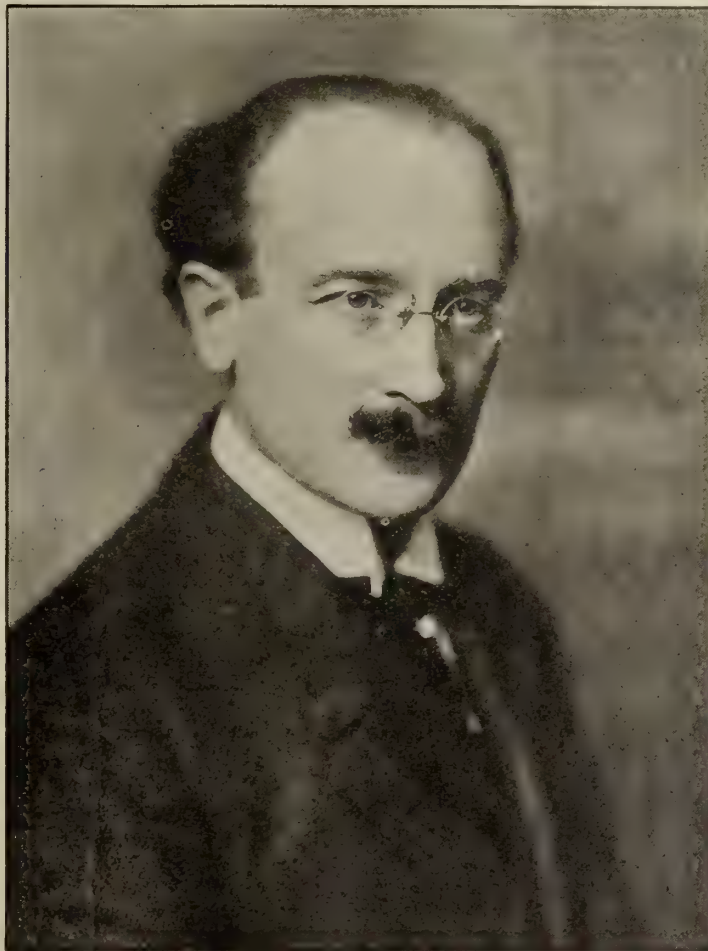
Mrs. Alice G. Whitbeck, the Story Lady from Martinez, will tell tales to children this Saturday afternoon from 2 to 4 at Newbegin's, 149 Grant avenue, in the Young People's Room. Mrs. Whitbeck is the librarian of the Contra Costa County library and has had years of experience in interesting children of all ages in good reading. She believes in the influence of worth-while books on the growing intelligence and has volunteered for the first story session in what is planned as a regular feature for the coming Saturdays. Others who will tell stories the coming weeks are Mrs. Stella G. S. Perry, author of the "Kind Adventure," Miss Frieda Witt who conducted a children's hour at Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Eleanor Hitt, librarian of the Yolo County free library; and Miss M. E. Peppin of San Francisco.

How Not to Live 100 Years

Lazarus Finkelstein of Chicago got into the press dispatches the other day, probably for

the first time. He accomplished this by the simple expedient of dying at the age of 109. As is usual in such cases, we were treated to his recipe for longevity. He hadn't taken meat for forty years. He ate chicken almost daily. He drank no coffee nor liquors. He did not smoke. He never ate pastry. He specialized on rye bread, sour milk, potatoes, beans and peas. Here then is a tip for all who don't want to live a hundred years, and that includes most rational human beings. Let us eat meat. Let us drink coffee, and hit the booze (while the prohibitionists permit). Let us absorb nicotine. Let us dally with the eclair and the cream puff. By following this course we shall probably die before we reach Shakespeare's last of man's seven ages. Let us enjoy all the innocent pleas-

and orphans of our deceased members. Due to extraordinary measures that have become necessary for the protection of property, a heavy demand has been made upon the time and energy of the members of the department. This will preclude to some extent the customary appeal to the public from our individual members. It becomes my duty then to make this general appeal to you to assist this worthy cause even more generously than you have in the past. During the war period many activities, national in character, have come before the people of San Francisco. In all of these appeals the police department has made a splendid effort and has assisted physically and financially in Liberty Loan, Red Cross, Camp Fremont and War Camp activity drives. It is only fair that a like spirit



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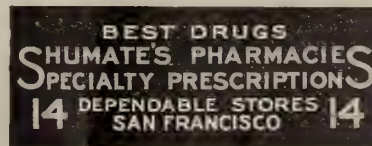
ures of life moderately, and let us hope the good Lord won't punish us by giving us an immoderate span of years such as was allotted Lazarus Finkelstein of Chicago.

The Police Ball

Chief of Police White has sent out the following appeal to the public of San Francisco, asking their support in making the annual police ball a success. The ball will be held February 9 in the Civic Auditorium:

The Widows' and Orphans' Aid Association of the San Francisco police department is making its annual appeal for financial assistance to carry on its work of caring for the widows

of loyalty should inspire the public of San Francisco to assist in making, February 9, the Police Charity Ball a splendid success. During 1917 the widows and orphans of twenty-two deceased members of the San Francisco police department received \$1,100 each as a result of your past generosity. I ask your generosity for the dependent families who will require aid and relief in 1918.



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By TANTALUS

Hobart Redivivus

Have you seen Walter Hobart of late? The once flabby and paunchy young capitalist of Burlingame is looking like a new American; I mean a Pershing army man, with a graceful waist line and a face that might have been drawn by Gibson to harmonize with the picture of a Gibson girl. This is probably one of the results of the war. All the men who look fit to do their bit are not of the draft. Some of them—like Hobart for instance—seeing what camp life does for the soldier boy in training, have become envious. They perceive that alongside a man in training for over there they are out of the running, as it were, and they long for rehabilitation, for a chance to get into the picture. Now Walter Hobart, though twice married and still able to make a showing in a cafe, was but a short time ago too obviously a distance beyond the draft age. But look at him now! He is getting down to the Mullally trim, and Thornwell, now a full-fledged colonel at San Diego, is looking quite as graceful and handsome as when he first came to California to exhibit his pluck in a car strike. Mullally is an Adonis in khaki. Hobart lacks the khaki, but not for some time has he been making a specialty of breeding fowl for his own table. He has stunted his appetite. Hobart was an epicure but also a gourmand and polo did him no good. Of late he has been limiting himself to the juice of twelve oranges for breakfast and a very light lunch, but depending for substantial sustenance on dinner, and now he has a figure worth while. "This sort of thing will improve the morals of Burlingame if folks generally will imitate Hobart," I heard it said the other day. The maker of this comment added: "Eating rich food and worshipping at the shrine of St. Bubbles has raised hell down the peninsula. Only the other day I heard of another divorce in prospect, one that has been threatened at any rate. In time rich food will be the only cause assigned for divorce. It will be the only real ground. It has the same effect as the climate in Italy."

The Priest's Protegee

Speaking of Burlingame I wonder what has become of Mrs. Carolan's protegee, the daughter of M. Criticos, the singing teacher of Paris. Apparently she has not excited much enthusiasm here. Perhaps our music enthusiasts do not think as much of her singing as they do of the singing of Miss Myrtle Donnelly of San Francisco, the protegee of Rev. Father Sesnon. Father Sesnon, by the way, is a music critic who long before entering the priesthood studied music in Paris under the tutelage of this same M. Criticos whose daughter recently came to town. It was because of his knowledge of the voice and the art of singing that Miss Donnelly's

parents asked him to hear their daughter when she was a girl of only fourteen. He took an interest in the child who was then a pianist of great promise, and at his suggestion she began studying for the career that is opening for her. She went to Paris and saw Criticos, who did not receive her favorably, but he was then wrapped up in his own daughter. But Miss Donnelly was not discouraged. There were other teachers. She is a girl of intelligence and it did not take her long to discover the extent of a teacher's range of knowledge. Under the priest's guidance she went ahead, and she has learned much more from several teachers than the average teacher could impart. Her training is now going on in New York, where recently Father Sesnon introduced her to folks worth while in art circles. At that time Father Sesnon was meeting many prominent Easterners, among whom were the President and Cardinal Gibbons, and more than once he said mass at St. Patrick's cathedral in New York. Unfortunately, caught in a blizzard, he was chilled, and he returned home to be cared for at St. Mary's Hospital. Meanwhile one hears that Miss Donnelly is studying roles in which she will soon be heard in New York.

A Recent Romance

He is a physician, one of the best in town. He was a widower for several years, and none could say that he had not mourned deeply the death of the beautiful wife who had made him ideally happy. Not so very long ago he went to a neighboring city to attend a funeral. A funeral is a strange place for a romance to flower, you may say. But life is full of surprises, and rightly understood, has few real incongruities. At the funeral the doctor-widower met a lovely woman he had not seen for a good many years. There had been a sweet affection between them, but no courtship, no engagement. When he married—who knows? perhaps she had wept a little, perhaps only sighed. Certainly she had rejoiced in his happiness. And so after a long separation they met at this funeral of a common friend. And they renewed dear old memories.

"And you never married!" he said to her with a smile.

"Perhaps I was waiting for you," she replied with an answering smile.

Beautiful at all times, she is particularly beautiful when she smiles.

There is not in San Francisco a happier couple than the doctor and his bride.

Feminine Grand Jurors

Picture to yourself eighteen women, beautifully gowned of course, wearing furs, wrist watches, knitting bags and serious expressions—picture them lock-stepping into the court room of the presiding judge of the Superior Court and filing a sheaf of true bills. Picture them asking that certain of these true bills be placed on the secret file for the reason that the indicted persons have not yet been apprehended. Picture all that, for it may soon come to pass, our judges having placed the names of a number of women on the prospective list of grand jurors. And then speculate, if you dare, as to how long those secret indictments would remain secret. Women, you know, have been charged time out of mind with inability to keep a secret. Would

the feminine grand jurors keep the secret indictments secret? Or would they whisper all about them to their husbands, or to the women next door, or to the dear friends who drop in for tea, or to their intimates of the purling and knitting circle? I am neutral and refuse to say what I think.

An Astounding Statement

As soon as the names of the prospective women grand jurors were known one of the papers proceeded to interview them as to whether they would be willing to sit if selected. There were all sorts of answers. Among them all the most astounding was that of Mrs. Carrie Schwabacher. I quote her nearly incredible words:

"I believe I am incapable of serving upon a grand jury. I fear I would render judgments more at the dictate of my heart instead of my mind. My emotions in criminal cases and, in fact, all cases would prove a detrimental factor in the deciding of a case. And besides, I don't believe that it is the proper field for women. Women don't belong upon juries."

Clearly, Mrs. Schwabacher is not "in the movement." She is not "emancipated." The "shackles" are still gyving the wrists of Mrs. Schwabacher. She does not seem to know that the twentieth century woman, the really truly "modern" woman subordinates her heart to her mind. Women are still permitted to have hearts, but they are not supposed to talk about them any more. The mind's the thing today, and the stronger-minded a woman is the more she is looked up to in the women's clubs and in other spheres of influence. Such a phrase as "the dictate of my heart" stamps Mrs. Schwabacher as old-fashioned. It appeals to men, most of whom remain almost hopelessly old-fashioned in their attitude toward women, but it doesn't make a hit with women—the women, that is, who are quoted in newspapers, who go to police courts, who are engaged in reforming nature and humanity. One can't think of these women as having emotions, or at least giving them free play. And to confess openly that they are guided by their emotions, the way Mrs. Schwabacher has confessed it, why, they'd consider that early Victorian.

Strange Sounds at a Symphony

During a late symphony concert, strange sounds in very low pitch—slow, regular tempo—and of scratchy, grating timbre were heard in the vicinity of the coveted back rows down stairs. "Those present" recognized the sounds as snoring, plain snoring; but the most polite glancing about revealed no one with closed lids or in seemingly trance-like devotional mood absorbing the heavenly sounds of the orchestra. An usher made a few excursions in the vicinity but with no more success than psychologists claim can attend upon efforts to locate sound without a clue. Very much puzzled he was returning to the

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foyer, when an irate musician touched his arm gently with his cane, at the same time indicating a sweet-looking young lady on the opposite aisle saying, "It is there!" The usher spoke to her, she looked calmly at him, raised her large hat from her lap, proceeding leisurely to put it on. Something fuzzy that looked like a muff upon which the hat had been resting, rose several inches, turned round and then cuddled down again. When she had adjusted her veil and gloves, she tenderly gathered up the fuzzy object, slipped the ring of her mesh purse over her wrist and walked quietly out. Little fuzzy object was her darling doggie to whom she had surreptitiously furnished a little high-class entertainment.

The Lectures of a Scholar

Mrs. A. Comte has assembled a group of ladies who meet at her home on Clay street to listen to Brother Leo, professor of literature of St. Mary's College, in a course of Shakespearean lectures. Brother Leo is recognized as the most brilliant Shakespearean lecturer in these parts. His talks and explanatory recitals are greatly appreciated by the ladies, all of whom, like Mrs. Comte, are serious and accomplished students of English literature.

At the Whitcomb

Every year just before the beginning of the Episcopal diocesan convention, the clergy of the diocese meet socially for dinner and talk. This year's dinner took place at the Whitcomb a few nights ago, and was one of the best attended in years. The affair was given under the auspices of the Seminar of which Rev. Clifton Macon is president, the Rev. J. O. Lincoln vice-president and the Rev. H. St. George Buttram of Sausalito secretary. Among the forty clergymen present were Bishop W. P. Nichols, Dr. F. W. Clappett, Dr. E. L. Parsons of Berkeley, Dean J. Wilmer Gresham and Dr. Walter Cambridge of San Mateo. . . . The Afternoon Tea in the Sun Room on the roof is already one of the hotel's most popular features, although it has been in vogue but a short time. The Saturday night dancing in the same place draws large numbers of merrymakers among whom many officers of the army and navy are in evidence. . . . Six hundred women attended a song recital given by Mme. Jeanne Gustin-Ferrier in the Sun Room last Saturday. The affair was sponsored by Mrs. A. A. Waterhouse, and drew all the leading ladies of the French colony. Cards and tea followed the recital.

At the Cetil

Major and Mrs. W. R. Deer, U. S. A., were hosts at a delightful dinner Thursday. They have just returned from the tropics and are guests at the hotel. Mrs. A. B. Castleman of Grandville is spending the winter at the Cetil. Mrs. Thomas Crothers gave a luncheon and bridge Wednesday. After a delightful trip to Honolulu Mr. and Mrs. Thiepen have returned to San Francisco. Mrs. Cosmo Morgan and Miss Hanson are sojourning. Miss Clara Moss of Seattle gave a dinner of ten covers Monday. Mrs. Armstrong was hostess Sunday at an en-

joyable dinner. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Caghey of Racine, New York, are guests. Mrs. Ives complimented a group of friends at luncheon Saturday. Mesdames Rowley, Kirkpatrick and Adams entertained at luncheon on the same day. Among the recent arrivals are Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Adams, Messrs. and Mesdames George Brooks, R. H. Thayer, Wyche, Messrs. Vincent Cook and John Blood. Mrs. A. A. MacGregor entertained a dozen friends at dinner Thursday. Miss Maude Money who has been visiting in Honolulu, returned Monday to her apartment. Mrs. W. H. Bremer of Los Angeles is a guest. Philip Wyche is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Wyche. Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Beach of Victoria, B. C., gave a dinner Monday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Cook motored up from Los Angeles and will make an indefinite visit.

Paso Robles Opens

After extensive improvements which make it more attractive and more comfortable than ever, Paso Robles opened for the season on Friday, the first of February. The event was signalized with a dinner and grand ball for which a large and fashionable throng gathered at the popular resort.

Skating at the Winter Garden

Perfect ice with perfect steel skates and the most perfect ice rink ever made! The modern skater does not care whether it rains, snows or blows a blizzard. He pushes his feet into a comfortable pair of steady shoes to which are attached the finest steel skates ever made and exercises on the perfect ice which has been developed for the crystal carnival from the experiments of a thousand years. Skating is enjoying a tidal wave of success just now at the Winter Garden Ice Palace. Fifteen hundred skaters enjoyed the Kostume Karnival for valuable prizes this week. Karl Walterberg of Russia gave a wonderful exhibition of edge and continental figure skating, and Babe Young, the most youthful exhibition skater in America, was also an important feature.

For the Stanford Clinic

To alleviate the suffering in the homes of our poor a determined drive for funds has been commenced by the Auxiliary to the Stanford Clinics at Lane Hospital. With a record of 90,000 separate visits to the clinics in 1917 for medical and surgical treatment the clinic officials face a severe tax upon their capacity in the stress of present conditions. The initial effort to raise funds will be a benefit performance by the Players' Club at Scottish Rite Auditorium February 14. Under the direction of Reginald Travers four one-act plays will be given. Both the Auxiliary to the Stanford Clinics and the Auxiliary to the Nurses' Training School sponsor the affair. One-third of the proceeds will go to the latter organization, a beneficent association ministering to the comfort of the nurses at the school and giving temporary financial aid in the form of loans during the training period.

Superfluity Depots Opened

Three new superfluity depots have been opened by the Commission for Aid Civil and Military Belgium and France, Pacific Division, 306 Post street. One is located at 1230 Market street; another at 1552 Haight street; another at 1510 Hyde street. Mrs. T. C. Shuckling will have charge at the Market street depot; a committee of women headed by Mrs. J. S. Doolittle and Mrs. E. J. Lapachet will be in attendance at Haight street; Mrs. S. Ber-

mingham is chairman of the organization committee at Hyde street. Women are busily engaged in sewing dresses for the poor little French and Belgian children; sewing machines have been donated, and daily these women may be seen bending over their tasks of mercy. The public is asked for remnants of cloth for these children's garments. Ring Garfield 2099, and the commission's motor truck will call for goods. At 1230 Market street may be seen all sorts of donations, including beautiful brass electric fixtures. A large committee is being formed for the Park, Presidio Terrace, West Clay Park, Sea Cliff and the entire Richmond District.

Portanova's Statue

The Italian consul and many members of the Italian colony are interested in the unveiling of the statue "Regeneration" by G. B. Portanova, an Italian sculptor who came here during the Exposition. The committee in charge of this event consists of Ettore Patrizi, P. Demartini, Giuseppe Jollain, Professor S. Martinez, Dr. C. P. Merlo, J. Nilsen Laurvik, Dr. J. G. Kasai, George Sterling, Jean J. Pfister and Edgar Walter. The ceremony will take place at the Fairmont on Wednesday evening, February 6. There will be a musical programme.

Techau Tavern Scores Again

Doing things right is a habit at Techau Tavern. Doing things a little better than elsewhere and doing them first is a hobby at this famous cafe. So it would not be quite accurate to say that the lady patrons were surprised at the latest novelty prepared for their pleasure, but to say that they were delighted would be putting it mildly. Think of it. A choice of thirty-eight costly dance favors for lady patrons every evening at dinner and every night after the theatre. And every favor of them all is such as would please any lady, no matter how fastidious her taste. Silk stockings, silk lingerie, silk bloomers, gloves and a score of other highly feminine, highly attractive and also highly expensive articles. That they are worthy of any lady's acceptance will be admitted when it is known that they were purchased from Livingston Bros., corner of Geary street and Grant avenue. Best of all, they are presented to the ladies without the slightest competition in any way, shape or manner. To make the dancing still more delightful two more masters of jazz music have been added to the Tavern's famous jazz orchestra. The popular Show Girl's Revue Corps has been increased by several artists of remarkable ability.

"Germany is suffering from a bad drought."
"Indeed! It seems to me she's suffering from a bad reign."

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John Kellard's Hamlet

By Edward F. O'Day

All who love Shakespeare deeply know the keen disappointment of hearing the noble lines of his tragedies badly spoken on the stage. The lover of Shakespeare, through much reading of the plays, has fixed in his mind a standard of elocution and action, and goes to the theatre hoping that the tragedian will measure up to it, possibly surpass it. The closet Shakespearian may be unequal to the proper reading out loud of a single line; he may be powerless to make a single adequate gesture. Yet in his mind's eye he sees the action proper to every scene, and in the chamber of his brain the lines sing as he reads them to himself, sing with all the music of power, of passion and of tenderness which Shakespeare heard when he wrote them. When the Shakespearian devotee shuts himself in his closet with a volume of the plays he has at his beck an Ariel who peoples the room with visions. The air is enriched with pageantry, vocal with the speech of sceptred kings and wimpled queens. This is one of the purest of intellectual pleasures. It is doubtful whether the boards trodden by Booth himself could yield a higher enjoyment. In the theatre the Shakespearian sometimes approximates this pleasure. More frequently he suffers disappointment; the actors fall below his intellectual standard, fail to realize his ideal imaginings, cannot embody his dreams. Rarely indeed does it happen that an actor speaks the noble lines on the stage as the Shakespearian has heard them in his brain. But when this does happen, the Shakespearian has an exquisite delight. He is rapt to ecstasy. Surely Alexander Pope knew this height of enjoyment when he saw Macklin's Shylock and wrote the familiar couplet. He was transported. And some of us had our transports Monday night when we saw John Kellard's Hamlet. My first thrill came in the first soliloquy, "O, that this too too solid flesh would melt." Here was the very echo of that inward voice which only Shakespeare can unseal from silence. It was so again in the

second soliloquy, "O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" It was triumphantly so, and I cannot tell how thrillingly so in the greatest of them all, "To be, or not to be." One held one's breath at first, fearful of a false note. But confidence grew as the music rolled on, and one surrendered trustfully to the spell. Only by hearing Kellard can you know how beautifully he spoke those three soliloquies, and most of the other speeches. I can still hear Kellard say: "Thrift, thrift, Horatio!" I can still hear him say: "O my prophetic soul! My uncle!" I can still hear him say: "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" I cannot imagine these test phrases spoken more completely in the spirit of Shakespeare and of Hamlet than Kellard spoke them. More than any other Hamlet I have seen, Kellard emphasized the prince's passionate love of his father. When you stop to think, it is a point which cannot be accentuated too much, for this passionate filial devotion supplied the driving power which almost overmastered Hamlet's native irresolution. This love which Hamlet bore his dead father is impressed upon your very soul when you hear Kellard speak the "Hyperion to a satyr" lines. And again when, at the Ghost's words "If thou didst ever thy dear father love," he interjects that poignant "O God!" This element in Hamlet's compound of feelings pervades the play as Kellard plays it. Again and again it is set before the mind, sometimes tenderly, as in the scene of the oath where he says "Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!" sometimes with the embittered anguish of his bereavement as when he says, "O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet?" But Kellard's is not a one-sided Hamlet. He is the philosophical Dame to the life, Wittenberg rudely transferred to Elsinore. One would think Kellard utterly unconscious of his audience when he turns his thoughts in upon themselves in those magnificent speculations that are so much more vital to Hamlet than his business with the uses of the

world. "What a piece of work is a man!" muses Kellard, and from his meditative mood everything but thought is excluded. Another side of Hamlet is shown in the passages where Hamlet fools the old fool Polonius to the top of his bent—the fishmonger passage, the Jephthah passage and the "Do you see yonder cloud?" pleasantry. On this lighter side too must be mentioned the advice to the players. Kellard spoke these lines with now an earnestness, now an easy familiarity, a smile here, a serious face there and always with a sense of studious thoughtfulness joined to princely superiority that would have made them stand out as a tour de force of acting and elocution were they not balanced by the other parts of his admirable performance. There were times when unintended applause was extorted from the absorbed audience. One of these occasions was the conclusion of the "recorder" scene with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Those words of crushing rebuke, "Though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me" must still linger in many minds that registered them Monday night. Hamlet's scene with his mother is of course one of the most powerful in the play. Kellard gripped his audience with it. Thrilling is the only adjective. There was a tense silence when he said, "Look here, upon this picture, and on this." And when he uttered the words: "Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear, blasting his wholesome brother," they fell like a thunderbolt. From the climax of his angry scorn he descended gradually to the pitying tenderness of "I must be cruel, only to be kind," taking his spellbound audience with him. I heard pent-up feelings release themselves in sighs when that scene ended At the end of the play the audience stayed to applaud, a most unusual tribute from a first-night throng. Nor was the audience satisfied until Kellard made a curtain speech. I think every individual in that large crowd went away with that feeling of affection for Kellard which Horatio had for his "sweet prince."

The Stage

Ashton Stevens' Play

After twenty-one years as a dramatic critic Ashton Stevens has turned playwright. Time and time again through two decades managers importuned Stevens for a play, but he resisted their blandishments. Perhaps they finally wore down his powers of resistance, perhaps Ashton finally decided that the play which is said to be in every dramatic critic had to come out. At any rate, he has just had a play tried out in Los Angeles. It was written in collaboration with Charles Michelson, also a San Franciscan, and was produced lavishly by Oliver Morosco. "One of the most brilliant audiences of the year in size and quality witnessed the premiere," said The Times next morning. And The Herald told of the floral offerings, and of the futile attempts of the audience to bring Ashton out for a speech. He was safely hidden in the balcony, however, and wouldn't budge. That was where his experience with premieres stood him in good stead. A playwright never cuts a graceful figure when he responds to the cry of "Author! Author!" There is no question that

the premiere was a brilliant success. And there seems to be no question, either, that the play is headed toward Broadway.

"Mary's Way Out"

So the new play is called. It is a combination of polite comedy and strong social drama. I judge from what the critics say that "Mary's Way Out" should prove to be Ashton's way in—to fame and fortune. I sincerely hope so. Charles E. Van Loan reviewed the play for The Examiner. Van Loan is a man of excellent judgment, and he found the play excellent. "It is a great big American play, done in a great big way," says Van Loan. "It handles a tremendous subject in a masterful manner—handles it without an unnecessary line or a padded situation. It is the sort of play where the spectator dares not turn his head or cough for fear of missing something." And Guy Price, the critic of The Herald, said: "Mary is all right. And her 'way out' of a particularly ticklish, not to say unconventional dilemma received the approval of a genuinely warm audience." And

he also says: "It is a play unique in construction, in lines and in character . . . New Yorkers will revel in it to a keener degree than Los Angelans; in fact the play is built for Broadway consumption and unless I am badly mistaken it is a theatric morsel that Gothamites will rush to see and relish while they are seeing."

Its Epigrammatic Lines

As might be expected in a play by Ashton Stevens of the staccato wit, the epigrammatic quality of the lines was emphasized by all the critics. "The dialogue is jeweled with gems of repartee and positively flashes with satire which Wilde would have been proud to own," says Van Loan. "The lines are clever with a champagne flavor," says Guy Price. Monroe Lathrop of The Tribune found the dialogue "ultra-modern and cynical." Henry C. Warnack, the critic of The Times, says it has "the sort of conversation that the smart set would like to use if it were truly smart instead of being only fast, the sort that many of us would like to

use if we had the brains." There is so little truly witty dialogue written in America nowadays that this epigrammatic quality in the new play must go a long way to make it success. But of course dialogue, however witty, cannot make a play. And this play has what is vulgarly yclept "the punch." It is to be hoped that Morosco will give us a look at "Mary's Way Out" before he takes it to New York. Otherwise we may have to wait as long for a sight of it as we did for that great New York success of Morosco's "Peg o' My Heart."

Emma Carus at Orpheum

There will be seven new acts and one hold-over in next week's Orpheum bill. Emma Carus will be the headline attraction. She has starred in many musical successes. Recently she has been with "The Broadway Honeymoon" and "Up and Down Broadway." She is assisted by Larry Comer, styled the "Beau Brummel of Songland." "Love Thy Neighbor (Altruism)" is the title of a recent Washington Square success. Its author is Benjamin Glazer. Stan Stanley, "the bouncing fellow," assisted by his relatives, will present one of the funniest acts in vaudeville. He is a real comedian of great popularity. Ben Brenie and Phil Baker who style themselves "Syncopated Funsters" are musicians, one being a violinist and the other an accordionist. They specialize in ragtime. Adelaide Boothby whose forte is novelty songs and travesty, is a vivacious comedienne. Her songs are written by Charles Everdean, who accompanies her at the piano and also exhibits his skill as a soloist. Isabelle D'Armond, the favorite singing ingenue, assisted by Darrell will present "The Demi-Tasse Revue" written by Addison Burkhart. Selma Braatz is the renowned lady juggler. The only holdover will be the Four Marx Brothers and company in the musical comedy "Home Again."

Ninth Sunday Symphony

Florent Schmitt's "Rhapsodie Viennoise," which made a delightful impression last Friday, will be repeated on the afternoon of February 3, when the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under direction of Alfred Hertz, will give its ninth Sunday symphony concert at the Cort. Schmitt is a brilliant French composer who has taken a charming Viennese waltz and elaborated it for the orchestra. A work of unusual interest is Abert's arrangement of a Prelude and Fugue by Bach. Between these movement Abert has introduced a Choral of his own. Debussy's popular "Afternoon of a Faun," the symphony in E flat major by Mozart and The Star

Spangled Banner will be the other offerings. A Wagner-Tschaikowsky programme will be offered at the ninth "pop" Sunday afternoon, February 10, at the Cort. These will be the Wagner offerings: Introduction to Act III, "Lohengrin;" "Klingsor's Magic Garden and the Flower Maidens," "Parsifal;" "Siegfried's Rhine Journey," "Gottterdammerung;" Prelude and Love Death, "Tristan and Isolde;" Entrance of the Gods into Walhalla, "Das Rheingold." The Tschaikowsky programme will be: "Nutcracker Suite;" Theme and Variations from Suite No. 4; overture, "The Year 1812."

Harry Lauder at the Cort

Harry Lauder, the world's greatest "single" entertainer, comes to the Cort for six nights and five matinees beginning Monday night. It is announced as Lauder's final visit. The wonderful comedian is on his farewell tour of America, a tour that has been a series of ovations. Lauder will sing new and old songs. Among the new is an American patriotic song, written for him and sung by him for President Wilson four weeks ago. It is called "Marching With the President North, East, South and West." It is unlikely that audiences will let Lauder go until he has given "She's Ma Daisy" and "I Love a Lassie," songs which made him famous. Lauder appears at the head of a vaudeville show including the Arnaut Brothers, musical clowns from the New York Hippodrome; Cleo Gascoyne, a diminutive prima donna; the Five Kitamuras, Japanese wonder workers; Adelaide Bell and Arnold Grazer, dancers, and Francis Renault, female impersonator. Theda Bara in "Cleopatra" comes to the Cort for the week beginning Sunday, February 10.

Keller's Second Week

The second and final week of John E. Keller at the Columbia will open Monday night with "Othello," a role in which he has received much commendation. On Tuesday he will present "The Bells," the play made famous by Sir Henry Irving. "The Merchant of Venice" will be given Wednesday night; "Macbeth" Thursday night and at the Saturday matinee; "Hamlet" Friday night and "The Bells" on Saturday night preceded by the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice." The Boston English Grand Opera Company will be the next attraction at the Columbia, playing an engagement of two weeks commencing Monday night, February 11. It is a big organization and presents a varied repertoire.

What Zimbalist Will Play

San Francisco will hear the famous Russian violinist Efrem Zimbalist in two recitals at the Columbia on the Sunday afternoons of February 17 and 24. His last appearances here were made as soloist with the New York Symphony Orchestra, and it is three years since he has appeared here in recital. On Sunday afternoon, February 17, his programme will include the sonata by Cesar Franck, the Belgian composer, which Zimbalist has never played in this city. Other numbers are the Romance of Beethoven, the Paganini violin concerto, d'Ambrosia's Serenade, "Berceuse" and "Humoresque" by Tor Aulin, and "Playera" and "Zapateado" by Sarasate. At the second concert the artist will play Lola's "Symphony Espagnole," Bach's "Prelude and Fugue" (unaccompanied), Tschaikowsky's "Melancolique," Zimbalist's Russian Dance, Caesar Cui's beautiful "Orientale," Hubay's "Zephyr" and the Wieniawski "Carnaval Russe." Samuel Chotzinoff who has been assisting artist for Zimbalist during his entire American career, will again preside at the piano. Manager Oppenheimer is now receiving mail

orders which should be addressed to him in care of Sherman Clay.

Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra

The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra of eighty-five of the world's finest players, under the direction of Emil Oberhoffer, comes here for three concerts which will be given at the Columbia next Thursday and Friday afternoons and at the Tivoli on Sunday morning, February 10. There will be two Oakland events on Saturday afternoon and night, February 9. Two of the finest vocal artists before the public have been engaged as soloists. On Thursday afternoon and Sunday morning Reinald Werrenrath, famous American baritone, will appear, and on Friday afternoon the beautiful coloratura soprano Margaret Namara. Namara is a California girl whose successes throughout the East have been sensational. The programmes arranged by Oberhoffer are most interesting. On Thursday afternoon Sibelius' Symphony No. 1 in E minor, the fourth overture to Beethoven's opera "Fidelio," Rachmaninoff's "Island of the Dead" and Chadwick's "My Jubilee" overture will be played. Werrenrath will sing the "Vision Fugitive" from Massenet's "Herodiade" and Chadwick's ballad "Lochinvar." On Friday the Cesar Franck D minor symphony, Oberhoffer's newest overture called "Romantique," the Sibelius "Valse Triste" from "Kuolema" and his tone poem "Finlandia" and the Rimsky-Korsakoff "Caprice Espagnol" are the orchestral numbers. Namara will sing "Ah, fors e lui," Mozart's "Batti" from Don Giovanni and "Voi che sapete" from "Marriage of Figaro." A special programme will be given at the Tivoli on Sunday morning, February 10, starting at 10:45. Tschaikowsky's "Manfred" symphony will be played for the first time in this city. Other orchestral numbers are the overture to the



YVETTE GUILBERT
Who gives three recitals at Scottish Rite Auditorium beginning tomorrow afternoon and including Wednesday night and next Saturday afternoon



EMMA CARUS
Next week at the Orpheum

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"JOINT OWNERS IN SPAIN"

By Alice Brown

"RUBY RED"

By Clarence Stratton

"CHRISTMAS ON THE BORDER"

By Colonel R. C. Croxton

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By Nicholas Evreinow

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SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ - CONDUCTOR

9TH SUNDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT CORT THEATRE

Sunday Afternoon, February 3, at 2:30 Sharp

PROGRAM:

Bach-Ahrt.....Prelude, Choral and Fugue
Mozart.....Symphony, E. Flat Major
Debussy....."Afternoon of a Faun"
Florent Schmitt....."Rhapsodie Viennoise"
PRICES: Sunday, 50c, 75c, \$1; box and loge seats,
\$1.50. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, except concert
day; at Cort on concert day only.

NEXT—Sunday, February 10: 8th "POP" Concert
Wagner-Tschaikowsky Program

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Tuesday and Saturday Nights:

"THE BELLS"

Wednesday Night:

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"

Thursday Night and Saturday Matinee:

"MACBETH"

Friday Night:

"HAMLET"

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Expert

Instructors

"Magic Flute" and the "Radoczy" march of Berlioz. Reinald Werrenrath will render the prologue from "Pagliacci" and the two arias from the "Marriage of Figaro." The Oakland concerts will have Cornelius Van Vliet, famous Dutch 'cellist, as afternoon soloist, and Richard Czerwonky, violinist, as evening soloist. The afternoon programme includes Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony, Dohnanyi's "Romanza," Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Caprice Espagnol" and the overture to "Mignon." Van Vliet will play the Van Goens concerto for 'cello and orchestra, rendered for the first time here. In the evening the Dvorak "New World" symphony and other fine works will be played. Tickets are on sale at the usual ticket offices. Selby C. Oppenheimer is managing.

Yvette Guilbert in Three Programmes

France's great Yvette Guilbert will give three different programmes of song and recital at Scottish Rite Auditorium tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon, next Wednesday night and Saturday afternoon, February 9. Her programmes are of extraordinary interest. All three are skillfully composed. Tomorrow she will present her great new character of "Pierrot," the different interpretations of which make up an allegorical review of France's appeal for a better understanding in the world. The legend of the miracle of St. Bertha and the ballad of the wicked rich will also be given, as well as a number of her most popular song successes including "Ah, ah, ah, mariez vous," "La voila la Rosee," "Le Lien Serre," etc. On Wednesday night the programme includes "Chansons des mes debuts," "Le Chat Noir et Montmartre," given with an introduction in English by Madame Guilbert, Chansons types de Montmartre, Chansons types de Paris Nocturne, Chansons types du Quartier Latin and many other songs. On Saturday she will give numbers concerning the army and navy of France including the period before Joan of Arc, periods of Francis I, Henry IV, Louis XIV and Louis XVI and Napoleon, concluding with "La Marseillaise." Emily Gresser, the beautiful young violinist who was assisting artist to Madame Guilbert last season, will again appear on all the programmes. Maurice Eisner, the talented accompanist, will preside at the piano. Tickets are on sale at the usual ticket offices. The events are under management of Selby C. Oppenheimer.

Sterling's New Play at St. Francis

George Sterling, noted California poet, author of "A Wine of Wizardry," "The Testimony of the Sun" and other widely read volumes of verse, has written a one-act play for the St. Francis Little Theatre. It will be given on Tuesday evening, February 5, and at the Wednesday matinee in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis under the direction of Arthur Maitland. Sterling's play is called "The Dryad," and it is a light fantasy dealing with the endeavors of the nymph to learn the things of the world from a very worldly and thoroughly mortal married man. The poet has invested his conceit with exquisite drollery and delicious humor. Sterling's touch is light and exuberant, and the little play should attract many of his admirers. Miss Ruth Hammond will bring her charm to the role of the dryad. Albert Morrison will play opposite. The other offerings will be "The Poor Fool" and "The Rider of Dreams" by Herman Bahr and Ridgely Torrence respectively.

"Bunker Bean" at Alcazar

Charley Ruggles and Dorothy Webb, with a big company, begin a season of farce comedy at the Alcazar Sunday afternoon with "His Majesty Bunker Bean" scheduled as the first

attraction. It is of course dramatized from the story by Harry Leon Wilson.

The Clay Street Players

Owing to the great success of the latest bill of The Little Theatre on Clay street and the impossibility of satisfying the demands of all who have endeavored to attend the performances this week, the engagement has been extended for another week. The plays are Evreinov's "Merry Death" with William S. Rainey as the principal player; "Joint Owners in Spain" by Alice Brown who won the prize in the New York Little Theatre play competition; "Ruby Red" by Clarence Stratton; and "Christmas on the Border" by R. C. Croxton.

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"Pierrot" and "Great Songs of France"

Wednesday Night at 8:15

"French Types," etc.

Next Saturday Afternoon, February 9, at 2:30

"Songs of Army and Navy," etc.

Tickets \$2, \$1.50, \$1 on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase, or at Hall Sunday.

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EMIL OBERHOFER, Conductor

COLUMBIA THEATRE

Next Thursday Afternoon at 3

REINALD WERRENATH, Soloist

Sibelius Symphony; "Fidelio" Overture; Rachmaninoff "Island of the Dead"; Chadwick "My Jubilee," etc.

COLUMBIA THEATRE

Next Friday Afternoon at 3

MARGARET NAMARA, Soloist

Cesar Franck Symphony; Oberhofer "Romantic" Overture; Sibelius "Valse Triste" and "Finlandia"; Rimsky-Korsakoff "Caprice Espagnol," etc.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Sunday Morning, February 10, at 10:45

Special Program

WERRENATH, Soloist

Tschaikowsky "Manfred" Symphony (first time here); "Magic Flute," Mozart; Berlioz "Rakoczy March," etc.

Tickets, Columbia, \$2, \$1.50, \$1; Tivoli, \$2, \$1.50, \$1, 50c at usual offices.

OAKLAND CONCERTS

AUDITORIUM OPERA HOUSE

Sat. Aft., Feb. 9—Tschaikowsky Fifth Symphony;

"Mignon" overture, "Caprice Espagnol" Rimsky-

Korsakoff, Debussy "Romance," Cello Concerto,

Van Goens, VAN VLIET, soloist. Tickets 50c

to \$1.50 at usual offices.

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10c, 25c, 50c.

What McCormick Learned at the Front

(Continued from Page 7)

So fell hundreds of thousands at Mons, on the Marne and at Verdun, who with their own bodies stopped the shells and stayed the charges which ought to have been stayed and stopped by the counterbombardment of their own batteries. Time is the essence of victory and cannon are the weapons with which it must be won. We, we Americans, must make cannon enough, in time, to win.

I do not underestimate the other agencies necessary to victory. Men we must send slowly at first, because we can send them only slowly, to join our gallant little army across the seas. Transport there must be and aircraft—"the cavalry of the air," as Lloyd-George once called them in Celtic poesy. Guns, transports, destroyers, aircraft—25,000 guns to be made by the forges of America to win the war. That is not a figure which I summon from my inner consciousness. It is the best military opinion in Europe. The general upon whose shoulders rests the heaviest burden said to me: "We are grateful for your little army. The echo of its footfalls on our shores carried hope to every hearth in France; it told us that you had not forgotten that the blood of the soldiers of Rochambeau and Lafayette mingled with those of your forebears in the fight for American liberty; but while we await the gathering of your forces send ammunition and guns to us, that we may have the weapons to win victories and to defend ourselves, so that we may still be here in force to fight by your side on the appointed day to win victory and peace."

We know that war is an industry of destruction, but though the industry almost has hidden the romance and heroism of war, heroes there are in greater numbers than ever before.

An old friend of my mother's, a splendid American, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, sent for me in London to ask of our boys. She had come from the bedside of a young British officer, who never would walk again nor would ever again be able to take a friend by the hand. He was almost merry in his misery; glad, for although he had been crippled for life by the bomb upon which he had thrown himself, yet when it broke not one of his men had been harmed.

General Pershing told me of a French lady, a nurse, torn by a shell. As he stood near her bed while the commander in chief of the French army pinned upon her breast the Croix de Guerre—the soldiers' war cross, with palms—she whispered to him, "General Pershing, I am glad that I have been struck, so that you may tell your countrymen that the daughters as well as the sons of France are ready to suffer and, if need be, to die—die for her and liberty."

I spent a day in the Hindenburg trench with a splendid Irish division. As I sat at division headquarters with the gallant Irishman who commands them, we turned the pages of the long roll of honor, counting the names of those who had done gallant deeds. There was one, that of a simple private who was lying wounded in a shell crater when he espied over the lip of a ridge, in a near distance, a German machine gunner turning his deadly fire to and fro over the ranks of the Fusiliers as they sought shel-

ter in the shell holes on that muddy slope. Up he jumped, dashed, limping, over the ridge, and brained the machine gunner with the butt of his rifle. He shouldered the machine gun and carried it back to the crater. Then, as he caught his breath, "Begorra," he panted, "I left me gun where the Huns can get it. The old man will be giving me hell for that." And out of the crater and over the ridge he dashed again. There he came upon two of the enemy quarreling over his rifle. He flew at them with fists and feet in such fury that both surrendered. He made them carry their own guns and his as well, and back to the crater he marched them and there held them until dusk, when he took them to the rear for surrender. He got not hell, but the Victoria Cross for that afternoon's work.

Oh, there are no comparisons in gallantry along that line. Among the French there are none more brave than the others, Gascon or Norman, Breton or Savoyard. In the British armies, English or Canadian, Irish or Australian, Welsh or Scotch, none are braver or better troops than the others, where all are sublime. We shall be proud of our young men. They will reflect glory on the Union. They will be a credit to the men whose arms founded the Republic and those who fought in the sixties. In generous rivalry, where all are bravest, they purpose only to be bravest too.

The spirit of the armies is indomitable. The French, in spite of their terrible losses, are grimly brave, believing that by our side liberty can not lose, ready to give themselves in the last sacrifice for the future security of the world. They are brave. They are tired. They clearly know that promises are to be measured by performance. Let us not fail to do all that must be done, for their confidence in us must remain unshaken if they are to endure terrible to their enemies unto the very end.

How can I speak of the still-growing power of Britain, of the high, rollicking courage of her armies, better than to say that when I went among our men and found with them British noncommissioned officers, teachers of the deadly bayonet, professors of cold steel, each told me that the world owned no better fighting men than their brother in arms? Those little American boys will prove the peers of veteran armies. They have but two anxieties: First, lest they do not get at the enemy soon enough; second, lest the great body of the people at home lack something of the unity, the iron energy, and terrible resolve which moves the American soldiers at the front. "Tell them," they said, "tell the folks at home that if they will stand by us we'll can the Kaiser."

Sir, it is not possible within the compass of the time which the House so generously has accorded me to measure the task before us. Even the most exhaustive analysis of the economic condition of Germany leaves ground for conjecture. Let me say only that as Germany plainly has been crippled for the economic contest which must follow the war, so no less plainly has she suffered awful losses of man power. During the summer German soldiers in increasing numbers deserted, complaining that during bombardments their officers left them in the front line to seek shelter in the dug-outs connected with the second. We know from prisoners captured that in the summer of 1917 there were incorporated in the armies the military classes of 1918—that is to say, lads 17 years of age—while there were many so-called volunteers of the classes of 1919, mere striplings of 16, whose tears and stifled sobs wrenched the hearts of the poilus and the Tommies who captured them. But I would not

have you believe that there are not splendid German divisions, splendid in the efficiency imposed by the iron Prussian discipline. They were outgunned and they were outmanned still more, but the reinforcements brought from the eastern front will redress the balance. To the unity of purpose which actuates all the belligerents the Central Empires add a unity of command through which the Imperial German staff directs the movements of the Turks and the Bulgarians as well as of the Hapsburg and Hohenzollern forces. We are fighting the German armies; we are also fighting the German economic machine and the German administrative system. We who have tolerated inefficiency, because in a new country we could afford to do so, must now reckon that administrative energy and genius are as essential to victory as strategic skill. As the allies have marshaled armies, so they have been compelled to organize industrially and politically to combat German militarism.

As Germany may be our apprentice in democracy, so must we be her pupil in administrative energy. Even in western Europe the hand of government is now omnipresent. It measures the food and fuel of the people, allots raw products to the manufacturer, lends public credit to private enterprise, writes the terms of settlement between employee and employer. Government has created new offices in Europe, and it has restricted the activities of the old, in order that they may bear the heavier burdens imposed by the war. In France and England the manufacture of guns and munitions has been taken out of the war department, as it will be here if we are to profit by the lessons of the war. The task of organizing armies and of forging the instruments of destruction was too great even for the great Kitchener, so Lloyd George, the ablest of the servants of all the enemies of Germany, was put to organizing the making of cannon and shell and shrapnel.

Yonder the national spirit has been shot through with a new fire. In England, Italy, France they began, as we have begun, with a party truce and a party administration of the war, but they have got beyond that and unite in the administration men of every great party unless they refuse to share in the responsibility of government. Whatever his legal powers may be Lloyd George, deriving his authority from the people, directly responsible to their House of Commons, is invested with the moral authority of a dictator. But he sits daily in conference with his war cabinet of five—Smuts, the Boer general; Barnes, the labor leader; Curzon, the old Indian Viceroy; Carson, the Ulsterman; Milner, the Tory administrator. The old political elements are almost equally represented.

One of the greatest men in Europe, whose name I wish I might give this House, said:

"You Americans will have to include in the administration of the war the greatest talent in America. You will have to call to Washington your greatest leaders, regardless of past political differences and past personal animosities."

Across the seas they were divided before the war by political differences more venomous than any which we have known since the civil conflict in the sixties, but the fires of a new patriotism, kindled by the awful struggle, have fused

(Continued on Page 18)

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—It grows more evident daily that the market is liquidated and is in a position to accept good news more readily than bad. It has undergone many tests which under conditions of a year ago would have brought about a panic with a small reaction, sometimes advance in prices. The only activity in the street is the small trading element which is trying to make a market with all the big interests absent. Peace talk still persists but there is nothing in the statement made by the German Chancellor that would indicate this. The operations in the early part of the week were purely short covering. No one is willing to be committed heavily now with a liquidated market and prices at their low level to an extended position on that side of the market. There has been an old short interest in Canadian left over from the bear market in rails which has never had a chance to cover, so whenever prices are strong, a few of these are run in. There is buying of General Motors by the crowd who made the last big move. Next week, with the steel dividend meeting and the St. Paul dividend meeting, will be an important one. If the biggest interests in the country pay the regular extra dividend it will be construed to mean confidence in the business future. If the St. Paul should pay their regular dividend on the common and preferred, it would mean that railroad interests are confident that government backing is secure. Someone has been buying Marine Common, probably because the deal in the preferred was blocked. The market had a shiver early in the week on talk of the new Government bond issue. The time when this financing is to be done is daily growing nearer, and from present indications a higher rate of interest will be made for the next issue—possibly 4½%. The loan, too, will have to be a big one. It is not surprising with so much uncertainty that moneyed interests keep out of the market, and without them we cannot have anything more than we have had recently, backing and filling and fluctuations, which mean nothing.

Corn—There is no change in the speculative situation in oats. With the limit of 128 on the futures, there is no incentive for the bull to make purchases, and the cash prices for the contract grade are so much above 128 that there is nothing in the market for the short seller to base his ideas on until there is some decline in the price for the cash article. The trade is expecting a big run of corn, but the weather has been so severe and the transportation facilities in such poor shape that the movement is being delayed. It will take a big movement and a continuous movement to bring about any material decline in price. The stocks of corn

at all primary markets are practically nil, and no doubt what corn is coming to market has been contracted for some time ago and will not be a factor in price making. With no limit on prices in the oat pit this commodity has taken the place of other commodities speculatively, and prices have shown a fair advance, and at the present writing are well above the 80 cent level. The car situation, which means small receipts, is the factor in causing the advance. As long as this congestion remains there will be no decline of consequence, and we rather look for higher prices.

Cotton—The cotton market early in the week was strong on peace talk and prices were advanced to around the 31 cent mark for the most active nearby futures. Later in the week a reaction set in that brought about a general decline, and the advance was wiped out. Transportation, both by rail and water, is beginning to make itself felt. Spinners' takings are falling off and so are exports, which make the statistical situation appear bearish for the time being. Heavy offerings from the South and the prospects of rain in southwest Texas helped the decline along. With practically everything known of the old crop and the season half over, fluctuations from now on will depend a great deal on the question of what the next yield will be. Should good rains occur in Texas, prices will be hard to sustain. On the other hand, with the continued pessimistic feeling among traders and the fact that offerings become more liberal on all the advances, indications point to lower level of prices.

What McCormick Learned at the Front

(Continued from Page 17.)

old hatreds into a common labor and fast co-operation. Men embittered by years of personal and political strife have put aside all bitterness to sit at one council table, there to apportion among them without jealousy the tasks which must be done.

In democracies governments reflect the sober sense, the energy and the courage of the people who choose them. So it was in Europe. The voice of the people of Italy, France, England, in louder tones and ever more imperative, demanded that the genius and leadership of the land be summoned to share in the government at Rome, Paris, London, there to muster the forces of the nation to the conflict. This must we do in America in order to mobilize and to direct the industrial and military forces of the greatest of all democracies. Our decisions, our promised successes, must not be stillborn, like so many of

those of our friends across the sea. Idealism, democracy, great plans, will go for nothing unless they be supported by force and action. Let each of us contribute of his energy and let each, according to his conscience, speak out his measured opinion to the end that his Government may act and greatly do before it is too late.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 22852; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of BARTOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as BARTHOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as B. CUNEO, deceased.

Catterina Cuneo, also known as Catherine Cuneo, the executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Bartholomeo Cuneo, also known as Bartholomeo Cuneo, also known as B. Cuneo, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of certain of the real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth:

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Hon. Thos. F. Graham, Judge of Department No. 10 of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court the 5th day of March, 1918, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10—Probate—of said Superior Court, in the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said executrix and petitioner, to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased, Bartholomeo Cuneo, also known as Bartholomeo Cuneo, also known as B. Cuneo, at either private or public sale, as prayed for in said petition, as shall be necessary for the best interests of the estate of said decedent. It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated: January 25th, A. D. 1918.

Endorsed: Filed Jan. 25, 1918.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WILLIAM PENN HUMPHREYS,
Attorney for Executrix,
58 Sutter St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

2-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN J. KENNEY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOHN J. KENNEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Frank J. Fallon at Merchants National Bank Building, N. E. corner New Montgomery and Market Streets, Room 615, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN J. KENNEY, deceased.

MARY A. KENNEY,
Administratrix of the estate of John J. Kenney,
deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 26, 1918.

FRANK J. FALLON,
Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 615 Merchants National Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

1-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH PATTERSON MITCHELL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the will of ELIZABETH PATTERSON MITCHELL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Wm. M. Madden, 809 Crocker Building, corner Post and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH PATTERSON MITCHELL, deceased.

FREDERIC W. EATON,
Executor of the will of Elizabeth Patterson
Mitchell, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 12th, 1918.

WM. M. MADDEN,
Attorney for Executor,
809 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

1-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MATHILDE JACOBY, deceased.—No. 23754; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of MATHILDE JACOBY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Asher, Meyerstein & McNutt, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MATHILDE JACOBY, deceased.

PHILIP I. JACOBY,
Executor of the last will and testament of
Mathilde Jacoby, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 19, 1918.

ASHER, MEYERSTEIN & McNUTT,
Attorneys for Executor,
110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

1-19-5

Letters

"Our Hawaii"—Jack's and Charmian's

"Few, if any, American writers know Hawaii as the Londons knew it," say the publishers of Mrs. Charmian London's "Our Hawaii." And that is a truthful saying which extends far beyond the little world of writers, for, in perusing this delightful volume the older generation of Californians must be constantly reminded of the traditions of the open-hearted hospitality of the Hawaiians before it was so grievously abused that the proud people of the higher classes withdrew into themselves and grew wary of strangers in their midst. Those who followed with interest the voyage of the little craft and have read Mrs. London's other book "The Log of the Snark" will remember that her journal was kept in part to take the place of private letters, and bearing that in mind, will accept her altogether unnecessary apology for the "perpendicular pronoun." It is personality and individuality that make correspondence a pleasure. Possibly those who have sojourned on the islands and have visited the places described herein may find the wealth of detail too lavish, but to the fireside traveler, and especially to any one who has had an interest in the life and achievements of Jack London, this will be anything but a fault. Indeed, without intending it Mrs. London has written a most luring guide book, one that should accompany every future tourist. Apart from the interest in the island territory itself, and the intimate glimpses in which Jack London figures, there are sympathetic personal touches. Mrs. London has a charming manner. She knows what not to say, and

though she is more or less, all the time, giving out bits of history or description or direct impressions and observations, she is never patronizing or condescending. So many books of travel are marred if not ruined by the air of superiority assumed by their authors, the "I have been where you have not" pose. These two books, "The Log of the Snark" and "Our Hawaii," in connection with the autobiographical character of so much of Jack London's own work make any attempt at a life of Jack London at this time a piece of impertinence. From the Macmillan Company.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARIE PERRON TARDIEU, Plaintiff, vs. GASTON AIME TARDIEU, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GASTON AIME TARDIEU, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of January, A. D. 1918.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. W. SANDERSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,

420 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

1-19-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 23,692; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of PATRICK O'CONNELL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Will of PATRICK O'CONNELL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this Notice (which said first publication occurs on the 5th day of January, 1918), in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this Notice to said Executor at the office of his attorney, Garret W. McEnerney, Room 2002 Hobart Building, No. 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of PATRICK O'CONNELL, deceased.

JAMES P. CANTWELL,

Executor of the Last Will of Patrick O'Connell,
deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, January 5, 1918.

GARRET W. MCENERNEY,

Attorney for Executor,

2002 Hobart Bldg.,

582 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

1-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTON KOENIG (also called A. KOENIG), deceased.—No. 23748; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of ANTON KOENIG (also called A. KOENIG), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named place the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANTON KOENIG (also called A. KOENIG), deceased.

FRANK KOENIG,

Executor of the last will and testament of Anton
Koenig (also called A. Koenig), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, January 12th, 1918.

A. COMTE, JR.,

Attorney for Executor,

No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

1-12-5

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Edited by THEODORE F. BONNET and EDWARD F. O'DAY

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ESTABLISHED 1878

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Vol. XXXII. No. 1329

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, FEBRUARY 9, 1918

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE:

The Fear of Peace
The Unignorable Lady
Politicians as Statesmen
Mrs. Carolan's Mysterious Loss
The Clockwinder Talks Insurance
St. Maurice—Founder of Red Cross
Isadora Duncan and Redfern Mason
The High Cost of Municipal Music
Marshall's Conversation with the Pope
How Berkeley Was Saved from Shock
Concerted Coast Action—Its Importance
Phil Teller Talks about Lincoln School Days
Chambers Lets in the Light—Looting of the State

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88 First St., Cor. Mission, San Francisco

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXII

San Francisco-Oakland, February 9, 1918

No. 1329

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John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Foliticians as Statesmen

The war has opened the eyes of our politicians, and they are bestirring themselves. The case of State Controller John S. Chambers, which is discussed in another column, is but one of many. Mr. Chambers has written a history of our State Constitution from the days of the admission of California to the Union, and he has pointed out the defects of our system of government as it was patched up by Governor Johnson and suggested means of improvement. There are many statesmen like Mr. Chambers all over the country who think they know what should be done for the benefit of the people, and they will win much attention, for presently people will be taking an interest in the fundamentals of government rather than as heretofore in the ambition of sordid politicians. In the course of time politicians will find it necessary to prove that they know more about the science of government than the tricks of the trade by which they gain access to the payroll. In short, history will be found repeating itself to the advantage of the country. It is in time of unrest, war and tumult that students of government apply themselves to the study of political economy and all that appertains thereto. Rousseau commanded attention just before the French Revolution and he was followed by a host of students who examined his ideals, some from America, like Thomas Jefferson, and others from England, like Malthus. It was after the Peace of Vienna that England was urged to adopt the Corn Laws and it was about that time John Adams wrote his great work *The History of Republics*, wherein he made clear the fallacy of depending on a single house of the Legislature, the scheme that has lately been finding favor among the unthinking of this country, and that was proposed recently in England. The younger Malthus, who smashed the ideals of

his father, was busy then, and the great Ricardo, the stockjobber, bobbed up in Parliament and knocked out many of the old axioms of a political economy that was then young. These are the things we shall hear a great deal of in the next few years, and the study of them will be worth while even if the result be only to show us how little new there is under the sun.

★ ★ ★

The High Cost of Cheap Music

If our officials at the City Hall have resolved to "put the crusher," as they say, on Eugene Schmitz, they will not accomplish their purpose unless they take another way about. The other day Schmitz presented a resolution for a change of band leaders every six months, and the resolution was beaten. Schmitz had nothing to say on the subject except that he was satisfied to learn the sense of the board. This it was easy for him to learn from the discussion that he provoked, and apparently he took no further interest in the matter; and apparently his opponents perceived nothing of interest. Apparently what might have been Schmitz's motive never occurred to them. Schmitz is a musician and a member of the Musicians' Union, and presumably he is in sympathy with the extravagance that results from our employment of musicians. But Schmitz is not a fool. He has promised to devote himself to the interests of the city, and we are spending a lot of money on music, and it is not all of the kind beloved of the Musicians' Union. We have a fine organist at the Auditorium to whom we pay ten thousand a year. We also pay \$100 a month for a man to take care of the organ in addition to \$150 a month for a janitor and divers sums to door-keepers and box-office men when the organist plays. The people unfortunately show how little they appreciate this fine educational influence by neglecting good music. It has become necessary to advertise these splendid recitals at considerable expense on printed matter widely distributed. Moreover such is the indifference to art in art-loving San Francisco that many people would rather listen to ragtime music at the movies than be thrilled by the heavenly maid at the Auditorium. Thus we see that the whole subject of music is a delicate one to make a matter of discussion at this time when there is so much talk of the importance of curtailing expenses. Music enthusiasts are arguing that to make the Lemare concerts popular, as they should be, owing to their educational value we ought to close up the

movies or make them hire bands for the benefit of the union whose musicians drive people crazy. But this suggestion only provokes argument. There are folks who say that if the people should be protected from the average union musician below the symphony standard why should musicians of this calibre be employed by the city? This is a pertinent question, for come to think of it we pay \$10.00 a year for a municipal band to make music for the dear people thus diverting many worthy persons from their phonographs and player-pianos. And this is not all—not by a long shot. We employ an orchestra under the leadership of Frederick Schiller, and this gentleman, as we learned during the Schmitz investigation, took out his first papers only a month ago. This to be sure does not render him objectionable as a musician, but as an employe of the city government he may be the cause of eye-brow raising even in the Musicians' Union wherein there are old-time Americans out of a job. Now Schiller's orchestra adds another item of expense to the taxpayers—over eight thousand a year. How good we are to the dear people in providing them with a form of entertainment that abounds everywhere! There are free concerts even in the hotels, and you can buy canned music of a better quality than many an orchestra makes. Surely Eugene Schmitz has given us much food for thought.

★ ★ ★

The Fear of Peace

Some folk fear that peace may come before we get into the fighting. These folk appear to be insensible of our presence and activity in the war zone. Our army has been slow, but not our navy. Indeed our warships under the direction of Admiral Sims have done much in contributing to the best traditions that have come down to us from the days of Paul Jones. Our men behind the guns have added a new and glorious chapter to the history of the navy. From what we read in foreign papers it is evident that our navy has rendered gallant service of a character that has inspired our Allies. Officers of the American navy have proved themselves worthy followers of Farragut and Dewey. Though there has been a good deal of unfavorable criticism of the British Admiralty, we hear only praise of the men who are led by Admiral Sims. So we are really in the fighting on the sea; and in the air, as well, Americans have made themselves conspicuous by their heroism. Our only fears regarding peace are

that the Teutons may quit before they are thoroughly licked. The spirit of revolt is spreading in the Central Empires, and it appears to be a curious piece of retribution that the revolts should be in a measure due to the teachings of the ignorant Bolsheviks of Russia who were nursed by Germany for sinister ends and whose ideals appeal to the imagination of the Austrians much to the sorrow of the Kaiser.

★ ★ ★

The Interrupted Drive in France

Lately has come from a source that seems authentic the story of General Nivelle's removal. The French strategist conceived a plan of driving the German from French and Belgian soil, and he enlisted the coöperation of Haig with the sympathy of England's leading statesmen. The plan was succeeding. The Germans retired, as we know, to the Hindenburg line; not by way of a strategic retreat, as we were told; it was a retreat compelled by force, and the Germans in a panic were getting ready to retire a greater distance when the Deputies of France, scared by rumor, left Paris for the front where they held a meeting and ordered a discontinuance of the offensive. Here was the familiar case of the politician interfering with the soldier and with the usual result. The same thing occurred more than once on both sides in the Civil War. The politicians of France were filled with panic fear by the rumor that Nivelle had lost 150,000 men in eight days. As a matter of fact he had lost 95,000. He had ex-

pected to lose that many, but argued that it would be better than to lose them later on in small numbers if as a result of the big drive the Germans should retire from French soil. Haig, who agreed with him, had attained his objectives under Nivelle's direction in the eight days of fighting, and when the French quit he was amazed, as were also the statesmen of England, who began wiring protests to Paris, but it was too late. The Germans had been crippled, but they were given time to reorganize their shattered divisions, and the great combination between the French and British was broken. Such is the story by an American correspondent of the disastrous result of a part played in the war by the politicians of France.

★ ★ ★

Concerted Coast Action

The business men of the Pacific Coast have at length awakened to the importance of concerted action at Washington for the benefit of the States that are destined by nature to share in the development of the commerce of the Pacific. The Pacific is the sea of the future, on which the Argonauts of the United States will fare forth to the conquest of the world's commerce. It is good to know therefore that betimes our Captains of Industry are alert and active and no longer to be thought negligent of their opportunities. Anticipating their opportunities these captains, banded together in the chambers of commerce up and down the coast have resolved upon concerted action to prevail on

Congress immediately to strengthen our seaboard defenses from the Mexican line to the Canadian border. We have now associated chambers of commerce representing San Francisco, Oakland, Portland, Los Angeles, San Diego, Astoria, Seattle, Bellingham and Tacoma, all of which have determined upon coöperation in carrying out the naval programme set forth by the Helm commission appointed by Congress in 1916 to study the needs of coast defenses and consider chiefly the following propositions: Pacific Coast naval base at Alameda at a cost \$36,307,000; development for a submarine base at Astoria; development of a repair base for a drydock costing \$2,500,000 in the Puget Sound district—home and repair base for submarines and air ships and one additional drydock at a cost of \$2,225,000 at Mare Island; submarine base at Los Angeles; airship and submarine base at Portland; airship base at Redwood City; aviation base at San Diego. These propositions have been submitted by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce to the associated chambers, with the suggestion of a gentlemen's agreement to stand back of whatever agreement is entered into by California in support of the Helm report regardless of local interests, and the Oakland Chamber of Commerce, which is taking a lively interest in the matter, has adopted a resolution giving the whole scheme its warm approval. It is estimated that concerted action will call for an appropriation of \$6,000,000 for the benefit of the coast.

Perspective Impressions

Has anybody heard from Scott Nearing?

Hindenburg says he'll be in Paris by April 1. April fool!

The question is: Will the Germans be able to lick themselves?

Now the Baker case appears to have resolved itself into a question of veracity.

Labor agitators in Switzerland demand that the army be demobilized. Doubtless they are willing that the Swiss navy remain in statu quo non est.

I do not like you, Draper Hand;
The reason I don't understand;
But this I know to beat the band,
I do not like you, Draper Hand.

"I have heard no adverse criticism of the decision to complete the outer tracks," said Mayor Rolph of the project of double-tracking Market street. He's the only man in San Francisco who hasn't.

Here's hoping General March will prove a forward March.

If there are boxing gloves in Heaven, what a good time John L. and Bob Fitzsimmons will have!

Sir Edward Carson has been tendered a great reception in Belfast. But suppose he had landed in Cork?

John L. Sullivan remained a popular hero to the day of his death, a tribute to John L. and to the American public.

The Dry Federation will have nothing to do with the Rominger bill. Poor Louis Rominger! Kicked caudad by his friends.

Some people have just discovered that the Twin Peaks tunnel is for street cars only. That's the way with some people.

It took those doctors a long time to discover that the "male" interne was a woman. Don't they ever study anatomy?

Now that the cars are running through the Twin Peaks tunnel we'll all be rich.

The newspapers are at least making it clear that war news is as hard to get as a square meal.

Our idea of nothing to do is swatting a picture of the Kaiser with a baseball at two-bits a swat.

Why didn't they let somebody who paid an assessment drive that first car through the tunnel?

A good time to take out life insurance is before the city double-tracks the rest of Market street.

So Oklahoma wants T. R. interned. Well, there was another popular idol who had to drink hemlock.

"Tartars hurl army against Sebastopol," says the headline. Discounting Napoleon's dictum, the Tartars are scratching the Russians.

Varied Types

366—PHILIP S. TELLER

By Edward F. O'Day

"Hello, number nine!"

"How are you, forty-two?"

Most people wouldn't know what Phil Teller and Harry Sherwood were talking about if they heard the produce man and the liquor dealer greet each other in that numerical fashion.

But anybody who was in "Billy" Robertson's first grade at the Lincoln School would remember and understand. They have good memories and quick understandings, the old Lincoln School boys—the training they got in that homely old building on Fifth street accounts for that. The Lincoln School boys have never forgotten the old pals, the old jokes, the old lessons, the old teachers. The teachers had pretty good memories too. Years after he left Lincoln School, Phil Teller was in a crowded cable car with his wife. He heard a voice at the other end of the car.

"That voice can belong to one man alone in the world," Phil Teller said to his wife. "That's Billy Robertson."

After a while the crowd on the car thinned out, and Phil Teller confronted his old teacher.

"You don't remember me, Mr. Robertson," he said.

"You're one of those damned Teller boys, but I can't remember which one," was the instant reply.

Robertson has gone where all good school teachers go—to a particularly happy heaven. And Phil Teller is president of the Lincoln Grammar School Association.

What other grammar school of ours ever had a tradition strong enough to warrant perpetuation in a body such as this of the old Lincoln School boys? None. There was no other school in the old city quite like the Lincoln. It stood apart. Its boys stand apart still. To say that you're a Lincoln School boy—a boast made by Aleck Robertson and John Britton, Dave Belasco and Charley Turrill—is to clothe yourself with distinction.

Lincoln's Birthday is coming. That's the night of all nights in the year for the Lincoln School boys. For then they get together informally—the invitation bids them wear their school clothes—and honor old favorites and recall sweet old memories while they dine and laugh and all talk at once.

"I went to the Lincoln School in '71," says the younger of "those damned Teller boys," with a reminiscent gleam in his eye. "Bernard Marks, Lucius Solomons' uncle, was principal, followed later by James K. Wilson who is a banker now. My first teacher was Sally Rightmire. And then came Miss Littlefield—"

"Speaking of Miss Littlefield, I'll never forget one Friday afternoon when we all had to speak pieces. The first boy Miss Littlefield called on got up and spoke:

"A grain of corn an infant's hand

May plant upon an inch of land,

Whence twenty stalks will spring and yield

Enough to plant a little field.

"Of course he put the emphasis upon 'little field.' The next boy spoke the same piece, and the next boy and the next. Every one of us was in a conspiracy to speak nothing else that day. Miss Littlefield made us learn something else.

"After Miss Littlefield came Jennie Forbes—

"Some day you ask Billy Fuller about the day Jennie Forbes called him up for punishment. Teachers did their own punishing in those days. Miss Forbes stood on the platform with the rattan, and Billy who was a little fellow stood in front of her on the floor. She brought the rattan down hard, and Billy pulled his hand away. She got the full force of it on her leg, and it hurt.

"Then came our last teacher, Billy Robertson. To my mind he was the best educator I ever met. He was full of novel methods of imparting instruction and keeping up interest. You know it's pretty hard to hold boys in when they're reaching the end of grammar school. Robertson could do it. He was a strict disciplinarian, but very fair. There were sixty-three in our class—it was a big school, the Lincoln School—must have been twelve hundred boys there in my time. Every boy in the class had a number, from one to sixty-three. I was number nine. To this day some of the fellows call me number nine. Robertson had all the numbers on the blackboard with columns for every subject. Every recitation was a competition. For instance, in the spelling lesson number sixty-three, we'll say, would challenge number twenty. And if he succeeded in spelling number twenty down, their numbers would be changed on the blackboard. Robertson acted as umpire at every recitation. Competition was keen, and you had to study hard to keep your number from going to the bottom of the board. At the end of the term the best boys were all at the top of the board, and the rest were graded down strictly according to merit. It was the fairest system I ever saw. And how it did keep us on our mettle!

"Let's see. Who was in my class? There was Harry Sherwood. And Sam Mayer the theatrical man, Irving Ackerman's uncle. And by the way, Sig Ackerman was our star spouter. He did the heavy declaiming on Friday afternoon. 'Spartacus' was one of his great pieces. The two Lezinskis, George and Sam, were in the class too. And Al Lilienfeld, the clothier, was one of our smartest boys. Oh yes, and Henry Kowalsky too. He was quite a spouter. He was a good, bright boy and well liked. He was neither as profound nor as heavy as in later years. And he didn't suffer from the sleeping sickness. Robertson's strongest point was arithmetic, and the best arithmetician in the class was Arthur Donnelly. The last I heard of Arthur he was dealing faro at Carson. Jack Savage, brother of Dick who wrote the novels, was another classmate. 'Long Jack' was wild. Then there was Harry Hanley—he's in the Wells Fargo Bank now. 'Pico' Hanley we used to call him.

"My brother George, the other of 'those damned Teller boys,' was two classes ahead of

me. Dave Belasco, and Aleck Robertson the publisher, and Jim Barrows the actor, and Frank Haight, Governor Haight's nephew, and Marcus Koshland, and Ed Cutter the grain man, and Sam Fabian who was a boy wonder and became a great pianist, were in George's class.

"Our first music teacher was 'Spud' Murphy. He had a cork leg and a wig, a plug hat and a Prince Albert. Can't you imagine how unbearable we made his life? One day one of the fellows puts mucilage on his hat band. When school was dismissed we waited to see him walk up Fifth street. 'Spud' was very gallant. But that day when he took off his hat to make a low bow to one of the lady teachers his wig came with his topper, and we all gave him the laugh in chorus. Later on we had Washington Elliott as music teacher, and a very good teacher too.

"The school books I remember best were the McGuffey readers, and Swinton's Word Analysis. That was a great text book, that Word Analysis. We had to take our books home, and were expected to study two hours every night. There were no study periods in the class room. It was all recitation. And of course we had home work to do too.

"Did you ever stop to think what an educational center Fifth and Market was in those days? At the corner was the Lincoln Primary, a low one-story building of which Kate Sullivan was principal. On Market street, set back from the sidewalk, between the Primary School and St. Ignatius Church, was the State Normal School. And back of St. Ignatius Church was the three-story St. Ignatius College.

"I tell you what," said Phil Teller in conclusion, "Lincoln School left its impress on this community. It was a great old school."



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Hero Horses of Modern Wars

(A few days ago Congressman Sherwood of Ohio enlivened matters in the House by delivering a speech in celebration of the horse. A veteran of the Civil War, Sherwood has been a lover of horseflesh all his life, and has made an historical study of the horse. In his speech he ransacked ancient and modern history, mythology, poetry and romance for references to horses. The following excerpt deals with the battle steeds of later days.)

By Isaac R. Sherwood

If I should name six of the most famous hero horses of the nineteenth century, I would mention Marengo, the favorite war horse of Napoleon; Copenhagen, the favorite of the Duke of Wellington; Cincinnati, the famous war horse of General Grant; Traveler, the noted war horse of General Robert E. Lee; Lexington, the horse General Sherman rode on the Atlanta campaign; and Winchester, the game and fleet black stallion that carried General Phil Sheridan from Winchester to Cedar Creek, 20 miles, that gray October morning in 1864. Winchester has the unique distinction of a continental commemoration in a dramatic war poem, and the further distinction of having his master for a biographer.

George Washington was a tried and capable soldier in the old French war, so called, of 1755, fighting on the side of England. When Washington, then a young colonel, accompanied the English commanding general, Braddock, in the old French war, he took with him three magnificent horses—English-bred hunters—from his Virginia estate. One of these horses, a dark-gray stallion, was named Greenway. In a fierce battle fought July 9, 1755, General Braddock was killed and his army defeated. Colonel Washington was his aid-de-camp. Braddock lost five horses shot under him, a world's record, as I believe, and Colonel Washington had two shot under him. Writing of the battle nine days later, at Fort Cumberland, to his brother John, Washington says:

"I have been protected by Providence beyond all expectation. I had four bullets through my coat and two horses shot under me, and yet escaped unhurt."

When General Washington left Virginia, June 30, 1775, to take command of the Continental armies, then at Cambridge, Mass., he took with him five horses of his own breeding. His favorite was a magnificent bay stallion, sixteen hands high. When General Washington made his first appearance at Cambridge mounted on this magnificent horse, he enthused and charmed not only the army but the motley throng of revolutionary patriots gathered there to greet for the first time the hero of the epoch.

Before the close of the war Washington acquired by gift and purchase seven other war horses. Fairfax was the name of the horse that Washington rode the day he took command of the army. At the battle of Trenton Fairfax was so badly wounded that Washington had to abandon him. At the battle of Monmouth, June 28, 1778, Washington rode a white horse—Blue Skin—presented him by Governor Livingston of New Jersey. The day was excessively hot and the heat and terrors of the fight killed Blue Skin. Washington then rode to the end of the fight that day a magnificent chestnut mare with flaxen mane and tail, called Dolly—rather a tame name for a battle hero. Another of Washington's favorite war horses was a light-colored sorrel, sixteen hands, with a white face and four white legs. This stallion was a gift from Governor Nelson of Virginia, and Washington named him Nelson in honor of the donor. This horse lived to the end of the war, and General Washington rode him on the day of the

final surrender of Lord Cornwallis, October 19, 1781.

After the war Nelson led a life of ease at Mount Vernon. He survived his immortal master and died at the remarkable age of 36 years. Thomas Jefferson often said that Washington was the greatest horseman of his time.

Probably the most famous war horse of the nineteenth century was Napoleon's Marengo. And horse lovers will wonder why it is that in all the many hundred biographies that have been written—in six languages—of the greatest empire builder of modern times so little has been said of the famous horses that carried him to victory in so many great battles.

We have the authority of Louis Napoleon, who said at Chiselhurst in 1872 that Marengo was the favorite horse of this great captain of the French. He was an Arab stallion captured from a Mameluke chief during Napoleon's Egyptian campaign. Marengo was about fifteen and three-quarters hands high, of very high style and almost white. He was seven times wounded in battle. Napoleon rode him last at Waterloo, where Marengo was shot in the left hip. He, too, like Nelson, survived his royal master and died at the age of 36 years. Napoleon rode Marengo in the following great battles: Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, in the disastrous Russian campaign, and at Waterloo. Another war horse of Napoleon was an Arab stallion named Ali. On the downfall of Napoleon a French gentleman purchased Marengo and another well-tried war horse of Napoleon named Jaffa, and transferred them to his estate in England.

On the 16th of May, 1797, Napoleon rode his famous war horse Marengo to the top of the bell tower of St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice, that he might signal to his fleet in the bay that the proud Queen of the Adriatic Sea had surrendered. This bell tower is 333 feet high, 45 feet higher than the lantern above the great central dome of our national capitol. With the exception of the fiery chariot that Elijah rode up to heaven, this is the most remarkable feat of dizzy-headed horsemanship ever recorded in either sacred or profane history. Napoleon had nineteen horses shot under him—the world's record.

Another famous horse that has been preserved true to life form is the war horse Stonewall Jackson rode the day of his tragic death. This horse is now the central attraction of the relic room of the Confederate Soldiers' Home in Richmond, Va.

Copenhagen won his fame as the horse the Duke of Wellington rode at the decisive battle of Waterloo—a battle that ended the conquering career of Napoleon and gave enduring fame to the Duke of Wellington. Copenhagen has inspired more animal hero worship than any horse in all history, ancient or modern. Copenhagen was a powerful chestnut stallion, sixteen hands high, an English thoroughbred, a grandson of the famous English race horse Eclipse. The Duke of Wellington bought him in 1813, paying four hundred guineas for him, or \$2,000. His magnificent form, style and high quality is indicated by this price.

At 4 o'clock June 18, 1815, the day the great duke and Copenhagen won immortal fame, Wellington mounted Copenhagen and was in the saddle continuously for eighteen hours. And when the day was done and the duke had held his historical interview with the Prussian Field Marshal Blücher, the duke dismounted and turned Copenhagen over to his orderly.

It will be remembered that the English Government presented the Iron Duke with a splendid estate for his good day's work at Waterloo.

The Iron Duke's last act before leaving Strathfield, a few days before Copenhagen's death, was to walk out to his paddock and pet the great war horse who carried him to immortality at Waterloo. The Iron Duke's eldest son, known as the second Duke of Wellington, erected two monuments, one to the duke and the other to Copenhagen, both of Italian marble. The monument to Copenhagen stands under the shadow of a large Turkish oak on the estate presented the duke, where the famous horse was buried, with this inscription:

"Here lies Copenhagen, the charger ridden by the Duke of Wellington the entire day at the Battle of Waterloo. Born 1808, died 1835."

During the Civil War I saw nearly all the commanding generals of the Army of Ohio, the Army of the Cumberland, the Army of the Tennessee under fire. I saw General Hooker several times under fire, once at Resaca. I saw him in the full uniform of a major general, yellow sash and all the plumes, riding at the extreme front, almost abreast of our advance skirmish line. He was mounted on a powerful high-headed bay stallion, red nostriled and furious, the most daring and inspiring figure I ever saw on a battlefield.

General John A. Logan was the incarnation of vital energy and reckless courage. I saw him ride to the front at Atlanta and rally the staggering battalions, after the death of General McPherson, in that fierce conflict of the 22d of July. Logan rode that day his famous war horse, Black Jack, a coal-black horse that he rode in many battles. Black Jack was poisoned by the political enemies of General Logan, in southern Illinois, after the war, during a heated campaign. They fed Black Jack a pound of ground glass.

I saw General McPherson as he rode to his death at Atlanta. Next to General Joe Hooker, he was considered the finest mounted officer of our army. I saw him often under fire during the Atlanta campaign, always splendidly mounted.

I saw General Sherman under fire at Atlanta and at Kennesaw Mountain. His favorite horse was Lexington, presented to him by admiring friends when he commanded the Department of

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FOR MEN

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St. Maurice, Founder of Red Cross

By Helen M. Bonnet

Crossing San Francisco Bay recently at the witching hour of sunset, my companion drew from her purse a velvet case, and touching a spring she revealed to my enraptured gaze the miniature of a warrior in armor. From the noble countenance beamed an expression of intrepidity, lofty purpose, and the strength to dare which comes from spiritual, inward grace and belief in help from above. The helmeted head, almost in profile, was poised in relief against the arms of a red cross from which emanated an ineffable radiance.

My friend said, "It is Saint Maurice, founder of the Red Cross." Her words and the picture seemed almost an answer to my unspoken thought, for the glory of the eternal sunset upon the calm waters and the presence upon my left of a number of splendid American sailor boys and upon my right of a group of pretty university students knitting for the Red Cross suggested the often recurring question: "Must there not have been some great reason for the adoption of the red cross as the insignia of the society?" The Redeemer upon the bloody cross of Calvary was of course the real Founder, but surely there must have been some mundane, tangible reason for the adoption by the Geneva Convention in 1863 of the symbol of succor to the wounded in time of active service at the hands of volunteers. It could not have been out of compliment to Switzerland whose flag was recognized as neutral, for that standard is a white cross upon a red field.

My friend told me that the painter of the picture was Evelyn Withrow, of course, through her art studies, versed in sacred and legendary lore. I asked if she had taken an artist's license in depicting St. Maurice as the source of the inspiration of the Red Cross but was told that she had sketched the figure according to what her ideal was of one who laid the foundation for the great practical work of the Red Cross Society. My interest was so intensely aroused that I spent two hours that evening searching The London Library Index for works bearing upon the proceedings of the Geneva Convention and others which might lead to authentic data on the subject. Finding little that would be available in San Francisco, I inquired of my ecclesiastical friends. None seemed to have a profound knowledge of the life of St. Maurice, but "with cheerfulness abounding with industry" they delved into their libraries, and from the works which they generously placed at my disposal I discovered that St. Maurice is a popular saint in many parts of Europe, if one may be permitted to use the adjective popular in describing a canonized person. He is the patron saint of the Swiss cantonment Vaud; there is a Sardinian order of monks and a monastery (dating from the fourth century) named in his honor in the city of St. Maurice to which the ancient name Agaunum where he was martyred was changed. Also there is a magnificent chapel of St. Maurice in the cathedral of the Swiss city Sion. Cloth dyers and instrument makers in Zurich call him their patron saint, and the pious faithful invoke his aid against many physical ailments. There are many celebrated paintings in which he is the central figure in Italy, Austria, Switzerland, Germany and other countries. Especially in Italian paintings he is depicted with a red cross upon his mantle or breast.

All this was interesting but not sufficiently

convincing to establish in my mind a connection which he might be said to have had with the founding of the order.

The task to which I set myself proved more arduous than I had expected, and though the results of my researches may not satisfy many, they were fraught with discoveries which I take pleasure in recording in the hope that someone more persevering than I may pursue them to ultimate satisfaction.

Among the many papers which I perused about the origin of the Red Cross, to me the most interesting was one sent by my good pastor Rev. Philip O'Ryan (himself a busy, valiant captain of the society) in a copy of the "Extension Magazine," published in Chicago. The authoress, Mary G. Murphy, also dissatisfied with the conventional acceptance by the world of the unexplained symbol, traces the first military nursing order of the Christian era to 400 A. D., to the days of Fabiola, a noble Roman lady who built and maintained a hospital in Bethlehem for the care of weary pilgrims to the shrine of the Nativity. She speaks also of the orders founded during the Crusades for the care of the wounded in battle. But the first Crusade was begun in the eleventh century A. D., whereas St. Maurice was a martyr to the cause of the bleeding cross in 287. In this paper I find also that among the thirty-seven nurses whom Florence Nightingale conducted from London to the Crimea in 1854, ten were Sisters of Charity, which order was founded in Paris in 1634 by Vincent de Paul, suppressed at the Revolution and restored by Napoleon in 1807. Upon the gray habit of one of them Jeanne Rendu, Napoleon pinned the cross of the Legion of Honor for her great courage upon the battlefield and over her grave his soldiers fired a last salute. Members of this order are seen today in great numbers upon the battlefields of Europe ameliorating the sufferings of the wounded as they have ever done. Florence Nightingale gave unstinted praise to the Sisters of Charity and even entered convents as a postulant in Paris and Rome to study their methods before persuading the British Government to send her to the scene of action. In a letter which she wrote at Balkalaŭa to the Rev. Mother Moore who was about to return to England, Miss Nightingale wrote: "God's blessing and my love and gratitude to you, Rev. Mother, as you well know. You know, too, that I shall do everything for the Sisters you have left me. But it will not be like you. Your wishes will be our law. And I shall try and remain in Crimea for their sakes as long as there are any of us there. I do not presume to express praise or gratitude to you because it would look as if I thought you had done the work not unto God but to me. You were far above me in the fitness for the general superintendency, not only in worldly talent of administration but far more in the spiritual qualifications which God values in a Superior." (This from the Murphy article.)

Does not that letter breathe the generosity which only a sublime nature unconsciously possesses?

Another letter which I discovered in my researches was one written by the Crown Prince of Prussia, father of the present Kaiser, to Col. Lloyd Lyndsay in 1870 in grateful acknowledgment of twenty thousand pounds, during the Franco-Prussian War, from "The National So-

city for the Aid of the Sick and Wounded," an equal amount being sent to the French: "In this, as on other occasions of distress, the help of the English public has been poured out with a liberal and impartial hand. The gifts which have been offered in a truly Christian spirit have excited a feeling of heartfelt gratitude among those upon whose behalf I write."

Another note of interest was that the idea of the Geneva Convention was popularized by a work of Henri Dumont, "Un Souvenir de Solferino," published in Switzerland in 1862, recounting the Swiss author's observations of the horrors of the uncared-for wounded in his observations of the decisive battle between the French and Austrians in 1859.

But what has all this modern lore and reference to the knights of the Middle Ages to do with Saint Maurice who was martyred in 287 A. D.?

Maurice was captain of a legion sent for by the Roman Emperor Diocletian out of Thebais, northern Egypt, where Christians abounded, to compose his army for an expedition into Gaul to put down a rebellion of the inhabitants, chiefly peasants. When the Thebans arrived at Octodorum (now a village called Martigni, near Lake Geneva) the auxiliary emperor Maximian issued an order that the whole army must offer sacrifice to the gods for the success of the expedition. Thereupon the Thebans withdrew to Agaunum (now St. Maurice). In consequence there were two decimations by order of Maximian, the fatal tenth falling by lot, the rest exhorting one another all the while to perseverance. Their answer to the emperor's decree that a general massacre of their army of 6600 must ensue in event of their refusal was by the advice of their leaders, one of whom was St. Maurice, as follows:

"We are your soldiers, but are true servants of God. We owe you a military service and obedience; but we cannot renounce Him who is our Creator and Master and also yours, even though you reject Him. We cannot dip our hands into the blood of innocent persons.

(Continued on Page 17)



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The Spectator

Redfern and Isadora

The most preposterously silly rumor of many days runs to the effect that Redfern Mason, the music critic of The Examiner, has eloped with Isadora Duncan. Only those who know Mason personally can understand just how ridiculous this rumor is. Redfern Mason is the staidest of men. He has passed the impressionable age. And he is a man of devoutest piety. The fact on which the airy structure of this rumor was built is simple enough. Redfern Mason is enamored of Isadora Duncan's art. And Isadora Duncan is enamored of his appreciation. So she asked him to become her manager. During her stay here she had trouble with Nagle, her former manager, and they parted company. Casting about for his successor she thought of Redfern Mason. It was a natural selection. Mason surpassed all the other local critics in the fervor of his praise of "Isadorables" dancing. He was therefore fitted, in Miss Duncan's eyes, not only to be manager but also publicity director of her tour. She offered him a very tempting salary. Mason was not prepared to sever his connection with The Examiner; so he obtained six weeks' leave of absence. He has entered Miss Duncan's service for that period only. I can imagine how he would feel if informed that a romantic reason had been invented for his association with the exponent of Greek dancing.

Chambers Lets in a Little Light

There is a good deal of conjecture about State Controller John S. Chambers of late. Does he hope to succeed Governor Stephens? folk are asking. And if so will his fight be an underhand one in the interest of Hi Johnson, who expects as a wise politician to control the delegation from his own State to the next National Convention? These are questions that puzzle many politicians. I am able only to point out their origin, which was not, as the reporters are saying, due to a speech he made in San Jose. Some time ago John S. Chambers was endorsed for Governor at a big convention of assessors. Perhaps the State Controller was taken by surprise, but I doubt it. Things don't happen that way in politics. At the convention Controller Chambers read a paper. The ma-

terial therein was in the vein of the speech he made late at San Jose, and as I have read the paper I know something of the views that Mr. Chambers might be expected to utter in a campaign. On the whole these views are in the nature of criticism of the Administration of Chambers' old friend Hi Johnson. Mr. Chambers does not swat the former Governor hip and thigh, but from his view one might easily argue that Governor Johnson was an evil influence in California, not less so than he has often been pictured in Town Talk. Here in this paper, I should say, is to be found corroboration by a Johnsonian official of much of the criticism that was once deeply resented by the old machine and even by Progressive reformers who thought it glorious that young David had slain Goliath. Are we to believe that Johnson would rather stomach the truth from a friend than swallow an enemy like Heney?

The Looting of the State

Well at any rate, coming from Chambers, the paper is interesting and instructive. Chambers is in a position to know the truth of what he is discussing, and it is clear that he does not think much of the wonderful system of government created by Johnson and belauded by his satellites of the press. It will be remembered that Johnson, to the satisfaction of sapheads, easily disposed of criticism regarding the cost of government. "All the money comes out of the pockets of the despised corporations," was his complete answer, and the saphead worshippers of the cheap demagogue smiled and told approvingly how he saddled all the cost on the S. P. and the P. G. and E. and all the other corporations. But did he? Listen to Chambers: "The taxation of corporations produces annually \$16,000,000. That was only a million more than what it used to cost before Johnson's advent. But when Hi was on the job we needed more money, a great deal more not only for the man "who must eat" but for all his commissioners; why the men that looked after the interests of Labor alone cost us \$370,000 a year, says Chambers, nearly twice as much as was consumed in the interest of Johnson's beloved friends, the farmers, the fruit growers and the stockmen. And therefore we couldn't depend on the corporations. But listen to Chambers.

The Wonderful Board of Control

After squeezing the corporations, giving them an excuse for raising their rates for the benefit of Hi and the dear asinine people, we collected \$4,000,000 from inheritance tax; \$2,000,000 from motor vehicles; \$800,000 from a business license tax; \$225,000 from loans on State property; \$160,000 from fees charged by the Secretary of State, and divers sums from other sources to which the dear people contributed in blissful ignorance of what Hi was doing to them. And the State Government expended in the last fiscal year, ending in June (I am still quoting Johnson's friend), \$34,886,138.73. And how much of this total, do you suppose was consumed by the State highways, which, we were told, made the cost of government so high, and which therefore were pleaded as an excuse for the high cost of running the State? Out of thirty-four odd millions we spent, only four on the highways. No wonder, as Chambers says, the people are inquiring about the "ever-rising cost of govern-

ment." Also Chambers says: "There are no indications of a change for the better." I agree with him. But the truth, as Chambers appears to realize, is that the war is making luxuries hazardous, and people are thinking. He tells us that the Board of Control still dominates the State system that was constructed with applause by Hi Johnson. What a grand thing was that Board of Control which John Francis Neylan used to manage for Johnson much to the satisfaction of that grand young pet of the Administration, Chester Rowell of Fresno. But it was the piece de resistance of Progressive politics, and Chambers handles it tenderly. "It is in a position to dictate policies," says Chambers, and though "it has done some good," it has done "some harm, made mistakes, serious ones." It was "arbitrary at times," and it "was unjust," but on the whole, etc., etc. On the whole Chambers doesn't knock very hard. However, he sees "lots of room for improvement" which, he says, is not to be made by our present system of government, which is not sufficiently centralized. The proof of this probably is that Johnson evaded some of the blame. Clearly in Chambers' opinion the times are out of joint and seemingly he stands ready like a good patriot to set them right. To prove that he is a capable statesman he has written a paper that reads like a textbook on the science of government. It wouldn't require an Alexander Hamilton to pick it to pieces.

The Great Political Split

However, the State Controller professes to be

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quite satisfied to stay where he is. And further his friends assure me that he is not willing to render assistance to Johnson. They say that his friendship for Johnson ceased long ago, at the time, to be precise, when Johnson returned from the East, where he had been doing some national campaigning to find that the machine had neglected his interests. He was badly beaten in a fight to strengthen his non-partisan laws, and he raked all his lieutenants over the coals for not rounding up his jobholders. One man he read the riot act to was Chambers and Chambers revolted. Since then they have not been friends. Chambers is really opposed to the Johnson system, and besides he is of the opinion, it is said, that the next Governor will come from the South. This may mean that he is for Johnson's deadly enemy, Heney, who is very busy communicating with his friends in California. Now Chambers will be able to render any candidate considerable assistance, for he has a little machine of his own. He appoints the inheritance tax appraisers and their attorneys in each county in the State, and so therefore he commands considerable influence from one end of the State to the other. He will have to be reckoned with in the next campaign, a fact of which all politicians are sensible, including the men who have an eye on the bench. Meanwhile the line-up as between Heney and Johnson is a matter attracting a great deal of attention, and all the subordinates in the divers offices are doing a lot of guessing. Sidestepping is a hard game, for every man is undergoing examination. Nobody is permitted to say that he has not yet made up his mind. He is not to be allowed to watch the way the cat jumps. But Jim Rolph is holding his tongue with both hands. Eustace Cullinan went East the other day, to carry a message from Rolph, but the result was not satisfactory. Johnson is afraid that Rolph is not to be trusted, not even if assurance comes from Matt I. Sullivan.

The Clockwinder Talks Insurance

"Well," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, putting both feet on the table like a gentleman of leisure, "I think I'll go to Sacramento this year."

"Good idea," said Tiv Kreling. "Get on the job and watch the politicians. Take your alarm clock with you; you'll need it."

"Oh, I'm not worrying about the politicians. I'm thinking of those insurance fellows—Rolla V. Watt and all the other good men of the Federation."

Kreling raised his eyebrows. "What Federation?"

"Oh, you're not wise to that, eh? Well, Tiv, you better get your alarm clock. Haven't heard of the Federation, eh?"

"I'm not paying attention to anything but the Supervisors," said Kreling.

"You're losing your time. Eugene Schmitz will take care of them. I see where he got a vacation for the policemen as soon as Rolph returned."

"Yes, and I'm glad he did."

"He gave a good reason for it. The policemen had to work overtime all through the car strike," said the clockwinder.

"That's right."

"And your friend Rolph forgot all about them, though it was his strike. Seems to me it must have made Jim feel kind of sick to have Schmitz remind the people of that strike. Jim would like to forget it, especially as he knows that Schmitz as Mayor was a pretty good hand at preventing industrial disturbances. You know, Tiv, I think Eugene will keep them busy at the City Hall mending their fences."

"Say," said Kreling who appeared eager to drop the topic, "what were you going to tell me about the insurance profiteers?"

The Watermelon

After changing his feet on the table the clockwinder continued. "The insurance men representing nearly a billion dollars are organizing for self protection against the politicians. That's a lot of money, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Kreling, "you can do a lot of skating with that."

"Well," continued the clockwinder, "there's a lot of money in the insurance business and a lot of men are employed in it. Thirty-five thousand throughout the State are licensed to sell insurance and the underwriters are getting them all together to put up a good fight. I hear that the insurance men's wives and other relatives will be asked to join the club."

"The club?"

"Yes, I guess that's what they'll call it when swinging it at Sacramento to persuade the legislators that it would be wrong to cut a slice out of the ten million annual profits."

"Gee, there'll be something doing at Sacramento, won't there?"

"Nothing crooked, my boy. The insurance men are straight as a string. They're simply organizing a powerful federation for self-protection and they're going at it the right way—that is, they're employing experienced politicians who have been in the Legislature as organizers."

"I don't see why you shouldn't get one of those straight jobs," said Kreling. "You've never been a statesman, but as a lobbyist you're a corker. How much money have they got?"

"Last year the insurance companies of California collected \$17,131,070.02 in premiums and paid back \$5,758,367.16. Figure out the percentage yourself. I'm too busy."

"Well," said Kreling, "the poor fellows made a pretty fair profit."

"Yes, a fair profit considering that at the

same low ratio for the rest of the United States the profits in California would have been something like nine odd instead of seventeen millions in profit."

"A luxurious business I should say," Kreling remarked.

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How We Spend Money for Music

There are interesting facts and figures at the City Hall supporting some of the things discussed in the editorial column with reference to "the high cost of cheap music." From these figures I learn that the Auditorium is managed chiefly in the interest of musicians. It was intended to cultivate a taste for music in the public, but our music lovers do not flock to the Auditorium in large numbers. Perhaps the people might become interested in music by listening to the concerts at the Auditorium but they stay away, and though we prohibit many means of pleasure in this freedom-loving city nobody has yet suggested that we should put people in jail for not trying to become aesthetic and the truth is the Auditorium has already cost the taxpayers more than \$5,000. Perhaps we could have saved that much by renting the hall every time folk wanted to hire it, but nobody is allowed to rent the hall on a concert night. Music first, is the rule of our music-loving Supervisors and so they throw away \$300 and give the people a concert that costs several hundred dollars. At the last Lemare concert the receipts amounted to \$55.10. But the total cost including hire of janitors, box-office men, printing, etc., was considerable too. And we pay the organist \$833.33 a month for giving eight concerts. He used to give only four, but thus he saved money, and there is no sign of reducing expenses or increasing the receipts. Now the Municipal Orchestra is a little more expensive than the organ. To the leader, Frederick Schiller, who, though a newcomer has evidently considerable political pull, we are very kind. But he in turn is kind to the members of the musicians' union. He gives work to a whole lot of them, and nowadays musicians, like waiters, have their own automobiles. Ach! but times are good. The cost of the last Schiller concert, so far as expenses are visible, was \$932.98. To the members of the orchestra we paid \$584.50, Schiller himself getting \$110. Somebody got \$9.95 for copying the music. For the ushers and doorkeepers we paid \$11.50, for posters \$85.60; for printing \$28.00 and then we had some soloists too. You could probably hire the whole Italian orchestra at North Beach for \$160 and by that means draw a number of people to pay expenses, but our municipal impresario preferred soloists, though we know of no great artists here out of a job, none outside of North Beach with the ability to help educate the public. Our impresario was satisfied to employ good amateurs like Mrs. Retallich, Austin Sperry and others, paying as high as \$25 to one and as low as \$10 to another. It's not much but do our students of voice culture go to learn? Thus we are educating the public at the Auditorium notwithstanding the demand for economy. It makes the Supervisors mad to see a young man drawing \$125 a month in the City Attorney's office, but how they do love music! and as to the Auditorium it furnishes many an idea to a Supervisor with an unemployed jobchaser on his hands.

The Pope's Statement

The Chronicle is to be congratulated on its enterprise in obtaining for its readers a report of the conversation the correspondent Edward Marshall had with the Pope. It is a big newspaper achievement. As might be expected, there was nothing sensational in the Pope's statement. It is calm, it is impartial, it is neutral. It is a plea for justice and brotherly love among nations. It emphasizes the "glory and necessity of sacrifice for an ideal." The opportunity for

sacrifice has come, the Pope says, not only to the fighters but to those who stay at home. This sacrifice will do good, he thinks. Humanity has put forth superhuman effort in war; why not afterwards an equal effort to keep the peace? America's participation is likely to facilitate a desirable peace, the Pope thinks. He

praises our unselfishness, our generosity. He recognizes the mighty power of journalism in this country—mightier probably than elsewhere—and sees a magnificent chance of doing good in the opportunity the press has to preach justice based on mutual understanding. In conclusion he reminds Mr. Marshall that true pat-



THE MACNAB.
BY SIR H. RAEBURN, R. A.

THE ORIGINAL PICTURE THE PROPERTY OF JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD.

PORTRAIT OF THE MACNAB BY SIR H. RAEBURN, R. A.

Francis Macnab, twelfth Laird of Macnab, Lieut.-Colonel of the Breadalbane Fencibles.

In the uniform of his regiment, consisting of a green jacket, with silver braid on the lapels and cuffs and silver buttons; red tartan vest, kilt and plaid; badger-head sporan; tartan stockings and black shoes; armed with a dirk, broad-sword and pistol; a bonnet of tall black and white feathers on his head; standing in a mountain pass holding a pistol in his right hand

Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1819
the Art Treasures Exhibition, Manchester, 1857
the Raeburn Exhibition, Edinburgh, 1876
the Grafton Gallery, 1895
the Edinburgh Loan Exhibition, 1901
and in Rome, 1911.

Purchased by Sir Thomas R. Dewar for £25,410, about \$125,000.

riotism must be founded on divine love, and he ends by saying that "no man can be loyal to his country unless he first be loyal to his conscience and his God."

The Policy of the Vatican

That is all of the conversation, but much remains behind. There follows an authoritative analysis of the Vatican's war policy—authoritative because Mr. Marshall prepared the statement with the aid of the Vatican and submitted it to Monsignor Cherretti, Papal Assistant Secretary of State, for a careful word-by-word revision. The Pope, this statement points out, is the only remaining neutral of first world-importance. And his neutrality is unlike what America's was, for he must remain a neutral to the end—there is no way for him to participate in the war. He is the spiritual father to vast millions animated by conflicting national aspirations and dying for those aspirations. Yet he is charged by both sides with partiality and unneutrality. Yet there never has come from the Vatican a suggestion that the Catholics of any nation lay down their arms. The Pope's obligation is to be neither pro-Ally nor pro-German. His duty is spiritual, to remind all that lasting peace can only come when moral force replaces force of arms. The Vatican alone has remained steadfast to the conviction widely held before the war that there are better ways of settling disputes than fighting. Its endeavors to enforce this truth have been fair and reasonable. Compare with its endeavors those of the Socialists who sow the seeds of sedition, revolution and anarchy. The Vatican never has suggested treason to a single soldier.

Its Avenues of Information

The Vatican, this authoritative statement continues, stands above all worldly ambitions. It is uniquely placed for offering counsel. It has unapproachable means of knowing conditions in all countries. Where the belligerents depend on spies the Vatican has its ambassadors. And through the reports it receives from bishops who in turn are in touch with parish priests it is closer to the people than others are. The spiritual head of 300,000,000, the Pope realizes his responsibility, and as politics and statecraft express the conscience of the people, the Pope cannot ignore politics and statecraft. What does the Vatican see? War destroying the better things of life, running counter to religion and civilization; humanity crushed by greed, suffering loss, degraded. Surely there is nothing partisan in this summary. It is the duty of the Vatican to end these horrors, and it has tried to do so.

Blamed by Both Sides

The Vatican recognizes, the statement goes on, that calm judgment is difficult in this war. But if war, no matter how nobly motivated, has failed, why not try other means of settling differences? The Vatican utterances have never approved the aims of any group of belligerents. However, the Vatican has reproved horrible procedure, leaving its reproof to fall where it belongs. The Allies are disappointed because the Vatican has not condemned Germany. But the Vatican has condemned the invasion of Belgium, and no other neutral, not even America,

did so. The Allies appear to have forgotten the Vatican's condemnation of the Belgian wrong, but Germany has not. As to other charges of wrongdoing, despite the Vatican's facilities for gaining information, there are many things the truth of which it cannot know, such as the accusations made against German soldiers. There must be sifting of the evidence; neutrality cannot pass judgment hastily. The Vatican's pronouncement concerning the freedom of the seas is the same as President Wilson's and Balfour's. The Vatican has declared that all occupied European territory must be evacuated as a preliminary essential to peace. This declaration did not receive the recognition the Pope expected. It meant the evacuation of Belgium and of French territory held by the Germans; it meant the Balkan States (including Serbia) and it meant Armenia. Finally, to speak of the Vatican's peace proposals is to use a misnomer. The Pope did not presume to make definite proposals; he only tried to bring the warring governments together for discussion. Both sides have criticised the Vatican simultaneously; the Pope takes comfort from this fact, because it proves his neutrality.

An Impressive Paper

Such is the Pope's position as outlined authoritatively by Mr. Marshall. Of course there are parts which various parties will subject to controversial treatment. Yet none can deny that it is a reasonable statement, and a frank one. Its sincerity will not be questioned, I think. And its dignity will impress many who are not prepared beforehand to be impressed by a Papal utterance. Undoubtedly it has had a wide circulation in this country, and will exert an influence, imponderable perhaps but none the less important.

Vatican Safeguards

Extraordinary safeguards were used by the Vatican to insure the proper presentation of Marshall's material to the American people. Edward Marshall runs a newspaper syndicate which bears his name; it was formerly the Curtis Brown Syndicate. His headquarters at present are in London, but he is an American and really belongs in New York. He must have made good friends at the Vatican, otherwise he would never have had his conversation with the Pope. The Pope has had unpleasant experiences with newspapermen since the war started, and is particularly opposed to newspaper "interviews." In the paper of instructions sent out to all editors who bought the Marshall material, it is emphatically stated that the word "interview" must not be used in connection with the "conversation." Wrote Marshall to the editors: "This 'conversation' with the Pope was obtained for use in the newspapers of the Marshall Syndicate at a time when the Pope excusably is prejudiced against such forms of expression. I personally have examined the evidence as it stands at the Vatican and do not hesitate to say that the experience of Pope Benedict has been such as would make most men forever deny the reliability and good faith of newspapermen, American and Foreign."

Further Conditions

In my newspaper experience I never heard of a paper buying any material in the use of which

it was so drastically hedged by conditions. The more a paper pays for material the more it considers itself at liberty to use it as it sees fit. The Chronicle paid what newspapermen euphemistically call "a big chunk" for this Vatican matter, and had no freedom at all in presenting it to its readers. The preliminary advertisements had to be worded a certain way. And the language of the material itself was sacrosanct, so to speak. "You can use it only if you solemnly agree," wrote Marshall, "to change no word in it, to add no word, to eliminate no word from it. You must use it exactly as you get it from us or 'not at all.' And this unusual letter of instructions adds: "If we all keep faith with the Vatican in this case we shall be the first to have done so and thus shall establish one of the most valuable friends in Europe. Mr. Marshall has spent ninety days and nearly two thousand dollars of money in breaking down the prejudice against American newspapers in the Vatican." With regard to the authoritative statement of the Vatican's policy this letter says: "It has great value for it is the first complete statement of the Vatican's side of the case which ever has been made. The Vatican is anxious that this should be understood. . . . If used it must be run exactly as written without changes or condensations."

"The Macnab"

A superb painting of a Highland chieftain by Raeburn realized £25,410 last July in London. When Raeburn painted this mighty portrait of "The Macnab" he succeeded once for all in making a canvas blaze with the unquenchable spirit of the Highlander, illuminating at a glance the truth of Scott's lines:

"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

Resplendent in the uniform of the eighteenth century national service of the Breadalbane Fencibles, the twelfth (and last) lineal laird of Macnab was seen by Raeburn as he grimly knew himself to be, and as the proud and indomitable Highlander would always be. And well does the enemy know it today. There is still a kind of Homeric legend in Scotland about The Macnab, and it was in full song, shortly after the death of the chieftain, who lies buried near the grave of Fingal. Sir Thomas Dewar was the lucky buyer of this superb painting lately at the Christie sale in London. The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1819, and has since been on view at various loan exhibitions, notably in Rome in 1911, while reproductions have made it familiar

(Continued on Page 16)

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The Private Address Directory of Representative Families

CONTAINING OVER 50,000 NAMES AND ADDRESSES

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Carolan's Loss

Mrs. Francis Carolan having had \$30,000 worth of gems stolen from her rooms in the St. Regis Hotel in New York her friends in Burlingame had much matter for conjecture. The real smart clique down there are always deeply interested in things that concern the lady of the crossways who was recently entertaining her dear friend Miss Criticos of Paris. The story of the theft was made romantic by the report that a female Raffles was under suspicion. Presumably she knew Mrs. Carolan or at least Mrs. Carolan's ways, for if she stole the gems she must have known that it was customary for the lady of the crossways to leave thirty thousand dollars worth of that kind of junk in her apartments in a big hotel. But we don't know the whole story. Perhaps we never shall. Stories of this sort usually wind up with a mystery, like the story about Jennie Crocker's jewels and Mrs. De Sabla's and Mrs. Baldwin's. In the case of Mrs. Baldwin, by the way, like the case of Mrs. Carolan, it was suspected that the Raffles in the case was of the feminine gender and that she was an intimate acquaintance of the victim of the theft. Could it be that one of Mrs. Carolan's friends stole the gems? Well, Mrs. Carolan is coming home soon, and perhaps we shall be told the whole story. Perhaps.

Berkeley Was Saved

The story of how immaculate Berkeley was saved from the powers of darkness is being told in whispers by the members of our artist colony. It is a story which will thrill Berkeley, for Berkeley doesn't dream how close Berkeley came to the edge of the pit of wickedness. Berkeley trembled on the verge of sin, but praise be! Berkeley didn't topple over. Berkeley is still virtuous. Berkeley's maiden modesty is unscathed. And for its virtue preserved Berkeley may thank Mrs. Frank D. Stringham, member of Berkeley's smartest clubs, the Twentieth Century and the Town and Gown. The dire peril came to Berkeley with the Art Students' ball which was given last Friday night for the benefit of the Red Cross at the Twentieth Century Club. But thanks to Mrs. Stringham, the dire peril passed before the ball started. Consequently, the ball was a great, a modest, a typically Berkeley success.

The Artists' Ball

The ball was a genuine artists' affair. It attracted our painters and sculptors, men and women, from all about the bay. Bernard Maybeck, the genius who designed the Palace of Fine Arts, was the master of the revels. The two big halls of the club were transformed to the likeness of Montmartre cafes. In each hall were two ovens presided over by Maybeck, Charles M. Dutton, Walter Seaver and Joseph

Mills, all amateurs of the cordon bleu. The decorations were such as might have been expected of Montmartre on a gala night. That is to say, they were of Montmartre flavor up to a certain point. Beyond that point they were not permitted to go. That was where Mrs. Frank Stringham stepped in and saved Berkeley from shock.

The Naughty Posters

Maynard Dixon and Maurice Del Mue were asked to draw posters to complete the decorative scheme for the ball. Now Dixon and Del Mue know all about Montmartre. They are familiar with the way things are done there when the Quarter celebrates. They set to work on their posters with a will. They chose as the theme for all the posters the female form divine. Need I add that they did not over-clothe their posters girls? I think I need not. Their posters, when completed, formed a comprehensive study in the nude. Dixon and Del Mue went over to Berkeley Friday morning and hung their posters up and down the rooms. It was the last touch needed to make a Berkeley woman's club look like a Montmartre cafe. Friday afternoon Mrs. Frank Stringham went to the club to look things over. With her went certain members of the committee. On that committee were Mrs. Jessica Davis Nahl, Mrs. A. O. Leuschner, Mrs. Porter Garnett, Mrs. T. Arthur Rickard, Mrs. Fletcher Ames, Mrs. Walter Morris Hart and Miss Gladys Wickson. Some of these committeewomen understand the ways of Montmartre. Others do not. The members of the committee who went with Mrs. Stringham to see that all was well are strait-laced in the Berkeley tradition. Mrs. Stringham took one look at the posters and nearly fainted. Her committeewomen shared the shock. They hid their outraged eyes. When they recovered a little Mrs. Stringham issued her edict and the others approved. Artists were summoned, and clothes were painted on every poster! An artist who saw the posters before they were camouflaged told me all about it.

"One of them," says this artist, "was the wickedest, Frenchiest thing you ever saw, a saucy girl with a big hat and green stockings, perfectly modest and artistic. You ought to see how she looked when she had a chemise painted on her!"

The ball was a great success, but Manyard Dixon and Maurice Del Mue were sad when they saw their censored posters. But Berkeley was saved.

The Unignorable Lady

Once upon a time a very clever, humorous artist drew a very clever, humorous picture called "The Lady Who Will Not Be Ignored." There she was, as true to type as anything ever put upon paper. It was the day when skimpy skirts, gigantic hand-bags and hats with skyscraper plumes almost as tall as their wearers were indicated to a long-suffering public. Some women compromised, adopting the fashions with modifications as our provincials very frequently do. Others flatly refused to have anything to do with the modes at all, and a third class went to the other extreme. They wore skimpier skirts, more aggressive hats and carried more arm-breaking and colossal bags than anybody else. They were determined to make an impression, resolved not to be overlooked.

Among them was "The Lady Who Will Not Be Ignored;" the flamboyance, and fun, and foolishness of the thing was irresistible. That perhaps was flamboyant fashion at its height. But though the fashion died, flamboyance continued to flourish in various stages and degrees. And now it is vanishing from our midst very quietly, very suddenly, very unmistakably. Coats and skirts are our staple form of wear. All the first-class shops in the East, as I have seen, are selling little else. There is a ban on bright colors, there is a ban on exaggeration of design. In a word, we are unobtrusive. Good taste in clothes has become a shibboleth in all the shops of a certain character that flourish in San Francisco. It is amongst the first fruits of the war, and a result with which few will quarrel. The passing of the Flamboyant Lady, indeed, is a relief both to the eyesight and mind.

Another R. L. S. Domicile

"The Talbot Walkers have leased the historic old home of the late Robert Louis Stevenson at Santa Barbara," says a society paper of New York. This is a new habitat for R. L. S. We have become used to people speaking of the "Stevenson house" at Hyde and Lombard as though Robert Louis lived there, but this is the first time he has ever been located in Santa Barbara. Of course the Stevenson house in Santa Barbara, like the Stevenson house in San Francisco, was the home of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson. Neither was built or even dreamed of when Stevenson lived in California. Stevenson was never in Santa Barbara in his life. He lived in Monterey, in San Francisco (on Bush street), in Oakland (for a very short time) and in Silverado (during his honeymoon). Other residences in California he had none. The Stevenson house at Hyde and Lombard was built after Stevenson's death in Samoa. It was a double house, Mrs. Stevenson occupying one-half and Mrs. Lloyd Osbourne, her daughter-in-law, the other. After Mrs. Stevenson moved to Santa Barbara Frank J. Sullivan bought her half of the big place for the Carmelite nuns and they remained there in cloister until their magnificent new place at Santa Clara was acquired, again through Frank Sullivan's kindness. Mrs. Osbourne remained in her half of the house long after her separation from Lloyd.

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Chatfield-Taylor's Book

It is important that those who meet Mrs. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor of Chicago during her visit here should know that her husband has just written a successful book. Important, because when one's husband has written a book, one likes to be asked about it. Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor who is a personage in Chicago, came west with the Walter Filers and is staying with them at the Stanford Court. We are not very bookish out here, so I supply a hint or two about the new book to facilitate conversation on the part of those who meet Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor. It is a book about old-time Chicago. Chicago is as old as San Francisco, and had an interesting past. Chatfield-Taylor knows a great deal about it and has written a very chatty and interesting book. It has sold in Chicago like the proverbial hot cakes. There is a great deal about Chicago's social life in it, that being Chatfield-Taylor's milieu. Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor, by the way, is a very beautiful woman.

Icy Hints for Health Hunters

Ellen Markhus, star exhibition skater, never watches her step. "Skate for beauty and not so much for business," is the advice of dainty Ellen who skated at the Winter Garden recently. "It is the most exhilarating and fascinating sport. After you have learned to skate straight ahead, what is known as 'track skating,' you are ready for school figures. Skating is not half as difficult as it looks to those who have never been on the steel runners. One thing that makes skating so popular is because it can be enjoyed almost from the very start. The first essential for the woman who wants to skate is proper clothing. On no account should she wear long stiff corsets, or any kind of stays that bind the figure. Corsets take one's wind away, and do not give you a chance to get the grace out of the body that you should get in skating. To wear no corset at all is the best for skating, but should some support be considered necessary, an elastic athletic girdle will answer all purposes. Ankle supports should never be used. The proper skate shoes and selection of skates has much to do with comfort and grace and success in skating."

For the Dutch Officers

One of the most beautiful of the season's formal affairs took place in the Sun Room of Hotel Whitcomb Monday night when the Consul General for The Netherlands and Mrs. Van Coenen Torchiana tendered a reception to Commander F. L. Rambonnet and the officers of the Dutch cruiser Zeeland which is now in port. There was a brilliant assemblage to greet the visitors, General and Mrs. Arthur Murray being among those present. There was dancing and refreshment, and the whole party brought back pleasant memories of those delightful affairs given by Mr. and Mrs. Torchiana in The Netherlands pavilion during the Exposition. Those in the receiving line were the Consul General for The Netherlands and Baroness J. V. Van Panthaleon Van Eck, Commander Rambonnet and Mrs. Torchiana, Colonel Jonckheer van den Bosch and Mrs. E. W. Crellin, First Lieutenant K. A. Telders and Freule Cornelia Van Asch Van Wyck. A few evenings before Mr. and Mrs. Torchiana gave a dinner party in the White and Gold Room of the Whitcomb at which were present Commander F. L. Rambonnet, Baron and Baroness J. V. Van Panthaleon Van Eck, Consul General and Mrs. Van Coenen Torchiana, Freule Cornelia Van Asch Van Wyck, the Misses Sophie M. J. H. Welters, Eleanor F. Bump, Mildred

Johnston, Virginia Cumming, O. Goldaracena, and Lieutenants K. A. Telders, P. F. De Bruyn Tengbergen, W. A. den Tex Bondt, S. Woldringh, J. C. Cornelius.

At the Cecil

General and Mrs. Edward McClelland who make their home at the Cecil gave a dinner Wednesday in the private dining room. It was in honor of a coterie of English army officers. Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Yocum motored up from San Jose this week and are guests. Mr. and Mrs. Thayer entertained with twelve covers at dinner Sunday. A group of army matrons enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt at luncheon Wednesday. Among the guests were Mrs. Arthur Murray, Mrs. Edward McClelland, Mrs. Phipps and Mrs. Charles Graf. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton who are occupying attractive apartments at the hotel were dinner hosts Monday. General and Mrs. F. U. Robinson, U. S. A., have come up from New Orleans and will make an indefinite stay. A. E. Holmes, Miss Virginia Holmes, Mrs. Louis D. Mead and Miss Agnes Armstrong are recent arrivals. Mr. and Mrs. Castleman gave a dinner Friday. Judge and Mrs. Hunt who have closed their home at San Rafael and are stopping at the hotel entertained informally at dinner Monday.

At Hotel Oakland

Among prominent arrivals at the Hotel Oakland recently are: Chas. R. Appleton and family, San Francisco; Mrs. O. J. Hurlbert, Denver; Dr. and Mrs. A. L. del Costello, San Francisco; A. J. Clanton and wife, San Pedro; Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Kee, Reno; I. A. Benton and wife, Salt Lake City; Mrs. S. E. Holladay, Winters; J. Huttington and family, Marshfield, Ore.; Miss M. Zentgraf, New York; E. C. Cable and wife, Portland; F. M. Douglass and wife, Hollywood; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Link Los Angeles; Mrs. C. E. Kochler, Portland; Paul Garrett and family, New York; W. B. Smith and wife, New York; Dr. R. R. Anderson, Salt Lake City; Mr. and Mrs. C. Teague, Fresno; Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Gerow, Reno; Mrs. M. L. Hewitt, Reno; E. J. Howard and wife, Sacramento; H. Anderson and wife, Sacramento; Mrs. L. Adams, Portland; Mrs. R. W. Paruchan, Portland; J. W. Packhorse and wife, La Porte, Ind.; Miss N. Morgan and Miss M. C. Parkhurst, New York; Mr. and Mrs. J. Stewart, N. Westminster; Dr. and Mrs. Langley Porter, San Francisco; Mrs. J. Harfather, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Holt, Stockton; B. A. Campbell and family, Ogden; and A. C. Lockenback and wife, San Francisco.

Ian Hay to Lecture

Major Ian Hay Beith, more popularly known as Ian Hay, is returning from the Western front and will deliver his new lectures on the progress of the war on land and sea in San Francisco under the direction of Paul Elder during the latter part of February. The net receipts from Major Beith's lectures, amounting to considerable sums, are contributed to various war relief movements. During 1916-17 Major Beith delivered a hundred and seventy-five addresses throughout the United States. For 91 of these addresses he received a fee, which enabled him to give the remaining gratuitously to training camps, workmen's clubs, etc. After paying personal expenses, hire of buildings, royalty on films and advertising he was enabled to hand over to various war relief societies; such as the American Red Cross, British Red Cross and certain British regimental benevolent funds, the sum of \$8,667. This sum represents Major Beith's personal contribution, and does not in-

clude sums raised by public meetings in aid of various war charities at which he was a speaker. Major Beith receives no allowance nor traveling expense of any kind from the British Government.

Techau Tavern Dance Favors

Have you seen the display of costly favors in the big show case on the main floor of Techau Tavern? They are all objects dear to the feminine heart and from them are selected the dance favors which are presented every day at the dinner hour and every night after the theatre. A choice of thirty-eight of these favors is given without competition of any kind. There are silk stockings, silk lingerie, bloomers, gloves, etc., all purchased from Livingston Bros., Geary at Grant avenue. These are, without doubt, the most expensive dance favors ever given at a cafe. The always popular show girl revue corps has been augmented by several new artists of superior ability, and the jazz orchestra has two new members who are masters in this art.

Work for Belgium and France

The Commission for Aid Civil and Military Belgium and France, under the auspices of the Pacific Division, begs to announce that it has opened a large superfluity depot at 1230 Market street, where bric-a-brac, musical instruments, paintings, statuary, glassware, crockery, old books, newspapers, magazines, as well as adults' and childrens' clothing will be received for the benefit of the sufferers of France and Belgium. Clothing, shoes and hats are all shipped direct to these countries weekly. All other donations are sold at 306 Post street, and the receipts forwarded by check to the Queen of Belgium and Madame Poincare of France.

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The Stage

Maitland's Players

Maitland's players of the St. Francis Little Theatre Club in their brief season have done more than furnish entertainment for society and for lovers of the drama; they have given inspiration to our poet. George Sterling has written a play for the Little Theatre of the St. Francis, and it was cleverly presented Tuesday evening by Miss Hammond and Mr. Morrison. The play is called "The Dryad," but it is not a poetic excursion into the haunts of Pan and his nymphs, as might have been expected. Mr. Sterling is a Pagan poet who was "suckled in a creed outworn," and who has day-dreams of love and art. He is inclined, perhaps, to abandon himself to the sensations of the esthete, but not always does he see the shapes of earth and air that Shelley saw; rather, at times they are like the figures that Keats drew, figures that might have been copied from a friend's pictures. He has gone to a quasi-classical theme for his one-act play, but he has made it farcically comical. The comic spirit inspired him in almost every line. His mythology is not for the serious stage. It is intended to make an audience laugh and it does; it even guffaws when it finds that the married man who has met the scantily clad wood nymph near a pearly stream's pebbly margin has brought sardines along to refresh his wife, who is not seen but heard. Miss Hammond is quite attractive as the timid Dryad who takes to a mortal with becoming naïveté but not without the eagerness of a chicken at a dance. As a decoration she makes a nice study and Mr. Morrison handles the delicate problems presented by the inquisitive divinity regarding mundane affairs in a fine humorous vein. On the whole the play is but a trifle, but it easily gets over though it has not taxed the poet's imagination. He handles it like a poet who cares not at all for theatrical effects except such as the play lends itself to, and Mr. Maitland takes advantage of it in his stage-setting. Mr. Maitland, by the way, manages the stage excellently. Considering the size of the stage he contrives wonderful effects, as for example in "The Reason," another one of George Middleton's plays, in which Maitland presents a very fetching interior. "The Reason" is a play of substance which for many a moment holds the audience in suspense and ends in a way that induces speculation. It was played by Mr. Maitland, Miss Sullivan, Mr. Morrison and Miss Hammond. It was followed by "The Rider of Dreams," a play of colored folk that tells a good story.

—Theodore F. Bonnet.

Yvette Guilbert's Art

Sunday at Scottish Rite Hall there was an audience worthy in personnel and size of the great artiste, Yvette Guilbert. They hung on every word, every gesture of the superb actress; the tribute was one which her flawless art commands. One's enjoyment of the Guilbert performances increases in proportion to one's enthusiasm for the arts of acting, pantomime and French diction. Yet, her English prologues are as lucidly explanatory, her pantomimic portrayals so vivid, her intonations so true to type that one need not know a syllable of French to receive extraordinary pleasure from her performances. If you know French, the joy of her diction is beyond expression. The studied attention to her costumes in line and color combinations, the flawless repose of ges-

ture and her absolute command of vocal effects combine to create elaborate environment of period and occasion notwithstanding that she stands upon a bare stage. From "The Soliloquies of the Poor" by Jehan Rictus she gave two contrasting Pierrots—one starving in the streets, one gay, insouciant. Then in "a mystery legend" she performed a marvelous act impersonating The Holy Family, an armless attendant, and two passers-by. She did it with such reverence and truth that there was not a suggestion of sacrilege even when in the miraculously bestowed arms she tenderly rocked the new-born Saviour. "Christ's Passion" was an extra number of great strength and beauty. Three seventeenth and eighteenth century songs gave us a realization of her versatility. All the intonations of the peasant were there. In one, "La voila la Rosée," she became a young girl before our eyes though she employed but a blue silk scarf which she gayly swung about to effect the metamorphosis. Her knowledge of vocal art is so great that the most highly trained ear observing the play of it forgets to notice the timbre of her voice. In New York she is to give instruction to twenty-four selected pupils in a course of twenty lessons for one hundred dollars apiece. Happy, fortunate pupils!

—Helen M. Bonnet.

The Keynote of Vaudeville

I take it that the Orpheum bill is along very certain lines this week, it is so easy to agree with others respecting the hits and the things that don't count. Here is Walter Anthony precisely echoing my sentiments about everything but the piece called "Love Thy Neighbor." He suggests that as this sketch was a great success at the Washington Square it accounts for the collapse of that little theatre, for he finds in it nothing but stupidity. Now I should say that if it was a success at the Washington Square the managers of that house failed because they cultivate a taste for which it is hazardous for a Little Theatre to appeal. "Love Thy Neighbor" is a piece of stupidity that never would be accepted by a Little Theatre audience in San Francisco, but it occurs to me that it is the right stuff for vaudeville. I go to the Orpheum to enjoy good fooling and I can stand a lot of it, and I never examine a sketch for its logic. "Love Thy Neighbor" struck me as sheer nonsense and the thought that it was intended to convey the idea that more heed is paid to a high-bred dog than to a low-bred child never entered my mind. I saw no point but the success of the gang of crooks. In other words, I viewed the sketch through my democratic, vaudeville eyes. However, I sympathize with my friend Walter and on the whole Mr. Anthony expresses my views, even with regard to the industry and eagerness of Emma Carus and the success of Ben Bernie and Phil Baker. Emma Carus is certainly a hard-working vaudeville star. But she was that in her best female-baritone days, when she relied more on her deep voice than on her physique.

—T. F. B.

The Last Godowsky Recital

Last Thursday afternoon Leopold Godowsky gave an extra concert to an appreciative audience. As in his previous concerts, all jarring mannerisms were eliminated, or rather one should say temperamental pose was conspicuous by its absence, since what does not exist can

hardly be said to be eliminated. Godowsky is not sensational. If every man possesses a hobby then Godowsky's must be finesse in technique, for that plays a most important part in all of his selections. "Symphonic Etudes" by Schumann was the opening number, revealing the master composer in his episodal style, a style emphasized in more than one of his piano compositions. The late Madame Teresa Carreno played this work at one of her last concerts here. The names of both pianists will always be mentioned when it is discussed. The "Capriccio" Op. 76, No. 2, by Brahms is a pure delight, dainty and refreshing, light and airy—and played by an artist who knows how to interpret the exuberant mood intended. A "Ballad on a Norwegian Theme" gives us the wistful note in Godowsky's playing—le trait humain in his nature. Four numbers by Chopin—a "Fantasie," an "Impromptu" and a "Scherzo" Op. 20, all typical of his "spur of the moment" compositions, and "Andante Spianato and Polonaise," merited the warm applause which the audience, by far too small, gave to them. The programme closed with the "Mephisto Waltz" by Liszt.

—The Concert Goer.

Wagner-Tschaikowsky Program at "Pop"

A programme devoted entirely to Wagner and Tschaikowsky will be given by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at the Cort Sunday afternoon. This will be the eighth concert of the "pop" series. Barring the Prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde," none of the Wagner numbers programmed has been offered in San Francisco by Hertz. These will be: Introduction to Act III, "Lohengrin;" Siegfried's Rhine Journey from "Götterdämmerung" (Humperdinck's arrangement); Entrance of the Gods into Walhalla, from "Das Rheingold;" Klingsor's Magic Garden and the Flower Maidens, from "Parsifal." The works of Tschaikowsky are: The entire "Nutcracker Suite," embracing the Miniature Overture, March, Dance of the "Fee Dragee," Russian Dance, Arabian Dance, Chinese Dance, Dance of the "Mirlitons;" Theme and Variations from Suite No. 3; Overture, "The Year 1812." The tenth pair of symphonies, announced for Friday afternoon, February 15, and Sunday afternoon, February 12, will have Horace Britt, the brilliant violoncellist of the orchestra, as soloist. Britt will play Boellman's Symphonic Variations with the orchestra. The remaining numbers will be: Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony in A major; Saint-Saens' "Dance Macabre" and Brahms' Academic Festival Overture. Beethoven's Sixth Symphony "Pastorale," originally announced for the tenth pair, will be placed on the programme of the eleventh pair of symphonies. Tina Lerner, the noted pianist, will be soloist of the eleventh pair, scheduled for March 1 and 3.

Boston English Opera at Columbia

If the musical taste of this city does not differ greatly from that of Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Paul, St. Louis, the Columbia will be an extremely popular place during the two weeks that the Boston English Opera Company appears there. The engagement opens Monday night. Opera in language you understand and at prices within the reach of all should draw crowds. The organization comes direct from its four months' run at Chicago and is to be heard only in San Francisco and Los Angeles, returning East for other engage-

ments. It has been given high praise as the finest English singing organization before the public today. Its cast of principals includes the foremost English singing artists on the American stage which together with a chorus of unusual excellence create a strong ensemble in all the productions. Among the principals are Joseph F. Sheehan, John W. Warren, Elaine de Sellen, Alice May Carley, Hazel Eden, Florentine St. Clair, Arthur Deane, Francis J. Tyler and others of like prominence. "Il Trovatore" has been selected as the opening opera and will be repeated on Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday nights and at the matinee on Saturday. "Martha" will be sung on Tuesday and Friday nights and at the matinee Wednesday. The scale of prices for the evening performances ranges from \$1.50 to 25 cents. The matinee prices range from 25 cents to \$1.60.

Thecla Bara in "Cleopatra" at Cort

Thecla Bara, greatest of contemporary "vampires," will be seen in the great William Fox ten reel film "Cleopatra," at the Cort beginning Sunday night, February 10. Daily matinees will be given thereafter. Thecla Bara is already an idol of the screen but by her portrayal of Cleopatra she is said to have advanced wonderfully as an actress. It is a graphic story with rare fidelity to historic records. There are wonderful battle scenes, such as the battle of Phillipi; Octavius' army coming over the desert sands on the run to enter Alexandria; and the naval battle at Actium, with the defeat of Antony and Cleopatra's ships. Thousands of people were employed in the production and hundreds of animals. From all angles "Cleopatra" is regarded as the most massive and elaborate production yet filmed. The orchestral music is announced as a feature.

New Local Play at St. Francis

Three unusually clever little plays will be offered by the St. Francis Little Theatre for the eighteenth week of its very successful season, under the direction of Arthur Maitland. The performances are announced for Thursday afternoon and night, February 14, in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis Hotel. Particular interest attaches to "The Jealous Husband" by Theodore F. Bonnet, editor of Town Talk. "The Jealous Husband" in its first moments appears to be a novel handling of the "inevitable triangle" love affair, but it is later disclosed to be nothing more serious than a study of a husband's unwarranted jealousy. The denouement is deftly and humorously contrived. Miss Helene Sullivan, Albert Morrison and Arthur Maitland will form the triangle. The other two plays for the week are "The Unseen Host" and "You're a Respectable Person, Miss Morrison." The latter, by Dorothy Earle, is a touch of real life. Miss Helene Sullivan, Ruth Hammond, and Charles Yule and Albert Morrison will interpret the roles. "The Unseen Host" is by Percival Wilde, perhaps the most popular writer of "little theatre" plays in the country. It is now being done at the Lyceum Theatre, New York.

Hyams and McIntyre at Orpheum

John Hyams and Leila McIntyre, established favorites, will appear at the Orpheum next week in a skit called "Maybloom" which scored a great hit in New York. Of course Miss McIntyre has not neglected to include her Quaker number among the songs. Harry Beresford deservedly ranks as one of the best American character actors. Beresford and his company will appear in Winchell Smith and John L. Golden's comedy "Mind Your Own Business." Stuart Barnes, one of the most diverting monologists and singing comedians in vaudeville, is sure of a cordial welcome, for his popularity in this city is great. Ruth Royce, vaudeville's youngest singing comedienne who a little over a year ago went to New York practically unknown and scored a tremendous hit, will introduce a repertoire of new songs. Felix Bernard and Eddie Janis, pianist and violinist, call their offering "A Musical Highball." The Valonova Troupe of Gypsies will present a delightful musical act entitled

"A Night in a Gypsy Camp." There are five men and three women in the company, all capable vocalists and dancers. Apdale's Zoological Circus has four bears, eight dogs, three monkeys and one ant-eater. The remaining acts will be Stan Stanley and his relatives, and Emma Carus and Larry Comer.

Yvette Guilbert's Last Concert

This afternoon (Saturday) at the Scottish Rite Auditorium Yvette Guilbert will give her last recital. The programme will consist largely of "Songs of the Soldiers of France." Madame Guilbert will carry us back to the fifteenth century before Jeanne d'Arc received her revelation. To follow there will be seventeenth century songs of the army and navy including the enchanting "Your Peticoat," sung by the French sailors. She will also give songs of the time of Marlborough, Louis XVI and the French Revolution, songs of the time of Napoleon, including the Marseillaise. Emily Gresser will render violin numbers while Madame is changing her costumes, and Maurice Eisner will preside at the piano.

Special Minneapolis Concert

The special symphony concert by the Minneapolis Orchestra at the Tivoli tomorrow morning (Sunday) at 10:45 sharp, will bring us the Tchaikowsky "Manfred" symphony for the first time. It was inspired by Byron's poem. Critics have pronounced it Tchaikowsky's most important work. Reinald Werrenrath, the splendid American baritone, will be special soloist, and his numbers will be the Recitative and Aria from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," and by special request the prologue to "Pagliacci." The Mozart overture to the "Magic Flute," and the Berlioz "Rakoczy" March will

also be orchestral offerings. The Minneapolis players, and their gifted director Emil Oberhoffer, are in Oakland today (Saturday) appearing in fine programmes at the Auditorium Opera House. This afternoon their numbers consist of the Tchaikowsky Fifth Symphony, Overture to Thomas' "Mignon," Dohnanyi's "Romanza" and the Rimsky-Korsakow "Caprice Espagnol." Cornelius Van Vliet, the famous Dutch 'cellist, is soloist, playing the Van Goens concerto for 'cello and orchestra, for the first time here. At night the orchestra will play the Dvorak "New World" Symphony, Chadwick's Symphonic Sketch "My Jubilee," the Grieg "Peer Gynt" Suite and the Tchaikowsky "1812" overture. Richard Czerwonsky, the eminent violinist, will be soloist playing the Vieuxtemps "Ballade and Polonaise" for violin and orchestra.

Zimbalist in Two Concerts

No artist regularly visiting this city is more welcome than Efrem Zimbalist who is accepted everywhere as one of the sterling violinists of the world. He is at the top of his career, playing more gloriously than ever. Zimbalist will give two recitals under Selby C. Oppenheimer's management at the Columbia on the Sunday afternoons of February 17 and 24. The first programme includes the Cesar Franck sonata which Zimbalist has never played here. It is a most beautiful work. Beethoven's "Romance" and the Paganini Concerto will also be given, as well as d'Ambrosia's "Serenade," the "Berceuse" and "Humoresque" of Tor Aulin and Sarasate's "Playera" and "Zapateado." As on all of his previous visits Samuel Chotzinoff will be the assisting artist at the piano. These two artists have been associated for eight seasons. Mail orders should be sent at once to Manager Oppenheimer in care of Sherman Clay. The seat sale will start at the usual offices next Wednesday morning.

Theo Karle, Tenor

Tenors of the first rank are rare, particularly American tenors. In Theo Karle Americanism is said to be combined with vocal equip-



ELLEN MARKHUS

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ment of sensational beauty. He is a six-footer; in college he led in football and other athletics, is an amateur boxer of ability, and above all this is his wonderful voice. This he will reveal for the first time here in two recitals at the Columbia on Sunday afternoon, March 3, and Friday afternoon, March 8. Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer is introducing Theo Karle and feels sure the artist will take his place among the favorites of this city. Mail orders, at usual rates, with war tax added, should now be directed to the manager at Sherman Clay.

Tina Lerner in One Recital

Tina Lerner, the popular Russian pianist, who has a warm place in the hearts of San Franciscans among whom she resided all last summer, will make a transcontinental trip specially to appear as soloist with the San Francisco

Orchestra under Director Hertz, and will prolong her stay long enough to offer one superb recital programme under the direction of Selby C. Oppenheimer at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Tuesday night, March 5. By special request the programme includes the wonderful Schumann F sharp minor sonata.

Frieda Hempel on Her Way Here

Frieda Hempel, the foremost soprano of the Metropolitan, is now on her way to California where she will make her first visit next month. Manager Oppenheimer has arranged to present her at the Columbia on the Sunday afternoons of March 10 and 17.

"Pals First" at Alcazar

Charley Ruggles and Dorothy Webb will be seen at the Alcazar next week in "Pals First," a comedy in which William Courtenay and Thomas A. Wise appeared as co-stars. It is entirely new to San Francisco theatregoers. The story is said to be rich in laughs.

The Spectator

(Continued from Page 11)

to the general public.—Extract from "The London Times."

Graham for Federal Bench

The bench is occupying a good deal of attention now that there is talk of giving us another Federal judge. It is reported that Judge Graham, the man made famous as a reconciler, has been urged for this position by friends in Washington who have their eyes on affairs in San Francisco. Judge Graham has attracted attention in Washington by reason of his zeal as a leading spirit of the State Council of Defense. No patriot has been more active than Judge Graham in speeding up the business for which civilians have been in demand, and as the Administration is guided in most things by the sentiments of the folk at home it is natural that Judge Graham should come in for a good share of attention at Washington. The best evidence of his standing in his home town is that men who aspire to the bench are not

giving their attention to the new Federal job. They feel that Judge Graham will be slated for it. Other ambitious lawyers and judges argue that with Judge Graham in the Federal court they will no longer have to reckon with him in State fights, and they all admit that before the people his strength is not to be overcome.

Honor Sought for Mrs. Mighels

We have a poet laureate of California in Ina Coolbrith, and the honor conferred upon her during the World's Fair was acclaimed unanimously by every singer, every writer, every lover of the best in literature. And now a similar honor is sought for Mrs. Ella Sterling Mighels by her many admiring friends. It is planned to ask Governor Stephens to confer on Mrs. Mighels the honorary title of First Historian of Literary California. Merely to state what is sought is the same as vindicating Mrs. Mighels' right to the distinction—in the minds of all those, at least, who know California literature. For nobody can lay claim to knowledge of California literature who is not familiar with Mrs. Mighels' monumental work of literary history and criticism "The Story of the California Files." More so perhaps than in any other part of the world the story of our magazines and newspapers is the story of our literature. Our greatest writers all won their spurs in periodical work; most of them wrote their masterpieces for editors rather than for publishers. And so, our glorious literary history is to be found in the volumes of the Pioneer, the Golden Era, the Overland, the Californian—to mention only a few. Twenty-five years ago Mrs. Mighels completed her historical and critical study of our files. It was an enormous task. It was done so well that it need never be done again. The book is rare, and is treasured by those who possess it. Some day it will be republished, perhaps, as Ned McGowan's Narrative was republished, and then lovers of our literature will snap it up as the Narrative has been snapped up. Meanwhile, it is a reference book continually consulted in the libraries. Indeed, its contents are frequently used by writers and lecturers who forget to render credit to the author. All these things are widely known, so there should be a

wide approval of the efforts by Mrs. Mighels' friends to have the Governor confer upon her a well deserved title of honor.

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Hero Horses of Modern Wars

(Continued from Page 6)

Kentucky. General Sherman was never an impressive figure on horseback. As he rode through our lines on the march in the Atlanta campaign, sometimes at midday and sometimes in the midnight march, he always rode with bowed head in fatigue uniform.

The first distinguished soldier I ever saw under fire was General James B. Steedman, then colonel of the Fourteenth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, in the battle of Philippi, the first battle of the Civil War. He won his twin stars in the fiercest part of the Chickamauga battlefield and at the most critical period of the conflict. It was here that General Steedman snatched the flag of the One Hundred and Fifteenth Illinois from the hands of the color sergeant, when the regiment was in retreat, ordered the "About face" and "Follow your general." The regiment obeyed, and Steedman spurred his war horse up the death-swept slope, carrying the flag. A few leaps into the hell of fire and the horse was shot dead and General Steedman was thrown violently far over his head and severely stunned. But he was too game to leave the field. The horse he rode at Chickamauga was a magnificent bay gelding of commanding style over sixteen hands high. He was captured at Mill Springs in the battle in which Confederate General Zollicoffer was killed. Hence this horse that died the hero's death at Chickamauga fought on both sides of the conflict.

General Sheridan's ride and rally of the retreating army at Cedar Creek does not rank in importance with General Steedman's forced march and saving service to the Army of the Cumberland at Chickamauga, but Steedman had no poet and Sheridan had one inspired. The greatest dramatic poem of the war, written by that Ohio poet, T. Buchanan Reed, could never have been inspired except for the fleet stallion that carried General Phil Sheridan from Winchester to Cedar Creek that gray October morning in 1864. He rode a coal-black stallion, over sixteen hands high, three-quarters thoroughbred. After the battle he was named "Win-

chester." Before the battle he was called "Rienzi."

General Custer, mounted, was an inspiration. He was a devotee of the horse and was always talking about his war horses. From the time he left West Point to join the army, in Civil War, until the close of his eventful life in June, 1876, in the Little Big Horn Valley, his daily life was largely on horseback. Probably the man never lived whose endurance in the saddle was greater than his. The favorite war horse of General Custer was a brown horse called Dandy. He was fifteen and one-half hands high, a compact, muscular horse, fine head and neck. He marched in the ranks of Custer's little army of daring troopers on June 25, 1876, against the confederated Sioux Tribes, that terrible day of the massacre of Custer and his men, in the valley of the Little Big Horn, and was shot through the shoulder. He lived, however, and was sent to General Custer's father at Monroe, Mich. This horse was the only living thing that survived the Custer massacre.

I first saw General Grant mounted near Raleigh, N. C., at the grand review of Sherman's army, after the final surrender of all the armies of the Confederacy. General Grant was never a showy soldier on horseback, like Hooker, McPherson or Custer. He was too short bodied, square shouldered and short necked to make a picturesque figure on horseback. His most famous war horse was Cincinnati, presented to him by some of his admiring Ohio friends at Cincinnati previous to his taking command of the Army of the Potomac. Neither was Grant a subject for the song poets of the war, like Sheridan and the yellow-haired Custer or General Lee, Stonewall Jackson or Albert Sydney Johnston of the Confederates.

The two Confederate generals that I saw nearest in both life and in death in that desperate charge at Franklin, November 30, 1864, were General Pat Cleburne and General John Adams. General Cleburne was the most dashing division commander of Hood's army. General Adams and his horse fell at the left front of my command and General Cleburne a few yards to the left. My mount, a crow-black

mare of high mettle—Firefly—that I had ridden in twenty battles, was shot about the time that Cleburne fell. She reared high in the air and fell with a stunning thud. But I was young and spry then and was up again in time to be at the culmination of the charge—the awful clash of hostile bayonets in that ghastly carnival of blood.

It is worthy of mention that the city of San Antonio, Tex., presented General Pershing with a magnificent saddle horse when he left to take command of all our armies. General Pershing, mounted on this horse in Paris, created the wildest enthusiasm, and the city of Paris presented General Pershing with the finest war horse (French bred) that money could buy. It was largely due to these two magnificent thoroughbreds that General Pershing was made the popular idol of the French Republic.

St. Maurice, Founder of Red Cross

(Continued from Page 7)

We have taken an oath to God before we took one to you; you can place no confidence in our second oath should we violate the first. You command us to punish the Christians: behold! we are all such. We confess God the father, author of all things, and his Son, Jesus Christ. We have seen our companions slain without lamenting them and we rejoice at their honor. We have adequate arms in our hands but we had rather die than live by any sin!

My attention was called to this summary of the martyrdom of St. Maurice and his companions by Mother Germaine, Superior of the order of St. Joseph (the order of which a late sister of Alice Nielsen was a member): "Real valor differs infinitely from that of fury, rashness and inconsiderate contempt of dangers which the basest passions often inspire. It is founded in motives of duty and virtue; it does brave and great things—nor this for hope of reward, the desire of honor nor the fear of punishment. So infinitely more precious is the least part of integrity than all the possessions of this world that the righteous man is ready to venture upon all its perils and behaves amidst them without terror."

When I see the Red Cross flaming everywhere about us, always I shall think of St. Maurice who sacrificed his own life amid torments that he might be faithful to his ideals and be just and merciful to others. Today, that Red Cross inspires to deeds of service to those who fight for justice. Maurice pointed the way to succeeding generations to that First Great Cross upon Calvary nearly three hundred years earlier. And who shall say that he was not the inspiration of the convention, fifteen hundred and seventy-six years afterwards in Geneva on the western shore of Lake Geneva, nine miles from whose western shore he perished for the Red Cross?

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—It was an irregular market the past week, but on the whole it gave a good account of itself and prices at the close of the week were at about their best. The action of the U. S. Steel Corporation in declaring their regular dividend and \$3 extra, along with the regular dividend declared by the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, went a long way to improve public sentiment. A good many in the trade were inclined to look for a slight reduction in the steel dividend, as compared with last quarter, and while the earnings of the big steel corporation did show a falling off of ten million, they were still large enough to warrant the extra disbursement. Sentiment in the railroad group was more favorable to higher prices, and a fair advance was the result in the better class of rails. There is nothing new in the railroad situation, but the general opinion prevails that the Government will do well by the railroads and that investors will have nothing to fear from Government legislation. Specialties became quite active toward the close of the week, and motor stocks were in good demand, led by General Motors. There was quite a short interest in this stock and as there was little floating stock on the market the stock went to a premium in the loan crowd, and as a result shorts were active competitors for the stock. There are a great many sold-out bulls waiting to buy back their stocks. Commission house loans are the lowest in a great many years. Most of them are carrying a third of what they were at the high water mark. They are not buying yet, so far the advance in the market has been more of a marking up process just as it was a marking down on the decline. Because steel does not lead as it formerly did, a great many people are inclined to be skeptical. The various industrial corporations have been picking their stock on an intrinsic value. Accumulation has been going on in leathers, in tobaccos and oils. The information given out by Marine Pfd. is very bullish, but it acted as it always does, selling off in a strong market. This is a stock that makes its advances when everything else is weak. The bond market is acting better, which is always a good sign. There is very stubborn short interest which refuses to cover, and as long as they stay out, there is an additional back log of strength to the market.

Corn—Prices are slightly above the level of a week ago. During recent days the market showed a decidedly strong tone and recovered the decline which occurred in the earlier days of the week. At that time the selling was rather general and freer than for some time previously and was probably induced by an increase in the movement. Cash prices also declined at this

juncture, and the situation had the appearance of being in a condition to be affected by a continuance of the movement. The receipts at Chicago were of rather liberal volume compared with what had been customary for the previous weeks, but once supplies became available the demand broadened and was quite equal to the quantity to be had. Cash prices grew firmer, and since then these values were well maintained. Premiums for good grades of corn ruled very much above the level of the futures, while the poorer grades were somewhat slower of sale. It was intimated that there was a great deal of corn waiting to be moved from the country, and efforts were being made in various directions to bring about an increased car supply and in one way and another facilitate the movement.

Cotton—While the market appeared to be strong and with a fair advance from time to time, from weak spells, the continued buying power which is required was lacking, and it was evident that there was more than enough liquidation to supply the demand, and recessions naturally followed. There was also some talk of price fixing by the Government, but as yet no action has been taken. The market is about of the same character as recently. There is more or less fluctuation in the course of a day as the result of the in and out operation of professional traders, but so far as ultimate results are concerned nothing new has occurred to add force to the bulls' position. It looks as though the market has acted on all bullish influences, and it will be a much more difficult matter than in the past to maintain an advance. Until something new develops to take the market out of its present rut, we look for a scalping market, accepting profits on either side when they are visible.

The Archbishop's Answer

The late Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia was a diplomat of the first order, and was possessed of a full share of Celtic wit and kindly humor. Before the Catholic Standard and the Catholic Times were combined to form one publication, there was keen rivalry and much controversy between their proprietors and readers as to which was the more truly representative Roman Catholic organ in Philadelphia. Each sought eagerly to gain the official endorsement of the Archbishop. On one occasion a prominent layman tried to trap him into a statement as to which of the two publications he preferred.

"Well, I will give you my opinion," said the Archbishop deliberately; "it is certain that the Standard is far ahead of the times, and it is

equally certain that the Times is much above the standard. Therefore I prefer to regard as most worthy the one which is thus proved to be superior."

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DECEMBER 31, 1917

Assets	\$63,314,948.04
Deposits	60,079,197.54
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,235,750.50
Employees' Pension Fund	272,914.25
Number of Depositors.....	63,907

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock
P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and
Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8
o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 22852; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of BARTOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as BARTOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as B. CUNEO, deceased.

Catterina Cuneo, also known as Catherine Cuneo, the executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Bartholomeo Cuneo, also known as Bartolomeo Cuneo, also known as B. Cuneo, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of certain of the real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth:

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Hon. Thos. F. Graham, Judge of Department No. 10 of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court the 5th day of March, 1918, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10—Probate—of said Superior Court, in the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said executrix and petitioner, to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased, Bartholomeo Cuneo, also known as Bartolomeo Cuneo, also known as B. Cuneo, at either private or public sale, as prayed for in said petition, as shall be necessary for the best interests of the estate of said decedent. It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated: January 25th, A. D. 1918.

Endorsed: Filed Jan. 25, 1918.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WILLIAM PENN HUMPHREYS,

Attorney for Executrix,

58 Sutter St.,

San Francisco, Cal.

2-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN J. KENNEY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOHN J. KENNEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Frank J. Fallon at Merchants National Bank Building, N. E. corner New Montgomery and Market Streets, Room 615, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN J. KENNEY, deceased.

MARY A. KENNEY,

Administratrix of the estate of John J. Kenney, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 26, 1918.

FRANK J. FALLON,

Attorney for Administratrix,

Room 615 Merchants National Bank Bldg.,

San Francisco, Cal.

1-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH PATTERSON MITCHELL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the will of ELIZABETH PATTERSON MITCHELL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Wm. M. Madden, 809 Crocker Building, corner Post and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH PATTERSON MITCHELL, deceased.

FREDERIC W. EATON,

Executor of the will of Elizabeth Patterson Mitchell, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 12th, 1918.

WM. M. MADDEN,

Attorney for Executor,

809 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

1-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MATHILDE JACOBY, deceased.—No. 23754; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of MATHILDE JACOBY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Asher, Meyerstein & McNutt, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MATHILDE JACOBY, deceased.

PHILIP I. JACOBY,

Executor of the last will and testament of Mathilde Jacoby, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 19, 1918.

ASHER, MEYERSTEIN & McNUTT,

Attorneys for Executor,

110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

1-19-5

The Higher Learning

The sergeant-major had trouble in finding an accountant for his captain, but at last brought in a private for trial.

"Are you a clerk?" demanded the captain.

"No, sir."

"Do you know anything about figures?" asked the captain.

"I can do a bit," replied the man modestly.

"Is this the best man you can find?" asked the officer.

"Yes, sir."

"Well," growled the captain, "I suppose I'll have to put up with him."

Turning to the private he snapped: "What were you in civilian life?"

"Professor of mathematics at the State University, sir," was the unexpected reply.

The Higher Criticism

An official who has scrutinized the reports made by German diplomatic representatives to their Government before the declaration of war furnishes this extract from one of them: "The Americans are very rough. If you call one of them a liar he does not argue the matter after

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Julius Calmann

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE J. REDMOND, also known as G. J. REDMOND, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, GRACE EBNER, Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of GEORGE J. REDMOND, also known as G. J. REDMOND, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix with the will annexed at the office of Messrs. Lent & Humphrey, Room Number 428 Mills Building, North East corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE J. REDMOND, also known as G. J. REDMOND, deceased.

GRACE EBNER,

Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of George J. Redmond, also known as G. J. Redmond, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 2nd, 1918.

LENT & HUMPHREY,

Attorneys for said Administratrix,

Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DANIEL SWANSON, also known as DANIEL SWANSEN, also known as DANIEL SWANSON, also known as DANIEL G. SVENSON, also known as DANIEL SWENSON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of said DANIEL SWANSON also known as Daniel Swansen, also known as Daniel Swanson, also known as Daniel G. Svenson, also known as Daniel Swenson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Frank M. Hultman, Room 1212 Merchants Exchange Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of DANIEL SWANSON (aliases), deceased.

JOHN CARLSON,

Executor of the last will and testament of said Daniel Swanson (aliases), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 26, 1918.

FRANK M. HULTMAN,

Attorney for Executor,

1212 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,

San Francisco, Cal.

1-26-5

the manner of a German gentleman, but brutally knocks you down. The Americans have absolutely no Kultur."



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GOVERNMENT

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIA T. ASHWORTH, deceased.—No. 23905 N. S.; Dept. No. 9 Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JULIA T. ASHWORTH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 9th day of February, 1918) in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, Garret W. McEnerney, room 2002 Hobart Building, No. 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JULIA T. ASHWORTH, deceased.

MARGARET FORD,

Administratrix of the estate of Julia T. Ashworth, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 9th, 1918.

GARRET W. McENERNEY,

Attorney for Administratrix,

2002 Hobart Bldg.,

582 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

2-9-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARIE PERRON TARDIEU, Plaintiff, vs. GASTON AIME TARDIEU, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GASTON AIME TARDIEU, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of January, A. D. 1918.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. W. SANDERSON,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

420 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

1-19-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTON KOENIG (also called A. KOENIG), deceased.—No. 23748; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of ANTON KOENIG (also called A. KOENIG), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named place the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANTON KOENIG (also called A. KOENIG), deceased.

FRANK KOENIG,

Executor of the last will and testament of Anton Koenig (also called A. Koenig), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, January 12th, 1918.

A. COMTE, JR.,

Attorney for Executor,

No. 333 Kearny St.,

San Francisco, Cal.

1-12-5



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ESTABLISHED 1878

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Vol. XXXII. No. 1330

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, FEBRUARY 16, 1918

PRICE, 10 CENTS

The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company OF CALIFORNIA

BALANCE SHEET, DECEMBER 31, 1917

ASSETS

Loans on Real Estate.....	\$22,980,649.68
<small>Amount of Loan does not exceed the statutory percentage of appraised value.</small>	
Loans on Approved Collateral.....	2,213,865.53
Loans to Policyholders.....	7,397,904.90
<small>In no case does amount of Loan exceed the reserve held by the Company.</small>	
Bonds Owned	4,395,639.12
Real Estate Owned.....	1,813,100.73
<small>Including Home Office Building.</small>	
Interest Due and Accrued.....	670,029.04
Outstanding and Deferred.....	
Premiums { Life Department	665,021.34
{ Accident Department	381,582.17
<small>Net Amount, Reserve charged in Liabilities.</small>	
Cash on Hand.....	1,550,990.77
<small>Including \$1,329,563.27 of Deposits drawing Interest.</small>	
TOTAL ADMITTED ASSETS.....	\$42,068,783.28

LIABILITIES

Reserves on Policies.....	\$35,344,552.09
Claims in Process of Adjustment.....	494,861.99
Premiums and Interest Paid in Advance..	224,079.66
Reserved for Taxes Payable 1918.....	220,500.00
All Other Liabilities.....	514,661.17
<small>Including \$137,811.97 Reinsurance Fund and \$108,477.91 for Agents' Commissions in Accident Department.</small>	
Total Liabilities	\$36,798,654.91
Capital Stock	\$ 1,000,000.00
Surplus Set Aside for Future Dividends to Policyholders	3,151,786.69
Surplus Unassigned	1,118,341.68
TOTAL	\$42,068,783.28

RESULT FOR 1917—FIFTIETH YEAR

New Life Insurance Issued (Paid for Basis)...	\$ 27,568,513.00
Total Life Insurance in Force, December 31, 1917.....	185,958,459.00
Gain in Life Insurance in Force.....	14,044,841.00
Total Cash Income.....	11,192,849.82
Gain in Cash Income Over 1916.....	789,658.53
Total Paid Policyholders.....	4,527,607.02
Grand Total Paid Policyholders Since Organ.....	53,222,730.26
Surplus, Assigned and Unassigned (Exclusive of Capital)	4,270,128.37
Gain in Surplus (Assigned and Unassigned)	338,103.87
Gain in Admitted Assets	3,341,586.66
Gain in Reserve	2,791,816.94
Premium Income, Accident Department.....	2,082,031.80
Death Rate, Actual to Expected, 60.29%	Average Rate of Interest Earned, 6.30%

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXII

San Francisco-Oakland, February 16, 1918

No. 1330

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John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Humor of Lincoln

By the birthday of Abraham Lincoln this week we were reminded that by many people he is likened unto Woodrow Wilson. We are reminded of the two men but for reasons quite different from those of the general. Comparing Lincoln with Mr. Wilson is like describing the Joans of Arc of the labor unions as the Maid of Domremy. They are so different. There are some notable differences between the two Presidents. Lincoln belonged to what are known as "Les grands melancholiques," but so did Napoleon whose tragic gloom made him a wandering lunatic and so did Gladstone who saw everything with one eye. Now Mr. Wilson has himself confessed that he has a one-track mind. Lincoln had a multiplicity of minds, and he saw everything with all his eyes. Lincoln's most notable mark of distinction was his sense of the humorous and absurd, which is one of the most notable of Mr. Wilson's absent senses. This Mr. Wilson seems to realize, and hence his occasional phrase from the street to give a lightness of tone to his utterances. In the great difference that marked them Lincoln stood outside himself and saw himself as others saw him, and he was the greatest natural humorist of his time. He loved his stories and laughed at them, but always for their moral. They were his parables bearing the homely imprint of nature, and they penetrated the persons to whom he spoke. Never imaginative, he was always logical. He cared more for humor than for classical rhetoric, but at the same time he could utter perfect English. Again, he cared naught for rivals, but put them in his Cabinet; notably Salmon P. Chase, an avowed rival whom he made Secretary of

the Treasury, and Seward, the greatest American diplomat, whom he made Secretary of State. His Cabinet, it was said, "represented all the popularities" of his time, but he made them all look like mediocrities. When Seward, three months after the outbreak of war, wrote a despatch to the Court of St. James Lincoln took hold of it and with erasures and additions proving himself a past grand master of mystical diplomacy, he prevented the calamity of a war with England by the shrewdness of an adept in the subtle art of phraseology. The comic spirit is said to be the spirit of common-sense and this Lincoln displayed above any other statesman before or since his time.

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The President's Paper

To President Wilson we are indebted for another excellent State paper. It is the paper of a man who, despite many reverses, many discouraging happenings, has retained his strength of purpose and vision. He was wary of entrance to this conflict now reputed to have killed and injured forty million men, a conflict in which four fighting years have brought no decision or any immediate likelihood of a decision, in the old military sense, but being in he is evidently resolved to bear the brunt that the opposer may beware of him. In his paper of Monday he makes it clear that the outcome of the Russian Revolution has not dimmed his prospect of defeating the Prussian military ambition. Our President has imagination. He sees emerging out of the hell of this war a European whole, an ideal of a nobler Europe beckoning us from the battefield and pointing to the dawn. There are weary Europeans eager to make concession, but President Wilson is not to be influenced by the equivocations of the modern Metternich, the Chancellor of Germany, whose diplomatic genius, like the Austrian's of long ago, was never so well displayed as in disguising perilous issues. President Wilson has studied Metternich himself, and he has proved himself in this war master of the art of appearing to say much when in fact he says nothing, but since our entrance to the war he wishes to make his meaning plain, as he does when he iterates his fidelity to national aspiration and declares his determination to "go on" until we secure a peace on principles now recognized as fundamental by all but the spokesmen of the militarists of Germany. In this State paper, as in several that

preceded it, the President is evidently still of the opinion that if Germany's power is intact in the field she is not so sure as she would have us believe that her power is intact everywhere. At the same time it leads us to believe that notwithstanding the blunders of the Allies in Russia and Rumania there is confidence in our ability to handle Hindenburg on the Western front.

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A Sabbatarian Triumph

The New York Sabbath Society has won a great triumph. It caused the postponement from Sunday to Monday of the parade of the 308th infantry through the streets of the city. The New York *Sun* gives credit to the society for acting conscientiously, not maliciously, from a misconception of public duty, not for the mere gratification of a malicious disposition. *The Sun* may be right, but the intervention of religious societies in public affairs is not always based on obvious motives. Narrow, aggressive sectaries are not always to be rightly credited with abundant good intention. In this case they deprived many people, kinsfolk and friends of the soldiers of the regiment, of observing the parade of a unit of the national army. Were they moved only by their zeal for the preservation of what they regard as the Sabbath spirit? Or were they actuated by the mean little purpose of winning official acceptance of their little doctrine? Surely they were not influenced to any great extent by their reverence for all that the Sabbath stands for in the minds of religious men and women. For surely nothing could be more inspiring in a devotional sense, nor better designed to uplift the thoughts of serious people than the spectacle which the Sabbatarians postponed—the spectacle of citizens taking leave of their country and their homes to offer themselves at the hazard of their lives as protectors of civilization and of religious institutions dedicated to the greater glory of God.

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Persia and the Powers

So the Bolsheviki have decided that the Anglo-Russian agreement of 1907 is null and void. How easy it is for the statesmen of the new and unrestrained democracy to set things right according to their lights. They dispose of that Anglo-Russian agreement as lightly as they repudiated their national debts. Yet it is a matter of tremendous importance. The

Bolsheviki evidently viewed it as the thing that started the war, and as a matter of fact it was next to the last note of discord which disturbed the harmony of Europe. The Balkan troubles, as we know, were merely a pretext, and Belgium did not figure at all until the treaty was made which resulted in the partition of Persia. All we knew about that was that W. Morgan Shuster, a young American, who had been made Treasurer-General of Persia, had received rough treatment from the Chancelleries of Russia, England and France. As a matter of fact Shuster may not have known all that it meant though he was very much in the way and at the same time satisfactory to the Kaiser. Persia had long been a bone of contention between the nations that later composed the Entente Alliance and the Central Powers. Its position at the central point of the Asiatic continent gave it the control of the overland routes from the Occident to the Orient, and it separated Russia from the northern limits of the British Indian possessions. It was also the centre of intrigue for territorial and commercial advantages between Russia and Great Britain, and at the same time it was a seat of German intrigue, easily turned to Germany's advantage, as we have seen since the commencement of the war. Undoubtedly Germany was alarmed when she saw the ring tightening in Persia and making it harder for her to menace Britain's Eastern possessions. Doubtless before peace is declared Germany will demand the freedom of Persia, but it must be remembered that when Persia assented to the Anglo-Russian agreement which Minister Trotsky has declared null and void, she accepted a joint loan of \$1,000,000.

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Criticism of War Matters

Once upon a time the saying that speech was a faculty given to man to conceal his thoughts was an epigram. Now it is a platitude, especially in this free country. Dull minds everywhere, but especially of the Federal brigade, whether taxeaters or contractors or profiteers, are continually uttering the warning "ssh!" It is a crime to criticize the Administration. Destructive criticism is cheap they tell us; no

criticism is tolerable unless it be constructive. This they regard as a very sage observation, but of the difference between criticism constructive and the other kind they have not the feeblest idea. Parrot-like they are content to repeat what they have heard, and much of what they have heard of late emanates from hired politicians who are more interested in the politics of their party than in the success of the war. Critics at this time are sentinels in the grand army of liberty and civilization, and if too many politicians complain that the business of conducting so gigantic an affair as the war is in the nature of partisanship it would be easy to silence this sort of criticism by a more general distribution of the talents and powers employed in defense of the country. Now words are not perilous things that require careful handling like poisons, and there is sound argument for a fairly wide tolerance of speech that is honest even if it be foolish. But there is no argument to justify a free press when it is obviously managed in the interest of a great national enemy intent on the destruction of our country. Yet we know that this sort of free press was tolerated for years until public indignation threatened its destruction. Our politicians, the very ones who now complain of honest criticism, merely criticised the free and mischievous press, never exerting in the slightest degree the power to suppress or restrain. Knowing that this criminal press was tolerated is it not a little irritating to be told that we are enemies of the country because we criticise public officials for their ineffectiveness? We are all standing behind the President in admiration of the wisdom he has displayed in his State papers since we entered the war, but why should we observe in silence conduct that has been reprobated by sincere representatives of our national government? We concede that the President is a great man but we feel quite sure that Daniels is a little man and that Baker is not much bigger, and we have certainly had examples to convince us that as a judge of mortals the President is not unerring. Is it not constructive criticism to call his attention to errors about which there is

no longer any doubt? Our only purpose may be to warn him of his fallibility in such matters for instance as the Mexican revolution which threatened to become a serious problem on his hands in time of a big war. We know what advice was taken, and now we see the result. Similarly he seemed to act unwisely not only in keeping us out of war but also in tardiness of preparation, but we would not refer to these matters to annoy him. We refer to them to quicken his mind, to warn him that the general judgment may be better than his own in certain matters which he leaves to the judgment of the Federal brigade and of Baker and Daniels. If this is not constructive criticism, how is the thing to be defined?

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The Economical Patriot

Folk are practicing economy these days, it is such a patriotic thing to do. Economy, you know, is in itself a source of great revenue, and our country calls. In large enterprises profiteers grow rich, but the majority, how sad! prosper only through carefulness and thrift. Let us be thrifty for our country's sake, but let us not applaud economy indiscriminately. Let us remember that nowadays economy in many instances is only a shrewd, mean calculation realized and that it does a great deal of injury. Men are taking advantage of the times to cut down their expenses, not to save money for Uncle Sam but rather to increase their revenues by depriving some poor soul of a living. Money that may be spent ostentatiously in a crowd or in buying things that enable men to splurge or to give themselves airs some folk have not continued to hoard. A sound economy in their philosophy is restraint from doing good that nobody in particular is aware of. We heard of its practice lately by a young man who did his hardest and most profitable work when he pursued an old man's daughter until he got her. The old man was pretty economical but as soon as he died the young man began cutting down the old man's expenses. He is a specimen of some of the patriots who have come to the front.

To Women

By Laurence Binyon

Your hearts are lifted up, your hearts
That have foreknown the utter price,
Your hearts burn upward like a flame
Of splendor and of sacrifice.

For you too, to battle go,
Not with the marching drums and cheers,
But in the watch of solitude
And through the boundless night of fears.

And not a shot comes blind with death,
And not a stab of steel is pressed
Home, but invisibly it tore
And entered first a woman's breast.

Varied Types

367—DR. BENZION MOSSINSOHN

By Edward F. O'Day

This distinguished advocate of the Zionist Movement is a young man, but a great beard, coal black as that of Alfred Hertz, gives him the sober dignity of middle-age. His plentiful black hair is lightly powdered with gray. He is swarthy, with dark gentle eyes. A very serious tone steals into his voice when his subject holds him. He speaks perfect English with an accent. He comes to us from the Hebrew College at Jaffa in Palestine, of which he is president. His addresses have stirred many, interested all. Decidedly he is not only a personage but a personality.

Dr. Mossinsohn is a propagandist of Zionism, and like all propagandists of big, vital questions, he feels that the correct solution of the problem he studies is essential to the permanent peace of the world. A scholar deeply versed in politics, he makes out a strong case for his opinions. Palestine, he thinks, may make or break the peace of future generations throughout the world.

He referred me to certain words spoken by President Wilson in his address to Congress on Monday. They are these:

"Peoples are not to be handed about from one sovereignty to another by international conference or an understanding between rivals and antagonists. National aspirations must be respected, peoples may now be dominated and governed only by their own consent."

No doubt a Frenchman would say that those words apply to Alsace-Lorraine; a Pole, that they apply to Poland; a Sinn Feiner, that they apply to Ireland; a Finn, that they apply to Finland.

"I think that President Wilson had Palestine and the Jews in mind when he said that," says Dr. Mossinsohn.

Dr. Mossinsohn went on to explain some of the difficulties which must be overcome before the Palestinian problem can be solved. Palestine, he pointed out, is essential to the German programme of expansion. Germany covets Mesopotamia, Palestine, Syria and Asia Minor, be-

cause with control of these provinces she could strike at England either in the direction of Persia and India or of the Suez Canal. Of course we are not entertaining the possibility that Germany will have her wish. On the other hand, says Dr. Mossinsohn, there is, or has been friction between England and France over the same territories. He concludes that the only safe course will be to yield self-determination to the peoples of these regions. For Palestine that means a Jewish government.

"Wherever the Jews go," he says, "they bring the Jewish question with them. They are gifted, but they have created nothing because they have no nationality. Palestine is the place for them to develop their national aspirations."

"Who knows what the Jews will do when they have a country of their own, a country where they can express their genius untrammelled? Suppose Norway had been swallowed up and denied self-expression. Should we have had Ibsen, Bjornson, Grieg? Is it not possible that the Jews have some new word to speak to the world? Palestine is the place where its utterance might be expected. There we might have Jewish schools with Jewish professors giving to the Jews cultural opportunities such as other nationalities enjoy."

"It has been objected by some that the Jews are not agriculturists and do not want to till the soil. The Zionist movement really started with the convention at Basel twenty years ago. But fifteen or twenty years before, the movement of the Jews back to the soil of Palestine had already begun. And the Jew has been a successful farmer. He employs the best machinery and all the best intensive methods, unlike the Arab who farms as his ancestors did two thousand years ago. At the Paris Exposition Jewish grapes received the first prize. In the Liverpool market Jewish fruits command the best prices."

"When this war is over, and the peace congress meets, will the Jews have a hearing?"

"They can only be represented as a whole through the organized Zionist movement," answered Dr. Mossinsohn.

"But will the diplomats of the peace congress recognize that movement?"

"President Wilson has told us," Dr. Mossinsohn answered with a smile, "that we are not to have a diplomats' peace. There is not to be another Congress of Vienna."

"Could the Congress of Vienna happen again?" I asked.

"I think not," answered Dr. Mossinsohn. "Conditions changed so rapidly in Europe after 1815 that I do not think the Congress of Vienna could have happened in 1848. In 1815 the diplomats had full sway. Public opinion was not organized, had no way of making itself heard. So many things have happened since then, beginning with the Greek war for independence in 1829. Today statesmen must listen to the voice of the people. Lloyd George expressed British opinion by approving Jewish aspirations in Palestine. President Wilson, I think, had those aspirations in mind when he spoke the words to which I have called your attention."

"Is there danger that all the spokesmen of the peoples are not equally sincere, that they are not all actuated by the ideals they profess?"

"It is a real danger," said Dr. Mossinsohn. "But when the time comes to make peace, is it

not likely that the higher ideals will carry the day? Will the selfish not give way before these ideals, fearful of losing all if they resist? It is better that the ideals should be high in the beginning lest there be none at all in the end."

Dr. Mossinsohn is confident that Jewish claims will be recognized when the peace table is spread. He points out that the Jews of every country have done their part in this war; that they have furnished more than their quota of troops; that they have been ground between the upper and nether millstone of suffering in Russia, Galicia and elsewhere.

He puts the claims of his race soberly, clearly and in a broad spirit. A propagandist, he is no mere enthusiast. He does not deal in generalities; his mind does not run to superlatives or lie idle in millennial dreams. When he speaks of the future of his people in Palestine there is naught of the devotee in his speech or manner. His eye is gentle like a thinker's, not flashing like a seer's. He has read history calmly; therefore he may suffer disappointment, but not disillusion—disillusion comes to those who permit emotion to override intellect. He is not a fanatic, as Henry Ford was lately; he is not the slave of phrases, as David Starr Jordan is still; he is not a sentimentalist, as William Jennings Bryan must always be.

I am striving to read him from a slight acquaintance. It is a dangerous practice. But then, he makes a powerful impression. If the Zionist movement is to have a great future, here is a man who should bulk large in its organization. The future is moulded by a succession of todays, and Dr. Mossinsohn is doing what he can to aid in that process. Yet the event is problematical, and he is not the man to overlook that.

"Who can foretell?" he says.



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Russia has made a peace without victory.

Starr Jordan has been heard from. He has a new formula, "the dynastic state." It is as important as any of those he has discarded.

Heney has put the big United Press service in the Ananias Club. Bad way to start a campaign.

Lord Reading, the new British Ambassador, used to be Sir Rufus Isaacs. It is no lack of courtesy to doubt that he'll ever make the new name as celebrated as the old.

Isn't it strange that the Kaiser while uttering the name of God so freely, never uses the other sacred name which would argue him a Christian?

Marriages may be made in heaven but the courtship starts in war.

There's another Liberty Loan coming. Save your money.

Religious conviction as the ally of patriotism will save a lot of food between Ash Wednesday and Easter Sunday.

Would it be wrong to criticise the Administration for sending soldiers "over there" without identification tags?

When are we to wake up to the fact that some of our most dangerous alien enemies are naturalized American citizens?

We can stand a bore who talks sense occasionally, but not when he argues that all criticism of the War Department is disastrous.

Have Lenin and Trotzky delivered the goods?

Things are awfully dull. H. G. Wells hasn't invented a new god for several weeks.

Lack of coördination in Washington pleases the Kaiser just as much as lack of coördination at the front.

The Sick Man of Europe is cured of the disease called Life. Abdul the Damned is with the houris. The deceased leaves a lot of widows.

When the war is over the prohibitionists will find that they are not quite satisfied, and the folk who think that satisfaction for all is to be won by compromise will find that the Hindenburg drive has been nothing but a strategic retreat.

The Skin Painter

(From the Japanese)

By Yone Noguchi

The thoughtful eyes of Seikichi, a young tattooer whose skill—quite equal, people said, to that of any master of the needle—had been tried on many human skins as canvas for his painting brush, now passing in front of the Hirasei, a restaurant in Fukagawa, suddenly brightened up when they caught a glimpse of a snow-white female foot, slightly reddened by the glow of a summer evening, peeping out from under the blind of a palanquin waiting at the gate; the delicate symmetry of those five toes, the coloring of the nails not inferior to that of shells on the beach of Enoshima, the lustrous richness of the skin as if washed by a crystal water running through the rocks, and that pearl-round little heel, impressed Seikichi's sensitive mind as a perfect jewel of flesh. To be sure, he could read in this foot a complicated expression as in a human face. For five long years his mind, extremely fastidious about woman, not satisfied with the mere fact of her beautiful face and smooth skin, had been hunting, but in vain, through the gay quarters of the city for his ideal woman to realize his own artistic feeling; and now, being almost carried away by his joy in seeing at least the foot of his quest, he followed after the palanquin in the hope that its owner might expose her full face. He lost sight of the palanquin, however, within the distance of two or three streets.

Without a knowledge of the time in which this story is laid—a time in which the barbarism or virtue of foolishness was still blessed, and life's struggle far less severe than today, a time when the peaceful faces of lords or rich young "bloods" were not clouded with thought, and the seeds of talk of palace girls or courtesans were never exhausted; a time when the professions of buffoons or even rogues were thought quite legitimate; again, a time when on the stage or in the stories all the beautiful young persons were strong and all the weak ones ugly, you would hardly understand how people were pleased to make brilliant colors and

lines dance on their own skins, when with the pigments pricked into their bodies (what foolish savage people!) they attempted to beautify themselves. A splendidly tattooed palanquin-bearer was chosen by those who hurried to the nightless city of love and wine; the professional beauties of Yoshiwara or Tatsumi, it will be believed, would gladly fall in love with a handsome youth of tattooed skin. Merchants, and sometimes even samurais, not to speak of gamblers and firemen, had their bodies illustrated; in a tattoo exhibition often held at Ryogoku people stripped themselves offhand and vied with each other in their own designs. Oh, what a rotten, fantastic, happy and simple day!

There were in the city quite a number of skilful tattooers—for instance, Daruma Kin, proud of the art of shading, or Karakusa Gonta, who was called a masterhand for the vermilion tattooing—but none surpassed Seikichi in originality of design and beauty of coloring, which betrayed, although he had degenerated now into a mere tattooer, his artistic, sensitive conscience mustered in the days when he earned his living as an Ukiyoye artist of the Toyokuni school. And only those who were born with a skin and physique splendid enough to call his attention could tempt his fingers to touch their bodies. Even supposing one had the good fortune to obtain his services, he had yet not only to leave the matter of design and cost to the artist's jurisdiction, but also had to endure the almost intolerable pain of needles for sometimes a month or two. This young tattooer, Seikichi, had a cherished desire or enjoyment of his heart unknown to the others. On being pricked by his needles most people would groan, feeling a severe pain of the flesh swollen with blood, but the louder the groans of the fellows, the deeper, as Seikichi experienced strangely, was his delight. Among the methods of tattooing he particularly loved the execution in vermilion and shading, which was considered the most painful. It was a usual case that one would lie prostrate at Seikichi's

feet almost dead, being unable to move for some time, when, after being pricked with five or six hundred needles in a day, he had taken a hot bath to make the color heighten more brightly. But looking on this miserable state coldly, the artist would say from his delightful feeling:

"You must feel pretty painful!"

When a spiritless man would cry as though suffering the agonies of death, with his mouth distorted, with his teeth clinched, Seikichi would say:

"Aren't you a Yedo-ko? Be brave—and be prepared to know that the needles of this Seikichi are extraordinarily sharp."

Then he would proceed with his tattooing unconcernedly, only casting a side-glance once or twice at the subject's tearful face.

But when a man of great fortitude mustered up courage and endured the pain, not even knitting his brows, Seikichi would say:

"H'm! You are a more stiff-necked man than you look! But you will see, you are pretty soon coming to ache, and your obstinacy will have to give way."

One morning in the late spring, almost five years after he had seen the beautiful female foot in front of the restaurant Hirasei (his longing to see its possessor being grown into a passionate love), at his home in Sagacho street, Fukagawa, Seikichi was gazing on some pots of plants set on the bamboo veranda, when from the garden-gate a girl unknown to him made her appearance. She was a messenger from a geisha of his intimacy at Tatsumi.

FOR MEN

**Herbert's Bachelor Hotel
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The girl now brought out from a yellow cloth-wrapper a haori overcoat enveloped in a folding paper case beautiful with a picture of the actor Tojaku, together with a letter addressed to Seikichi, and the girl said:

"My sister asks you to paint something on the lining of this coat."

The letter, after repeating the request concerning the coat, mentioned the girl, saying that she would begin at no distant date her own career professionally as a younger sister of the sender, and also that the girl would be glad to be patronized by Seikichi.

"So you have only lately come to Tatsumi, have you? Naturally, I have never seen you before."

Seikichi, who spoke thus, began to stare at the girl more critically; she was, as she appeared, only about sixteen years of age, but, strange to say, she already possessed all the ghastly features of a professional middle-aged woman who, living many years in a pleasure quarter, had played mercilessly with scores of men. Her beauty was such, in truth, as might have been born out of many dreams dreamt by handsome men and women who, for many and many years past, had lived and died in the capital, wherein the crimes and wealth of all the provinces had been streaming. Seikichi made her sit down on the edge of the veranda, and when he had minutely observed her delicate naked feet he appeared as if awakened suddenly from a dream, and exclaimed:

"You remember, do you not, that you left the Hirasei by a palanquin many years ago? That was in the month of June."

"Oh, yes. I often went to that restaurant in those days when my father was still alive," smilingly she answered to his strange question.

"It is you whom I have been waiting for these long five years. This is the first time I have seen your face, but your foot I remember well. I have something I want to show you; please come upstairs."

Seikichi seized the hand of the girl, who was about to take her leave, and led her upstairs into a compartment commanding a view of the Okawa River. Then he brought out two large roll-pictures, and spread one of them before her face.

It was a picture of Mohsi, the beloved mistress of King Chon, an ancient tyrant. It showed her body, too frail for the weight of a gold crown set with jade and coral, thrown languidly against the hand-rail, her silken skirts fallen down the steps; Mohsi held up a large cup of wine to drink while looking down at a man (one of her victims) about to be executed in the courtyard, who, his limbs being fastened to copper pillars by iron chains, dropped his head before the King's mistress, and shut his eyes and waited for the final doom.

"Your very soul is reflected in this picture," said Seikichi, smiling happily, and looked fixedly into her face.

"Why do you show me such a terrible thing?" the girl asked, raising her pale forehead.

"The woman in this picture is nobody but yourself. Her blood must be running in your veins," said he, while unrolling the other picture.

This was entitled "Night-soil." In the centre of the canvas was a young woman standing by the trunk of a cherry tree and gazing at the corpses of numbers of men who had fallen dead at her dainty feet; about her flew a flock of little birds, singing triumphantly; from her eyes flowed irresistible joy and pride. Is this a scene of the ruin after battle?—or that of a garden in spring? The girl to whom this picture was shown looked as if feeling that she sounded in

herself at least something hidden in her inner heart.

"This illustrates your future. The men lying about here are all to sacrifice their lives for your sake," said Seikichi, pointing at the woman in the picture, who was almost identical with the girl.

"Please put away this picture quickly!"

She laid herself on the matting, face downward, turning away from the picture as if wishing to avoid something of a dreadful temptation. But soon again her trembling lips parted, saying:

"As you imagined, let me confess, I have such a disposition as that of the woman in the picture. Please do not make me suffer any more, and put the picture away!"

"Don't speak such cowardly words! Look at the picture more carefully. You will soon cease, I am sure, to be afraid of it," said Seikichi. His usual ill-natured smile floated on his face.

But the girl did not raise her head readily; and remaining as before, her face buried in her sleeves, she said:

"Please allow me to return home. I feel dreadful to sit by you."

She repeated this entreaty again and again.

"Oh, no, stay longer! I will make a splendid woman of you."

Thus Seikichi said, and artfully drew close to the girl. In his bosom he had concealed a phial of anaesthetic which had been given him by a certain Dutch physician. . . .

The sun shone brightly on the water; the eight-mat compartment looked as if blazing. The reflected lights from the face of the river trembled, drawing golden waves on the girl unconsciously sleeping and on the papers of the Shoji doors. Seikichi, with the instruments of tattooing in his hand, shut up in the room, might have been seen sitting for a while absent-minded, since for the first time he was to appreciate the charming features of this girl; he thought that he would never tire of sitting for ten years, or even for a hundred years, in this room with this fascinating, unmoving face. He was now going to beautify the pure human skin with the very color of his love and life.

He laid presently the point of a painting brush, held between the little finger and ring finger of his left hand, on the girl's back, and proceeded to prick the pigment with needles in his right hand; the young tattooer's soul, dissolving in the pigment, soaked into the skin; and the drops of the Loochoo vermilion mixed in spirits were those, so to speak, of his own blood. He saw the color of his soul there.

The high noon soon passed, the peaceful spring day was drawing gradually dark, yet Seikichi did not rest nor was the girl's sleep broken. The man whom her people sent to the tattooer in search of her had been driven away by words that she had returned long before. The moon now hung above the mansion of the Lord of Tosa, on the opposite bank, and the dreamy light began to stream into every house by the river; but the tattooing was hardly half-finished. Seikichi busily trimmed the candles.

It was never light work for him even to inject a single drop of pigment; he felt, each time he thrust in or drew out a needle, a deep, heaving sigh as if his heart were being stabbed. A gigantic spider was seen gradually taking shape. When the night began to wane whiter this mysterious, diabolic creature, pushing out eight long claws, crouched upon the girl's shapely back.

The spring night now clearly dawned, with the voice of sculls of the river boats; from the haze, growing thinner above the tops of the white sails distended with the morning breeze, the tiles of the houses at Nakazu, Hakozaki and Reiganjima began to gleam when Seikichi, now putting down his brush, gazed at the spider tattooed on the girl's skin. This tattoo was all his life; when his work was done, his exhausted mind became a hollow.

Neither the tattooer nor the girl stirred at all for some while; then a low but harsh, grating voice echoed through the four walls, saying:

"To make you a really beautiful woman I put my own soul into this tattoo. In all Japan there will be no woman to compete with yourself. You are now free from a timid soul, and all men are to become your night-soil."

Whether the girl's ears caught these words or not, a groan, little as a thread, came to her lips; she seemed by degrees to recover her senses. As she moved her shoulders through heavy breathing the claws of the tattooed spider were seen wriggling and writhing as if living.

"You are hugged by a spider. You should be in pain."

The girl opened at these words her senseless eyes, but her pupils, as if an evening moon, increased gradually, their brightness facing Seikichi's face. She said dreamily, but with a strong power somewhere in her tone: .

"Let me see the picture quickly! How beautiful I must have become, since you have given me your life."

"But you have now to go to the bath room to improve the color. Endure yet a little, though painful," Seikichi whispered in her ear kindly.

"I will endure any pain to become beautiful."

The girl smiled forcedly, controlling the pain of the body.

"Oh, how the hot water cuts the skin! . . . Leave me alone, for Heaven's sake! Go upstairs; wait for me there! I hate to be seen by a man in such misery!"

Not yet wiping her body, thrusting away Seikichi's helping hands, the girl threw herself down at once on the planks of the bath room and groaned as if with a nightmare. Her crazy-looking hair was confused pitifully on her cheeks. A looking-glass stood behind her; there were reflected the two little soles of her snow-white feet.

Though surprised at the girl's attitude, so different from her timidity of the day before, Seikichi, as she wished, went upstairs and waited for her. After about half an hour the girl ascended to him, her toilet made, the black, washed hair flowing over her shoulders. She looked up, leaning on the railing, at the hazy large sky, stretching her clear eyebrows, where no shadow of pain remained.

"This picture, too, I will give you. You can go home with it."

Saying thus, Seikichi placed before her one of the scrolls.

"I have thrown off my former timidity. I see you have paid, the first of all, your own share in becoming my night-soil."

The girl brightened up her pupils like swords; there in her pupils were seen reflected the canvas of the picture called "Night-soil." In her ears resounded the songs of triumph.

"Let me see the tattoo once again before you go," asked Seikichi.

The young girl nodded in silence and stripped her back. The morning sun shone just then on the picture; her back glittered brilliantly.

The Spectator

Heney Turning a Corner

One day we are told that Francis J. Heney is not going to run for Governor; the next day we are informed that it all depends on whether his job in Washington is safe and sure. The second report has the ring of truth. Heney has a good job in Washington and he would forego the prospect of revenging himself on Hi Johnson provided he received the assurance that Woodrow Wilson would hold him as he has held Daniels and others. Yet there is no doubt that but the other day Heney was intent on splitting the Johnson machine and making it impossible for him to have a delegation behind him for the Presidency. Nor is there any doubt of his hatred of Johnson. It is like the hatred of an Arizona Indian for the man who stole his broncho. He has shouted his hatred up and down the State, telling all men within earshot how he had been tricked and deceived by the champion double-cross artist and how he had determined to get even at the earliest opportunity. So there is no secret in this paragraph. Nor is it to be doubted that Heney had fully made up his mind to run for Governor. Of this intention he solemnly informed all his friends and induced whom he could to promise him their support. The news of his purpose was common property, not at all confined to the Federal brigade, though the leaders were saying openly that they were for the great little fire-eater. They believe he would be a winner, but we see once more how easy a Heney promise is broken. What does it matter to him that many friends have tired themselves in his fight? The spots on the wild ass's hide have not changed. And this is not the first time that Heney's friends have found him out. That is why his friends are all of the new-found variety. The men who knew him at the close of his school days are not his friends now; nor the men who were his friends when he came back from Arizona with patches on his pants. Perhaps even Woodrow Wilson will find him out some day, for the President is an idealist who prefers the conscientious man to the trickster. But the best of politicians find it convenient to change their minds, and perhaps Hi Johnson an interesting story might tell by way of his own vindication. Per-

haps he followed his own golden rule in doing unto Heney precisely what he believed Heney would do unto him. Which reminds me of a story.

Johnson's Rise

The story is with reference to the rise of Hi Johnson in California politics. This is recent history, for Hi Johnson had not yet risen in the days when he was doing ward politics in Sacramento. In those days he had contempt for reformers. He was not converted until it became worth while for him to help prosecute the unregenerate who had earned the hostility of Rudolph Spreckels. Spreckels himself had not become a reformer; not even a fairly good citizen, as we learned from his testimony under oath, which was to the effect that he never voted. But that of course was before the bad Kaiser made him sit up and take notice. So as a reformer Heney was one of the first of the gang and he found it a very profitable job. But, so the story goes, Johnson didn't think much of him as a prosecutor. When the news was printed that Heney had been engaged in the graft cases Johnson was sitting in his office waiting for a client, and he was heard to make the remark, "Now if Ruef has any sense he'll hire me to defend him." How fortunate it was that Ruef didn't have any sense. If he had hired Johnson on the strength of Johnson's opinion of himself, a certain great career might never have begun. Unemployed by Ruef, he had friends who suggested him to the good Spreckels and instead of defending a bad man he became one of the prosecutors of evil-doers. And such spouting to the jury did he do that the great asinine public, taken off its feet, immediately took it for granted that the sentiments with which the lawyer earned his fee were the sentiments of an extra-pure heart. For a long time thereafter this confusion operated to the advantage of Hi Johnson. He became Governor and United States Senator and now, it was all so easy that notwithstanding that he looted the State people are talking of making him President rather than sending him where he belongs.

The Bait That Caught the Fly

Of course the former Governor would be delighted to hear that Heney is on the point of changing his mind. He regards Heney as his deadliest and most dangerous foe. The question now is "What happened?" The answer of shrewd politicians is that Eustace Cullinan's trip to Washington was not unsatisfactory, and that the man who put Heney on the ropes and started him wavering is none other than Gavin McNab, the shrewdest manipulator of all. When it comes down to brass tacks, they are saying, Gavin is the closest of all Californians to Woodrow Wilson, and it may be Gavin who won Heney with a tempting bit of bait supplied by the President himself at McNab's request. The inside story is that Heney was not only promised a permanent job in the Attorney General's office, but informed that in a certain event a shift might occur in the Cabinet by which Heney would land in the Attorney General's portfolio. In this way is the path cleared for Mayor Rolph whom some folk regard as the logical candidate for Governor. Meanwhile folks are asking about Governor Stephens, who had appointed certain men from

Los Angeles to handle his campaign, men who have not yet made it evident that they are alive.

The Congress of Vienna

"The method of the German Chancellor proposes is the method of the Congress of Vienna. We cannot and will not return to that." Thus President Wilson, addressing Congress Monday. They are good words, spacious in their scope, embracing a large programme. But will they prove valid? Has the world changed so much that we cannot have another Congress of Vienna? It is only a hundred years past, that Congress, and a hundred years isn't any great shakes in the life of this sad, bad, unregenerate stamping ground of the sons of Adam and Eve. We hear much of the new order of things in the world—democracy, the right of self-determination of peoples and other strivings toward the ideal. Are these things to be vindicated when the nations meet in Congress to make a peace? Is that peace to be an enduring one, or will it seem as enduring as the peace made at Vienna seemed, and only last as long? It is not pessimism which puts the questions. It is caution—caution born of the knowledge that optimism is so often betrayed. We are all eager to be with the President, to feel as secure as he seems to feel when he says of the Congress of Vienna, "We cannot and will not return to that." But different men read history differently, their temperaments being different. We cannot all lay our hands on our hearts and say honestly that we see no possibility of another Congress of Vienna.

The Holy Alliance

Every school boy is supposed to know that the Congress of Vienna met in 1814 and '15 to put together the puzzle pieces of the map of Europe which Napoleon had scattered. It began after Napoleon's abdication and ended in a good deal of disorder when he returned from Elba for his Hundred Days' fling. Men loved phrases in those days as much as they do now. Their sacred formulas sound old-fashioned today, as ours doubtless will sound in 2018. The "Holy Alliance" was a big phrase in 1814. It consisted of Austria, Russia, Prussia and England. That combination was considered holy then. The text of the Holy Alliance was prepared by Czar Alexander. It formulated high ideals. England didn't sign it, and this was taken in some quarters to prove that the English had a sense of humor, contrary to repeated assertions. Indeed, Castlereagh who represented England at the Congress, called it "a piece of sublime mysticism and nonsense." But Austria signed, though Metternich said it was "verbiage," and Prussia signed. It is interesting to read its opening paragraph:

"Their majesties, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia, in view of the great events which the last three years have brought to pass in Europe, and in view especially of the benefits which it has pleased Divine Providence to confer upon those states whose governments have placed their confidence and their hope in Him alone, having reached the profound conviction that the policy of the powers, in their mutual relations, ought to be guided by the sublime truths taught by the eternal religion of God our Savior, solemnly declare that the present act has no other aim

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than to manifest to the world their unchangeable determination to adopt no other rule of conduct, either in the government of their respective countries or in their political relations with other governments, than the precepts of that holy religion, the precepts of justice, charity and peace."

A Secret Treaty

So the Congress of Vienna began with a solemn farce. As a matter of fact, the four members of the Holy Alliance knew just what they wanted, and were not bothering much about "the precepts of justice, charity, and peace." They assembled at Vienna to "divide among themselves the spoils of the vanquished." Secret treaties are temporarily out of fashion just now, particularly since the Bolsheviks published the secret treaty made by the Allies at the request of Italy, but they were much affected about the time of the Congress of Vienna. The most important one was made by Castlereagh, Metternich and Talleyrand, and there was a good deal of soreness when Napoleon (when he got back to Paris from Elba) made it public, thus showing Russia and Prussia what England and Austria were trying to do to them with the aid of France, the common enemy. Of course everything looked fair and square on the surface—to the unwary at least—when the Congress of Vienna assembled. Optimists thought that all of Europe's troubles were to be cured. Pretty nearly all Europe had representatives at that magnificent gathering. The idealists talked confidently of measures of international disarmament which would perpetuate the blessings of peace. Poland had high hopes of self-determination. It is sad to think that all this was only a hundred years ago. Sadder still to think that all this talk went on while the diplomats were making secret treaties.

Talleyrand Dominated It

The big men of the Congress were Czar Alexander of Russia with his advisers Nesselrode (who had a pudding named after him) and Capo d'Istria; Castlereagh of England; Metternich of Austria; Frederick William III of Prussia, with his advisers Hardenberg and Humboldt; and—Talleyrand. Talleyrand went for defeated France, and really dominated the gathering. The Holy Alliance had secretly agreed to keep everything in their own hands, while permitting committees to talk and draw up programmes. It wasn't long however before Talleyrand broke into the inner ring. The members of the Holy Alliance became jealous of one another. They couldn't agree about Saxony or Poland. Alexander wanted the whole of Poland—that alarmed Castlereagh who hated Russia. Prussia wanted Saxony—that made Metternich sore. Talleyrand fanned the fires, meanwhile posing as the disinterested champion of small nationalities. The Holy Alliance came

to an impasse. Castlereagh and Metternich saw their way out. They took Talleyrand in as their ally. A secret treaty of defensive alliance was signed between France, Austria and England. Metternich had called the text of the Holy Alliance "verbiage" and Castlereagh had sneered at it. This secret treaty showed that they regarded it as a scrap of paper. After that, compromise was the order of the day. Europe was carved pretty boldly. The knife left wounds that haven't healed it. As one authority has summed up:

"The Congress of Vienna failed to institute any new system for securing the stability of the European polity, nor did it recognize those new forces of liberty and nationality which had really caused Napoleon's downfall. Following the tradition of all preceding Congresses, it was mainly a scramble for territory and power. Territories were distributed among the powers with no consideration for the feelings of their inhabitants, and in general the right of the strongest prevailed."

The One Great Hope

It is no wonder, therefore, that President Wilson says, "We cannot and will not return to that." At the same time, taking human nature as we know it to be, selfish, jealous, fickle, and taking diplomacy as we know it to be, unreliable, contemptuous of covenants and kaleidoscopic in its possibilities of change and rearrangement—is it any wonder that we hesitate to be certain that history will not repeat itself? The alignment is different. Is mankind different? Are all statesmen as good as their words? We would all like to forget, but we cannot forget, what has happened in Russia. The strongest guarantee that we shall not have another Congress of Vienna lies in the fact that America will be represented when the Congress convenes. America has no selfish interest in this war. Thank God, we have no ax to grind. And all Europe knows it.

Joseph Sadoc Tobin

To name those who attended the funeral of Joseph Sadoc Tobin would be to compile a list of the city's notables. But there would be many others in the list—names unknown to club rosters, names never printed "among those present." Humble hard-working men, women in worn weeds knelt beside his coffin, blessed themselves and said a prayer for the repose of his soul. These were men and women who knew "Big Joe" only through the Hibernia Bank. They knew him as the man who had a kind, warm heart for the poor. They knew him as the banker who granted loans sadly needed when cold-blooded financiers might have shaken their wise heads over the security. Joe Tobin was wise too—wise, among other ways, in his sympathetic reading of the good in human nature. They knew him as the lawyer

who cut fees to the bone when payment in full would have pinched too hard. The poor do not forget a friend. Among the shining virtues of the poor gratitude stands out. And so the poor offered their mites of prayer beside the coffin of Joseph Sadoc Tobin.

A Leading Citizen

The term "leading citizen" is easily applied; it has almost lost its honorable meaning. Let us forget its constant misuse and apply it to Joseph Sadoc Tobin. His career dignified that glib phrase. Born to wealth and position he was not spoiled by either, for he came of honest stock and was taught at his mother's knee to appraise the values of life by other than material standards. He had a fine brain, also ideals, and he cultivated both. In the formative period of his life the words "service" and "efficiency" had not become shibboleths. Yet it was his sincere ambition to serve his community, and he served it well, always without uttering high-sounding formulas or wasting time on phrase-mongering. It is the bad fortune of San Francisco that it has not been able to enlist the civic activities of more men like Joe Tobin. It is a reproach to San Francisco that it has not warmly appreciated the worth of such men. Politics meant nothing to him personally. He entered politics because he loved his city. Had his city embraced the opportunity of keeping him in its service, some of our sad history would never have been written.

Lawyer, Banker and Supervisor

Joseph Sadoc Tobin was born in this city in 1868, the son of Richard and Mary Regan Tobin. His mother who is the aunt of Miss Agnes G. Regan of the Board of Education, survives him. So do three brothers, Richard (now serving his country), Clement and Edward; and three sisters, Mrs. Charles W. Clark, Mrs. Raoul Duval and Miss Agnes Tobin, the poet whose translation of Petrarch can never be forgotten. The saintly Archbishop Joseph



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Sadoc Alemany was Joe Tobin's godfather. He was educated at St. Ignatius College and took his law course at the Jesuit college of Georgetown. St. Ignatius and its good fathers had a special place in the affections of Joe Tobin; at one time he was president of the Alumni. After being admitted to the bar he became a member of the firm of Tobin and Tobin and a director of the Hibernia Bank. On the death of Captain Mayo he was made president of the bank. He was one of the young men whom Senator Phelan interested in politics, and in 1900 he was elected to the Board of Supervisors, serving with conspicuous success for two years. In 1902 he ran for Mayor on the Democratic ticket, but was defeated by Schmitz. He was a polished speaker, but lacked the arts of the rabble-rouser. His sincerity, his unselfish love of his native city, his entire lack of self-seeking and his intellectual gifts commended him to thinking citizens; but the result of the election was adverse and he retired from politics. But his devotion to civic duties did not waver, and he worked hard and well as a director of our World's Fair. In 1894 Tobin married Miss Mary Gray Dimond, the sister of Edwin R. Dimond. It was a very happy union, though blessed with no children. Mrs. Tobin survives him. Archbishop Hanna spoke at the funeral Mass, and his eloquent words of tribute to a good man and a splendid citizen went straight to the hearts of those who assembled in old St. Mary's, the cathedral of Joseph Sadoc Tobin's baptismal sponsor.

Another Job for Humphrey

William F. Humphrey of Lent & Humphrey, attorneys, is suffering the usual penalty of popularity: He is among those mentioned as a possible candidate for Mayor; at least he was so mentioned the other day in the Oakland Tribune. The Knave of that journal hears a

great deal of what is going on in the political world, but much of his gossip comes from politicians who guess, and politicians guess according to what they regard as the signs of the times. If they think a man is of the material out of which Mayors are fashioned they guess that he will soon be running for the job. Their guess for many years was that Dr. John Gallwey would soon be running for Mayor. It never occurred to them that Dr. Gallwey was as little likely to abandon his multitudinous flock of patients as Garret McEnerney was to run for a police judgeship or, for that matter, the Supreme Court bench. The same is true today of William F. Humphrey, who has at least six men and two women trying to assist him in his law practice. You couldn't induce "Billy" Humphrey to run for Mayor, for Governor or for United States Senator. Generally political jobs go to a man whose income and business are running low, as was the case of James Rolph when he began shaking hands to win the mayoralty, just before the war came along to make him rich on good tips that are easily accessible to jobholders who keep their weather ear open. Humphrey is always referred to as president of the Olympic Club. When he accepted that position it was a surprise to his intimate acquaintances who are often kept waiting in his office. Now he is not only president of the Olympic Club; he is a busy director of the Anglo, London and Paris Bank, which the Fleishhackers have raised to the position of one of the leading banks in Wall street; he is president of the big Mission Cement Company at San Juan which has a plant and material not to mention a transportation company, that have made all the other companies sit up and take notice; besides he is managing director of several big business concerns; and as a result of his commercial business alone he is during half the year in transit between this city and New York, though at odd times he permits himself to be rushed off his feet to rebuild France, or conduct a Mardi Gras ball or a benefit performance for the Associated Charities, which he put on its feet twice to my knowledge. A candidate for Mayor, indeed! Perhaps if somebody will arrange nice convenient dates for a campaign or a moment or two for dinner. The only man half as busy as Bill Humphrey is Dr. Gallwey, and neither has time to meet the other. Fancy either one of them officiating at a rodeo or shaking hands by the hour in Market street.

Kreling and the Clockwinder

When Tiv Kreling entered the pendulum room the other day and found the clockwinder rolling in laughter on the floor he at once concluded that the old man was taking physical exercise. "You can beat that stuff on one of those electric horses up at the Olympic Club," he said. And the clockwinder exploded with laughter again. Kreling became anxious. "What's up?" he asked. "Who has been tickling your ribs?"

"I've just been reading one of the statutes of the last legislature."

"My God!" exclaimed Kreling, "you've not found anything funny in one of Assemblyman Pendergast's pieces of legislation, have you?"

"No," said the clockwinder, rising from the floor, "I think it's one of Rolla V. Watt's, but I am not sure. Perhaps a manager of the Fireman's Fund inspired it. Anyway it's a good joke on my friend the people. It's an act levying a tax of two per cent on the total premiums of insurance companies."

"Gee! what extravagance, but where's the joke?"

"It's not a joke but a joker. The act also provides that there shall be deducted from that two per cent an equal amount of any taxes that an insurance company pays on its real estate in California."

"Oh, I see," said Kreling whistling his favorite air from a German opera that only a Wagnerian could appreciate.

"The taxes," said the clockwinder, "the taxes paid by Watt and Fireman's Fund just about exempt them from paying the two per cent tax on their premium."

"Oh," said Kreling, "a case of now you see it and now you don't. But that's the way the Legislature has of encouraging capital when you're not looking, and as I hear E. P. E. Troy addressing the Supervisors every little while I'm coming to the conclusion that capital needs a whole lot of encouragement. I'm on Troy's staff, you know."

"Say, is he a big man?"

"Yes, he's big with statistics. Keeps a wad

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of them under his belt and gets a hand every time he talks. If you knew some of our financiers you'd be with him too—just like our Mayor. That's why I'm glad to hear that our big insurance companies pay high taxes. Aren't you?"

"Well, our insurance companies are under heavy expense."

Why They Both Smiled

"Oh," said Kreling, "I see they've got you on their staff already."

"Nothing of the kind."

"No? Well, they will. Say, how do you make out they're under heavy expense?"

"Listen," said the waterfront sage. "They are taxpayers and there is one tax that they all have to pay; that is, all that have any sense. They pay one and one-half per cent of all premiums to the Board of Fire Underwriters of the Pacific. This amounts to about \$300,000 annually, and this year it will probably be increased because there is important legislation to be attended to."

"What's it for?" asked Kreling.

"Oh, it's for the public interest. They instruct our statesmen."

"Oh, I see."

"Yes, and if they didn't spend it wisely they'd probably have to part with a larger share of their premiums. You see, at present the two per cent paid to the State does not amount to more than \$350,000 out of the \$20,000,000 collected annually in premiums from the property owners. Suppose the legislators provided for a 25 per cent instead of a 2 per cent tax."

"Well, let us suppose."

"Well, then the companies would have to pay back a little more of the fire losses to the people, about half of what they get."

"Suppose the legislators don't," suggested Kreling.

"Well, then it may be argued that we should reduce rates."

"But," said Kreling, "this is such a disastrous field."

"Oh, yes, I've heard that before. But a good lobbyist could prove that isn't quite so."

"What about the big fire in 1906?"

"I was just coming to that. In 1906 we had fire losses of \$500,000,000 and the good, kind companies paid us \$140,000,000, thus making an average settlement of 28 per cent on the dollar with people who thought they were snugly insured. Alexander McCabe, the insurance commissioner, has made out a report showing that in the past thirty years the companies have derived \$350,000,000 in premiums and interest. Just think! they made this fine record in what they call a hazardous State where there occurred the greatest fire loss the world has ever seen."

"Gee! that's a pretty good business, isn't it?" Kreling exclaimed.

The clockwinder smiled.

"And I suppose that's why so many legislators have become attached to the insurance business." And Kreling smiled.

Mossinsohn Tabbed

Edmond Coblentz of The Examiner sent a reporter to interview Dr. Benzion Mossinsohn, the distinguished Zionist. The reporter asked the doctor about his various activities, and Mossinsohn told him, among other things, that

he was president of the Gymnasium at Jaffa. To this reporter a gymnasium means just one thing; that it could signify a school never entered his mind. Luckily, Coblentz read the reporter's copy before it went to the composing room. The interview referred to Mossinsohn as "the famous Palestinian athlete."

Two Service Stars

Dr. Alfred Hertz of the symphony orchestra tells a story which he avers is true, about a grocer at Palo Alto. The grocer displayed a service flag with two stars in his window. A customer complimented his patriotism and inquired for particulars.

"Whom have you in the service?"

"I got two brothers," said the grocer.

"Good! Where are they?"

"I don't know just where," replied the grocer, "but they're some place in the German army."

A Lathrop Quip

So Barbour Lathrop is going on another of his round-the-world jaunts. He is the most irrepressible Phineas Fogg we have. He is on speaking terms with all the latitudes and longi-



MAJOR IAN HAY BEITH

Who will lecture in San Francisco and Oakland under the direction of Paul Elder.

tudes, at home on the Seven Seas, never has to ask his way about in any city of the old or new world. The Bohemians gave him a dinner Thursday night to wish him Godspeed and bon voyage and auf wiedersehn (if German is not a forbidden tongue). For many reasons Barbour Lathrop is loved, among others for his wit. One day he was motoring to the Bohemian Grove with a party of friends. They passed through Guerneville. On the main street stood a one-story fire-proof structure with a sign in gilt letters "Abstract Office."

"Abstract office!" said Barbour Lathrop, pointing to the sign. "What unblushing mendacity! Anybody can see it's concrete."

Forty-two Years Ago!

Postmaster Tom Fox and Attorney Arthur Seymour of Sacramento were standing in the

lobby of the St. Francis talking with Mose Gunst. Actor William H. Crane breezed along.

"Gentlemen," said Mose, "meet my old friend Billy Crane."

"Billy Crane?" said Tom Fox, taking the outstretched hand. "Are you William H. Crane the actor?"

"The same," said Crane.

"Wonder if you remember playing Sacramento—let me see—forty-two years ago?" asked Fox.

"Remember it well," said Crane.

"The Hooley Company, wasn't it?" said Fox. "James O'Neil was leading man—"

"And Louise Hawthorne leading woman—" said Crane.

"And Kitty Mayhew was ingenue," said Fox, "and Ed Kennedy was in the company, and you were the comedian."

"Correct," said Crane, "we played a season at the Metropolitan—"

"The good old Metropolitan on K between Fourth and Fifth," said Fox. "I wonder if you remember the drop curtain?"

"The Chariot Race," said Crane, as though it was a thing of yesterday.

"Right," said Fox. "Do you remember one night when some fellows fell through the roof and broke up the show?"

"You bet I do," said Crane. "The people in the orchestra seats were showered with lath and plaster. I believe the police pinched the kids."

"Right again," said Fox. "I was one of the gang that was trying to see the show free of charge. I spent the night in the lock-up."

"Do you remember—" said Crane excitedly.

"Do you recall—" said Fox earnestly.

But what reporter can follow the conversation when a Crane and a Fox talk of forty-two years ago?

The Learned Juror

Samuel M. Shortridge was arguing before a jury the claim of William H. Metson and Frank C. Drew against "Borax" Smith and R. G. Hanford for attorneys' fees.

"In the words of the great Lord Erskine," said Shortridge, and proceeded to quote to the jury a passage of brilliant eloquence.

Marcus Henry, one of the jurors, arose. Shortridge paused.

"If Mr. Shortridge will permit a correction," said Juror Henry, "it was not Erskine who said that. It was Lord Henry Brougham."

"The learned juror is right," said Shortridge.

Davie Ponders

If the firm belief of John L. Davie of Oakland is well founded the east bay city will furnish the State with a lieutenant-governor at the next election. Davie who is finding the mayor's chair in Oakland a trifle small for his proportions, says he will run for the office unless he changes his mind and runs for governor and that the more he thinks of the matter the more he is inclined to favor the latter course. It is evident then that whether Oakland puts forth a candidate for governor or lieutenant-governor depends upon the amount of thinking done by its mayor in the next few months. It is also hinted that his honor is waiting for a line on the public's acceptance

(Continued on Page 17)

SAN FRANCISCO BLUE BOOK

31ST ANNUAL EDITION FOR 1918

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Mardi Gras Ball

Lent was ushered in with a gorgeous spectacle of patriotism. Fat Tuesday night was star-spangled with love of country. It was on Good Friday of last Lent that Congress declared the nation at war. Lent of 1918 finds us already mourning boys who are martyrs to liberty. This Lent will be a more sober season than usual, for there are widow's weeds and mother's crepe as well as sackcloth, there are tears as well as ashes. "Memento, homo, quod pulvis es—" The somber phrase takes on meaning for thousands who disregarded it when the joy of life was in the ascendant. We are become more thoughtful. But on Mardi Gras we brightened thoughtfulness with a legitimate and a decent gaiety. We discharged our pent-up feelings in honest mirth. The eyes that know weeping must not forget laughter. On Mardi Gras we went to the St. Francis for one last fling before the penitential forty days. We went in a good cause—what better?—the cause of the little sufferers at the Children's Hospital. And because our country is ever in our thoughts these days, we made our pageant a heart-stirring spectacle of homage to Columbia and her Allies, great and small.

In Vivid Contrast

Last Mardi Gras Edgar Walter, the genius of our revels, took us to a barbaric court. It was "A Night in the Caucasus." Mrs. Talbot Walker was a queen for whose delectation all the corners of the world were ransacked, and all the possibilities of beauty exhausted. The St. Francis was the setting for an Arabian Night's Entertainment. Edgar Walter had rubbed Aladdin's lamp. How vivid the contrast of this year's Mardi Gras! Walter visualized his spectacle by the light of the beacons that burn today in the watch towers of liberty. Columbia ruled the pageant, impersonated by stately and beautiful Mrs. Willard Drown. With her were all the champions of freedom: France (Mrs. Stuart Haldorn), Britannia (Mrs. John Lawson), Scotland (Miss Genevieve Bothin), Ireland (Mrs. J. Frank Judge), Belgium (Miss Dorothy Mann), Italy (Miss Marion Crocker), Serbia (Mrs. Daulton Mann), Japan (Mrs. Horace Hill), China (Mrs. Templeton Crocker), even Russia (Miss Constance Hart). The court was completed by Mrs. Samuel Hopkins as a French drummer boy, Miss Anne Peters as Joan of Arc, and Miss Gretchen von Phul as Alsace-Lorraine. All were costumed magnificently, with dignity and historical accuracy. Applause swept the hundreds of spectators as the thrilling procession swept through the ball room.

SOL N. SHERIDAN

will talk to BOY SCOUTS
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A Splendid Success

Of course the costumes of the merry-makers begged description, as usual. Ingenuity seems inexhaustible among our devotees of carnival. Year after year they surprise by their resourcefulness of color combinations, their originality of festive symbolism. This year the war furnished a new inspiration. The result was an impressiveness of masquerade refreshingly different. Yet the spirit was the same—the spirit of unloosed joy. There was no reason why skirts should not be as saucy as ever. Patriotism is compatible with silk stockings. Love of country may beat within a white bosom gauzily revealed. The arrangements went like clockwork, as well they might with "Billy" Humphrey in command of the floor forces. The attendance taxed the generous resources of our biggest hotel. And at the Children's Hospital the youngsters who inspire this great annual frolic of charity must have had happy dreams.

Once an Actor, Now a Millionaire

Hugh J. Ward, the leading theatrical and amusement magnate of Australia who was at the St. Francis last week, sailed for home on the Sonoma Tuesday. He has a warm spot in his heart for this city where he played at the old Morosco Theatre in the beginning of his career. Later, in 1900, he came with the Harry Connor company from New York and sailed for Australia under the Williamson management. Next to the star, Mr. Ward, the leading comedian, received the highest salary, one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week; today, his fortune is said to be way beyond the million mark and he is one of the most important figures in Australian life, though he is only about forty-five.

He is an exceedingly fine actor and on the eight months' tour of the colonies wherever the company went Hugh Ward made a lasting impression. He accepted a very tempting offer from J. C. Williamson to remain in Australia as leading comedian of the Williamson Opera Co. where his knowledge of stage technique and artistic direction as well as his down-to-the-minute grasp of theatrical affairs caused Williamson later to rejoice to accept him as a business partner. He gave up acting some years ago greatly to the regret of the faithful Australian public and devoted himself wholly to the direction of affairs. He is that rara avis, an artist with great administrative ability and keen business insight. With all, he is a man of highest integrity and wins the confidence and esteem of his associates in business and the artists whom he manages. He has a beautiful home in a Melbourne suburb and he and his charming wife are important social factors in Australian life.

His American Wife

Mrs. Ward also is an American, and the way of Hugh's winning her is characteristic of his tenacity of purpose. He has always been a faithful church attendant and when he was playing in Pittsburg he used to go to a Catholic church where he heard a lovely soprano voice in the choir. He inquired about the singer, learned that she was Marie Adams, one of Pittsburg's prides in church and oratorio singing. "Is she married?" he asked. No, indeed, she was not. "Then I'll marry

her," he said. And he did though he was the only "stage person" she and her people had ever met. They all fell in love with him and his upright principles and splendid ideals. He took his bride with him to Australia and she sang with the Connor company, and later in concert and vaudeville, with much success, but afterwards gave up her profession to devote her energies to her three children and numerous social duties.

What Becomes of Stage Folk

Mr. Ward's fortunes suggest the often heard question, "What becomes of stage people?" For instance, the others of the Connor company. Harry Connor went over to London with Edna May and has often starred in other distinguished company but I have not heard of him in very late years. Allene Crater (sister-in-law of Rex Beach) is now the wife of Fred Stone (Montgomery and Stone), said to be the richest American actor and certainly one of the most popular. Viola Gillette is Mrs. George MacFarland, wife of the favorite baritone, now also pursuing her successful career. Emma Siegel is a Mrs. Ormstone, wife of a multimillionaire and financier in New York. Edith Hoyt wrote for Chicago newspapers after her return from Australia and later married a millionaire named Swift, a packer of Illinois. Helen Merrill, the only one who joined the company in San Francisco where she was prima donna at the Tivoli Opera House, is Mrs. Theodore Bonnet, wife of the editor and proprietor of this paper. Bessie McCoy is now Mrs. Richard Harding Davis, who since her husband's death, has returned to the stage, not because of the money but of the love of the work. Dorothy Bernard, the popular movie star, was not in the company, but being the little daughter of the stage manager, accompanied her parents on the tour. Wallace Brownlow, an Australian, joined the company in Melbourne. He afterwards came to this country, sang at the Tivoli, was Schumann-Heink's baritone in her venture into musical

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comedy (Mme. Sans-Gene), and is now in Australia again. Tom Brown, "the world's greatest whistler," is dead, and there are several others I do not know about, but I'm sure they are all glad to know that "Hughie" Ward who was a favorite with all, has done so well. Incidentally, they will reflect that perhaps his tendency to mal de mer proved a blessing in disguise; for they jokingly assured him that his dread of sea sickness was a powerful factor in swaying him to remain in Australia. Crossing from San Francisco he became alarmingly ill and weak. The ship's doctor had almost to force him to take some champagne, for he had never tasted any kind of wine in his life, nor had he ever smoked. At the first sip, his big blue eyes snapped, the second he almost sat upright and at the third he smiled his best comedian smile saying, "And this is what I've been missing all these years!" However, except en voyage wine and Hugh Ward were strangers ever; but as he makes frequent trips to this country now he has doubtless become a good sailor.

An Appreciation of Paul

Paul Smith is not worrying much now about the morals of our town. He has something else on his mind. Like many a good business man who has proved that piety pays Paul is trying his best to capitalize his virtue. He is on the road with his tenderloin drama which probably appeals to the polloi of Methodism—warms them up, perhaps. I had forgotten all about Paul, or at least fancied that he was as dead as Aked who died, speaking from the metropolis' standpoint, and went to Riverside for his sins, until the other evening when I attended a get together dinner dance at Tait's. Immediately I was reminded of the two camouflage saints of the evangelical stage. I was especially reminded of Smith because inadvertently he has improved things at the cafe, having pointed the way to greater prosperity than ever. Were it not for Smith we should never have known of the "Porch" where the boxes used to be and not many folks used to go. Smith wanted to close the boxes, but Tait preferred to have them open. He called in his architect, Clarence Ward, who is anything but a saint, and Ward agreed that the boxes should let in more light. Ward likes lots of light to show off his handiwork, and he went to work and broke down all the boxes transforming the tier they occupied into a beautiful promenade—just the thing for promenade concerts. As a result the "Porch" is the most attractive spot in Tait's; one can see and hear so much there. And by reason of its potentialities Tait has made the concert the feature of his place. Instead of crowding us with dancers he has brought O'Farrell street the things we never could get too much of on the rue Eddy. After a visit to North Beach where the vocal art is indigenous he hired four or five of the best singers he could find, and now they are singing in the cafe where as a consequence one hears the kind of singing that is heard in public nowhere but in San Francisco and the Metropolitan of Broadway. I heard this singing at the get together dinner dance, better singing by a group of Italians than I had heard since the days of the old Tivoli. Verily for some reforms

we have reason to be grateful, but will Paul Smith be satisfied with real art when we know that it is one of the principles of his church that all music is immoral?

Mrs. Stotesbury's Sacrifice

From Philadelphia one of our bavardes has received an edifying bit of news about Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury who is a very important personage in American society. Let me borrow it:

"One of the sacrifices Mrs. Stotesbury is making during the war is not wearing any jewels. San Franciscans will recall the gorgeous pearls she always wore when she and Mr. Stotesbury were here during the Exposition. They were a present from Mr. Stotesbury when they were married several years ago, and Mrs. Stotesbury was seldom seen without them until this winter. Other Eastern women have followed the precedent and do not consider it good taste to appear in any jewels during the war."

My jeweled toque is off to Mrs. Stotesbury. Hers is the spirit of Betty Ross and Molly Pitcher. She cannot don a uniform to do her bit, so she doffs her gorgeous pearls. And other important personages in society, it seems, are following her lead. Good for them! Who knows but that this war will be won as America was discovered, with a jewel casket.

San Franciscans Follow Suit

I had the pleasure of communicating this piece of news about Mrs. Stotesbury to several San Francisco patriots of the finer sex, and I rejoice to say that they approve and imitate this example of Philadelphia sacrifice. They have given me permission to quote them:

Mrs. Montmorency Dillberry: I shall lay aside my diamond and emerald round garter until the war is over. No sacrifice is too great for us women to make at a time like this.

Mrs. Reno Lighthouse: Put me in Mrs. Stotesbury's class. Off go my pearls, rubies, three wedding rings and other trinkets. But as I'm engaged to the dearest boy in the world I just simply have to keep on wearing his diamond. He might be suspicious if I took it off.

Mrs. I. M. P. Cunius: I am with Mrs. Stotesbury in spirit. But as all my jewels are in the Remedial Loan I can't follow her beautiful example.

Mrs. Nouveau Klymer: Strange as it may seem, I anticipated dear Mrs. Stotesbury. To a certain extent at least. When war was declared I stopped wearing my diamond necklace at breakfast. Mr. Klymer thought I was taking the war too seriously, but I just knew I was right. Now I shall go further. I shall put all my rings—the pigeon blood ruby, the black pearl, in a word all of them—in the safe deposit box. It is women like us that ought to set the example, don't you think? Be sure you spell my name right.

In Memoriam

Giuseppe Cadenasso, painter, died February 11.

Bertram C. Towne, attorney, died February 5.

The Zuloagas at the Fine Arts

What is described as the most important "one man art exhibition" ever held on the Pacific Coast opens in the Palace of Fine Arts this Saturday, when the great collection of paintings by Ignacio Zuloaga, the celebrated contemporary Spanish painter, will be thrown open to the public. This collection has been exhibited in the leading cities of the East, and has oc-

casioned no little discussion in New York, Washington, Brooklyn and Boston, where the ironical realism of Zuloaga was not always interpreted according to the Spanish point of view. The collection was organized and brought to America by Mrs. Philip M. Lydig and is being shown in San Francisco through the kind offices and guarantee of Charles Templeton Crocker. The exhibition is retrospective in character, including early examples of the artist's work which help to show his development. It comprises forty-two canvases. The collection will remain on view in the Palace of Fine Arts until March 15. An admission of 25 cents will be charged to the exhibition. All other galleries in the building, however, continue to be open free to the public as usual.

Tea at the Whitcomb

The afternoon tea service in the beautiful Sun Room on the top of the Hotel Whitcomb is gaining steadily in popularity. Every day there are luncheon parties in the Arabesque Room, followed by adjournment to the Sun Room. There the ladies knit or play bridge or ensconce themselves in the comfortable Filipino lounging chairs and chat or enjoy the magnificent view. And then the tea hour, with music by the Whitcomb orchestra. It is considered "the thing to do," this jaunt to the big hotel, and before long "everybody will be doing it."

At the Cecil

Numerous dinners were given at the Cecil prior to the Mardi Gras ball. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fleming gave a dinner of twelve covers. After a delightful visit in New York Miss C. M. Wilson has returned. Mr. and Mrs. Brainard were dinner hosts Sunday. On the same evening Mrs. Walker gave a dinner in honor of Judge and Mrs. Frederick Henshaw. Mr. and Mrs. Pollack also entertained. Lieutenant John Blood is registered. Mrs. Orville Billings of Tacoma will spend the remainder of the winter. Miss Helen McDonough gave a dinner Sunday in honor of several officers at the Presidio. Mrs. Clark Davis of Seattle is sojourning. Mr. and Mrs. Jewel entertained a coterie of friends at dinner Monday and afterwards they participated in the bridge party given by the hotel. Mrs. A. V. Cutter of New York arrived this week. Mr. and Mrs. Cook entertained informally at dinner Thursday. Mrs. Clark Davis of Seattle will spend the remainder of the winter.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Stage

Douglas Fairbanks

The location of the seventh heaven changes with our viewpoint, but most of us reach it a few times in our lives, wherever it is. Last Saturday and Sunday several thousand small boys agreed that it was out in Ewing Field, and entire neighborhoods made a joyous pilgrimage thereto. At eleven o'clock Saturday morning I saw a serpentine line of the genus small boy on Geary near Jones skating along and shouting to some others, "Come on out to see Dug! We're gonna get in early to get good seats." Others cheerfully stood for hours in front of the gates. What a happy, glorious day for them! The splendid sunshine, the gorgeous Indians (some real ones), the daring cowboys and girls, wild steers and horses, and best and grandest of all—Douglas Fairbanks. I took a dear little boy of mine and his friend of fourteen and had therefore a vicarious enjoyment of the ravishing sensation of beholding the great Dug in real life, actually walking, talking, riding and smiling. The other cowboys were arrayed in handsome, flashing, ornate chaps and trousers and brilliant-hued shirts. Douglas wore plain blue overalls, a pale lavender shirt and a big brown sombrero. Unwittingly I cast a shadow upon the joy of the event by saying, "I don't like the color of his shirt. Why doesn't he wear something bright like the others?" But when I saw the dampening effect of my opinion I hastened to change it by saying, "O, but it is so becoming to one of his complexion!" One of the youngsters immediately remarked: "And it's some complexion. You can tell he really lives outdoors all the time." You could, too, for it reminded one of coffee on a milkless day and made all other coats of tan look anemic. "Say, see him smile. Hasn't he the great teeth? Look how his hair shines." This gave me a chance to point out how much it profiteth a little boy to brush his teeth and his hair early and often. "Nerve? Some nerve, he's got to shoot so straight. O, look at him walk—just like he does in the movies. Looks like he's all in but he isn't. That's just the way he walks, but wait till he gets in action. He could jump over that mountain if he wanted to." The most daring feat of horsemanship brought forth: "Dug could do that if he wanted to." And when he did, "Some riding, eh boy?" O, their ecstasy when he dashed around the field on his dapple gray pony, waving his sombrero and smiling as only Dug can smile! The dramatic value of the pale lilac shirt was soon borne in upon my unappreciative vision, for it absorbed the brilliant hues of all the other shirts and killed the effect of every color that approached it, even as the ultra violet rays. "Everyone wants to hang round him, don't they?" said one small boy. And then: "O, I wish I had that fat guy's place in the red shirt because Dug's got his arm on his shoulders. Dug must like him." When Dustin Farnum acknowledged majestically the plaudits of the multitude one little boy thought it high treason. "What's he riding round and bowing for? Dust and Dug are great friends, but Dug is the whole show." The acme of bliss was when Dug megaphoned. Long eyelashes swept chubby cheeks in approval and "Some voice," said one, "everybody can hear him all right. Twenty-five thousand dollars? Yes, and he raised it by coming." Douglas Fairbanks doubtless is a happy being on account of the consciousness of the great

happiness he brings to the happiest beings alive—every little boy. Long may he live and smile and remain what the boys call him, "the greatest athlete in the world."

When the boys came out they scorned a waiting taxi and dragged me in hot pursuit of six stalwart Indians in a crowded Geary street car where for blocks and blocks they gazed enraptured at gorgeous Indian trappings.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

"Cleopatra" at the Cort

"Have you 'seen Theda Bara's Cleopatra?" I asked the movie fan.

"All there was of it," he answered.

"How much was that?"

"Two breastplates and a fig leaf."

"Was it true to history?"

"The naked truth."

"How does she compare with other Cleopatras?"

"She outstrips 'em all."

"Pretty face?"

"I forgot to look."

"Good figure?"

"Marc Antony thought so. Who am I to criticise?"

"Is the film good?"

"Over-exposed."

"Does Theda show talent?"

"She reveals much."

"Is she cute?"

"Very cuticle."

"Who wrote the scenario?"

"Elinor Glyn."

"Where was the picture made?"

"Women's department, Hammam Baths."

"When?"

"One September Morn."

"Who designed the costumes?"

"Mother Nature."

"Is there much of Shakespeare in the film?"

"No, but a lot of bacon."

"They say Theda's rich."

"She ought to be—she Hooverizes on clothes."

"Surely she wore something."

"Yes, her hair was dressed."

"Nothing else?"

"At the end she wore an asp."

"Was it a real snake?"

"A reel snake."

"Did the audience like the picture?"

"Some women laughed loudly."

"What at?"

"At intervals."

"Is it a film for children?"

"Well, it's a Bible lesson."

"How so?"

"A study in revelations."

"Theda must be pretty brave?"

"She shows a lot of spine."

"Are you going again?"

"My wife won't let me."

—Edward F. O'Day.

"Martha"

"Quaint!" This is the only word I can think of to describe the opera "Martha" at this late day. After the complexity of modern music and stage craft, the simple melodic and simpler stage action give one the impression of a great contrast. It is as if one had been wandering in a luxurious formal garden of rare exotics and had suddenly paused to rest in an old-fashioned country garden. I like its succession of pretty "tunes." The Boston

Opera Company at the Columbia does it very well. Florentine St. Clair, who has a lyric soprano, won her audience and charmed them with "The Last Rose of Summer." The audience was quaint, too, and many looked as if they had come to hear that very song. Perhaps I also confess myself as quaint when I say that I consider "Ah! So Pure" one of the loveliest arias in operatic repertoire,—worthy the tonal genius and dramatic intensity of a McCormack. Elaine De Sellem was a piquant Nancy and her voice is very pleasing. Mr. Sheehan is rather too large to be a convincing Lionel but he is as traditional as the opera itself. The chorus have fresh bright voices and look sprightly. As for the English text, so few artists can sing in the English language that the score does not gain to sensitive ears by the English medium. The company should be able to give much pleasure to this opera loving city.

—H. M. B.

Tenth Symphony, Britt Soloist

Horace Britt, the popular violoncellist of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, will be soloist on Sunday afternoon, February 17, at the Cort when the second concert of the tenth regular pair of symphonies will be given under the direction of Alfred Hertz. Britt will play Boellmann's colorful Variations with the orchestra, a composition which was received with enthusiasm on Friday and which discloses this 'cellist's art in glorious fashion. Britt grows in popularity with his every appearance in a solo capacity. He possesses a broad and powerful tone and a fine emotional conception. Britt is an international figure and has appeared with many of the world's greatest orchestras. He has become a genuine local favorite since his appearances with the Exposition Orchestra at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. At one of the festival concerts he performed Saint-Saens' concerto in A minor, under the direction of the illustrious composer himself, who highly complimented Britt for his interpretation. The numbers for the orchestra alone will include Brahms' "Academic Festival" overture, a charming work which exhibits Brahms in his most cheerful mood; Saint-Saens' grotesque and somber "Dance Macabre" and Mendelssohn's Fourth Symphony in A major, "Italian," in four movements, a graceful series of impressions of Italy. The ninth "pop" concert is scheduled for Sunday afternoon, February 24. Louis Persinger will be soloist, playing Wieniawski's "Souvenir de Moscow" with the orchestra. The other programmed numbers embrace: Liszt's First Hungarian Rhapsodie; Two Indian Dances, by Skelton; Rimsky-Korsakow's "Scheherazade" suite, and Tschaikowsky's "March Slav." Tina Lerner, the famous Russian pianiste, will be soloist with the orchestra at the eleventh pair of symphonies which will be given on March 1 and 3.

The Zimbalist Concerts

Efrem Zimbalist, the Russian violinist whose art has made him beloved of all true musicians, will play tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon, and a week from tomorrow at the Columbia, offering two delightful programmes. Zimbalist is said to be playing with finer skill and surer authority than ever before. He is in the prime of life, and his gifts are bringing him enormous successes in every music center. His appeal

to teachers and students is specially noticeable. With Samuel Chotzinoff at the piano, the following programme will be played Sunday: Sonata, Cesar Franck; Romance, Beethoven; Concerto, Paganini; Serenade, d'Ambrosia; Berceuse, Humoresque, Tor Aulin; Playera, Zapateado, Sarasate. At his concert a week from tomorrow the Lalo "Symphonie Espagnole" will be played, as well as the Bach "Prelude and Fugue," Tchaikowsky's "Melancolique," Zimbalist's "Russian Dance," Cui's "Orientale," Hubay's "Zephyr" and Wieniawski's "Carneval House." Tickets are on sale at the usual offices or may be purchased at the Columbia on concert days.

Guilbert to Return

So great has been the success of Madame Yvette Guilbert on this visit that she will return for another recital following her engagements in Southern California. Therefore Manager Oppenheimer has arranged for just one more recital, at Scottish Rite Hall on Saturday afternoon next (February 23). An entirely different programme will be rendered, called "The Spirit of France." Among her songs of the Middle Ages will be "The Other Day," "Beautiful Doette," "The Cloistered Nun." The Fable of Scorn of Women, by a thirteenth century woman hater, and The Annoyances of the Monk of Montaudon are the most amusing, and others to be heard include "The Girl," "Do Not Believe What They Tell You," "Listen in the Garden," "Man and Woman," and the superb Prayer of Women, one of Madame Guilbert's masterpieces. On Tuesday afternoon, February 26, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Madame Guilbert will deliver a lecture in English on "The Art of Interpreting Songs." As before, Madame Guilbert will be assisted by Emily Gresser, violinist, and Maurice Eisner, pianist. Tickets are selling for both recital and lecture at the usual offices.

Theo Karle, Noted Tenor

Theo Karle will appear in this city Sunday afternoon, March 3, at the Columbia. It will be his first concert here, though he is a Californian. In Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago his name means much, and he is accepted as one of the world's great artists. Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer who is presenting him, has been watching the rise of the young singer for seasons and is glad to offer so fine an artist to San Francisco. Karle will give two song recitals on Sunday afternoon, March 3, and Friday afternoon, March 8, at the Columbia. At his first the works include Handel's recitative and aria "Deeper and Deeper Still" and Waft Her, Angels, to the Sky," the aria "O Paradiso" from Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," Campbell-Tipton's "The Crying of Waters;" the aria "Cielo e mar" from "La Gioconda;" Burleigh's "Little Mother of Mine;" Watt's "The Joy of Man;" a cycle of three Indian songs by Lohr, from "Garden of Kama;" and songs by Harry Spier, Cimara, Mascagni, Salter, Glen, Stickles, etc. William Stickles, well known pianist and composer, will play for Karle. Manager Oppenheimer is now accepting mail orders at usual concert prices. In sending orders enclose check or current funds, and include 10 per cent of cost for war tax.

Tina Lerner's Only Recital

Tina Lerner will make a transcontinental trip at the end of this month specially to appear with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, and Manager Selby Oppenheimer has been able to induce the beautiful Russian pianist to tarry

just long enough for one recital. This will take place at Scottish Rite Hall on Tuesday night, March 5. She will play the Schumann F sharp minor sonata, Mozart's "Pastorale Varies;" Tarantella in A flat major and other Chopin selections, Liszt's "La Legerezza" and "Dance of the Gnomes," and works by Godowsky, Liszt, Rachmaninoff, Paul Juon, Mendelssohn and others. Early mail orders will have the advantage of best seats.

Metropolitan's Greatest Soprano

Among singers at the Metropolitan in New York the list of famous sopranos is headed by Frieda Hempel. Miss Hempel has been the particular star among the women for four years. Since the memorable day when several thousands of dollars released her from a long European contract and allowed the Metropolitan to use her name exclusively, the wonderful young artist has been a favorite in New York, rivaling Caruso in her appeal to the public and recalling Sembrich and Melba by her matchless voice and acting. Hempel's is no strictly coloratura voice. She accomplishes the most astounding things in florid arias like those in "The Magic Flute" and "Lucia," to mention but two of her brilliant operas—but a delighted New York discovered that in "Lohengrin," "Parsifal," "Die Meistersinger" and other dramatic works Miss Hempel was magnificent. It was something almost unheard of for a brilliant, flexible soprano to cope with the heavy Wagnerian roles, and the majesty of her impersonations made her fame doubly great. "Carmen" and "Faust" only served to show Hempel's remarkable versatility, and during the few years she has been in this country new wonders have been revealed at every performance. Apparently no style is beyond her control; she excels in every role she sings. That is why no one hesitates to say that she is the greatest soprano in the Metropolitan, and by virtue of that, the leading one in the country. Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer will bring Frieda Hempel to San Francisco for the first time, and will present her in recital at the Columbia on the Sunday afternoons of March 10 and 17. As this will undoubtedly be one of the most notable engagements of the season, the San Francisco manager requests mail orders as far in advance as possible, promising to give personal attention to all requests, and to fill same strictly in the order in which they are received.

Cressy and Dayne at Orpheum

Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne will head a great new show at the Orpheum next week with Mr. Cressy's playlet of western newspaper life "The Wyoming Whoop," one of the best of his two hundred vaudeville sketches. The team of Cressy and Dayne is loved from coast to coast and their welcome in the Orpheum theatres is always assured. Paul Mor-

ton and Naomi Glass will present a new version of their satirical vehicle re-entitled 1918-1950. Al Shayne facetiously styles himself "The Singing Beauty." He can sing but is chiefly a comedian. The Ziegler Sisters, Myrtle and Adelaide, will pirouette to the jerky jazz of the Kentucky Five, their accompanists. Scarpioff, the Russian boy tenor, and Varvara, the boy pianist, who will present a delightful musical programme were Russian emigrants who landed at Ellis Island four years ago. Elida Morris is a character comedienne of ability. Stuart Barnes, the delightful singing comedian; and John Hyams and Leila McIntyre in their successful comedietta "Maybloom" will be the only holdovers.

Ian Hay to Lecture Next Week

Major Ian Hay Beith whose vivid lectures and charming personality endeared him to all who heard him last year, is back in the United States after an absence of several months, and will lecture in San Francisco and Oakland next week under the direction of Paul Elder. On Wednesday evening he will lecture at the Oakland Auditorium Opera House; on Thursday evening he will be at the Hotel St. Francis; and on the following Sunday evening, February 24, at the Scottish Rite Auditorium. His new lecture is called "The Progress of the War on Land and Sea." Acting under orders from the British Foreign Office, Major Beith made three trips to France, investigating the various phases of life at the front, particularly in its bearing on the interests of the American troops. He spent considerable time with the American ships at sea, as well as with the British fleet, and he comes to tell in his inimitable way just how our boys over there are getting on. Through the courtesy and co-operation of the Foreign Office he has obtained many new and interesting pictures to illustrate his lectures. Major Beith is wearing a little knot of purple and white ribbon that indicates that he has been awarded the Military Cross for bravery in action. It is to be noted with interest that his title is not the same as when he was here last year, at which time we called him Captain Beith.

Second Week of English Opera

The Boston English Opera Company has scored a triumph at the Columbia and the singers are meeting with enthusiasm none too often noted here. John F. Sheehan, John W. Warren, Hazel Eden, Florentine St. Clair, Elaine De Sellem, Alice May Carley, Francis J. Tyler, Arthur Deane and half a dozen other stars are excellently cast. The second and final week will open Monday night with "The Bohemian Girl," one of the strongest drawing cards in the repertoire. It will be repeated on Thursday, Saturday and Sunday evenings and Wednesday and Saturday matinees. "Il



ALICE MAY CARLEY

Contralto with the Boston English Opera Co. at the Columbia Theater.



JOSEPH F. SHEEHAN

America's great tenor with the Boston English Opera Co. at the Columbia Theater.



ELAINE DE SELLEM

Contralto with the Boston English Opera Co. at the Columbia Theater.

Trovatore" is announced for Tuesday and Friday evenings, and "Martha" for Wednesday evening. Among the notable stars coming to the Columbia in the near future are Otis Skinner in his newest success "Mister Antonio;" Cyril Maude in "Grumpy," "Caste" and "General John Regan;" and May Robson in her new comedy "A Little Bit Old Fashioned."

Two New Plays at the St. Francis

Next week's performances of the St. Francis Little Theatre will be the last but one of the successful twenty-week season given by the Maitland players. The forthcoming performances will be given on Tuesday evening, February 19, and Wednesday afternoon, February 20, in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis. The feature is "Miss Harrington, Thirty-nine," by Myrtle Glenn Roberts, a well known local writer. It is a charming, idealistic romance written for the St. Francis Little Theatre. Director Arthur Maitland is devoting considerable thought to the garden setting in which the action takes place and which will permit unusual effects. Helene Sullivan's ability will be placed to advantage in the role of Miss Harrington, and Arthur Maitland and fascinating Ruth Hammond will play the remaining parts. The distinguished playwright Clay M. Greene will be represented by "Prisoners of War," an adaptation of Guy de Maupassant's story "Prisoners," brought down

to date, and dealing with the brutality of the Germans in the present war. It makes a most virile little tragedy and will call for the full strength of the company. The concluding play will be "The Bride," that very gay farcelet which was such a success when done here by Holbrook Blinn and the Princess players. It was originally produced at the Grand Guignol, Paris, and was translated from the French by William Hurlbut. Miss Sullivan will have the title role and the cast will embrace the Messrs. Maitland, Morrison, Yule, Doud and Benjamin.

Second Week of Theda Bara

With the performance of Sunday night "Cleopatra," the sensational William Fox feature picture, with Theda Bara as star, enters upon the final fortnight of its Cort engagement. Judging by the demand for seats, "Cleopatra" would undoubtedly establish a record run for pictures in this city, but Cort bookings prevent a continuance of the three weeks' engagement originally contracted for. On March 4, the gay New York Winter Garden show, with Eugene and Willie Howard, Tom Lewis and other celebrities, is scheduled. "Cleopatra" is a riot of gorgeousness. Theda Bara makes a fascinating figure in her varied and bizarre costumes which are admirably calculated to exhibit her physical charms. The costumer has approached his task with a frankness never before disclosed in filmdom.

Song Recital by Rappaport

A song recital of unusual interest is announced by Albert Rappaport, a Russian tenor of renown, at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, February 24, at half past two. This singer who has sung with success in his native land, Austria and Germany, has appeared upon both the operatic and concert stages, but he has never been heard publicly in San Francisco before, except at clubs and for charity. His voice is described as being exceedingly sweet, of excellent quality and well cultivated and his programme includes a variety of com-



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Famous Russian Violinist

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This Sunday (February 17) Afternoon at 2:30

And Sunday Afternoon, February 24th

Tickets \$2, \$1.50, \$1 at Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase and Theater.

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"THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE"

(Interpreted by Songs)

Next Saturday Afternoon, February 23, at 2:30

SCOTTISH RITE HALL

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 26TH

Lecture in English

"THE ART OF INTERPRETING SONGS"

(How to Sing a Song)

All Tickets Reserved at \$1 Each

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This great American Tenor will be introduced by Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer in two Song Recitals at COLUMBIA THEATER, on Sunday aft., March 3rd, and Friday aft., March 8th. TWO SUPERB PROGRAMS

MAIL ORDERS to Selby C. Oppenheimer, care Sherman, Clay & Co. Tickets \$2, \$1.50, \$1.

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Nights: 25c, 50c, 75c; Box and Loge Seats, \$1.00.
Daily Matinees: 25c and 50c. All Seats Reserved.

NEXT—March 4th: The N. Y. Winter Garden's "Show of Wonders."

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10th SUNDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT

Soloist—HORACE BRITT, Violoncellist

CORT THEATRE

Sunday Afternoon, February 17, at 2:30 Sharp

Program:

Mendelssohn.....Symphony No. 4, A Major (Italian)
Saint-Saens....."Dance Macabre"
Bachmann.....Symphonic Variations.

(HORACE BRITT)
Brahms.....Overture, "Academic Festival"

PRICES: 50c, 75c, \$1; Box and Loge Seats, \$1.50.

Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, except concert day; at Cort on concert day only.

NEXT—Sunday, February 24th 9th "POP" Concert.

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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

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Tuesday and Friday Evenings

"IL TROVATORE"

Wednesday Evening

"MARTHA"

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WILL M. CRESSY and BLANCHE DAYNE

Next week at the Orpheum.

positions splendidly calculated to show him at his best. The tenor will be assisted by Charles Miller, a distinguished violinist, born in Belgium but long a resident of Los Angeles. Gyula Ormay will be the accompanist and the recital is under the patronage of many prominent San Franciscans. Seats will be ready next Wednesday morning at Sherman Clay.

"It Pays to Advertise" at Alcazar

Charley Ruggles and Dorothy Webb are to scintillate at the Alcazar next week, with their clever associates, in "It Pays to Advertise," one of the smartest and most successful comedies George M. Cohan ever wrote. The piece was last played here by New York farceurs. The Alcazar management cheerfully invites comparison, believing that with Charley Ruggles and Dorothy Webb, an ideal pair of merrymakers, heading the Alcazar cast, comparisons will be safe. "It Pays to Advertise" is one of those breezy, all-American comedies with a laugh and a punch in every line, and some surprises that are calculated to keep an audience sitting right on the edge of the chair most of the time. The theme is one that even the "tired business man" is sure to find congenial, while the matinee girls who love a rippling love story are likely to find themselves happy in the romance that flits through the "Pays to Advertise" comedy, like sunshine filters into many a business office. Charley Ruggles and Dorothy Webb will carry a lot of the burden of merrymaking on their youthful shoulders, but right along with them will be William Naughton, as a press agent sort of dynamo, Burt Wesner as a hard-headed old business parent, and George Ebner in a congenial character role. The Alcazar management announces an extra holiday matinee on Friday afternoon, which is Washington's Birthday.

Sol Sheridan to Talk

Sol N. Sheridan, veteran San Francisco newspaperman, and lately editor of the Crockett Signal, who is now in charge of the Boy Scouts at Crockett, will talk to boy scouts at the Saturday Story Hour at Newbegin's on Grant avenue. All Boy Scouts are welcome to the limit of seating capacity. Mr. Sheridan will tell of his experiences at Manila with Dewey while correspondent for the New York Herald and San Francisco papers.

Innovation at Techau Tavern

The next time you go to Techau Tavern, especially if you are of the gentler sex, do not fail to look in the mammoth show case on the main floor of the cafe, where you will see the most bewildering array of those soft, fluffy silk articles so dear to the feminine. These are the costly dance favors which the management

presents to lady patrons at the dinner hour and after the theatre, daily. There are blouses, lingerie, stockings and a host of other things thirty-eight in all, and from these are selected the favors which delight the fortunate ladies who receive them, without competition of any kind. It is from the well known house of Livingston Bros., corner of Geary street and Grant avenue, that the management purchases these delectable articles, showing a nice discrimination in their selection. To say that the ladies are delighted with these favors is putting it mildly, and a vastly increased patronage at the Tavern is sure to be the result of this innovation. Ever since the jazz music was introduced into the United States at the Tavern, it has been noted for the excellence of its jazz orchestra which is now better than ever through the addition of two new musicians. The show girl revue corps has been increased by several artists of undoubted merit.

The Spectator

(Continued from Page 11)

of Heney as a candidate. Davie would be a running mate with Heney, he says, and would oppose anybody else. It is his belief that he would be given a lead of 25,000 votes in his own county and that his reputation as a "shirt-sleeve and fighting" mayor would give him support in the State. In this belief, it is noticeable, he is being encouraged by those who were behind the recent recall movement and who now hold that one of the best ways to recall a mayor is to get him to run for a State job to which he will have no chance of being elected.

He Knits Now

Among other great changes brought about by the war it may be noted that Oakland's

tatting conductor has taken to knitting. The tatting conductor, for months—ever since Gene Baker (now Mrs. Francis McComas) wrote him up—has been an Oakland institution along with the city hall tower, the Mayor's pink carnation and the Lake Merritt ducks. He was to be found on the little car that meets the College avenue line at Rock Ridge to take passengers into the Country Club region close to the hills. It was there Gene Baker found him, interviewed him for a full page in the Oakland Tribune, and made him famous. And now the tatting conductor—and he had perfectly lovely ideas concerning tatting—has taken to knitting. There are long waits at either end of the line and the passengers are few, so he has plenty of opportunity to purl his bit for the soldiers.

Shooting Galleries on Market

"Why should there be shooting galleries on Market street?" a visitor from Los Angeles asked me the other day.

"I didn't know there were any," I had to confess.

"I counted four," the visitor replied, "three in full blast and one to let."

"Where are they?" I inquired.

"One is opposite the Hibernia Bank," said the Angeleno. "Two are further up Market. They give that section of your beautiful thoroughfare a Wild Western appearance. The crack of rifles, the ringing of bull's eyes and all that sort of Buffalo Bill stuff doesn't comport with the dignity of a main street in a big city. Why don't your police department shove the shooting galleries down a side street?"

It seems a just criticism.



EREM ZIMPALOV

The famous young Russian violinist who will give two superb programs at the Columbia Theater tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon and a third week from to-morrow.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Stocks were generally reactionary the past week, although a few specialties that are controlled by pools made further gains, and the market could be called somewhat irregular. Owing to the absence of definite news from Europe and the feeling that the strikes in Germany had collapsed, traders were disappointed and sold the general list. The decline, however, was unimportant. There is a distinct tendency to dullness on every recession which conclusively shows that the market is sold out. There was some selling of U. S. Steel on a general belief that the steel industries are only running 50 per cent, and that the coal shortage and the severe weather in the past month have been the principal cause; however, the steel tonnage report showed an increase for the period and this helped to steady the market. Peace prospects seem to enter into the market more now than of late, but peace or no peace prices are not high, and the market should do better regardless of peace prospects. The foundation rests in the enormous increase of our wealth, and in the daily increase of our circulating medium, which after all is the standard of measurement. All commodities are at a level that is responsive to this condition, and securities will respond before long. There never was a time when the purchasing power of the country was greater than it is today, and there never was a time when our manufactured products were being purchased and consumed in such volume. It therefore stands to reason that our business will continue on the present large scale, not only while war lasts, but for a considerable period thereafter. This constitutes the real basis for a rising market. There will be plenty of reactions from time to time, and we will have plenty of shocks, such as sinkings of ships or minor reverses, and the market will no doubt reflect these unfavorable reports, but make up your mind they will only cause a reaction, and put the market in a position where stocks can be picked up with safety, always keeping in mind, there is no question about the outcome of this conflict, and ultimately stocks will sell much higher. The time to buy stocks is on these depressions and not on favorable news. We will get plenty favorable news when the market is up.

Corn is ruling at a level moderately below that of last week. Interest recently has been of meager proportions, and the market was apparently awaiting an impulse from a vital development of some sort which did not materialize. Receipts at Chicago have been rather free during the week, averaging probably a larger quantity than for some time previously, and as a result some recession occurred in cash

values, but during recent days prices have been firm, and the demand exhibited a tendency to broaden with any increase in supplies. The primary movement decreased somewhat from the volume of last week, while the shipments made a fair gain. The weather was of a character to lower railroad operation, and this condition was regarded as a factor in the movement from the country, as it was reported that there was a general disposition to market the crop. The various agencies concerned were said to be making the maximum effort to furnish facilities, and cars were being promptly returned to the country to help the movement. Shipments abroad have been about as light as during the preceding weeks, but needs abroad necessarily must be urgent. The Argentine shipments week by week have been quite small as compared with those of last year. The aspect of the situation has not altered materially, and probably will not until there is some decided development such, for example, as a large increase in receipts.

Cotton—Fear of price fixing in cotton futures after the action taken by the Food Administration in the coffee market brought about considerable selling of cotton futures last week, and prices underwent a fair sized reaction, although the market at no time could be called demoralized. The decline was orderly, as speculation is very light in cotton, and after prices got under the 30 cent mark for the nearby futures, a reaction set in, and with the announcement by several influential people in charge that there would be no price fixing, prices moved up again, and at the close of the week nearly all of the decline had been wiped out. Traders are inclined to go a little slow on the long side of the market at present, and are anxiously awaiting what the result of the drastic action of the Fuel Administrator will mean. Some of the mills that are using water power are running as usual, but with others it is a case of shut down and obey the law. This, however, will only be for a short period, and as the demand for cotton goods continues to absorb everything the mills can turn out, it would indicate no serious decline in the raw product. Reports from the South said that cotton was not for sale at the decline, and the weakness in futures did not affect the spot market. We do not anticipate any wide market either way, and would confine our operations to a scalping market, believing as we do that the underlying conditions warrant present prices for the old crop months, and it is yet a little too early to base any predictions on the new crop.

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His Wife—I didn't happen to do it. I did it because I wanted the children to have police protection when they are in the park or on the street.

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Employees' Pension Fund	272,914.25
Number of Depositors.....	63,907

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 22852; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of BARTOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as BARTHOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as B. CUNEO, deceased.

Catterina Cuneo, also known as Catherine Cuneo, the executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Bartholomeo Cuneo, also known as Bartholomeo Cuneo, also known as B. Cuneo, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of certain of the real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth:

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Hon. Thos. F. Graham, Judge of Department No. 10 of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court the 5th day of March, 1918, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10—Probate—of said Superior Court, in the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said executrix and petitioner, to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased, Bartholomeo Cuneo, also known as Bartholomeo Cuneo, also known as B. Cuneo, at either private or public sale, as prayed for in said petition, as shall be necessary for the best interests of the estate of said decedent. It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated: January 25th, A. D. 1918.

Endorsed: Filed Jan. 25, 1918.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WILLIAM PENN HUMPHREYS,
Attorney for Executrix,
58 Sutter St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

2-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN J. KENNEY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOHN J. KENNEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Frank J. Fallon at Merchants National Bank Building, N. E. corner New Montgomery and Market Streets, Room 615, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN J. KENNEY, deceased.

MARY A. KENNEY,
Administratrix of the estate of John J. Kenney,
deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 26, 1918.

FRANK J. FALLON,
Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 615 Merchants National Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

1-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIZABETH PATTERSON MITCHELL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the will of ELIZABETH PATTERSON MITCHELL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Wm. M. Madden, 809 Crocker Building, corner Post and Market Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ELIZABETH PATTERSON MITCHELL, deceased.

FREDERIC W. EATON,
Executor of the will of Elizabeth Patterson
Mitchell, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 12th, 1918.

WM. M. MADDEN,
Attorney for Executor,
809 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

1-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MATHILDE JACOBY, deceased.—No. 23754; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of MATHILDE JACOBY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Asher, Meyerstein & McNutt, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MATHILDE JACOBY, deceased.

PHILIP I. JACOBY,
Executor of the last will and testament of
Mathilde Jacoby, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 19, 1918.

ASHER, MEYERSTEIN & McNUTT,
Attorneys for Executor,
110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

1-19-5

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1977

Julius Calmann
NOTARY PUBLIC

and

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 87158; Dept. No. 10.

ADELINE ISABELLE O'HEARN, Plaintiff, vs.
FRANCES O'HEARN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To:
FRANCES O'HEARN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22nd day of January, A. D. 1918.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DAHLIN & JACKSON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-16-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE J. REDMOND, also known as G. J. REDMOND, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, GRACE EBNER, Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of GEORGE J. REDMOND, also known as G. J. REDMOND, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix with the will annexed at the office of Messrs. Lent & Humphrey, Room Number 428 Mills Building, North East corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE J. REDMOND, also known as G. J. REDMOND, deceased.

GRACE EBNER,
Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate
of George J. Redmond, also known as G. J.
Redmond, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 2nd, 1918.

LENT & HUMPHREY,
Attorneys for said Administratrix,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DANIEL SWANSON, also known as DANIEL SWANSEN, also known as DANEIL SWANSON, also known as DANIEL G. SVENSON, also known as DANIEL SWENSON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of said DANIEL SWANSON also known as Daniel Swansen, also known as Daniel Swanson, also known as Daniel G. Svenson, also known as Daniel Swenson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Frank M. Hultman, Room 1212 Merchants Exchange Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of DANIEL SWANSON (aliases), deceased.

JOHN CARLSON,
Executor of the last will and testament of said
Daniel Swanson (aliases), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 26, 1918.

FRANK M. HULTMAN,
Attorney for Executor,
1212 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

1-26-5



W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of HULDA LEON, Deceased. No. 23,917 N. S. Dept. No. 9, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Samuel R. Leon and Isaac Gellert, Executors of the last Will and Testament, and Codicil thereto, of HULDA LEON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of M. M. Getz, Esq., Rooms 402-3, Oscar Luning Building, 45 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of HULDA LEON, deceased.

SAMUEL R. LEON and
ISAAC GELLERT,
Executors of the last Will and Testament, and
Codicil thereto, of Hulda Leon, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, February 16, 1918.

M. M. GETZ,
Attorney for Executors,
45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

2-16-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIA T. ASHWORTH, deceased.—No. 23905 N. S.; Dept. No. 9 Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JULIA T. ASHWORTH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 9th day of February, 1918) in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, Garret W. McEnerney, room 2002 Hobart Building, No. 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JULIA T. ASHWORTH, deceased.

MARGARET FORD,
Administratrix of the estate of Julia T. Ashworth,
deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 9th, 1918.

GARRET W. MCENERNEY,
Attorney for Administratrix,
2002 Hobart Bldg.,
582 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

2-9-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARIE PERRON TARDIEU, Plaintiff, vs. GASTON AIME TARDIEU, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To:
GASTON AIME TARDIEU, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of January, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. W. SANDERSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
420 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

1-19-10

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Edited by THEODORE F. BONNET and EDWARD F. O'DAY

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ESTABLISHED 1878

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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, FEBRUARY 23, 1918

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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No. 1331

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The President and Chamberlain

If some of our anti-criticism patriots have time and ability to reflect they will perhaps be able to perceive that Washington itself realizes that there is room for criticism. All things considered Mr. Wilson as well as Senator Chamberlain is in favor of a more effective administration of war business. They disagree only as to the means by which it might be attained. President Wilson desires a "better utilization of resources and industries and more effective exercise of the powers which he has distributed." Very well, virtually says Senator Chamberlain, "let us therefore empower the proposed War Cabinet to consider, advise and formulate plans and policies general and special for the effectual conduct and vigorous prosecution of the existing war . . . to supervise, coördinate and direct and control the functions and activities of all executive departments, officials and agencies of the government in so far as in the judgment of the War Cabinet it may be necessary or advisable to do so for the effectual conduct and vigorous prosecution of the existing war." This bill would be all right were it not for the proposed War Cabinet. In other respects both the President and the Senator agree, but the Chamberlain bill provides that for the War Cabinet should be chosen three distinguished citizens of demonstrated executive ability. This provision he doubtless regarded as a reflection on his judgment of the qualifications of his appointees. We believe he is right. But we agree with the New York Times that Congress has expressed the "general opinion of the country which holds that Mr. Wilson has not been uniformly happy in his selection of the men who are called upon to aid in the

prosecution of the war." However, it is not to be gainsaid that Mr. Wilson is improving. Before long, as a result of a censorious criticism he may abate somewhat his pride of opinion. Before long Mr. Wilson and Mr. Chamberlain may be of one opinion.

* * *

Uncle Will Be In with Both Feet

Notwithstanding all the criticism we hear emanating from New York there is a small voice deeply penetrating, pitched high above the chorus of croakers, that gives us confidence in our Chief Magistrate. By this voice we are assured that whatever the politicians may be doing the Government is receiving first-class service from the dollar-a-year men, each man doing as Otto Kahn urged, "doing" not only his bit but his "all." From a source in which *Town Talk* has confidence we learn that not long ago a British commissioner in Washington spoke with extraordinary enthusiasm of what he saw at the Capital where the big captains of industry are doing their all for the Government. "They are wonderful," he said. "Here surely are represented the best brains in the country. Uncle Sam will be in the war with all of his force sooner than the Kaiser expected and the Kaiser will be the most surprised man in the world."

* * *

How Otto Kahn Stands

Some months ago it was suggested in *Town Talk* that a certain antagonistic state of mind in this country might be ameliorated if some of our citizens were to change their attitude toward Germany or at least saw the wisdom of trying to dissuade their friends in this country from sympathizing with those in Germany who make manifest their belligerent feeling. Now we learn that something of the same thought has occurred to a very distinguished citizen of German birth. We refer to Otto H. Kahn, one of our leading financiers. Here is a gentleman of German birth who serves notice upon the world that he is for this country and for our Allies, and that he will do all in his power to crush the Hun. In a recent address warning Americans against "panicky saving and excessive profits," speaking of the importance of avoiding a *business set back* he utters himself in very forceful terms. Speaking of the men of English birth who joined the American colonists to fight against English oppression he goes on:

"Speaking as one born of German parents, I do not hesitate to state it as my deep conviction that *the greatest service which men of German birth or antecedents can render to the country of their origin* is to proclaim, and to stand up for those great and fine ideals and national qualities and traditions which they inherited from their ancestors; *to set their faces like flint against the monstrous doctrines and acts of a rulership which have robbed them of a Germany which they loved and in which they took just pride*, the Germany which had the good will, respect and admiration of the entire world." Mr. Kahn declares it to be his solemn conviction that the "more whole-heartedly Americans of German birth throw themselves into the struggle which this country has entered in order to rescue Germany no less than America and the rest of the world from those sinister forces that are, in President Wilson's language the enemy of all mankind, the better they protect and serve the repute of the old German name and the true advantage of the German people." Denouncing the German professors with their sanctimoniousness he says their teaching is like that which bred the religious wars of long ago, and that we should remember we are once more in the fight for civilization. By this time the Kaiser has no doubt of where Mr. Kahn stands.

* * *

German Diplomacy

Whatever Germans in this country may conceive to be the qualities by which Germany prospered and was raised from a lowly position to the first rank among the nations of the earth there are Germans in Germany who have ceased to regard the personnel of their Government as approximating to perfection. If it has been their pleasure to belittle this country they make it clear that in their opinion Americans are not quite as they were represented to be by smart alecks like Von Papen and the other spies of the diplomatic service who thought we were all fools for not appreciating the power of German arms and avoiding contact therewith. Leading Hamburg exporters are calling the German Chancellor's attention to the stupidity of German diplomats. making special reference to Von Luxburg who did irreparable damage to German trade by his glaring imprudence in South America. They are eager to modify and improve the methods of their Foreign Office. These merchants have manifested a glimmer of intelligence, but alas! they demand the impossible. They do not perceive that the defects of German officialdom are fundamentally a

characteristic as it were of German nature as formed in a people by intensive modern Kultur. As a nation of recent development Germany is like the beggar on horseback. It is a new-rich nation with all the unpleasant peculiarities of the new-rich everywhere. In all countries there is a species of jingoism, but it is despised; in Germany it is encouraged, nay taught and preached. With an exaggerated notion of the importance of psychology German professors teach that to make a people all-powerful they must be convinced of their superiority. The inevitable result of teaching the German that he must constantly be sensible of the inferiority of other people was to inoculate jingoism and to make boorishness and arrogance an essential German quality. In time it was only chiefly the German waiter who behaved with discretion, and of course he may be playing a part like all persons whom it pays to be servile. In the circumstance how vain for Germany to make over its diplomacy. When Zimmerman and Von Kuehlemann (to take two conspicuous examples) made themselves privy to Luxemburg's scheme to ride rough-shod over an infatuate Argentina and to reorganize Brazil they were not at all odd. They were merely assuming the German viewpoint as it was assumed in Samoa many years ago when the German character was imperfectly understood in England and this country.

* * *

Welding the Nations

We are losing sight of the racial congeries in Southeastern Europe. It was here in the Balkans and thereabouts that the war had its origin, and the issues,

complicated enough before the war, have become more tangled. If there was a single straightforward issue, such as the restoration of Serbia with the addition of an outlet to the sea, then it would be easy to arrange a programme satisfactory to Serbia, but it would set the whole Slav world ablaze, for Slavdom is divided against itself. Furthermore Italy has claims for which she has made big sacrifices and all conflicting interests are being cleverly exploited by Austrian statecraft. Vienna may be eager to quit the war, but she is fomenting dissension among the Slavs and keeping alive the hatreds which are necessary to insure desperate tenacity under the command of the Serbo-Croat Borojevic. The Austrians do not forget that 20 per cent of her troops are Jugo-Slavs who have been told that they are defending their hearths and homes against the thievish instincts of the Italians. Also they have been made to believe that on the other side of the old frontier, that is to say, Vicenza, "there are brothers to be liberated" whom Italy has always exploited and maltreated. To aggravate the tumult of troubled waters are large sections of the Slav population under the Habsburgs who do not desire separation from Austria. Their demands are limited to legislative autonomy or at least political equality within the Dual Monarchy. There are the Croats, for instance, who have no desire to be incorporated in a new Serb empire in which their identity might be submerged. As to the Jugo-Slavs, "we desire," they say, "to be united in a free Austria in an alliance of free nations under the Habsburg dynasty." They add: "The heavy domina-

tion of the Germans and Magyars must come to an end." There is another Jugo-Slav element which wishes to see restored Napoleon's evanescent Kingdom of Illyria, comprising Carinthia, Gorizia, Trieste, Istria, Styria and Carniola. They are of course bitterly opposed to the Italian Irredenta policy. The sentiment and vanity of all these conflicting elements the cunning statesmen of Vienna, men with more brains than the diplomats of Germany have, are playing on incessantly. Their propaganda is nowhere neglected. Here is a specimen from an official organ:

For a hundred years the Italians have cried throughout the Jugo-Slav countries that the old Italian civilization must have precedence over the young Slav civilization, and that the latter must make way for it. What would happen to us if the Italians should achieve all their aspirations? The Jugo-Slavs are of various nationalities and must rely upon their own strength. They would not be able to resist the Italian concentric expansion for long; they must lean against a Great Power which does not subjugate foreign nations, and develop themselves in union with the Great Power. In the present contingencies the Jugo-Slavs can only lean against Austria.

Propaganda shrewdly prepared is a powerful stimulant to prejudices even in an "enlightened" country, as we have seen since the outbreak of the war. So we may easily conjecture with what success the Central Empires have operated on the minds of the aspiring democrats of the Balkans whom Uncle Sam has taken under his arm. Surely it's a big job that we have on our hands—that of satisfying all the little nationalities of Europe.

Perspective Impressions

Vernon Castle's epitaph may be found in John xv 13.

An item of no importance: Scott Nearing has been heard from.

The German people, we are told, are eating crow. The Kaiser will eat it later.

The A. F. of L. declaration damns German autocracy, exalts labor—and does not mention strikes.

There's a lot of loose thinking and wild talking these days. Let's try to cultivate a thoughtful reticence.

The Binet test shows that that "trigamous" Oakland girl is "bright to the degree of genius." It only remains now to test the Binet test.

There is a kind of workingman to whom the sweetest word in the language is "Strike." Usually he neglects his family, always he is lazy.

Two men Hearst would like to forget: Bolo and Nelotsky.

The toughest looking pictures on the sporting page are the pictures of the sporting experts.

Concerning all this gubernatorial pother—thank Heaven, only one of 'em can be elected.

What has become of the old-fashioned woodshed where the old-fashioned daddy licked his old-fashioned boy?

Remember the days of 1915 when we used to walk the Fair grounds till our feet hurt? Pretty nice, wasn't it?

"Will you cooperate or will you obstruct?" President Wilson asked the strikers. A question every American should ask himself.

General Pershing opposed extra allowances to aviators, saying that their work is not more dangerous than the work of other soldiers. On top of his statement came the deaths, in training camps, of ten aviators.

Fuel Administrator Garfield is a college professor. Nuff said.

An urgent question: How many calories are there in a bran doughnut?

When Carnegie dies he won't have as many biographers as John L. Sullivan.

Germany is willing to have a Russian peace. But the size of the piece is the question at issue.

David Starr Jordan, first in peace, has not yet been recognized by the President. And he's a college professor, too!

The objection to war babies is that before they grow up and become fit for cannon fodder they require a lot of nourishment.

T. R. has not yet been put into jail. But this is a slow war anyway, and there's lots of time. They may get around to Teddy before all the troops are transported.

Varied Types

368—WALDEMAR YOUNG

By Edward F. O'Day

"Wallie," I asked after the prodigal had been refreshed, "just how long were you in Los Angeles?"

"Three hundred and eighty-one days. I counted them, like Cameron Rogers did the hours. Each day was not a pearl."

"How time flies!" I bromided.

"Not in Los Angeles," answered Wallie. "The only Los Angeles people who think it lies are the men who will miss the saloons after the first of April. March thirty-first seems to them to be coming hot-foot as well as dry-shod."

"March thirty-first ought to be a good night to be in Los Angeles," I remarked.

"No night is a good night to be in Los Angeles," answered Wallie.

The Chronicle's star writer has been in Movie Land. A tempting offer took him to Universal City at Hollywood. For a year and sixteen days, to use his own meticulous computation, he wrote scenarios. You have seen some of them and know them to be good. He's back in the town he loves, the town that loves him, for a well-earned rest.

"Wallie," I suggested, "can you trace for the benefit of the movie fans the steps by which a scenario becomes a picture?"

"I can," said Wallie.

"It hasn't been done, as far as I know," said I.

"Let us add to the sum of human knowledge," said Wallie.

"In the first place," he began, "the producing company buys the motion picture rights of a magazine story from the man who wrote it. The company has a staff of scenario writers, men skilled in the technique of photo play construction. The magazine story is turned over to one of these staff writers. He writes what the public calls a scenario, what we call a 'continuity,' which is a working script for the moving picture director scene by scene as the picture unfolds. The staff writer takes from three days to three months, depending on the

company he works for—I was with a three-day company—to translate the magazine story into terms of screen action covering every detail.

"Let us consider the scenario finished and turned over through the scenario editor, if there is one, to the director. The director reads it over scene by scene, mulls it around in his 'two by four'—scenario writer's slang for the mind of a director—and then says, 'Let's go.' And so they all go and begin to 'shoot.' They go out on 'location,' if the director is 'shooting an exterior' or they go to one of the company's studios if the director is working 'on the lot.'

"The director decides that the man who wrote the scenario was decidedly in error in several, not to say multitudinous, instances. Giving free play to his imagination he proceeds to construct, as he goes along, a story somewhat different. The hero's sister may become the girl he wronged. The hero's hard-working, domestic, struggling wife may become his proud sister. The story is slightly changed. But the director, calm in his certainty that no man who ever made his living by writing could possibly write anything (he includes the *Pride of Avon*), goes lumbering on his way. I would compare him to a British tank, only I don't mean that kind of tank; so let me use another figure—a caterpillar tractor from Stockton.

"The director finishes his shooting. He shoots from ten to thirty thousand feet of film for a five reel feature which is never more than 4750 feet long. The film is sent to the cutting department. Here the story is assembled scene by scene in what is called 'rough continuity,' that is to say, the cutter assigned to the job gets the film together as nearly as he can in the continuity form furnished by the scenario. He has difficulties, of course, after the director's inspirations, but he gets it together.

"Next there is in the projection room a running of the rough film. The writer of the scenario is permitted to be present. The studios are in dry territory, so the writer walks unfortified into the death chamber. The rough film consists, we'll say, of eighteen reels. The normal projecting time on a reel is fifteen minutes, but all records are broken—they run 'em in ten or eleven. The writer sees one-half of the first reel of his eighteen reel feature, throws up his hands and says 'Good God!'

"The dramatic thing for him to do, since he is a man filled with dramatic instinct, would be to hurl his chair at the screen and say, 'I'm through.' But instead he sits through the eighteen reels of torture and says, 'Yes, Mr. Levy, you're right.'

"The film is then cut down by gradual degrees to five-reel length. The writer is now busy, very busy, on another story, and has no time to be consulted, even if there were any idea of consulting him, which there is not. The completed product with the captions in—what we call 'sub-titles'—has a final run to which the author is formally invited. This is a pure matter of courtesy. In some studios, like other courtesies, it is not observed.

"A print of the picture and the rough negative are then shipped to the New York of-

fice. The cut and sub-titled print of five-reel length is shown in the New York projecting room. They have bright young men there too. They don't like the sub-titles, and thinking the whole thing over after having seen the film once, they make the sister a niece and the guardian uncle an old roue trying to ruin the shop-girl—all by means of new sub-titles.

"This looks impossible, perhaps, but there is hardly a five-reel feature in which a clever sub-title man can't change the whole story. I have changed a couple of 'sick films' that way myself.

"Now the prints are released to the trade. The picture is shown in houses all over the world. The man who wrote the original magazine story which was sold to the company for film production in Los Angeles, lives at New Rochelle. There is a motion picture palace there. Having nothing else to do one soft spring night he drops in to see a 'fillum.' He sees the film constructed from the story he wrote and sold to a magazine. He sits through it curiously, is interested at times, and finally, his money's worth acquired, leaves the theatre. He has had fifteen cents worth of entertainment with war tax added. On the way home, the snow crunching under his feet, he thinks things over.

"That's a good idea for a magazine story," he tells himself. "Think I'll write it."

"He sits down at his typewriter and completes the circle. He writes the story, sells it to some magazine, the company buys the picture rights, and the process begins again."

"Of course this is a fanciful case," I said.

"But much more nearly accurate than would seem on the surface," said Wallie. "Happily for the writers, the film magnates are beginning to realize that without a story their business is nothing. The whole business of the feature film rests on the writer. In my opinion the film companies are beginning to know that. You see better pictures now than a year ago. The writing end of the game is getting more substantial recognition all the time."



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ment would never draw the sword on behalf of France.

King Edward was dead—Russia had been crushed by the Japanese. Nobody in Germany feared France. On the other hand, the German navy was now the second (on paper) in Europe, and Austria had taken a new life of national consciousness and aggression, promising excellently for the ethnic landslide down to Salonika, which was to be the German jumping-off board to Asia Minor. The Emperor could well point to tangible results. He had kept the peace—if mainly by means of threats. He had made Germany a "world sea-Power." Men in England publicly spoke of him as the "popular Kaiser," even as the margin of superiority of English capital ships kept diminishing year by year. In Germany he had won "hands down." Parliamentary Social Democracy had

effected nothing. He had accomplished the task of the Great Elector—the Germans were at last "all Germans."

A great wave of materialism swept over the country. Berlin had become the "fastest" town in Europe. All the world over men spoke of German "thoroughness," German science, German organization, German power and German culture. The German significance was apparent to all. Force seemed to radiate from the whole Teutonic Empire. Krupp guns, German steel, German cavalry charges—Europe looked on in silence. The watchword "With God and Kaiser" seemed in very truth to have created an invincible people under the spell of a mediaeval and sinister despot.

Then came the astonishing and unexpected double war in the Balkans, resulting in the complete transformation of power in Southern

and Central Europe to the advantage of the Slav. With the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, German near-Eastern policy collapsed. The rise of Servia changed the whole position for Germany, diplomatically, economically and strategically. Germany saw herself hemmed in where least she had expected it, with an ancillary tongue of Russia running right under her base. As she had misjudged the Russo-Japanese War, so she misjudged the Balkan War. The rout of the Turks was an utter surprise to her. From the military point of view—the only point of view held by Germany—the result of the war was disastrous to the German ambition. With characteristic promptitude the Kaiser answered it.

The Kaiser's answer was the Fifteen Million German War Loan (1913) promulgated "in the name of God."

A Matter of Principle

From the Yiddish of L. Shapiro
(Translated by Hannah Berman)

The moon stood over the city towards the west, slightly red, as if offended. Gas and electric lights reigned over all the busy streets and drove off the pale, sentimental beams of the moon, so that no one even noticed her. The city surrounded its inhabitants as by a magic circle. They danced and buzzed within its circumference like flies within an inverted glass.

Leiptziger walked slowly through the streets and regarded the life about him with a mild curiosity. The base desires—the scorpions—that lived and moved within his heart nearly always, now withdrew themselves into a remote corner, so to speak, and left him in peace for a while. As he walked along he smiled.

His wandering gaze rested on a young girl who was standing at the window of a cookshop. She was dressed poorly, but with a show of pretentiousness. She was bareheaded. Her face was pale and tired, and yet was childishly soft. She was looking at the appetizingly-browned meat on the other side of the pane of glass with so much desire in her eyes that Leiptziger suddenly stood still. The base desires—the scorpions—stirred restlessly within him. It seemed as if they were turning over on the other side. . . .

She trembled and turned her head in Leipt-

ziger's direction. He withdrew his eyes instantly from her face and began to stride away. He felt that she was following him. She was already abreast of him, on his left-hand side. She did not look at him, but said in a tone that was meant for no one in particular:

"I live close by here, number twenty-seven."

Leiptziger shook his head "no." She was now looking straight at him, and indicating with her hand where she lived.

"It is just here, the second house."

"I am not going."

"Come in for a minute. What do you care?" she said to him, walking rapidly in order to keep close beside him.

A sweat broke out over Leiptziger.

"I—I never go!"

She stood still a moment in astonishment. She threw a peculiar glance at him, whistled in mockery, and turned away with an assumed indifference. He went off, smiling doubtfully.

A few steps further on the base desires—the scorpions—again stirred within his heart. He remembered how she had looked through the window of the cookshop, and he walked back, indeterminately, a few steps.

She noticed this, and looked at him with mingled wonder and irony.

"Miss, are you—are you—hungry?"

Her face clouded.

"Well?" she asked insolently and venomously

"Just imagine to yourself— You understand? — Pretend to yourself that I was with you— Here's something for supper." He ended up his speech suddenly, and thrust a silver coin into her hand.

She drew back from him, without taking the money.

"Come in for a minute. What are you afraid of?"

"But I never go. You understand?"

"And I don't accept charity," she cried in a sudden burst of anger.

At this Leiptziger felt annoyed. He looked at her for a few seconds through wide-open eyes. Then he laughed boisterously, and said, right into her face, putting into his words a peculiar accent of seriousness:

"It's a matter of principle with me."

She had never heard of such a disease in all her experience.

He understood her fears, and laughed again. He reflected for a moment, and stammered hesitatingly:

"Well, anyway, let's go—eh?"

—Reprinted from The London Review.

A Noon-Day Nocturne

By Antonio de Navarro

It has been said—and the report has gathered truth—that among the many who have elected to associate themselves with Red Cross work a number have been actuated by personal or vague motives, an appetite for new emotions, or a hunger for such importance as their ordinary stations in life could not supply.

The years of trial have winnowed the chaff from the wheat. Those who have survived the long test of usefulness and endurance have doubled their capacity for self-sacrifice, and proved themselves a blessing to suffering humanity.

Passing one day through the cloisters of Royaumont (now a hospital), I was surprised to meet a beautiful English girl well known in the cultured world for her charm and artistic

attainments. Dressed in the garb of an orderly, she was washing a stone floor of the Abbey; had been doing work of all descriptions for eighteens months without flinching or complaint. With all the grace of her hands and a natural enthusiasm for higher things, she had succeeded in elevating her occupations to the dignity of refined pursuits. I had known her in former days in an environment of art and distinguished possibilities. She had changed in no respect, except to have acquired that added dignity of courage and serenity which self-sacrifice and purity of intention alone can develop.

Paris, September. The great doors of the Madeleine were open wide, a noonday sun

stretching a path of gold from colonnade to high altar. On the Gospel side, before a statue of Jeanne d'Arc, sat a beautiful girl in orderly uniform; delicate hands (already swollen with relentless work) folded upon her lap, head bent forward—asleep. An attitude of silent weariness, of undisturbed peace.

When I looked again the path of gold, as if in recognition of her presence, had moved, and enveloped the silent figure in all the glory of its rewarding rays.

Aureole and oriflamme.

For a moment I stood watching the rare picture—the Maid of Orleans looking down admiringly upon her unconscious prototype—then quietly stole away.

Germany's Psychology and Motives

By an English Editor

To understand the psychology and motives of the German war-madness it is necessary to go back to the day when the Emperor William dismissed Bismarck and proclaimed the new course to be "full steam ahead." From that hour the Kaiser set up personal government in Germany. Coming to the throne on the top of the patriotic swell generated by the war of '70, the Emperor was not only able to impose his limelight personality upon a victorious people, but to intoxicate them with his doctrine of the "historic" Hohenzollern mission, based upon the teachings of Treitschke and the Pan-Germans, Paul de Lagarde, Robertus, Jahn and Frederick List, who had all preached, as end and aim of the national design, the consolidation by force of an All-Germany.

From the date of the telegram to President Kruger, which first drew the attention of the world towards him, and was so intended, the German Emperor has never looked back. And the first thing he did was to reverse all existing policies, all the old ideas, national habits and notions, and centrifugal Germanic tendencies, making as the force and expression of Germany—militarism vested in the supreme will and control of the "Kaiser-idea." Bismarck, Von Sybel, even Treitschke, Mommsen, all fell into the imperial disfavor. He put his heel on Berlin and crushed out all individuality; on the arts;* on all that survived of pre-Sedan sentimental, homely, simple, Philistine Germany; creating in its place an all-powerful military organization after the manner of "Old Fritz."

We must remember that by the Constitution, the Federal Council is not responsible to the Reichstag, or the Chancellor to the Bundesrath, the Ministry being responsible to the Chancellor, and the Chancellor being responsible to the Emperor alone. The German Government is thus both powerless and irresponsible; moreover, the Kaiser, as the Supreme War Lord, is absolutely free to declare or to end war. To an energetic sovereign, autocratically minded, the power thus given is unlimited. The Emperor took advantage of it. The powers of the Reichstag were nil. The press was hide-bound and subservient. His personality soon became a national obsession. In the Emperor's personal composite Cabinet, no man was tolerated who was not entirely submissive and sycophantic. About the year 1900 the Emperor's doctrine of "Machtpolitik, or Force, had become the State religion of the Empire.

Everyone knows how the Emperor used his opportunities. He gave Germany a navy, finding in Admiral Tirpitz a willing tool; he built the Kiel Canal; he went to Palestine as the "Champion of Mohammedanism;" he initiated the Bagdad railway; he gave out that it was his pleasure to see Berlin the greatest "City of Pleasure" in Europe; he went to Morocco; he told Germans their future "lay on the seas;" signalled himself to the Tsar as "the Admiral of the West." Pan-Germanism, militarism, what German professors, in countless books and pamphlets, styled the "Anthropological conception of life," mass production, mass organization, mass application, became the watch-words of the people; in other words, material-

ism, based on force, as opposed to the old Germanic idealism of Goethe. An economical school arose, in which the staidest German economic professors vied with one another to preach the gospel of Hohenzollern architectonics. In all the schools, in all the school books, England was proclaimed as the great enemy of Germanic expansion to her "natural" boundaries—the mouth of the Rhine, the Low German peoples, the Adriatic. Everywhere the military spirit became predominant. Drunk with success, young Germany found in the Kaiser's religion a doctrine after her own heart. Germans cultivated the "dynamics of power," preached daily at the universities. Deliberately, by imperial order, Old Germany was "wiped out." The "Flottengedanke," or navy idea, became the idol of Germans. Modern Germany grew up on the Hohenzollern doctrine of race conquest, of force versus force, of conquest and war. The sword alone, Germans were told to believe, could solve the Germanic problem which it was the mission of the Kaiser to fulfill.

When the Boer War broke out people in England were astonished to find all Germany arrayed against them. They began to understand the nature of the Teuton policy, the meaning of Germanic Anglophobia. It led, as we know, to the Entente with France—the policy which Germans called the "coalition policy" of King Edward—to "round up" Germany in Europe by a system of hostile alliances.

Immediately, as the result of the Entente Cordiale, the Pan-German League petitioned the Chancellor to seize the West Coast and Hinterland of Morocco as "suitable compensation." The Kaiser went to Morocco, landed, and declared, in a speech at Tangier, that the Sultan of Morocco "is an absolutely independent sovereign."

Germany's Moroccan policy with France need not be recalled. The point is that Germany, regarding France as a negligible quantity, ever since that visit used Morocco as a kind of unedited Ems telegram, partly to test the quality of England's arrangement with France, but chiefly with a view to browbeat that Power whenever it pleased Germany.

Up to Algieras, however, the German Emperor had maintained the foundation stone of German policy laid down as axiomatic by Bismarck—friendship with Russia. Time after time Bismarck warned his countrymen that Germany could never "risk a war with Russia," however important it might be for Austria to seek to expand to her "natural" boundaries. Bismarck's great fear was always the renovation of the "Kaunitz" Coalition—France, Russia, Austria. His whole outlook was governed by this necessity of "Reinsurance" with Russia, and until the defeat of the Russians by the Japanese the Emperor William held to it. Muscovite "demands" invariably had the ear of the Wilhelmstrasse. "Pogroms," Armenian and Macedonian atrocities always found Berlin "indifferent." When England complained of the passage of Russian torpedo craft through the Dardanelles, Germany regarded it as a "local" question (1902). The "Manchurian question" (before the Russo-Japanese War) was "not Germany's concern." But after Mukden, Germans came to regard the Russians with the same kind of contempt as they regarded the French. The victory of the Japanese was the last thing

anticipated by Germany. Once more it showed the Kaiser how "wrong" Bismarck had been. The Russian "bugbear" was gone. Germany felt herself to be militarily supreme in Europe. Her Philo-Turkish policy seemed to ensure the position of Turkey in Europe as the buffer State between Germany and Russia on the one hand, and as the trade artery between Hamburg and Bagdad on the other. After the Russian War it became the fashion for the youngsters in the German navy to drink to the "great day (with England) about the year 1913."

A prophetic forecast!

How has it been brought about?

Once more we must seek the cause in the action of the Kaiser. Hostile as Prince Bülow always was to England, he always held steadfastly to the Bismarckian pro-Russian tradition. It was he who secured the fall of M. Delcassé, by reinsuring himself with Russia. Then, in turn, he fell, and M. Delcassé returned to office (1911).

After that the German Emperor was absolutely his own Chancellor. The German policy of the "mailed fist" had, to all intents and appearances, "come off." France had been bullied successfully time after time. Even the Austrian Bosnian coup, in wrecking the Treaty of Berlin, had been swallowed by Russia. Germany, "in shining armor," had awed Europe. Moreover, the price Austria paid was the creation of the Austrian dreadnoughts. From that hour the difficult ethnic problem of the Austro-Hungarian German Alliance was solved. Germany's help welded again the two Empires together. It made Austria the vassal of Berlin, reconsolidated the Austrian arm of the Triple Alliance, even if German politicians began clearly at the time to understand that Italy could not be counted on as an "active partner" against France.

But with the Kaiser his own master, unfettered by a Chancellor with either influence or policy, Germany seemed, in 1911, to have arrogated to herself the position that Napoleon occupied in Europe after Jena, without ever having fired a shot. There were powerful pro-German agencies at work in England—Pro-Germanism, in fact, became a party affair, the concern of Mr. Stiggins. The Liberal Government were reported to be working strenuously for "German friendship," in the conviction of the Kaiser's "peace policy," and the new Chancellor took his cue accordingly. Although Germany kept on increasing her navy by all the resources in her power, there was a strong movement in England for an "agreement" with Germany. The Emperor had good reason to believe that the English entente with France was weakening, that, in short, England might even be detached from it. German publicists wrote openly of a "wave of sloppiness" emasculating England; there were the women; there were the "Peace men;" there was the universal belief, held in Germany, that the Liberal Govern-

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*For the last twenty-five years Germany has produced no notable writer, poet, painter or musician—Hauptmann, Sudermann, Strauss, Lenbach, being all older than, or contemporaries of, the Kaiser. Wedekind cannot be regarded as more than a talent, or Professor Harnack more than a flunkey apologist.

The Spectator

The McNab Epigram

Next to a good cartoon there is nothing so telling as one of those fragmentary pieces of philosophy that drives home a truth in the form of an epigram. Systematic treatises are all right, but we haven't the time in the workaday world to give them the deep study they require. And so it is that Gavin McNab is recognized as our most valuable leading citizen. He has the knack of striking the nail on the head with a proposition epigrammatically expressed, as he did the other day when speaking at a conference at the City Hall in favor of the purchase of the whole United Railroad system on a basis within the means of the municipality. He pointed out that there is no money in fighting the railroad; that it would be better to settle the problem amicably if we could do so in a satisfactory manner. In this connection he spoke of the Twin Peaks tunnel which helps us to arrive nowhere. "The mountain labored," he said, "and brought forth a bus." By the way, this is pretty close to Horace—only one letter out of the way. Horace said: Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus."

Double Tracks

As far as one may judge from appearances we are to have four tracks the length of Market street. We have them already from Lotta's Fountain to the Embarcadero, and from Van Ness to Church. Work on the intervening distance is now under way. The trolley wires have been strung, the man holes have been moved, and a contract for the tracks has been awarded. If the public is protesting, its opposition is scarcely audible. There is an attitude of indifference, seemingly. Laissez faire appears to be the slogan. Those who have to cross the four tracks on lower Market know what is in store for the rest of the community. To cross anywhere between First and the Ferry during the rush hours is to take your life in your hands. It is more thrilling than a race with death in the Bay of Fundy and only a little less deadly than going over the top into No Man's Land. It is bad for pedestrians with weak hearts, but good for life insurance agents—after a few attempts your thoughts turn naturally to proper provision for your widow and orphans. Every undertaker in town ought to rejoice at the installation of the four tracks, but emergency hospital ambulance drivers resent it—it means so much more work for them. Daredevils won't object. They rather like getting caught in the narrow space between two cars, both moving. It trains you in poise, to be sure; but it also brings gray hairs and deepens the lines of care. There is only one way of beating the game. That is to refrain from crossing Market street. Some people have business on both sides and have to take a chance. But shoppers can do very well on

either side of the main thoroughfare, and lots of them never cross. Shopkeepers don't like this, but what of it? Can you blame people for refusing to play "one foot off the gutter" when Death is "it?"

Anti-Drinking Rule to Be Tightened

Despite the efforts of our restaurateurs to live up to the law designed to prevent our soldiers from drinking they have not been able to satisfy the authorities. It was learned for the first time the other day that the Attorney-General is a very strict constructionist who facilitates frameups in the interest of justice. The other day a waiter was arrested because he allowed a soldier to pay for liquor that was consumed by a guest. In other words, the waiter was tricked, for it was the soldier's business to catch him violating the law of which the waiter had no knowledge. The soldier did not drink any liquor, but anyway the law was violated. In the circumstances the proprietors of restaurants have come to the conclusion that for their own benefit it would be well to frame a more drastic law. They have asked that it be made illegal to sell liquor to any party of which a soldier is a member. Jack Tait had an experience the other night which warned him of the danger. An officer of the army was sitting at a table where wine was bought; also a bottle of mineral water. A waiter seeing a man pouring wine into the officer's glass ordered him to stop. He then informed Tait who told him to keep a watch on the table. Presently the wine was again poured into the officer's water glass, and the waiter promptly ordered the removal of the wine. Immediately the army officer demanded whether Tait had issued the order. When he received an affirmative answer he became very indignant, saying: "I'll never enter your house again." "I hope you will not," said Tait. "As an officer of the army you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Perhaps I ought to report you to General Murray." The officer was formerly a member of the local bar.

Rolph and Friend McGregor

One of the political stories of the hour is that Mayor Rolph will not run for Governor because some of his friends of the labor unions have seen fit to criticize him on account of his relations with the Union Iron Works. They say he wasn't quite open and above board in the big deal by which he suddenly acquired riches. In my opinion this is a specimen of the criticism that is evoked whenever a chum of the plain people enters the capitalist class. Nearly always he is envied for his success. As a matter of fact, Rolph's friends say, he merely availed himself of an opportunity. McGregor of the Union Iron Works, who sprang from the plain people himself, gave Rolph the opportunity because he perceived that Rolph in his official capacity could do a good turn for the big industrial corporation. McGregor had received a tip from Schwab that there was going to be a big demand for ships, and to start the business why not engage Rolph? Here was a shipping man who could kill two birds with one stone, for obviously as Mayor with a union pull Rolph might keep the workers nice and quiet in the event of a disposition to go on strike. Thus

the politicians talk. And they say that our Jeems was let in on the ground floor. He took no chances; the Union Iron Works financed him. The first ship cost \$750,000 and it was immediately sold for \$1,125,000. A nice plum for our Jeems. No wonder he made McGregor a commissioner. But there was nothing wrong in the transaction, I'm told. The iron workers had their grievances, but as they were on government work it was important to conciliate them. And perhaps it would have been wrong to stop them from flinging bolts at the United Railroads' men. Perhaps we should really pity McGregor's friend Rolph, considering all that happened to him as a result of the street railroad strike. Why make it worse for him by throwing bolts into the political machine? As Mayor there was no reason why he should not accept a silent partnership with Schwab. He was not making laws for the nation: merely helping the nation make ships, which the nation needed. And why shouldn't he reward a good friend with a commissionership? This is no time for criticism from the labor unions.

Jacobs and Heney

"Say," said the clockwinder to his friend Kreling, "tell me this: what part is Isadore Jacobs playing in this Heney fight?"

"I don't know just what part he's playing," said Kreling, "but the chances are he's providing all the downright honesty. 'Honest Isie?' you know?"

"No, I'll be damned if I do."

"Do what?"

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"What you ask?"

"See here," said Kreling, "you don't seem to understand."

"You ask me if he is honest. How do I know? I never met the gentleman."

"Oh, no," said Kreling, "I just remarked that he's known as Honest Isie. His name is Isadore Jacobs."

"I know what his name is, but what part is he playing behind Heney?"

"And I told you he's providing the downright honesty as he did in the Good Government League. He's always for honesty in politics. When he's behind a man it's a guarantee of a man's honesty."

"How can he guarantee a man's honesty?" the clockwinder asked.

"I don't know," Kreling said, "but I think he has secret ways of finding out. It was when he was head of the Good Government League that envelopes were sent out with a number under each stamp. Oh, it was clever. They wanted to find out who was for the Graft Prosecution and who was against it."

"Oh, I remember," said the clockwinder. "It strikes me that he's just the man to handle my friend Heney's fight."

Discords in Municipal Music

"I've been learning something about music," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, "taking my first lessons, as it were."

"Glad to hear it," said Tiv Kreling as he went on reading the newspaper.

"I've been studying the Wagnerian riddle," continued the clockwinder.

Kreling put down the paper. "That's going some," said Kreling. "Going fast, I should say. I suppose you learned the 'Flying Dutchman' as soon as you learned the keys. What do you think of the 'Ring'?"

"The Kaiser says that's what started the war—the ring around Germany, but the riddle I mean is the one at the City Hall where the fight is on over the press agent. It seems to me the war out there was started by Emmet Hayden, the cafeteria doughnut as Gallagher calls him. How did they come to make him chairman of the Auditorium committee?"

"Because he has a very keen ear," said Kreling in his spoofing tone.

"And I suppose," said the clockwinder, thinking to crush his friend, "that although he's only as big as a doughnut he's a giant of polyphonic harmony, but quit your kidding. It seems to me that the case of municipal music is like the case of leading a horse to the water trough. You can lead him, but you can't make him drink. Times are hard, but we give the people music and now the question is, How to get them in the hall? Hayden would solve the problem by hiring a press agent, but the harder he works the fewer the people that pay their

dimes. And the wise Supervisors don't know what to do. Schmitz suggested a new leader every six months, but Hayden says the solution is to be found in spending more money, not on the organ or the leader, who is really great, but on a press agent. But the lady who inspires her husband as leader of the band says she's a dandy press agent and it would be wasting money hiring one when she does all that's possible. Hayden's answer is that the best scheme is to spend a little money and Hayden knows everything worth knowing about music. He's an expert on the symphony of dishes and as a soloist he swears every time he hears them break."

"Now you're joshing," said Kreling indignantly. "I don't believe in speaking disrespectfully of our Supervisors. They're trying to educate the people and—"

"The people won't be educated either in a restaurant or an Auditorium. So what's the use?"

"That's what I say, 'So what's the use?'"

"What are you going to do about it?" Kreling asked.

"Well, if you ask me," said the clockwinder, "I'd ask the grand jury—if we ever get one—to indict these bum Supervisors for throwing our money to the birds. It's evident that Gallagher is on the level and wants to do the right thing, but what about Hayden?"

"What about him?"

"Gallagher says that somebody is thinking of using a press agent for the next election. I wonder if he thinks the dear people are going to sit idly by and stand for that sort of thing?"

Said Kreling solemnly: "A good many have more faith in the Supervisors than they have in God."

The Lincoln School Boys

When Charlie Turrill, that collector-extraordinary of Californiana, invited me to the annual banquet of the Lincoln Grammar School Association, I accepted with thanks and misgivings. A meal at the Commercial Club is always a good meal, even when the waiters walk out, as they did when Charles E. Hughes was there. But would there not be a lot of humdrum talk unintelligible to the outsider? Would there not be an ineffectual attempt to bring back and glorify an elusive past? Would there not be that awful thing, false gayety? that dreadful thing, affected sprightliness? I wondered, but I went, and have been contrite ever since, repenting unjust thoughts. Why, these Lincoln School "boys" have never grown up! They get together as artlessly and unaffectedly as though they were still enjoying recess in one of the two big Lincoln School yards. They remember the old nicknames, play over again the old jokes. All that distant past is as fresh and merry as though it

were but yesterday! And mind you, unless you left the Lincoln School thirty years ago—in 1888—you can't join this association. So this resurrected past which eclipsed the present on the evening of Lincoln's Birthday has been dead long enough to be touched by oblivion. But oblivion is a word these "boys" don't know. Perhaps it was left out of Swinton's Word Analysis which, Phil Teller says, was the best of the old school books.

Who Were There

Looking around the big dining room of the Commercial Club for familiar faces in that merry gathering of two hundred and fifty, I was overwhelmed by the task of noting all the well known men who feel so much attached to the Lincoln School that they get together once a year to do it honor. There were men there who would have been at the Mardi Gras had it fallen on any day but Lincoln's. And, at the other end of the scale, there were men to whom a two-dollar dinner ticket means a bit of pinching. But there are no class lines in this association, any more than there were at the Lincoln School. There was John Britton of the P. G. & E. who used to be president of the association, and Phil Teller, the produce man, who succeeded Britton in the honor. There was Charlie Turrill, secretary and historian who, no doubt, will write the history of the Lincoln School one of these days. And who else? Let me see: Tom Burns of the Sub-Treasury and Aleck Robertson, the publisher, sworn pals since school days; Marcus Koshland, master of "Petit Trianon," Phil Bekeart who was born where Marshall discovered the first gold; M. J. Brandenstein, the original "Why?"; Colonel George Pippy, prince of milkmen; Charlie Stanley, notary at the Hibernia Bank for more years than he likes to say; Charlie Marshall of H. S. Crocker Co.; Louis Haas of the Crown Distilleries; Jake Schaen of the Republican "Old Guard;" Oscar Tolle of Santa Cruz and the City Hall; Captain Henry Glee-



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son of the police department; Aleck Goldstein, the packer; Harry Sherwood who knows blue Dewar from yellow; Arthur Levinsky, the Stockton lawyer; George Lezinsky and Louis Metzger who have learned to be peaceful and happy in the Great Dark; Aleck Cooper of the gas company; John B. Farish, the mining engineer; Lucius L. Solomons who delivered a Lincoln speech of classic diction; Morris Marcus who didn't want Dr. Aked back at the First Congregational; Charlie Miller once of Miller, Sloss and Scott whose favorite address is a yacht; Eugene Stoltz who sells cigars and is the author of "Over the Top With Your Uncle Sam" which you just ought to hear the Lincoln School boys sing; Humphrey Sullivan who knows Manila as well as he does San Francisco; John E. McDougald who didn't specialize on penmanship at school; Billy Shannon who used to be State Printer; Lewis Aubury who used to be State Mineralogist; Tom Dillon who meets the rest of the boys face to face; Harry Zemansky who runs our elections for us; Rudie Herold who had lots of hair in the old days; Charlie Smith of the Anglo bank; Frank Chapin of the Peninsular Railway; Frank De Guerre who rescued a finger of the old Lincoln statue out of the Great Fire and had it made into a gavel for the Association; Edwin Fox, the Redwood City lumberman; Harry Hawks who loves the Association even more than The Family; Eugene Hoeber the printer ("Brick" now in nickname only); Billy Hendry of the United Railroads; Billy Keyston the leather dealer; Dr. Charlie Decker the dentist; Ferd Peterson the insurance man; Big Jim Aitken who used to be a policeman; and ever so many others. Who shall say that the old boys of Lincoln School don't get together a thoroughly representative San Francisco crowd?

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The Lincoln School Teachers

This annual gathering is not a selfish stag party. Not that the boys bring their wives and daughters. No, they bring to the annual dinner the teachers who made the old school the great seat of education it was—at least, as many as are alive and can attend. There were quite a number of them at this tenth affair, and it did the heart good to see how the old boys honored and took care of them. There was Mrs. E. B. Burr who used to be Miss Carrie Smith; and Mrs. Samuel T. Smiley who used to be Miss Sallie Rightmire; and Mrs. Fannie Pugh whose mother taught one of our very first schools on Telegraph Hill and whose father had the contract for building the first railroad in California, the Sacramento Valley Railroad; and Miss Margaret McKenzie; and Mrs. D. H. Wittmore who was Miss E. M. Bullene, the first teacher to introduce "Marching Through Georgia" into a San Francisco class room; and Mrs. Mary Lynde Craig who was Miss Mary L. Hoffman; and Mrs. L. Hobart Curtis who was Miss S. L. Hobart; and Mrs. L. M. S. Wanzer; and Mrs. M. Moore who was Miss Maggie Hendry, sister of Billy Hendry of the U. R. R. Of the mere men teachers there were present Principal Richard D. Faulkner, and Charles H. Ham.

Oakland's Latest Row

After a squabble which is being echoed in the Oakland Council, Board of Education and Civic Association is settled, some architect will be given one of the juiciest plums that the city has had in years—the task of drawing plans for a new school programme, and a fee of \$240,000. Already the matter has caused the dismissal of an advisory board, a wordy battle before the school body, and a near physical encounter in the Civic Association. When the advisory board, named by the Board of Education, did more than advise and named J. J. Donovan for the place, the educators and the Civic Association hastily called protest meetings. Action of the advisors was rescinded and the position is still open. To show how far afield a row of this kind may wander in Oakland, members of the Civic Association charged one of the advisors with having sought a private lease of the city dredger and called upon Commissioner Morse to explain the matter. W. A. Knowles, the advisor in question, declared that Morse would not dare show up because "he is afraid of an envelope in my pocket." At this point in the meeting so many civic workers desired to speak at the same time that it was deemed expedient to dissolve the session and the architect problem remains unsolved.

Our Puritanical Way

The morals of our community though no better than they ever were are at any rate in a degree better guarded than at any time since our good Mayor and Supervisors, at the behest of some of our pure clergymen, abolished the municipal clinic that was established by Dr. Rosenstirn. To Dr. Rosenstirn belongs the credit of pointing the way, but unfortunately he could not satisfy the high principles of Dr. Aked and others. In Dr. Aked's day the mere recognition of the clinic was a sin. So the clinic had to go notwithstanding the good work it was doing, and everybody but a few pulpites recognized and praised. The purpose of the clinic was to diminish the spread of a horrible disease, and in a measure it solved a problem that is now puzzling all Europe and which scientists generally are discussing quite

openly. A most serious matter in war time is this disease, especially in France, where man-power is much needed in the field and where from fifty to sixty thousand men are afflicted every year. In this country the problem is handled in the typical Puritan way. Instead of recognizing the oldest and most persistent of all professions we recognize its ravages—after the damage is done. However the army is really trying to discourage men from visiting houses of prostitution, but unfortunately prostitution is not all practiced in houses. An example of what happens when the War Department is managed puritanically was given in Boston recently when the candy makers were inhibited from using sugar. As Boston is the largest of all candy manufacturing centres several thousand girls were thrown out of employment, and the consequence was far from puritanical. The citizens begged Hoover to permit the use of sugar in the candy business and as he lifted the embargo flirting was minimized. Meanwhile some good was accomplished. Candy men learned how to make candy with substitutes for sugar.

"The Jolly Giant"

How quickly things of seeming importance are forgotten. George Thistleton died in this city a few days ago at the age of eighty-six. The newspaper account of him mentioned that he fought in the Mexican and Civil wars, but forgot to say that he was the publisher of "The Jolly Giant." Yet "The Jolly Giant" made quite a stir in its time. It was devoted to attacks on the Catholic Church and had a big circulation. This forerunner of "The Menace" and similar sheets was started here in 1873. At the time, George Thistleton and a Dr. Every had a catarrh remedy which they advertised by means of circulars. Noticing in the newspaper one day that Dennis Oliver had been knighted by the Pope, Thistleton drew a caricature of him for the catarrh circular. It made something of a stir. Dr. Every and Thistleton parted company, and the catarrh circular became "The Jolly Giant." It ran for several years. Thistleton's worry was lest the

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Pope get control of the little red school house. Thistleton got a lance wound on his forehead in the Mexican war. It left a scar that remained to the day of his death. Curiously enough, the scar was in the form of a cross, the symbol of the church he attacked so bitterly.

The Urbane Counsellor

Peter F. Dunne knows how to lessen the tedium of legal argument with literary quotation or allusion. In one of his most recent arguments—on behalf of the defendant in the cause of the United States vs. the Honolulu Consolidated Oil Co. which was heard by District Judge Frank H. Rudkin—he gave color to a neutral-tinted bit of close reasoning by aptly quoting Tyndall:

"I understand perfectly the marvelous organization of the human brain, the nervous system, and I appreciate perfectly that consciousness, intellection, reasoning, is impossible except by an indissoluble association with the molecular activity of the brain; but the material brain upon the one side, consciousness, the spiritual element upon the other, the nexus between them,—that is beyond me; it baffles me. How can consciousness come from such material elements? Can you by the shaking of dice or the indiscriminate tossing of billiard balls upon a table, evolve the differential calculus or the Iliad of Homer?"

In the same argument Dunne drew upon Bulwer Lytton:

"Then it was that the ring of our holy church, the Navy Reserve, Richelieu-like was drawn about the land that we had prospected and by our courage and our expenditures had made realizable and valuable."

Who Is Rollo Peters?

The dramatic critic of the New York Times asks the question, referring to Rollo Peters Jr. And he answers it thus:

Rollo Peters, during the single year that he has been designing scenery, probably has made more sets than any two other artists in the city. Mr. Peters's particular association is with the Washington Square players, but his work as a scenic artist has not been bounded by their activities. At present, in addition to the four sets being used by the players, he has two productions on view here—Ethel Barrymore's "The Lady of the Camelias" and Arnold Daly's "Josephine." Another play of the season for which he designed the sets is Mrs. Fiske's "Madame Sand," now in Chicago. Mr. Peters has spent his life among canvases and brushes. He is the son of Charles Rollo Peters, the well known artist. He was born in Paris, and has lived many years in Europe. He has spent much time in out-of-the-way corners of Britany.

Outrageous Treatment

It happened in a dairyette on Fillmore street. The policeman on the beat came in at noon-time, as was his wont, and asked, as was his wont, for a ham sandwich. He had no intention of paying for it. That too was his wont.

"There it is," said the proprietor, pointing to a slab on which ham sandwiches were piled.

"I want one specially made up," said the copper loftily. "These have been standing."

"Take one of those or go without," said the proprietor.

At first the copper couldn't understand this declaration of independence. When it dawned on him he became red with anger, glared at the dairyette man, then turned on his heel and strode out. The dairyette customers laughed at the discomfiture of the guardian of the law.

Frank Pixley Better

Friends of Frank Pixley, Bohemian and librettist, are delighted to know that he is well on the way back to health. Not long ago Pixley broke a blood vessel in his head and was rushed to a local hospital. He was at death's door for some time. During anxious days his wife was constantly in attendance on him. Finally he rallied, and when the doctors pronounced him out of danger Mr. and Mrs. Pixley departed to their beautiful home at Pebble Beach where they are now.

Professor Stratton's Book

G. M. Stratton, professor of psychology in the University of California, is upholding the classical tradition of our seat of learning. He has just published a carefully edited and annotated text, with translation, of the work of the Greek philosopher Theophrastus on Sense Perception. This is a work, or fragment of a work, upon which students of Greek philosophy have leaned rather heavily, as it contains what

has been regarded as a reliable statement of the opinions of the philosophers preceding Aristotle on this matter of sense perception. But Professor Stratton shows how unreliable Theophrastus is. He does this by comparing his discussion of Plato's "Timaeus" with the text of that great work. Theophrastus, Professor Stratton shows, was in this case either careless or stupid; so how is he to be trusted in the case of writers whose works have not come down to us? For this book of philosophical scholarship Professor Stratton found a publisher in London, and the author is being praised highly by authorities competent to judge.

Marie Corelli Loses Her Temper

Why is it we take an unholy pleasure in the spectacle of a personage like Marie Corelli losing her temper? It must be because she impresses us as a rather smug lady. She lost her temper, her poise and everything lately when she was tried for hoarding food. The author of "The Sorrows of Satan" and other favorites of high school girls lives at Stratford-on-Avon, thereby adding to the fame of a place already fairly famous. The British regulations about hoarding are very severe. Among other things Marie had 183 pounds of sugar and 43 pounds of tea in her home. Here is how Marie defended herself: "It's a lie. It has come to a fine thing if women can't live in their homes without being interfered with by the police. I am a patriot and would not think of hoarding. I think you police are overstepping your duty in visiting my house. You are upsetting the country altogether with your food orders and what not. Lloyd George will be resigning tomorrow, and there will be a revolution in England in less than a week." Marie was fined fifty pounds and twenty guineas for costs. Lloyd George is still in power and the British Government still lives.

A Natural Mistake

Youth—Did you mix your colors on this?

Amateur Artist—Sir! What do you mean? That's my great picture.

The Warder was Worried

You can drive a prisoner to a pile of oakum, but you cannot make him pick. This it was that worried Warder X.

"I've come about Convict Naughty Nine, sir," said he bluntly to the governor. "E refuses to pick oakum!"

"Refuses, does he?" said the great man grimly.

"Yes, sir. Ses he wants puttin' to his own trade."

"Well, well that's only natural, after all. Put him to it."

"But that's himpossible, sir."

"Impossible?" roared the governor.

"Yes, sir, the man was a haviator!"



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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Zuloaga Exhibition

Harry Lafer tells me that Elmer Hader calls Ignacio Zuloaga "the newest of the Old Masters." That is not merely wit, it is criticism. The wonderful Basque paints in the Spanish national tradition which goes straight back to Velasquez, the steps being Zuloaga, Goya, El Greco, Zurbaran. Those who have studied Spanish art closely—in my acquaintance Xavier Martinez is the foremost of such students—will derive a joy not to be had by others from the important exhibition now open at the Palace of Fine Arts. I'd like to retrace my steps through the galleries in company with a man like Martinez. There is much in these pictures which the layman does not readily grasp. They are on that account more stimulating. They provoke thought—and discussion—yes, and controversy.

Zuloaga and Fraser

The biggest canvas in the exhibition, and perhaps the one of most general appeal, is "The Victim of the Fete." It represents an aged picador homeward bound after the bull fight. It has fared badly with him and his nag. The plodding Rosinante is splashed with blood. The picador stoops forward in the saddle, the most dejected, woe-begone, beaten old seriocomic you ever saw. There is no doubt about it, it's "curtains" for him. This picture proves that a great painter does not disdain to tell a story on canvas—if indeed proof is needed. I wonder if anybody else was reminded of "The End of the Trial" when gazing on this "Victim of the Fete?" The resemblance came to me immediately. Were it not for a sort of Don Quixote comicality tempering the pathos of the picture, it would have precisely the same feeling as the statue which attracted the most attention at our World's Fair. But in composition there is a very striking similarity. The horses in both picture and statue are dead-beat, the riders have the same posture, the picador's pike or garrocha is held exactly like the Indian's long spear. Is it not possible that James Earle Fraser borrowed his composition from Ignacio Zuloaga?

A Just Criticism

"Pipe Theda Bara," I heard a soldier boy say as he nudged his companion in khaki. They were standing in front of one of Zuloaga's amazing nudes. The fair dame whose undress reminded them of the William Fox star, reclines on a couch at an open window giving on a deserted street. She wears a black mantilla, a black fan, roses in her hair and a pair of black pumps—nothing else. She exhibits considerable fat. She looks out of her frame at you quite coolly, paying no attention to a blue parrot which is taking in the points of her anatomy. "How does it come the street's deserted, with a show like that in the window?" the other soldier boy said. A just criticism. It reminds me of Mark Twain's criticism of

"Samson and Delilah," a picture which caused quite a furore here about 1884:

"Now, what is the first thing you see in looking at this picture down at the Bank Exchange? Is it the gleaming eyes and fine face of Samson? or the muscular Philistine gazing furtively at lovely Delilah? or is it the rich drapery, or the truth to nature in that pretty foot? No, sir. The first thing that catches the eyes is the scissors on the floor at her feet. Them scissors is too modern—there warnt no scissors like them in them days, by a damned sight."

The Other Nudes

Facing this cool lady is another in a still more advanced stage of undress, for she wears no fan. She has a white mantilla, and holds a carnation. She is slenderer than her sister of the opposite wall, and it would seem that Zuloaga painted her limbs more carefully—one can imagine a substructure of bones. Neither of these nudes is exactly attractive. Zuloaga tried for an effect of brazen sensuality, and he got it. The charms (?) of these females are exposed as if for sale. Yet they are not as repulsive as another in this exhibition. I refer to the woman who sits at a toilet table draped only in a yellow dressing gown thrown back to expose the front of her body. She is not nice to look upon. The criticism which was leveled at Manet's "Olympia" applies to her. There is more than a merely physical ugliness about her. Zuloaga is at his worst in his nudes. Indeed, they are not so much nudes as naked, if I may coin a word.

At His Best

Perhaps Zuloaga is at his best in painting lean, wiry, weather-bitten peasants of his own Basque land. Old men with sun-scorched cheeks and blue chins, old women with gnarled hands and seamed faces—he paints them with the deep sympathy of understanding. And the bull fighters, old and young, how he loves them! Unwearying always in the elaboration of costume, he seems to love to paint the gorgeous brocade and gold thread of their cloaks and knickerbockers. No detail of dress is too minute for his brush. Does he love the gaudy, or does he paint it because it aids him in expressing the character of his countrymen? In his "Lolita" we see a woman reclining on a gaudily flowered sofa. She wears a gaudy gown and a gaudy fan, and her beauty is itself of the gaudy kind. Is this picture merely decorative, or also satirical? Better than this I like the gypsy woman who looks straight at you with bold, shining eyes and a tight-shut, straight, thin-lipped mouth. Most of Zuloaga's women are bold, unabashed. The Duchesse de Noailles is. Incidentally she is very good to look at. She reclines in Zuloaga's favorite fashion—at an open window. But instead of the usual landscape of walled town or mountains, there is only blue sky with rolling clouds. She wears a filmy gown moulded to her long slender limbs. Her hair is jet, her skin creamy. She looks straight at you, as though challenging your admiration. Compared to her Mrs. Phil Lydig with her nose turned up, is a mere sketch. Other pictures you will like are the two senioritas on the balcony with the bull ring for background, and the portrait of the

violinist Larrapidi. I don't know whether you will like the crucifix on the hill top with the friar and the old peasants holding long, unlighted candles (why unlighted?) and a priest apparently reading the Stations of the Cross. The crucifix is ghastly with blood, as is so often the case in Latin countries. It is the intention of the picture which you may mistrust. Certainly it is enigmatic, and I believe we have Mrs. Phil Lydig's word for it that Zuloaga hates what she calls "priestcraft."

By the Way

There is a charge of two-bits to see this exhibition. That is perfectly all right, for though we owe the exhibition to the kindness of Charles Templeton Crocker, there must be considerable expense. But why are visitors permitted no clue to the names of the pictures unless they buy the illustrated catalogue, price fifty cents? Visitors are entitled to a printed slip with the names of the pictures, free of charge. Is this an oversight?

Re-enter the Cocktail Shaker

When the news came from Washington the other day that the ban on serving drinks to soldiers in private had been lifted, a great many hostesses breathed a sigh of relief. In many homes the cocktail shaker was taken down from a high shelf, scoured, polished and put into service again. Examination was made of the liquor stocks to see how much gin, vermouth and dubonnet was available. The cocktail shaker had had a vacation in the homes where soldiers and sailors are entertained. Hospitality had been limping on crutches. It is hard, very hard to entertain the male person without giving him alcoholic stimulation. He does not react well to grape juice or grenadine. He wants something with a kick in it, and with him a kick means a stick. After a couple of



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cocktails his tongue moves easily on its hinge, and he is no longer merely passive in the matter of sociability. This applies equally to men in and out of uniform. The new rule—or rather, the latest construction of the old rule—will invest dinner parties with attractions for soldiers which they have lacked recently.

Fathers in the Mothers Club

It was to be expected that complications would arise when men sought admittance to the Mothers Club of Berkeley. The excitement extended beyond the gates of the classic city and as far as Stockton where the Federation of Mothers Clubs held its convention. The Federation has decided that as men are not mothers, they can't join. The trouble arose when a group of fathers applied for membership in the Berkeley club and were received. To mark their admittance to the ranks the club prepared a "fathers' dinner" and planned to change its name to "Parents Club." Then the Federation heard of the move and drew a blue pencil through the name of its Berkeley chapter. Things were coming to a pretty pass, it was said, when man cannot realize his place. So the club was dropped. The audacity of the Berkeley fathers caused a gasp at the State convention which the explanation of Mrs. W. H. Marston, president of the college city organization, could not silence.

Women War Workers in Paris

From a recent letter written to a friend by Lieutenant-Colonel Charles E. Stanton—our own "Major Charley"—I extract an interesting paragraph about the fair sex:

"We have many strangers in Paris, and particularly shoals and shoals of women who have come ostensibly to do something, but are literally in the way and are helping nobody. A great many of them will not work, while others want office hours from 10 to 2 twice a week. That class is of no value. Others sit in tea rooms at the hotels and cafes, looking pleasant. Still others shop a great deal, which keeps up prices. Their actions do not sit well upon the population generally. So it is to be hoped that passports will be refused to this class of people and that they will keep out of our way."

Jewels at the Mardi Gras

There was what I have heard described as "a perfectly disgusting" display of jewels at the Mardi Gras. Opinions seem to agree that this year's Shrove Tuesday frolic was noted for the lavishness of gowns and trinkets beyond all others. There was no Hooverizing on dresses, though they were lower at the top and higher at the bottom than ever before. In ordinary times magnificence of dress passes without comment, but this year, say the critics, women might have spent less money on clothes so as to have a little more to give when the collectors for war funds come around. In the matter of diamonds et cetera we have the unimpeachable authority of "Fingy" Connors of Buffalo that "them that has 'em wears 'em." Yes, but wearing them entails proportionate splendor of setting, and that means new gowns of the very latest fashionable costliness. Which spells extravagance for most women. The woman whose heart is set on dress just now is a woman whose heart is not in the war. Perhaps she doesn't realize how serious the war is because she hasn't a son in it. It is generally agreed that this woman was very much in evidence at the Mardi Gras.

The National Banner in Church

Marie Georgiani, organist of the Paulist church, catching an idea from Cardinal Mercier, has now several imitators in San Francisco. Some weeks ago she played as a postlude the Star Spangled Banner, and now our national anthem is to be heard in several Catholic churches in this city. The Catholic church is slow to adopt popular music, but as one clergyman said in this instance: "Why not, the old church preaches the virtue of patriotism?" and this was doubtless the thought that inspired Cardinal Mercier who ordered the national anthem of Belgium played in all the churches of the stricken land much to the indignation of German occupants.

Miss Armour's Experience

Miss Lolita Armour, daughter of Ogden Armour, arrived here the other day in exceptional circumstances. Miss Armour whose father has a country seat at Santa Barbara, has crossed the continent to California many times. Hitherto she always came in her private car. This time she came in a Pullman. The reporter who chronicled this item called it "an ordinary Pullman." We are asked, by implication only, to consider that Miss Armour has made a heavy war sacrifice, like Mrs. Stotesbury when she put aside her jewels for the period of the war; but the implication is unjust to Miss Armour. She has been working hard as a full-fledged Red Cross nurse, making sacrifices besides which the abandonment of her private car is nothing.

Superfluity Shop Sends Another Thousand

The Superfluity Shop has cabled another thousand dollars to Madam Poincare and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium. The Commission for Aid Civil and Military Belgium which is sponsoring the shop announces that it has sent to date over five thousand. It also sends, weekly, dozens of cases of food and clothing. The Superfluity Shop is at 306 Post street and is one of the finest antique shops in the city—fine old plate, silver service sets, paintings, antiques, brocaded draperies, antique and modern chairs and tables, in fact every accessory of the home is to be found there. One of the best departments of the salvage section is that of clothing. Wardrobes are filled with attractive evening gowns for which there is always a steady demand. Dress suits and frock coats for the gentlemen are always to be had. Even the old-time gold-headed cane is to be found in abundance. Jewelry, quaint in design, and notions of various kinds form another interesting section. Banjos, guitars, mandolins, zithers and other musical instruments have been donated.

At the Whitcomb

A group of the friends of Mrs. Adeline Day Shorb assembled in the Sun Room of the Whitcomb Monday for an informal afternoon of knitting and tea. Among those in the party were Mesdames Perry Cumberson, Mateo Sandona, W. P. Tucker, Howard Gardiner, John McGaw, Lee Randolph, Campbell Shorb, Frank Spencer, and Miss Mary Rose Dean. The Mills Club again held its monthly meeting in the Sun Room Tuesday afternoon. It appears to be the favorite meeting place of these charming women. The Associated Matrons Association, Order of the Eastern Star, had its monthly luncheon in the White and Gold dining room, Miss Elinor Behm presiding. The Roumanian American Society had a banquet in the Blue Room Sunday

night, many distinguished guests participating. . . . The Employed Officers Club of Northern California, Y. M. C. A., held its monthly conference in the Sun Room, followed by luncheon in the White and Gold Room Tuesday. Plans for war work were formulated, S. Wiley Winsor, president of the club, presiding.

At the Cecil

Mrs. Robert Graves has planned an indefinite stay. Her husband Captain Graves will sail shortly from New York for France. A prominent party from Salt Lake includes Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Lockhart and Mrs. Frances Merrill. Misses O'Connor entertained informally at dinner Monday evening. Prior to their departure for Southern California Mrs. Armstrong and Miss Barbara were hosts at an elaborate dinner Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Thomas are guests. After a delightful visit with her mother Mrs. A. M. Burns, Mrs. Louis Long returned to her home in Santa Barbara. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith have been giving a series of entertainments during the past week. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Minton entertained a coterie of Honolulu friends at dinner Monday.

Pulchritude at Techau Tavern

All lovers of feminine grace and beauty coupled with superior vocal ability will be delighted with the show girl revue corps at Techau Tavern, which presents nightly a programme equal to the best musical comedy. The revue is a close rival in popularity to the jazz orchestra which has long made the Tavern a rendezvous for dance-lovers who thoroughly enjoy its perfect, syncopated rhythm, so essential to pleasurable dancing. As an added attraction to dancers the management has purchased from Livingston Bros. (Geary at Grant avenue) a great variety of expensive articles in silk, including sweaters, lingerie, stockings, etc., from which lady patrons are free to choose, without competition, such dance favors as best please their individual taste. These merchandise dances are featured daily at the dinner hour and after the theatre and judging from the appreciation of the ladies the Tavern management has never made a more pronounced hit in its long and unbroken record of successful attractions.

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—The Music Lover.

At the Little Theatre

The very successful season of the "Little Theatre" at the St. Francis Hotel is drawing to a close and in another week Mr. Maitland will disband his players. Shortly thereafter the directors of the club will reorganize and the quest of new plays for next season will begin. Many plays by the best known foreign authors have already been selected. Last week the little company presented a one-act comedy by Theodore F. Bonnet concerning which The Chronicle wrote as follows:

"The Sophisticated Father," a one-act play by Theodore Bonnet, was presented both yesterday afternoon and evening at the St. Francis Little Theatre. The piece was warmly received by large audiences at both performances, and their appreciative applause was evidence that it is a playlet of more than ordinary merit.

"The title of the piece is ironical, the culmination of the plot showing the pitiful unsophistication of the father who, after a stormy scene in which he exacts a promise from his son to break off an affair with an 'unconventional' woman, himself comes under the witching spell of the woman, and, as the curtain descends, is starting with her at break of day for a marriage license and a parson.

"If the father isn't sophisticated, the play is. It is the sort of play that could have been written only by a man of the world, such a man as the father thought he was but wasn't. In striking contrast to many of the playlets of the day, it was plainly the work of a thinker and a student of human nature. Also in contrast to many of the abbreviated dramas presented, it is not destined to oblivion following its initial presentation. There is too much of a demand for good material of the kind for this piece to be laid away. Another tabloid drama by Bonnet will soon be presented by the St. Francis Little Theater Club."

The Examiner gave the play the following brief notice:

"Theodore Bonnet's one-act comedy, 'The Sophisticated Father,' headed last night's bill at the St. Francis Little Theatre. As played by Helene Sullivan, Mr. Morrison and Mr. Yule, it proved one of the most clever of the season's productions.

"The Empty Lamp," by Forrest Halsey, was the second play, with Mr. Maitland, Miss Sullivan, Mr. Doud and Miss Hammond as the interpreters. The programme closed with Dorothy Earle's 'You're Such a Respectable Person, Miss Morrison.'"

"Billy" Rainey Featured

William S. Rainey of The Players Club, is the featured actor of the company billed in "Captain Kidd, Jr." in Bishop's Theatre in Oakland this week. This is Rainey's second professional appearance, yet he has been hailed as quite a star. Rainey's work has steadily increased in impressiveness, and the professional stage is calling with a voice which can hardly be ignored. William H. Crane, an honorary member of The Players Club, saw the last performance of "The Merry Death," Evreinov's fantastic harlequinade, in the little Clay street theatre, and declared forcefully that no professional actor could have bettered Rainey's acting of Pierrot. Crane also had words of high encomium for Dion Holm's masterly Harlequin and Arthur Keith's Doctor in the same delightful little play.

The Rappaport Recital

A song recital of unusual interest will be

given this Sunday afternoon at Scottish Rite Auditorium, when Albert Rappaport, a celebrated Russian tenor, will be heard by the general public of this city for the first time. He is a native of Kiev, where he studied under eminent masters, and in 1915 he made a trip through Central Russia, Siberia and Japan, giving concerts en route and arriving in this city in January, 1916. Shortly after he was invited to sing at the dedication of the new temple of Kenneseth Israel and his knowledge of the Jewish religion and his beautiful interpretation of Hebrew melodies induced the trustees to place him in charge of the congregation, a position he has since maintained. Cantor Rappaport's voice soon attracted the attention of prominent music lovers and he was heard by many local clubs. He was then called to the laboratories of the Victor Talking Machine Company at Camden, N. J., where he completed sixteen operatic and sacred records. While in the East he gave concerts in New York and Chicago and has at last been induced by his local friends to give a recital here. He has lately been studying under the distinguished composer and instructor Giacomo Minkowski. He will be assisted by Charles Miller, an eminent violinist, and Gyula Ormay, accompanist. Reserved seats may be obtained at Sherman, Clay and Co. and Kohler and Chase.

Persinger "Pop" Soloist

Louis Persinger, the popular concert-master and solo violinist of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, will be soloist at the ninth "pop" concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, to be given at the Cort Sunday afternoon, Alfred Hertz directing. Persinger's exquisite art will shine in Wieniawski's "Souvenir de Moscow," one of the famous Pole's best known virtuoso works written for the violin. It is a paraphrase on Russian folk songs, and embraces an elaboration of Warlamow's best liked melody "The Red Sarafan." The orchestral novelty of the programme will be two realistic Indian dances, "Deer Dance" and "War Dance," by Charles Sanford Skilton, a native of Northampton, Mass., and at present professor of music at the University of Kansas. The remaining numbers will be Liszt's First Rhapsodie, Tschaiikowsky's "Marche Slav" and Rimsky-Korsakow's fascinating Scheherazade suite in four movements, embracing "The Sea and Sinbad's Ship," "The Narrative of the Kalendar Prince," "The Young Prince and the Young Princess" and "Festival at Bagdad."

Tina Lerner, Next Soloist

Tina Lerner, a pianist who ranks with the greatest before the public, will be soloist at the eleventh pair of symphonies, scheduled for Friday afternoon, March 1, and Sunday afternoon, March 3, at the Cort, under the direction of Conductor Hertz. After her appearances with the San Francisco Symphony she will be heard in but one recital, the evening of March 6, at Scottish Rite Hall, the latter event being under the direction of Selby C. Oppenheimer. At the symphony concerts Miss Lerner will play two num-



CECIL LEAN AND CLEO MAYFIELD

Who appear next week at the Orpheum

bers with the orchestra, Liszt's Second Concerto in A major and Chopin's Andante and Polonaise, the latter a rarely heard composition.

Last Week of Maitland Season

With the performance of the evening of February 27 and the matinee of February 28, the tremendously successful first season of the St. Francis Little Theatre will come to a close. The season has lasted twenty weeks, the popularity of the enterprise has grown with every performance and the institution has come to mean much in the dramatic, social and literary life of San Francisco. Director Arthur Maitland has shown himself an actor of abilities and a masterhand at stage craftsmanship. His selection of little plays has been happy, with the result that every bill has been balanced. Settings and effects have been of the modern school, novelty of lighting and simple use of draperies, instead of the conventional painted scenery, being outstanding features of the productions. For the final offerings, Maitland has selected "En Dishabille," the frothy little farce, adapted from the French, which was such a gay hit when done by Holbrook Blinn and the Princess players; "The Sweet-Meat Game" and "Good-Bye." Subscriptions are coming for next season, which is scheduled to open early in October.

Third Week of "Cleopatra"

"Cleopatra," the Theda Bara picture, which represents William Fox in his most ambitious producing mood, will enter upon the third and final week of its successful Cort engagement with the performance of Sunday night, February 24. The judgment is that Theda Bara has "outvamped" herself in "Cleopatra" and that this feature picture, dealing with the loves and ambitions of Egypt's exotic queen, has proved the ideal medium for the display of Miss Bara's peculiar abilities. The actress makes a compelling figure in her many costumes which have been designed to disclose her physical charms.

Louis Bennison at Columbia

Next Monday night at the Columbia will mark the return of a San Francisco favorite, Louis Bennison, star in John Cort's New York success "Johnny Get Your Gun." It comes for a two weeks' engagement with matinees Wednesday and Saturday, fresh from its long runs in New York and Chicago, with the New York cast and production intact. Louis Bennison took New York by storm when he first appeared in the star role. Blasé Broadwayites were won completely by the charm of his personality and by the striking originality of his creation; he was acclaimed a star of brilliant promise and this prediction has been echoed by audiences in every city. In addition to Louis Bennison, the original long-run cast will include Lorraine Frost, Theodore Babcock, Echlin Gayer, Louise Mackintosh, Vera Finley, Edith Lyle, Clyde North, Roy Cochrane, Robert E. Romans, Aubrey Beattie, Frank Hollins and Jane Carlton.

Famous Danseuse at Orpheum

Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield, prominent musical comedy stars and vaudeville favorites, will appear in a delightful act which they style "Songs of the Moment," at the Orpheum next week. They are by Mr. Lean and are chiefly travesties. Harry Gilfoil whose Baron Sands is still fresh in the public memory, will appear in a new role entitled "The Gay Old Sport," a good-natured tippling raconteur. Santi, the famous danseuse, took New York

by storm. The grace and sinuosity of her arms impress the critics. They call them the most wonderful arms in the world. Her performance is charmingly aided by the singing of Miss Alta Krom. "The Propville Recruit" is a diverting farce to which Edward Esmonde and a clever company do ample justice. Esmonde's Civil War veteran is a character gem. Arline Levey and Larry Ackerlind will present a dainty offering of songs and dances. Miss Levey is a San Francisco girl who went East and established herself in popular favor. Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne will appear in Cressy's successful play "The Village Lawyer." Paul Morton and Naomi Glass and Al Shayne will be the other contributors.

"Show of Wonders" Coming

The "Show of Wonders" is the twentieth big spectacle produced by the New York Winter Garden, and nothing has been neglected to make

it live up to its rather extravagant title. It differs from its nineteen predecessors in that it has more of a plot than any other Winter Garden show and is more of an extravaganza of the old type made famous by David Henderson and Edward E. Rice than it is a revue. The "Show of Wonders" is coming to the Cort March 4.

Guilbert in Final Recital

Madame Yvette Guilbert will give her final recital at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Saturday afternoon. The subject of her entirely novel programme is "Spirit of France," in which she includes song successes dating from the twelfth century to the present day. She will be assisted by the violinist Emily Gresser, and Maurice Eisner at the piano. On next Tuesday afternoon, in the same hall, Madame Guilbert will deliver her famous lecture on the "Art of Interpreting Songs," in the course of



TINA LERNER

The Russian pianist who will be soloist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra March 1 and 3 at the Cort, and who will appear in a single recital March 6 at Scottish Rite Hall

which she will illustrate the various points of her art, giving as examples songs analyzed line by line, to demonstrate clearly and mechanically the fundamental principles of diction, expression and color in dramatic art. The lecture will be given in English. Tickets for both recital and lecture are on sale at the usual music stores.

Zimbalist's Final Concert

Efrem Zimbalist will play his final concert at the Columbia tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon.

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The Lalo "Symphonie Espagnole," so popular with violin students, will be given. It is conceded his masterpiece of interpretation. Bach's Prelude and Fugue played on the violin alone will be another show piece. Tschaikowsky's "Melancolique," Zimbalist's own "Russian Dances," the lovely "Orientale" of Cesar Cui, Hubay's dainty "Zephyr" and the mammoth Wieniawski "Carneval Russe" will also be given. Tickets at Sherman Clay and Kohler and Chase.

Tina Lerner's Only Concert

The favorite Russian pianiste Tina Lerner will give but one piano recital on her coming visit, at Scottish Rite Auditorium Wednesday night, March 6. She will have the Schumann Sonata in F sharp minor on her programme along with such fine works as the Mozart Pastorale Variee, one of the Beethoven minuets, Rubinstein's "Ruins of Athens," the Schumann-Taussig "Contrabandista," a Chopin group, works by Paul Juon, Liszt's "La Legerezza" and "Dance of the Gnomes," and the stupendous Mendelssohn-Liszt "Concert Paraphrase on the Midsummer Night's Dream." Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer who is handling Miss Lerner's recital is now accepting mail orders which should be addressed to him in care of Sherman Clay.

Theo Karle, American Tenor

Unless all signs fail, San Francisco is in for a musical sensation next week when Theo Karle, the famous American tenor, makes his first appearance here under Selby C. Oppenheimer's management. Karle will give two recitals at the Columbia, the first on Sunday

YVETTE GUILBERT

Last Recital This Season

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TODAY (SATURDAY) AT 2:30

Entirely New Program, "THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE"
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SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 3rd

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 8th

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TINA LERNER

Famous Russian Pianiste

ONE RECITAL ONLY

SCOTTISH RITE HALL

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 6

Program includes Mozart, Beethoven, Rubinstein, Chopin, Paul Juon, Rachmaninoff, Liszt, etc.

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CORT THEATRE

Sunday Afternoon, February 24, at 2:30 Sharp

PROGRAM:

Hungarian Rhapsodie No. 1.....Liszt
Two Indian Dances.....Sklilton
"Souvenir de Moscow".....Wieniawski
(LOUIS PERSINGER)

"Marche Slav".....Tchaikowsky
Suite, "Scheherazade".....Rimsky-Korsakow
PRICES: 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, except concert day; at Cort on concert day only.

NEXT—March 1 and 3, 11th Pair Symphonies
TINA LERNER, Soloist



CARL VAN WALTENBERG

Russian champion figure skater who will appear at the "Kostume Kandy Carnival" at the Winter Garden Tuesday night

afternoon, March 3, the second on Friday afternoon, March 8. Both programmes are brimful of song gems. At his first recital Karle will sing Haendel's recitative "Deeper and Deeper Still" and the aria "Waft Her, Angels, to the Skies." Operatic arias include Meyerbeer's "O Paradiso" from "L'Africaine," "Cielo e mar" from "La Gioconda" by Ponchielli and "Apri la tua finestra" by Mascagni. The wonderful "Crying of the Waters" by Campbell-Tipton will also be given. Tickets are now on sale at the usual ticket offices. Mail orders should be directed to Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer at Sherman Clay.

Frieda Hempel and Mozart

There have been few singers in the last generation who could interpret the music and style of Mozart. Many of that master's operas have been revived from time to time, the most notable performances of course being those at the Metropolitan. But until Frieda Hempel sang there in "Don Giovanni," the "Magic Flute" and "The Marriage of Figaro," it seemed as if opera lovers were never to hear Mozart in fullest and finest presentation. With Miss Hempel's performance and singing came a realization that at last an interpreter had been found. When Frieda Hempel comes here for two concerts at the Columbia on the Sunday afternoons of March 10 and 17, local concert audiences will have the opportunity to discover her perfect command of the older styles of music, for the works of Mozart and other famous old composers will have a prominent place on her programmes. This will be Miss Hempel's first visit to this city, but her reputation has long since preceded her. She appears under Selby C. Oppenheimer's management, and to him, in care of Sherman Clay, mail orders should be addressed at once.

Gala Night for Skaters

A monster "Kostume Kandy Karnival" will be held at the Winter Garden Tuesday evening next, patterned after Eastern performances of winter sports. Boxes of candy will be given to all in fancy costume. Among the special events will be snow-shoe running, obstacle race, tug-of-war contest, chair race and waltzing contest. George Brain of New York will give an exhibition of speed skating. Babe Young, America's youngest edge skater, will appear in the balloon number; also Bobbie La Rue, Helen Joyner, Gladys Becker, Madalene Miller, Genevieve Beal. As an added attraction Carl Van Waltenberg, the Russian champion figure skater, will also appear at the Karnival. He was an instructor at the Royal Club at St. Petersburg Ice Palace, and has instructed the princes of Europe. In England he skated at the Manchester Ice Palace and at the London Princess Club.

"Captain Kidd Jr." at Alcazar

"Captain Kidd Jr." is a Cohan and Harris play that will be produced at the Alcazar Sunday, with Charley Ruggles and Dorothy Webb and a big company of Alcazar favorites in the long cast. Buried treasure is the theme, but the hunt is along entirely new lines. The direction of the play will be in the hands of George E. Lask who was concerned in the original production in New York.

SCRIBNER BOOK NOTES

"Why Marry?", the comedy by Jesse Lynch Williams which is now running in New York at the Astor Theatre and which has been probably the best reviewed play which has appeared in New York for many months, was published by Scribners two years ago under the title "And So They Were Married."

John Galworthy, whose novel "Beyond" was one of the "biggest sellers" of the season, was included in the list of New Year honors bestowed on a number of Britons for war services of various kinds and in recognition of work in art and literature. The rank of knighthood was offered Mr. Galworthy but he declined the honor.

In the tenth, eleventh and twelfth conditions of his peace programme President Wilson definitely scotches the Pan-German dream of an empire stretching "from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf." How, for more than a quarter of a century, Germany has schemed and plotted to get control of this backbone of Europe; how she expects to hold it; and why we must not allow her, under any pretext or disguise, to do so is revealed in a remarkable book "The United States and Pan-Germania" by André Chera-dame, the author of that remarkable volume "The Pan-German Plot Unmasked."

Professor Philip Marshall Brown, author of "International Realities," is in Y. M. C. A. service with the British army in the East.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN J. KENNEY, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOHN J. KENNEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Frank J. Fallon at Merchants National Bank Building, N. E. corner New Montgomery and Market Streets, Room 615, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN J. KENNEY, deceased.

MARY A. KENNEY,
Administratrix of the estate of John J. Kenney, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 26, 1918.

FRANK J. FALLON,
Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 615 Merchants National Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

1-26-5



ALBERT RAPPAPORT

The Russian tenor who will sing at Scottish Rite Auditorium Sunday afternoon



THEO KARLE

The American tenor who appears in concert at the Columbia Sunday afternoon, March 3, and Friday afternoon, March 8

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Traders are taking a more optimistic view of conditions governing price changes in Wall Street, and as a result the market improved throughout the week with the final figures showing an advance throughout the list of from 5 to 15 points. There was really nothing new in the news to warrant the advance, and the change in sentiment can probably be accounted for by the action of the market itself. Bad news of all kinds seems to have run its course and the market technically is in a position to advance. Pool buying has made itself felt first in one class of stocks and then another, but in spite of the aggressive bidding of the pool managers it was almost impossible to stir up any enthusiasm in steel until late in the week, when they took their turn in the upward move. The steel stocks were held back by the severe winter weather throughout the East, and reports would indicate that the different steel companies were only working 45 per cent of their capacity. Other industries are suffering from freight traffic muddle and shortage of fuel. But like strikes, these are temporary conditions, and Wall Street has learned that it does not pay to sell stocks short on strike news. Bulls are buying stocks because they see no signs that the volume of business of the country will be seriously or permanently curtailed this year. Last year the value of manufacturing materials imported into the United States was double that of 1916, while the value of manufactures exported was more than double that of 1915, reaching the huge total of \$4,000,000,000, which was more than four times their value in 1914. It is well understood that industrial corporations will not earn as handsome profits during the current year as in 1917, because of impositions of enormous war taxes, but it is likely that they will continue to enjoy abnormal earnings nevertheless. The railroad stocks came to the front at the close of the week, and registered quite a general advance throughout the list. The action of the Union Pacific directors in declaring a regular quarterly dividend of \$2.50 per share instead of the usual \$2 per share, and a 50 cents extra, had a far-reaching effect amongst this class of securities. The general feeling too that Congress will do the right thing by the railroads has lent courage to investors, and there was a good class of buying in all the standard roads. The market acts very well, and if the advance continues, which it has every indication of doing, it will no doubt bring in a good class of buying by people who are really bullish at heart, but have been waiting to buy stocks a little below the present level. Peace rumors are to be heard every day but the Street generally

does not take them seriously, although where there is so much smoke there must be some fire, and when peace does come the market will probably have reflected it in an already higher level of prices. The situation as we see it is sound enough to warrant purchases on any decline, due to an overbought condition, and any decline will only be temporary.

Corn—This commodity does not seem to offer very much either way for the speculator. As we have repeatedly stated, with a limit of 128 and the price so near that mark, there is very little to be had on the long side, and with the cash price so much above the present market price for the futures, it does not look inviting to the short seller. The movement of prices covered about the average ground of recent days, some days showing a little strength and then lapsing into dullness, losing the slight advance. Offerings of cash corn have shown some increase, but the car situation is so serious that only a limited supply of corn is reaching the market, and that is usually sold before it arrives, so it does not enter into price making. The cash price, however, has shown some decline, but is yet out of proportion to the price of futures, and while receipts are expected to be quite liberal next week, it will take a big run of corn to fill up all the holes before receipts will actually become burdensome. Weather conditions are more favorable to an enlarged movement, and no doubt the farmer is doing all he can to get corn to the terminal markets before the roads get thawed out and become impassible. There is nothing to warrant more than a scalping market for the present, unless receipts increase to the extent of becoming a factor in the way of hedging sales, and this might bring about a decline from this level.

Cotton—There was not much activity in the cotton market the past week, and prices did not get very far either way from the previous week's final prices. The movement of prices covered about the average range from day to day, and while there was some firmness early in the week, the market later declined. No special interest was apparent in the market, and the offerings were not especially heavy. Generally speaking there has been no change. Weather conditions in the Southwest are still unfavorable from the standpoint of the new crop, though there was slight rainfall reported from Texas. The statistics continue to work in a bearish direction. This is natural and to be expected, as otherwise the entire supply would have disappeared before the end of the season. Should there be no interference by the Government with the price of cotton, and in the absence of any unfavorable European

developments, the probabilities are that present high prices will prevail, and there is a reasonable likelihood that further advance may be expected. However, the market is a very narrow affair and entirely in the hands of the local professional element, and the best that can be expected for the time being is a scalping market.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIA T. ASHWORTH, deceased.—No. 23905 N. S.; Dept. No. 9 Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JULIA T. ASHWORTH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 9th day of February, 1918) in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, Garret W. McEnerney, room 2002 Hobart Building, No. 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JULIA T. ASHWORTH, deceased.

MARGARET FORD,

Administratrix of the estate of Julia T. Ashworth, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 9th, 1918.

GARRET W. MCENERNEY,

Attorney for Administratrix,

2002 Hobart Bldg.,

582 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

2-9-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of HULDA LEON, Deceased. No. 23,917 N. S. Dept. No. 9, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Samuel R. Leon and Isaac Gellert, Executors of the last Will and Testament, and Codicil thereto, of HULDA LEON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of M. M. Getz, Esq., Rooms 402-3, Oscar Luning Building, 45 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of HULDA LEON, deceased.

SAMUEL R. LEON and

ISAAC GELLERT,

Executors of the last Will and Testament, and

Codicil thereto, of Hulda Leon, Deceased.

M. M. GETZ,

Dated San Francisco, February 16, 1918.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE J. REDMOND, also known as G. J. REDMOND, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, GRACE EBNER, Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of GEORGE J. REDMOND, also known as G. J. REDMOND, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix with the will annexed at the office of Messrs. Lent & Humphrey, Room Number 428 Mills Building, North East corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE J. REDMOND, also known as G. J. REDMOND, deceased.

GRACE EBNER,

Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of George J. Redmond, also known as G. J. Redmond, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 2nd, 1918.

LENT & HUMPHREY,

Attorneys for said Administratrix,

Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DANIEL SWANSON, also known as DANIEL SWANSEN, also known as DANEIL SWANSON, also known as DANIEL G. SVENSON, also known as DANIEL SWENSON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of said DANIEL SWANSON also known as Daniel Swansen, also known as Daneil Swanson, also known as Daniel G. Svenson, also known as Daniel Swenson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, Frank M. Hultman, Room 1212 Merchants Exchange Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of DANIEL SWANSON (aliases), deceased.

JOHN CARLSON,

Executor of the last will and testament of said Daniel Swanson (aliases), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 26, 1918.

FRANK M. HULTMAN,

Attorney for Executor,

1212 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,

San Francisco, Cal.

1-26-5

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL USING FICTITIOUS NAME

EDGAR JAMISON STEEL CO.—No. 3586.

The undersigned, Edgar E. Jamison, residing in the City of Berkeley, County of Alameda, State of California, hereby gives notice and certifies that he is individually transacting business under the fictitious name and style of EDGAR JAMISON STEEL CO. That the principal place of business of said Edgar Jamison Steel Co. is situated at numbers 77-79 Natoma Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that his name in full is Edgar E. Jamison; that he is the sole owner of said business and that there is no other person or persons having any interest whatsoever therein.

Dated, February 15th, 1918.

EDGAR E. JAMISON.

State of California,

City and County of San Francisco.—ss

On the 15th day of February, in the year One Thousand and Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen, before me A. K. DAGGETT, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Edgar E. Jamison, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal)

A. K. DAGGETT,

Notary Public in and for the City and County of

San Francisco.

20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Endorsed: Filed Feb. 16, 1918.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 87158; Dept. No. 10.

ADELINE ISABELLE O'HEARN, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCES O'HEARN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: FRANCES O'HEARN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22nd day of January, A. D. 1918.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DAHLIN & JACKSON,

Attorneys for Plaintiff,

Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-16-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARIE PERRON TARDIEU, Plaintiff, vs. GASTON AIME TARDIEU, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GASTON AIME TARDIEU, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of January, A. D. 1918.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. W. SANDERSON,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

420 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

1-19-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 87565.

CARRIE MARCUS, Plaintiff, vs. BERT ROLAND MARCUS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: BERT ROLAND MARCUS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of February, A. D. 1918.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALEXANDER McCULLOCH,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

Hibernia Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES J. RINGBERG; also known as CHAS. J. RINGBERG; also known as C. J. RINGBERG, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of CHARLES J. RINGBERG; also known as Chas. J. Ringberg; also known as C. J. Ringberg, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, Frank M. Hultman, Room 1212 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, California, which said last-mentioned office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said CHARLES J. RINGBERG (aliases), deceased.

GARDA SWANSON,

Executrix of the last will and testament of said Charles J. Ringberg (aliases), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 23rd, 1918.

FRANK M. HULTMAN,

Attorney for Executrix,

1212 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,

San Francisco, Cal.

2-23-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 22852; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of BARTOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as BARTHOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as B. CUNEO, deceased.

Caterina Cuneo, also known as Catherine Cuneo, the executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Bartholomeo Cuneo, also known as Bartolomeo Cuneo, also known as B. Cuneo, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of certain of the real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth:

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Hon. Thos. F. Graham, Judge of Department No. 10 of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court the 5th day of March, 1918, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10—Probate—of said Superior Court, in the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said executrix and petitioner, to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased, Bartholomeo Cuneo, also known as Bartolomeo Cuneo, also known as B. Cuneo, at either private or public sale, as prayed for in said petition, as shall be necessary for the best interests of the estate of said decedent. It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated: January 25th, A. D. 1918.

Endorsed: Filed Jan. 25, 1918.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WILLIAM PENN HUMPHREYS,

Attorney for Executrix,

58 Sutter St.,

San Francisco, Cal.

2-2-5

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ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXII. No. 1332

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, MARCH 2, 1918

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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Germany's Crimes in America, by John R. Rathom

"Adah Isaacs Menken" in the February Lantern

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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San Francisco-Oakland, March 2, 1918

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

"Whispering" the German

As in the days of the French Revolution it is once more easy to "whisper" a man to death or damnation. "To save the Revolution" was the pretext on which men pointed out those whom they hated, as Royalists, and the guillotine as a consequence was kept constantly in operation. That same mean and savage spirit that Camille Desmoullins quickened in his paper until he sickened at the thought of his own handiwork, just as he was himself condemned, is once more rampant. Once more patriotism is the pretext that serves. First we were told to beware of spies, which was good advice, but now we are urged to regard all Germans who ever to any extent sympathized with the Fatherland, with suspicion. And it is thus by turning down thumbs indiscriminately that we may do a great deal of injustice. We should remember that the rabid pro-German who has lived here for some years is not unknown to his neighbors; the Hun in him was recognized long before we got into the war; and as to the citizen of German birth who is not and never was in sympathy with the Kaiser, we know him, too. As a matter of fact the German with American ideals; the cosmopolitan German with the impulses and instincts of a Heine, and the German who despises the military caste—these Germans are everywhere and they are quite numerous. They are good Americans, and among them are fathers proud that their sons have gone to the front. Sure then, there should be some effort at honest discrimination; we should not be carried off our feet by hysterical individuals watching every movement a man of German descent makes to catch him sitting down when the Star Spangled Banner or the Marseillaise is played. These

tunes have become so common in war time that even plain preoccupied Americans of many generations have to be reminded of the custom of the hour. Yet we are all so busy, and after all patriotism is something more than a matter of show. These are "frame-up" days. Let us be careful lest we "fall" for a frame-up to gratify somebody's spite.

★ ★ ★

A Teacher's Conscience Fund

A bright idea was that of the school teacher who died the other day leaving a will in which he made bequests of divers sums of money to persons who had made bad investments on his advice. This is a new sort of conscience fund that should be earnestly recommended to scrupulous souls generally. It suggests opportunities especially to teachers. Teachers, as we know, give a great deal of advice on which important investments are made. They interest young folk in ideas that do not always "pan out," but they are very positive about the soundness of these ideas, nay, dogmatic. Even so great and good a man as Woodrow Wilson was no exception, for as a teacher he dogmatized with reference to political principles. This we know from his own candid confession. He was as cocksure about certain political principles at Princeton as he was later on about the Germans. His idea of Democracy in his Princeton days corresponded with those of that great philosopher, J. S. Mill, but Mr. Wilson's philosophy was amended later on, like his psychology of the Germans. Reminded of his views when he became a candidate for President, he explained that he had changed them because he perceived that when he preached against the initiative and referendum during a period of fourteen years at Princeton he was really teaching bosh. How fortunate that he lived to realize his mistake! He will not have to make any bequests to a conscience fund.

★ ★ ★

An Aid to Patriotism

This is not an inappropriate time to consider the Pension Bureau. From that bureau we learn that though not a soldier of the War of 1812 survives pensions are regularly paid to 109 widows of soldiers who served their country in that war; also, that although there are only 384 survivors of the Mexican War there are 3,442 widows of Mexican War veterans on the pension rolls. These facts suggest no

problem. And the phenomenon they imply is of interest only to students of sociology. It might be well to disseminate them as propaganda for the promotion of patriotism. Aside from the fact that every man likes to be assured of a means of helping a widow, how good it is to know that old veterans are assured of a means of acquiring a feminine attachment. It is an inducement for a man to join the army, usually in old age it is only the rich man who is able to get a young wife, but all army veterans become attractive to comparatively young women. Thus our country rewards our soldiers. The pensioned widows of Civil War veterans practically equal the number of survivors. Uncle Sam is very kind. The act of September 1916 almost doubled the pension given to certain classes of widows, including not only those who had been wives of Civil War soldiers during the conflict, but widows who had passed or should pass the age of seventy, even if married much later than the war. It also amended the law declaring widows of soldiers and sailors who had married prior to June 27, 1890, eligible to a pension, by changing the date to June 27, 1905. Under this law the total number of widows who had their pensions nearly doubled was over 155,000, and the number of widows added to the roll by the fifteen-year extension was 6,147. With the prospect of Woman Suffrage sweeping the country soldiers mayhap hereafter will die a happy death.

★ ★ ★

How About a World Famine?

Now we hear of the possibility of a world famine, and knowing all that has happened we think it far from incredible that we may be forced to experience the worst of all the terrors of war. This is a war of unpreparedness. Nowhere are the things we dread anticipated. Even Germany has not always given proof of foresight. She has been more lucky than scientific. In this country we have been purblind, and though we received several years of warning we are still trying to catch up. Now we are extenuating all our criminal neglect by pointing out that we had provided everything but time to get ready. But what about the famine? What preparation are we making for that? None at all. Above all things labor is what we need and labor is not to be had. Labor is busy on a strike, and we are kept busy trying to conciliate Labor. Chinese labor, the

very best for our purposes, is available, but we are afraid to introduce it to the American market; it might antagonize the American workingman. And so there is danger of the American workingman cutting his own throat with our kind permission. Such obviously being the case how important it is for us to save the world for democracy! This is what Russia is already doing somewhat miserably on an empty stomach.

* * *

For the Children of France

Some folks, in the characteristic San Francisco fashion, have been striving on account of their prejudices to make an issue of the proposition to raise money for the rebuilding of homes in France. *Town Talk* is not averse to confessing sympathy with certain prejudices. We have never tried to conceal them. We were uttering them from the housetops when all the rest of the town was quiescent, but we are in favor of whatever proposition may be made to assist the stricken nation that we so long neglected. It is sufficient to know that France is in greater distress than ever, that there is urgent need of shelter for her outraged children, and we cannot conceive of any rational excuse for again turning our backs on their pitiful appeals. This is no time to give vent to our own domestic spites. The great wrong was done when France was tottering and we were proudly keeping out of war for the protection of our hides. We are now heartily ashamed of the part we played. So now let us try to make amends. At least let us not question motives while the friend in need is at our door. How absurd to talk about helping Germany when the children of France are without the warm hearths whence they might go forth to till the soil and give courage to their soldiers. It is not helping Germany to give France the morale that counts in war. It is not helping Germany to provide means by which the Allies may plant and win sustenance from the shot-torn and ravaged earth. Our duty only is to give, and it is good to observe that President Humphrey and his committee are meeting with generous responses. This committee, by the way, will handle all the money and see that it is sent where it is most needed—not to rebuild stately public buildings but to furnish homes and the wherewithal to do the works of peace.

* * *

Our Schiller Music

Whatever may be thought of Director Frederick Schiller's Municipal Orchestra

there is not a bit of doubt of the efficiency of Mrs. Frederick Schiller as the unsalaried press agent of the orchestra. Here is an enthusiast who is doing something substantial to promote the cause of musical education among the masses and incidentally to keep alive her husband's business. Other press agents may get a few lines into the local columns of the dailies, but here is an industrious woman who is able to induce editors to put instructive articles right into the editorial columns in big type. This is what we should call press-agenting of the highest type. "Democratic Music" is the attractive title of the editorial. Herein it is pointed out that \$15,000 is to be appropriated to back Schiller's Municipal Orchestra which is "well known to a faithful following of San Franciscans who either cannot afford to pay more for their music than is charged at the Municipal Auditorium, or who like to be part of a larger and more representative audience than can be got together where the prices have to range from seventy-five cents to several dollars." Further we are told that the "Municipal Orchestra fills a place which no other has tried to fill," that it "taps a strata of music lovers for whom otherwise good orchestral music is not available," also that it is "one of the signs of the broadening of the arts and of the coming recognition of the importance of the arts in community education." Here is good plausible, if not cogent reasoning, and it winds up with a good boost for Director Schiller who, we are told, has drawn large "and increasingly appreciative" audiences and that "San Francisco likes him and his ideas." Good for Director Schiller and good for Mrs. Director Schiller who knows her business and ought to have her salary raised. Let us hope that these two leaders of light are familiar with the three B's and that they sprinkle their programmes with a little Russian music by way of contrast. It is to be inferred from what is said that whatever the masses know about music they have a certain test conclusive of the power of discrimination; either the music must be very cheap or at any rate the masses must have a suitable environment, that is to say, a large and appreciative audience of the dollar dinner type rather than one whose clothes may mean nothing more than affectation. In other words, though we may be fighting against Mr. Schiller's fatherland we are not fighting against Democracy in music. In short, according to the ideas of the leader, we are making

music for the people who discover a warm comfort in majorities. Here are the germs of new ideas as we may learn from the pages of history where we are shown that the greatest triumphs of thought and deed have been achieved by men who feared neither solitude nor martyrdom. Under the distinguished leadership of Schiller, it would seem, we are to indulge in the last act of hypocrisy and cowardice by trying to make the People supreme in affairs which it does not understand. But the Schillers are teaching the majority. May it not be well to give them the popular idea—a civil service education—and discover what they really know about the art and science in which they are instructing the dear people at fifteen thousand a year? If the Schillers and their band are tapping a new strata of music-lovers under the guidance of that great music lover, Mr. Emmet Hayden, it might be well to know how they are instructing, for it will be remembered that in these days of higher education some pupils are taught not to raise their hats to the flag. It may turn out after all that these musicians are iconoclasts of music, that they have no reverence for the three B's and that they actually dislike the great Wagner of the Fatherland. Of course it may be that if they have a certain repugnance it is purely temperamental and that we should take no notice of it. But there are people who think that graven images are bad for our souls, and who would have some sort of workable criterion for knowing a veritable graven image when we see one. There is a great deal of real and a great deal of sham in music and we are reliably informed that it is really less difficult to see a modern composer as he really is than to see a classic as he really is; the classic comes to us in such a cloud of transmitted adoration that none of us, do what we will, can turn the same critical searchlight upon him that is turned upon Strauss and Debussy. Who, for instance, would dare to pronounce the early Beethoven "Rondino" for wind a dull work? How many of us know of the composers whose inferior work sneaks in under cover of their better work? Is Bach ever blamed for his dullness? It is now as it was in the days of the Greek tragedians. How far did the Athenians like these poets, and how far was the applause lavished on them due to fashion or affectation? It is in matters like these we should be educated if we are going to get anywhere and broaden the arts at small prices.

Germany's Crimes in America

(A speech delivered at the Chicago Traffic Club by the editor of the Providence Journal wherein he told of the amazing exposures of Hun frightfulness in the United States made by his staff of reporters.)

By John R. Rathom

The story that I want to tell you tonight, as briefly as may be, is the story of the way fifteen loyal reporters, members of the staff of a provincial American newspaper, out-witted the best so-called brains of the entire German propaganda system in the United States.

For several years, even before I went to Providence from Chicago—because up to that time I spent ten very happy years of my life in this city—our people there were what is known as "bugs" on wireless. The first wireless telegraph constructed for newspaper purposes was constructed by the Providence Journal; and when I got there we had two fairly efficient stations. The subsequent developments about which I am going to tell you came as a result of our supervision of one of the most highly powered wireless stations in the world.

On the day that war was declared with Germany by the various European nations some good fortune or some good angel suggested to us that we listen in on Sayville and Tuckington. We began to listen in, and for a period of nearly five months with operators working in shifts of two men eight hours a day apiece, we accumulated fifty or sixty thousand sheets of wireless messages, without saying anything to anybody about what we were doing. We then presented a brief—we were not lawyers—but a common-sense brief to the Government of the United States.

One night at the White House, with the Secretary of the Navy and the President and several members of the Cabinet and members of the Neutrality Board, we made our disclosures, covering a period of four or five hours, and we proved exactly the character of organization that this Sayville station was. The Navy Department had been instructed by the Government, at the beginning of the war, to listen in on Sayville from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, but unfortunately that had not been done, and the only existing record that we knew anything about of what transpired during that first five months was our record.

When I was able to show to the President that in one week little Anna, the daughter of a very prominent New York banker—a German-American so-called—had died six times in eight days, and that on each occasion her body had been placed in a different named room in a house, and she had died of a different disease, and was to be buried next day in a different named cemetery beside a different named uncle—I asked him if he believed that little Anna did die six times in eight days, and he said he did not. And then we proceeded to give to the Government an immense mass of names, positively proving that several hundred very prominent Germans and German-Americans in this country had been acting for four or five months as treasonable correspondents of the German Foreign Office.

As a further result of our wireless revelations—and I may as well say that from that day to this, until the day that Sayville was closed up, we maintained our watch over that station—we were enabled to secure positions in a number of consulates throughout this country, and in the German Embassy itself, for our representatives. I will tell you tonight, for the first time, how that was accom-

plished. We have never printed it, and I have never said anything about it, but, as it is to be made public in a rather more endurable form in a few weeks, I think I might as well tell you now.

Three very prominent German-Americans of New York City, one of them a leading banker known all over the world, were so involved by our wireless messages that we were enabled to go to them and by pointing out to them the serious conditions which confronted them, secure from them the highest letters of recommendation for our men in these various embassies.

It is only due to these gentlemen to say that they loyally kept their word with us, and that, as far as I know, no harm has yet come to them for what they have done. Our man in the German Embassy was there fourteen months. We had a man in the Austrian Embassy for twelve months, and we had eleven other men in various Consuls' offices, both Austrian and German, throughout the country. You see, we had them coming and going, and we at once began, of course, to secure an immense mass of most important material.

A little while after we began our work, Dr. Heinrich Albert, the fiscal agent of the German Government, arrived in this country. Dr. Albert went to the Ritz Hotel in New York. When he got there, ascertaining that the Ambassador, Count Von Bernstorff, was in the Adirondacks, he wrote a letter which reached the embassy late on Saturday night. The letter was brought to us in New York by our representative in the German Embassy on Sunday morning; and, with the conventional frock coat and silk hat, one of our men in New York visited the Ritz with this letter. He asked to see Dr. Albert, stating he was from Washington on most important business. He saw Dr. Albert, showed him the letter and said: "Do you understand, sir, by seeing this where I am from? These are hazardous times, and I cannot take any chances. I do not know but you may be one of your secretaries. It is necessary, before I can continue this conversation, for you to prove to me that you are Dr. Albert."

Dr. Albert got down two or three of his secretaries, brought down a certificate of some kind of scholarship from the University of Bonne, and did prove, after sweating blood for fifteen minutes, that he was Dr. Albert—and in the process entirely forgot any suggestion in his own mind that the man confronting him might not be the man he said he was—and then and there, in his childlike way, he babbled of his mission here, and he spoke of four millions of dollars which he had brought with him, which he deposited the day before in the Guaranty Trust Company of America and the Chase National Bank, and spoke with the proper pride of thirty-six million dollars more to come, for propaganda work of every conceivable kind in the United States.

Other young men, our representatives in the embassy, went back to Washington on Sunday night; and on Monday morning when the mail clerks arrived they opened, or rather re-opened, Dr. Albert's letter. The Ambassador returned

on Tuesday morning from the Adirondacks, and he saw the letter, and he at once telephoned to Dr. Albert to come to Washington; and our man was there when the meeting took place. They embraced each other, and the first thing Dr. Albert said to the Ambassador, after these embraces had been exhausted, was to congratulate him upon the astuteness and shrewdness of the gentleman he had sent to see him on Sunday. The Ambassador declared that he had sent nobody, that the letter had not been opened until it was shown to him. Dr. Albert said he saw the letter on Sunday at the Ritz. The Ambassador repeated his declaration that it was impossible. And for all I know they may still be fighting it out.

A little later on we discovered that the "late" William Jennings Bryan had been indulging in a rather warm flirtation with the Austrian Ambassador, and our representative with Count Von Bernstorff one day brought to us a type-written memorandum which Ambassador Dumba had presented to Mr. Bryan and which Mr. Bryan had not only said was O K but had also in a friendly way invited the Ambassador not to worry or pay any attention to what the President might say for public consumption, because he did not really mean it. The Ambassador sent that document to Count Von Bernstorff, and our representative sent it to us, and we published it the next day.

From that day to this Mr. Bryan has never dared to deny the truth of one word of that statement. The day after, he started for the World's Fair in California and was bombarded at every station by newspaper reporters who wanted to know about it, and, as I say, he has never yet seen fit to make any denial. He did come a little while later to Providence and was paid \$1,000 for a two-hour speech in our largest hall, in which he spent the entire time in denouncing the Providence Journal; but, even in that speech, he did not venture to state that what we had printed was untrue.

Who paid the money for that address, or the money for the hall, or the money for the very large German band that officiated that night, we never were able to find out.

On August 4, 1915, our man in the embassy was ordered by Captain Boy-Ed, the German naval attache, to come to New York and select a suite of quiet rooms at some quiet hotel where Boy-Ed could meet Huerta. After he left, being a loyal Providence Journal reporter, he came to us to find out where he should get the rooms. So we hired a suite of five rooms at the Manhattan Hotel in New York. Captain Boy-Ed arrived the next day. We had tenderly cared for those rooms, with some instruments made in Germany, and in order

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to make quite sure that this meeting would take place, one of our own men drove the automobile which brought Huerta down from the Ansonia Hotel to that conference. Every word of that conference, which was translated from Spanish for Captain Boy-Ed's benefit, was handed over to the United States Government the next afternoon; and in that way the people of the country, I think, got their first idea as to the extent of the German propaganda as far as it related to our affairs with Mexico, our sister republic.

A little while later a young German army officer—and I am telling this story to illustrate what I will get to a little later on, the mentality of the official German, which we had to find out something about to accomplish what we did—was ordered by Captain Von Papen to go up to the Canadian border and blow up the Vanceboro bridge on the border. That was one of their childlike amusements at that time. Wemerhorn was a handsome young German army officer. He went down to West street in New York and bought himself a second-hand suit of clothes for about four dollars and got a pair of heavy hob-nailed shoes, let his beard grow for a week, cut off his military mustache, and, with a filthy little cap on his head, he boarded the Merchants' Limited train from New York to Boston. And when I asked him myself in Charlestown jail a little later how it was that he had done that, he said, "Sir, I am an officer and a gentleman and I don't travel any other way."

We found out, a very little while after we began our work, that there was something going on entirely outside of the embassy and the consulates, something tremendously harmful to the peace of the United States; that there was some great organization somewhere in America which was operating not entirely apart from, but directly with, the embassy men themselves. We soon discovered that this organization was the Hamburg-American Steamship Line, which was nothing but an outpost of the German Foreign Office—which every German bank and insurance and steamship company, and every other such organization in the United States, has been and always will be, in my opinion.

The Hamburg-American motto was "put none but Germans on guard," and they readily saw that that was carried out. It was very hard to try and figure some way when we saw it was necessary to get a man of ours to the Hamburg-American Steamship Company's offices, so we sent one of our reporters to Lima, O. From there he wrote a letter to the vice-president and general manager of the Hamburg-American Company, saying that he was a poor but honest lad of German parentage, that he had heard from his brother who was a telegraph operator in Providence, who heard from a telegraph operator in our own building, that we were contemplating an attempt to get a man into the Hamburg-American offices in the guise of a janitor; that he felt it his duty to the Fatherland to write. He did not know if it was true. He hoped that something might come out of it.

Two weeks later a young man presented himself at the offices asking for the job as janitor. He was taken into the private executive offices of the vice-president and there put through the third degree by the chief of their secret service, one Paul Koenig, now serving time in Atlanta penitentiary. Finally, after several minutes of hustling and very loud talk, he confessed in fear and trembling that he was a Journal reporter and was ignominiously

kicked out of the building; and that night the general manager of the Hamburg-American wrote a letter to the Ambassador telling of the wonderful victory over the Providence Journal. I have that letter framed in my office now.

Two weeks later the young man in Lima, O., wrote again, saying that, having heard nothing, he presumed that nothing had come of it and that he was sorry to have given them any trouble at all and hoped they would forgive him, but suggested that he wanted to come East to make his way, and could they let him have a few weeks' work while he was looking around New York. They telegraphed for him to come. He was there five months and got along so well and was received with such friendliness and open arms that after four months and a half of that time he was enabled to be in the office alone, picking up some of his back work, at eleven o'clock, and opened the door for several secret service operatives.

It was there and then that the entire plot to blow up the Welland Canal was discovered, the plot which a little later put Mr. Koenig in jail.

I said just now that all of these foreign commercial houses of German extraction or birth were outposts for the German Foreign Office. The Siemens-Halske Company of Germany as most of us know, is the great electrical company of Europe. They have their agencies in every great city in the world, all through North and South America, the Philippines and everywhere else.

One day we discovered, through one of the consulate general offices, the existence of a blue print map of the Philippine Islands, accompanied by a letter from the Siemens-Halske Company to their own agents in the city of Manila, the letter making this statement: "We send you herewith a blue print map of the Philippine Islands with the names and numbers for fifty-four locations for wireless installations marked. This map must be carefully guarded. It comes direct from the Foreign Office."

These people were instructed to bid so low on wireless construction, under our Government work, that nobody else could possibly get the bid, and, after securing the bid, to notify our Government or people that they could only do the work if their superior radio knowledge was consulted as to the location of the stations.

The order was given to this concern, Siemens-Halske Company, and through them to their agents, that these stations must be located as marked on this map, so that when Germany comes into possession of the Philippines they will be exactly where they are wanted. That is just a sample of the ambitions of our blubber-headed friends.

Our man in the Austrian Consul General's offices in San Francisco reported to us one day a freak of nature. He said that on two occasions, to his personal knowledge, the Austrian Consul General in that city had positively refused to obey the instructions of his Government, through Ambassador Dumba, who ordered him, first, to blow up the navy yard at Puget Sound, and, secondly, take charge of the organization of a squad of men who would place bombs on ships sailing to Vladivostok from San Francisco. We felt that a man of this type was worth looking up. It resulted in personal visits with the gentleman called Dr. Joseph Garachoc, who was the Austrian Consul General in San Francisco and who had been in the consul service in Rome, in Berlin itself and in many other cities of Europe. He

came on to Washington at our solicitation, and there, at our solicitation, resigned from the service and told his story over a period of several weeks through the columns of the Providence Journal and the New York Times; and that story was responsible for the elimination of fifty per cent of the Austrian propagandists in consul offices in the United States. He is today in New York and he holds an official position with the Standard Oil Company, and he is better off and feels better than he ever did before in his life.

We also discovered in San Francisco that, after Dr. Garachoc had declined to undertake any of this work, one Dr. Franz Bopp, the German Consul General in San Francisco, had very willingly taken it on. Dr. Bopp went further than his instructions. Not only did he attempt to blow up the navy yard but he sent several tons of dynamite to Canada to blow up Canadian Pacific Railroad tunnels and also to establish an armed force which was to go across the line at some subsequent date, a force of some eight or ten thousand reservists, and capture Victoria, Vancouver and other cities in British Columbia, when the word was given.

We made that statement, and the next day Ambassador Bernstorff sprang to the rescue, saying that Consul General Bopp was one of the most honorable men in the German diplomatic service and that the Providence Journal was a creature of Great Britain, bought with British gold.

Consul General Bopp is now serving two years' imprisonment and has been made to pay a fine of \$10,000, having been found guilty of every charge we brought against him at that time.

On December 21, Captain Von Papen, whose work we had exposed numberless times—I will not weary you with the thousand and one exposures we made—was ordered to leave this country with his companion in arms, Captain Boy-Ed.

During the first year of our work nobody believed a word we were talking about. Our own men, knowing exactly where this stuff was coming from, were very greatly disheartened. If I deserved any credit at all personally, it was because I did try to keep the spirits of my men up to where they ought to have been, and I told them that in the long run decency and truth must prevail. During the first year we were in nothing less than what might be termed hell. In our own city, our paper, published there for three generations at least, and one of the oldest and best known newspapers in the United States, was not believed in its own community. Things went rather hard with us. Our real vindication came not with the closing up of Sayville but with the statements made by several of the gentlemen who evidently knew what had caused them to go from this country.

One the day that Mr. Von Papen left he gave to the Associated Press a most dramatic declaration about what he thought of the Providence Journal. And when Captain Boy-Ed left a week later he came out with an even stronger declaration, to the extent of a column, which

(Continued on Page 17)

FOR MEN

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How the First Flight Feels

(This is a letter written by Flying Cadet William V. Morgan of Rockwell Field, San Diego, to Attorney Harold Faulkner of this city. Before entering the army Morgan was president of the student body and editor of "Agricola," the college paper at the University Farm, Davis.)

Dear Harold: I have waited a long time before writing I know, but you will understand that it was impossible for me to write and tell you how I enjoyed the swimming at Coronado Beach, or how I liked Dickens' "Great Expectations" or "Nicholas Nickleby." You see, I wanted to tell you flying or nothing at all.

It is my third day of flying, and I am beginning to have the confidence of a regular bird-man. We spend about an hour flying each morning and the work consists of rising from the field, circling the course at an altitude of 200 or 300 feet and landing again at the starting point.

I can take the machine off the ground pretty well and hold it on its course in spite of bumps and gusts, but, as with all beginners, I am having a devilish time landing. The landing operation is beautiful, and I like it, but find it hard to judge how far I am above the ground; so that I sometimes bounce a bit when I hit it a little before I should. We are headed away from the field and over San Diego Bay when the instructor turns the power off. Then I nose the machine down towards the water in a good gliding angle, and tilt it so that its left wing is rather low, causing the ship to turn gracefully toward the field while it is shooting down steeply and fast. The idea is to hold that steep angle until within six feet of the ground and then level the machine off and glide over the ground until the ship settles. If you fail to "level off" soon enough you hit rather hard and bounce some, and may even go over on your nose (meaning the machine's nose). On the other hand, if you level off too soon you lose your speed and "stall" so that you drop flatly to the ground and usually break the landing gear and get jarred, if you get into a bad one. When you figure that you may be making your landing at the rate of 45 miles an hour you will realize that a lot of good judgment is required and it takes a lot of practice to get good. Of course, the instructor is flying with me so that I never go far wrong before he corrects me.

Students are always given a "joy ride" on their first ride. It usually consists of going up about a thousand feet and seeing the country, and maybe cutting a few "figure eights" and coming down. The instructors are not supposed to do any stunts with beginners. However I picked a bear of a fellow who believes in giving you the thrills when you can most appreciate them; and so he goes up about 4000 or 5000 feet and gets in front of the sun where he cannot be seen from the observation tower and then cuts a few capers. The mechanics who have watched him for a long time say that he was never in better form than on the day I went up with him.

We left the ground and climbed up a way and then he gave me the controls and I guided the machine in accordance with the movements of his hands and head. It was an awful strange sensation at first—and still is. It seems as though the ship is standing still and the earth is moving slowly beneath and at times swinging and tipping oddly as the machine is acted upon by gusts and eddies.

The machine is controlled remarkably easily. The tiniest movement of the controls affects your direction and at first I made each move quickly, too much so, and soon had the ship acting like a small boat on a choppy sea. The instructor began to shake his head (he sits in the front seat) and soon he was shaking the controls which meant for me to let go.

I gave up the controls quite readily and spent the rest of the time gazing at the wonderful world below me; though I had to hold lightly on the wheel to see how he guided the craft.

We kept climbing higher and higher until the country below looked like a beautiful plaster relief map with the mountain ranges standing out with pretty valleys between. San Diego was below us and looked like a checker board broken by parks and public places, and having funny little wharves extending out into a most beautifully blue bay upon which were funny little steamers each having a big V shaped wake behind it which was far bigger and more prominent than the little ship which made it.

We could see away down into Mexico and up far beyond Camp Kearny, and the ocean looked terribly big. At times we were quite far out over the ocean and when I hung my head over the side I could see the bottom in the shallower places, and discovered how they locate submarines from airplanes.

When we were up at about 5000 feet he turned off the engine and didn't turn it on again during the flight. He turned around and said, "How do you like it?"

Of course I liked it fine and said so, but asked him how he was ever going to hit that little island again. North Island is by no means small; but from up there it looked almost insignificant when compared with the great expanse of water all around it, and I wondered how we could help missing it and landing in the ocean.

You can't imagine what a wonderful sensation it was to soar around up there like a giant hawk and with the roar of the engine stilled and no noise but the whistling wind through the wires.

Suddenly, without any warning, he made the machine go down and up, then down and up again. When we were going down we were on a perpendicular nose dive; and coming up we were nearly perpendicularly up.

When he had righted the ship he turned again evidently thinking that I was scared, and said: "Well, how did you like that?"

I really wasn't a bit frightened. It is remarkable how much confidence I had in the machine and in his ability. I had enjoyed it and couldn't help laughing aloud when we would come up and then start down steeply and I would feel myself leaving the seat, and held on by the life belt. It was for all the world like a scenic railroad; the only difference being that instead of everything else standing still while you moved, everything seemed to move while you stayed still and enjoyed strange sensations. So instead of answering sensibly, I said: "That's great. Do it again."

He did. The next thing I knew I had lost all sense of direction and didn't know where

I was until I found myself in a corkscrew spiral. The fellows told me afterwards that he went straight up until the momentum failed to carry the machine any further, and then slid back tail first in a "tail spin," the most dangerous stunt in aviation. He swooped back and then nosed over into a straight dive winding up into a long, steep spiral which carried us down almost to the waters of the bay.

The spiral was a funny one. We were banked over on our sides so that the wings of the ship pointed up and down while the nose was pointed down to the earth. It didn't take long to come down, I'll tell you. It was a strange sensation and rather sickening to look down along the left wing and see the bay straight below and coming up awfully fast. The belt was tight around my waist and I knew that if it ever broke I would be making a little private flight of my own. I was not afraid though and enjoyed it immensely. I still held tightly to my wheel and tried to figure how he made it fly that way. He was jerking back and forth on the controls in a way that I couldn't understand.

In the meantime the island grew incredibly large and we landed gently and with absolute ease in a very small portion of it.

Aside from flying we spend two hours every afternoon in the engine laboratory and a couple of hours studying types of machine guns and getting range practice. Yesterday we were trap shooting with shot guns at clay pigeons. That was a lot of fun and we will get it quite often. At night we have a wireless class for an hour. There is no studying, everything is easy, and life is beautiful.

As ever,

William V. Morgan.



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Perspective Impressions

Sir Henry Wilson, Great Britain's latest military idol, is an Irishman—as usual.

Woolwine—another white hope from Los Angeles.

Is Supervisor Lahaney the only one violating the charter by doing business with the city?

Why only four tracks on Market street? The sidewalks would accommodate one apiece.

One reason why it is so easy for jingoes to say harsh things about Japan is that there is little cant in Japanese diplomatic utterances.

George Creel says Germany owns "powerful papers in Mexico, Spain, Russia and Sweden." How about the United States?

Kipling says: "All the powers in the world that have not been bribed or bullied to keep out of it, have been forced to join in one international department to make an end of German international thuggery." It is incorrect to say that Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Spain, Holland and Switzerland have all been bribed or bullied, but Rudyard has never been noted for exactitude of statement.

Another draft. Bet Germany feels it.

Lahaney has a good defense: A hog must eat.

Caruso has paid an income tax of \$59,000. And yet some people say scornfully, "Vox et praeterea nihil."

Remember when we used to say that the Russians would win this war for the Allies?

Let us be cautious about banking too much on the League of Nations as a post-war panacea.

The swine get the city garbage, the city gets wooden legs, and Lahaney goes pegging along.

When silly little school girls refuse to salute the flag the best punishment is to deny them the publicity their silly little movie minds crave.

Mr. Mecum told the divorce judge the other day that he was the victim of a forced marriage. No doubt the woman said, "Vade Mecum," and he went.

This time Jericho fell first and the sounding of trumpets came afterwards.

Now a lot of people will think "The Walls of Jericho" is a war book.

Those who will suffer most from four tracks won't complain: they'll be dead.

With four tracks on our main thoroughfare, will the fire apparatus be able to use the street?

Has the Chamber of Commerce ever gone on record concerning the ruin of Market street?

Have any of our tax-eaters resigned to fight for their country?

Does anybody but the candidates think that the next Governor of California will settle the war?

Ever notice that office-seekers have most decided ideas about matters which nobody disputes?

Can't we do something more for the poor downtrodden workingman who suffers abuse whenever he feels like going on a strike?

The Spectator

Our Busy Politicians

What a lot of guessing we have been doing about the next election in California! To our politicians here, as perhaps also in Washington, the next election is a matter of much greater importance than the war. Is Rolph going to run for Governor? What about Heney? Is Johnson determined to dump Stephens? etc., etc. The situation is certainly much tangled. Let me try to straighten it out even if in the process I shall have to recant, even repudiate some of my own conjectures that were based on half knowledge. The truth is that our politicians make us vertiginous trying to follow them. They change their minds because they can't trust one another. Here for example is the great pajandarum, the former Governor. We infer everything concerning his future attitude from what is dropped by his lieutenants, and we cannot rely on them because they cannot depend on their chief. All we know of Hi Johnson is that the Presidential bug is like quicksilver. Johnson really believes he is a Presidential possibility. He gets assurances from high places, and all he wants from home is the assurance that he will get the delegation from his own State to the national convention. Now the question is "Will Stephens be able to deliver the goods?" According to well-founded rumor the Johnson family has pronounced Stephens "another Taft;" but nevertheless he will be backed by the machine provided he shows sprinting speed. In this connection Heney has to be considered and also Rolph. Now as to Rolph.

Objections to Rolph

Now Rolph is known to be a shiftless cuss. There are objections to Rolph that not even

Eustace Cullinan can overcome. Indeed Eustace "fell down" on his trip to Washington. This I know as well as I know there is such a place as Washington, D. C. Eustace went to conquer, but returned grievously disappointed. The objection to Rolph among Johnson's friends in the East is that he is known to have the backing of President Wilson's close friend Gavin McNab. Rolph will not do aside from the circumstance that he is known to be generally regarded in the interior of the State as Bolsheviki. The well-posted politicians say that he must rely for support wholly on the bay counties and Humboldt where he has his ship building plant. His friends are saying that the Union Iron Works will support him, but on the other hand it is said that when it comes down to brass tacks the really big fellows behind the Union Iron Works will say that enough has been done for him by his friend McGregor and that he must not be permitted to mix up great issues; let him stick to Eureka and give social parties to the natives. So Rolph has fences to mend, but he might get by as a candidate for the United States Senate. He will be advised to run for the Senate where he will be able to show his gratitude to the Union Iron Works. But if not Rolph where shall we find a candidate satisfactory to all? I'll tell you what the big 'uns are saying.

Hayes Is Coming

Persistency may yet be rewarded. Wouldn't it surprise you to see J. O. Hayes pushed to the front? Well, the man from San Jose is looming large on the horizon. He has good connections in Washington. He has a brother there in Congress, and that brother is one of

the faithful, who has been true to the G. O. P. Besides J. O. Hayes is a likable personality who has maintained his poise through thick and thin. At present the story is in circulation that the Hayes brothers have money to burn and that wise men in money-spending are making his fight, but this is more or less of a knock that Rolph's friends are suspected of circulating. Hayes has money which he made without the assistance of our money Captains of Industry. He has enough to appeal to the Republican party, the leaders of which in this State know that it costs something in our New Democracy to make the big fight. But he has not money to throw to the birds or to give tea parties in Eureka, and his fight will not be backed heavily outside the ranks of the Republican organization. He is the proprietor of the most important daily journals in the Santa Clara Valley and they will stand him in good stead in a political fight. Keep your eye on J. O. Hayes, for he is certainly threatening to arrive. This is a year of straight-out Republicanism and men who have been feeding at the trough in the bay cities and in the State capital are not in high favor among people who think. In this connection it should be remembered that even Heney of Los Angeles though he ran well against Phelan probably shooting his bolt is not generally regarded as a Los Angeles man.

Lennon for the Bench

In the political situation is included the judicial prospect which presents the fine figure of Justice Thomas Lennon of the Court of Appeal. The bar regards it as especially fortunate now, Justice Henshaw having resigned and sickness having further reduced the ef-

iciency of our highest tribunal, that a man of the type of Justice Lennon should be available. Justice Lennon is one of the few remaining jurists in California who have had the desirable experience and who are recognized by the profession as in every sense qualified for promotion. He is a jurist of the old school, a man who knows the law and who is capable of expounding it for the edification of lawyers. He is above all things a lawyer, and now that the Progressive obsession is relaxing, we are beginning to realize that we are more in need of lawyers on the bench than of academic driftwood of the honey-combed character that floated in from the colleges and the rostra in the days when upstart reformers were preaching the importance of tearing the Constitution to tatters and undermining the characters of its builders.

Dr. Taylor Sonnetizes

Raphael Weill became perceptibly lukewarm toward Bohemia when the club he loved and for which he had done so much refused him the only favor he ever asked of it—the election to membership of his nephew Michel Weill. Nevertheless, the club still celebrates his birthday. Weill is in Paris this year, so the celebration took place with the motif an absentee. It was like "Hamlet" with the Dane left out. But it was an interesting celebration just the same, and did credit to the warm hearts of the men who arranged it. Raphael Weill is cherished even in absence. That is testimony to his good qualities. There were eloquent tributes to the Grand Old Man of Bohemia from Justice Melvin, Judge Morrow and Charles S. Wheeler. Clay Greene sent verses of tribute, and Dr. Taylor, the former Mayor, who is loved for his good heart and his bad verses, read a sonnet. Here is the sonnet:

OUR RAPHAEL

Our Raphael still prolongs his lengthening stay
Where war-torn France yet bares her dauntless breast,
And where her glory-crowned, upsoaring crest
Bespeaks the vision of a newer day.
With him we stand upon the rocky way
In sighing heart-throbs of accursed unrest,
Yet overhead, with hope's own seal imprest,
We see great Peace's constellated ray.

Beloved friend, at this, thy natal, time,
When memory's bells ring out in sweetest chime,
Our love winds round thee closer than before.
Beloved patriot of countries two,
Thou surely nourishest divinest store
To give the world a citizen so true.

"Having Doctor Taylor read his own sonnet," said an envious Casca of the Bohemian Club, "reminded me of Pooh Bah in 'The Mikado.' They made the punishment fit the crime."

Some More Insurance Talk

"Well," said Tiv Kreling, slapping the clock-

winder on the back, "I see you've got an insurance investigation before the Judiciary Committee of the Board of Supervisors. What good is that going to do?"

"I don't know. But it's a starter."

"If I were you," said Tiv, "I'd drop it. What good is it going to do you, interfering with the nice, clean affairs of Rolla V. Watt and his associates? Don't you know that Rolla is a pious Christian gentleman?"

"I never suspected it."

"Well, he is. Don't be an Epeeandee Troy for the dear people unless you see Troy. The dear peep will throw you down. They don't deserve anything."

With flushed face the clockwinder said he thought it was time to turn in an alarm and he was interested only as an honest citizen.

"Take a look at this," said Kreling, "and see how much good it does to put the dear people wise. I've been studying some after listening to you." Kreling exhibited a copy of the Monthly Bulletin of the National Association of Credit Men containing a report made on the Insurance Companies in Connection with the San Francisco Disaster. He pointed out a paragraph about the Commercial Union Assurance Company which settled claims on the basis of 50 per cent to 75 per cent though reported to be able to pay in full and was sued on many policies. "The stand taken by the company," says the Credit Men, "was considered unjust and was severely criticised."

"Well?" queried the clockwinder after looking the pamphlet over.

"Well, look at this." Kreling pointed out the report of the company in 1916, ten years after the earthquake, showing that despite its conduct it collected from the dear people of California \$275,879.

"That was pretty low," said the clockwinder.

"Yes," said Kreling, "but that wasn't enough. The main squeeze purchased another company that paid and of which he is now the head while being at the same time at the head of the Commercial Union. This company, it appears, collected in California \$311,168 and its total net premiums all over the country amounted to \$629,863."

"What are you driving at?" demanded the clockwinder.

"Only this," was the reply. "The dear people you want to help are very easy marks. You'd suppose that after what happened in California they'd fight shy of the Commercial Union, but as a matter of fact that company collected in premiums all over the country \$9,396,446. So what's the use?"

Bright Men and Dubs

A look of disgust spread over the clockwinder's face. "Nevertheless here's a bum starter at our City Hall, and it's a man's

duty to help the blind, and anyway I see there were some deserving companies in San Francisco, my friend Watts' for instance, and as to the others the Credit Men did some good in exposing them. Of course the bad men would not be allowed on the Board of Underwriters."

"But some are," said Kreling. "I've looked into that too."

"Then," said the clockwinder, "I'm for the investigation, even if its Dan. O'Connell's. Maybe Jim Power will take hold. Mayor Rolph started an investigation once, but dropped it. I think Power will stick to it especially as Rolph didn't think Jim good enough to be invited on the Eureka trip."

"Now," Kreling whispered, "don't mix up in official affairs. Keep out."

"Well," said the clockwinder, "it might be interesting to study the political organization of insurance men and its purposes. It may be interesting to learn what Rolla V. Watt is doing when he isn't helping Paul Smith and giving tone to meetings of good Christians. Have you heard about the auxiliary stockholders corporation and what it may mean to Rolla and his associates?"

"No, I don't know anything about it," said Kreling.

"You will," said the clockwinder. "Mr. Watt is really a bright man."

"Oh," said Kreling, "there are a few clever wits in the insurance business, very few perhaps, but these few are able to arrange matters generally so as to bring home the bacon for the dubs. Some of the general agents in the fire insurance business, men who are posing around town as big brainy fellows are merely big over-grown and over-paid office boys. They have been advanced simply because they have outlived all their fellow employees. It's the dubs in the business who are jeopardizing the enormous profits to which even a Daniel O'Connell has got wise."

"How?" asked the clockwinder.

"By organizing the Defense League," said



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Kreling. "The home offices ought to get wise and ditch these wooden Indians—ditch all of them. A general clean-up of this sort would insure a continuance of easy sailing here for the companies. Well, I'll have to go. The Supervisors meet today and I've got to look out for Oscar Hocks. You see, he was on the Rolph trip and he has his sea legs on."

"Say, Tiv," said the clockwinder, "I don't agree with you about ditching dubs. We need them to lower the general average for the benefit of the people."

Why Not England, Doc?

Ole Doc Jordan is having lots of fun with his new fetich-phrase "the dynastic state." According to David Starr who knows everything and then some, "the dynastic state is the tap root of war." Ergo, says this great ichthyologist, *Germania delenda est*. In defining the dynastic state the Chancellor Emeritus et Egregius makes it plain as a pikestaff that he means only the Huns. Then he proceeds to damn them with sesquipedalian words and dressed-up platitudes. But if the dynastic state is so bad, how does it come that England is fighting for democracy, as she undoubtedly is? England has a dynasty too. Ole Doc Jordan doesn't answer this question. He never answers questions that embarrass the flow of his cocksure verbosity. And I don't ask it to have it answered. I ask it in much the same spirit as the cockney at the political meeting asked, "What did Gladstone say in 'eighty-four?" When Jordan speaks I want to get out of the hall.

"The Thunders of Silence"

Many of my readers must have read this story by Irvin Cobb in the Saturday Evening Post. No doubt it made a deep impression on them, as it did on me. It is a strong story, strongly imagined and strongly written. It is an opportune story. Every reader knows that while Cobb is writing about Congressman Mallard he is thinking about Senator La Follette. The course of Mallard's gradual estrangement from his country is La Follette's. La Follette has been sent to a Coventry resembling that to which Mallard was condemned. Only when Cobb peeps into the future to give his story an end does the close resemblance between his villain and La Follette cease. But even in that tragic denouement Cobb is true to the purpose of his story. The reader is taught by this story's course to hate Congressman Mallard; and when he dies the reader who has accepted Cobb's teaching naturally rejoices. If you hate a man, why should you not rejoice in his mortal punishment?

"The Man Without a Country"

When I laid down "The Thunders of Silence" my mind went straight to "The Man Without a Country." Cobb's story reminds you of Edward Everett Hale's. The two stories were written in similar circumstances. If La Follette inspired one, Vallandigham inspired the other. In an article entitled "The Story of a Story" Hale described how he came to write his masterpiece, saying in part: "At that time (1863) a western politician of some notoriety (Clement L. Vallandigham) had said that he did not wish to belong to the United States. General Burnside, who was in command of the district where he lived, arrested him and sent him over the border. . . . I had determined to show that it is a very bad thing to have no country." The nephew of Edward

Everett and grand-nephew of Nathan Hale did indeed show that it is a very bad thing to have no country. He showed it so forcibly and tenderly, so beautifully and dreadfully that his story did much to strengthen the Union. Also, it assured Hale of literary immortality. It would be impertinent to say that if Hale had not woven a story around Vallandigham, Cobb would not have written one about La Follette. And yet "The Thunders of Silence" is a literary relative of "The Man Without a Country." But in one particular the stories differ so much that it seems well worth while contrasting them.

The Two Plots

My readers are familiar with the plot of Hale's great story. It concerns Philip Nolan, a lieutenant of the United States army, who was tangled in Aaron Burr's treason. At his court martial he exclaimed "Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the



THEO KARLE

American tenor who will sing at Columbia Sunday and Friday afternoons

United States again!" He was sentenced to have his wish fulfilled. Philip Nolan spent the rest of his life at sea on American vessels of war. Nobody was permitted to mention the United States to him. All references to the United States were cut from the books and newspapers he was allowed to read. For fifty years—until his death—his body was expatriated. But not his soul. Through punishment he learned to love his country. It was always in his thoughts and prayers. Philip Nolan died a saint of patriotism. In Cobb's story "The Thunders of Silence" Congressman Mallard is a clever politician who has just missed the presidency. He is the "victim of a strangulated ambition, of an egotistic hernia, hopelessly ruptured in his vanity." So instead of trying to aid his country in this Great War he becomes an obstructionist and worse—he is the mouthpiece of traitors, pacifists, pro-Germans, all the forces of disloyalty. Notoriety was the breath of his nostrils. The newspapers of the entire country punished him by suppressing every reference to him. They went further. They asked all Americans to stop speaking his name, and the public obeyed. Congressman Mallard was swallowed by silence. He disappeared. Even when he assaulted a railroad janitor at St. Louis and demanded arrest he was denied this means of breaking into print. Finally, to escape "the thunders of silence" which had become real to his racked brain he drowned himself in the Missouri River.

Fiction in 1863 and 1918

Have we not here the material for an essay on the change which has come over American fiction in half a century? Edward Everett Hale taught love of country; Irvin Cobb teaches hatred of those who do not love their country. Hale's story is merciful; Cobb's story is cruel. Where Hale is tender, Cobb is savage. Hale showed how a man was purified by suffering and repentance; Cobb permits his man no turning back, condemns him to death, the pitiless death of suicide. Hale makes his readers cry; Cobb encourages them to be bitter. Conscience overtakes and reclaims Philip Nolan; it might be the Furies of the Greek drama that hound Congressman Mallard to the river. To sum up in a word: Hale's story is Christian; Cobb's is pagan.

The Pinkertons Again

"Bill" Pinkerton, the cleverest of the secret service agents in the war, has not been out here for some time. The reason is, as I learned the other day, he has been spending some time with his nephew Allan Pinkerton who was appointed a major of infantry the other day and assigned to the staff of General Mann at Governors Island. Here is an example of the self-abnegating response to the necessities of the Government of which there have been so many in this war. Allan Pinkerton has been in charge of the Eastern division of the great agency ever since the death of his father Robert Pinkerton. In this country the name of Pinkerton is a synonym of service and patriotism. Allan Pinkerton, who founded the enterprise, organized the secret service of the Government at the request of President Lincoln, whose personal friend he had been for years and, subsequently, throughout most of the war acted as the President's

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chief bodyguard. His sons, William A. Pinkerton and Robert, elaborated and extended the organization until for far-reaching influence the Standard Oil Company is the only world establishment which has a wider-flung system of outposts than the Pinkertons. Major Pinkerton, in entering the military service, will be invaluable in his familiarity, not only with military affairs, but with the countries and conditions affected by the war. He and his uncle, William A., whose home office is in Chicago, have had charge of the secret service interests of the Allies since the beginning of hostilities in Europe. Besides his exact information on almost any point of importance, in connection with the war, Major Pinkerton, who, for eight or ten years has had direct charge of the Eastern offices and jointly with his uncle of the European, has developed into a great executive. He was a man of wide intelligence when, by the death of his father, he was obliged to take up the management. Since then he has become a finished executive—one of the ablest in the country. The grade to which he has been appointed under military rules is not one in which he can exercise his talents and abilities to the best advantage, but it will do as a beginning. Upon William A. Pinkerton will devolve the management of the entire Pinkerton establishment but fortunately the sub-managers are trained and seasoned executives who have grown up in the Pinkerton service, and there has been no diminution in the passage of years of energy and marvelous managerial ability of the agency's head.

Davie the Omnipresent

If Mayor John L. Davie of Oakland could cover the State of California as he covers Oakland he could win the nomination for lieutenant-governor hands down. Oakland's car-nationed Mayor is becoming the ubiquitous personality of the city across the bay. Within a week Davie attended a Theosophist meeting, a bird lecture, the Salvation Army, a Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, an athletic meeting and a swimming race. In addition he showed himself at the Lake Merritt regatta, was on hand at two street car accidents and was seen in the offing when a crowd collected about two fighting dogs at Fourteenth and Clay. Were it not too evident an impossibility one might almost believe that there is more than one John L. Davie in the world.

Fixing Petersen

Oakland's little habit of making things uncomfortable for Walter J. Petersen, one time chief of police, was too strong to be downed when Petersen doffed the blue of the force for the khaki of the national army. For while "Pete" is away at training camp whipping Battery B into shape to fight the Boche, the Oakland commissioners have been fixing things in the department to make somewhat problematical his return. Petersen was never a real chief. His job was kept that of acting chief while officially he remained a captain. Now the vacant captaincy has been filled and J. Henry Nedderman is chief in name and title. If Petersen comes back expecting a place on the force, it is pointed out, there will be no place there. In the meanwhile he is too busy

being a soldier to worry about it, but his friends are making all manner of sarcastic remarks.

War Song Arithmetic

"Do you ever read war songs?" Jim Duffy asked me the other day.

I told the genial general agent of the Santa Fe that I thought it was bad enough to have to listen to some of them.

"Well," he answered, "here's one that interests me," and he showed me a war song published in The Chronicle entitled "Go Lad, and May God Bless You."

"The sentiment is all right," he continued, "but I'm a little interested in the arithmetic."

"Arithmetic in a war song?" I queried.

"There's a mother old and gray in this song," said Duffy, "and as she kissed her boy farewell 'her thoughts went back to a bygone day, sixty-one, the blue and gray,' and to her son she did say: 'Fight for the rights your daddy died for.' That's where the arithmetic comes in."

"Please explain."

"Well," he expatiated, "if daddy died in sixty-one, sonny must be now fifty-six or fifty-seven years old. Some lad, sonny is. I wonder if he is in the draft?"

Removing Restrictions on Labor

"It appears from our investigations that, in many cases, women entering industry have been free from such restrictions with regard to the amount of work to be done, as the men have sometimes placed upon themselves, so that their output has at once compared most favorably with that of the men they have replaced. An instance may be noted from the record of an investigation in an engineering shop in Glasgow. The operation is copper band cutting. A skilled man was formerly on the job. He cut on an average seventy-five bands a day. Under the dilution system his daughter was taken on and put in his place, receiving such training as was necessary from her father. It was not long till she was cutting 137 bands a day; and it is generally known that on shell work with the incentive of straight piece rates the output of women operators within the past twelve months has been unparalleled."

I am quoting from a British, not an American authority. The passage is from "Industry and Finance—War Expedients and Reconstruction," a book just published in London. The writer of this passage is Sir Hugh Bell, a recognized authority on economics. I quote the words because Great Britain is not the only country where a dead weight has been laid upon productive power by the self-imposed restrictions of Union Labor. Who knows but that we shall discover, before this war is over, how much less than a day's work our workmen have been doing for their eight hour wage?

The Copra Trade

The other day we got the news that one of the ships sunk by the German raiding cruiser Wolf was the schooner Winslow owned by George E. Billings of this city. Also we

learned that in the valuable cargoes accumulated by the Wolf before it put back to Pola on the Adriatic were large stores of copra. Doubtless some of this copra was from the Winslow, for George E. Billings is becoming a big man in the copra trade. Do we realize the growing importance of this trade to the port of San Francisco? Copra is the dried meat of the coconut. Before the war it was used largely in the manufacture of candles and soap; but now it enters largely into the manufacture of glycerine for explosives. Before the war Germany practically dominated the copra trade and as copra is the staple product of the South Pacific islands, Germany practically dominated the trade of those islands. But now that trade is in the hands of a powerful Australian-American combination which is busy with plans to keep it when the war is over. Almost single-handed the Burns, Philps Company of Sydney fought German interests for control of the copra market for years. When the war started Burns, Philps won the fight. Now they are consolidating their gains. They have organized an American company with directors well known here. They are: J. Mitchell of Sydney, president; George Billings of George E. Billings Company, vice-president; Douglas Crane of Wightman and Crane; R. R. Strange, general manager of the Pacific Oil and Lead Works; and J. J. Fagan of the Crocker National, treasurer. The company here has acquired a number of ships and these are being worked to their utmost capacity in the carriage of copra.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 23988 N. S.; Department No. 10 Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ZERUAH J. DE HAVEN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the last will and testament of ZERUAH J. DE HAVEN, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix, at the office of their attorneys, Frank McGowan and Blaine McGowan, 715-717 Humboldt Bank Building, situated at No. 785 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all the matters connected with the said estate of ZERUAH J. DE HAVEN, deceased.

JOTHAM J. DE HAVEN, Executor, and SARAH L. DE HAVEN, Executrix, of the last will and testament of Zeruah J. De Haven, deceased.

Dated: March 2, 1918.

FRANK MCGOWAN and BLAINE MCGOWAN,

Attorneys for Executor and Executrix, 715-717 Humboldt Bank Bldg., 785 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

3-2-5

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Lent Off to the War

Eugene Lent of that widely known law firm of Lent & Humphrey is off to the war to add a little bit more of his energy to the service of civilization. Here is a team that ought to put to the blush the average cheap politician drawing a salary in Washington who spends his time in the midst of war appealing to class distinction by talking about the desirability of conscripting wealth. Is wealth generally on a strike? There are many rich slackers, not a few contemptible profiteers, some mean little rich men needlessly cutting down expenses; the history of the earthquake period is repeating itself. At the same time patriotism is manifesting itself everywhere—even in the labor unions where real Americans are defying the bosses. But where is it more strikingly manifesting itself than in instances like the case of Eugene Lent, a millionaire lawyer, with a wife and two daughters, who in answer to no call proffers his services to his country? His partner is steadily neglecting his business to aid in the cause of humanity, and now comes Eugene Lent to abandon his business and do whatever the Red Cross may require right behind the lines. Here is wealth conscripting itself, and not on an eight hour day basis nor for wages, nor at a post without hazard. It was Judge Morrow of the Red Cross, I hear, who first learned of Lent's willingness to enter the service. He wrote to him saying there was canteen work to be done behind the French lines, and that it was a "quite dangerous" position. Lent was in the Farragut mood when told of the dangerous job. It was with him a case of "to hell with the torpedoes." He offered his services and offered to pay his own expenses, thus conscripting his own wealth. There was no doubt of his seriousness. He was quickly accepted and he will leave Friday, not to be informed until he gets over there where he is to be assigned. But he will be recommended for that "dangerous post." Army men say that Lent is especially desirable because he is something of a linguist. He is a fluent speaker of French and he is familiar with German, too. Lent is one of the many Harvard men who have enlisted. He is a son-in-law of Mrs. Andrew P. Welch, and has been a prominent clubman all his life. As a clubman he

has always been a great favorite. His hobby is literature.

An Exceptional Dinner Dance

A charming and unusual social affair occurred at the St. Francis Hotel Tuesday evening when Richard Mulcahy gave a complimentary dinner dance to those widely known representatives of New York's financial interests—Edward F. and Frank L. Hutton. These gentlemen came to town the other day and they have been much feted by their friends who have been eager to pay tribute to them for the important part they have played in the financial activities of San Francisco. Mr. Mulcahy is only one of the many San Franciscans by whom they have been entertained and as he was the host at the St. Francis dinner dance many regrets were expressed at the absence of the charming Mrs. Mulcahy who is now visiting her friends in New York where she will soon be joined by her husband who but recently returned from the metropolis. The dinner dance in its decorative effects was an elaborate affair and in all its details it was superbly managed. The Italian room was the scene of the delightful gathering to which, by the way, a nice distinction was imparted by the display of rare taste in dress. Among those present were Messrs. and Mesdames J. Frank Judge, Walter Filer, Augustus Taylor, Willard Drown, Alexander Hamilton, Ross Ambler Curran, Thomas B. Eastland, Frederick W. McNear, Stuart Haldorn, William H. Taylor Jr., Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen, Mesdames Ashton Potter, Samuel Hopkins, Robert Hayes Smith, Misses Anne Peters, Marion Zeile, Messrs. Milan Tracy, Harry Hunt, Latham McMullin, Prescott Scott, William Humphrey and Samuel F. B. Morse.

That Baker Street Club

Under the surface of life in a big city there is a deal of nastiness. Occasionally the darker kinds of depravity come into the light of day—usually when yanked out by the police. The arrests in Baker street are an instance in point. At this writing there has not been much in the papers on the subject except the names of the prisoners, and some of these have made a

profound sensation. It is to be hoped that the papers will continue to handle the matter with restraint. Publicity is good in the warfare on degenerate viciousness only when it is judicious. The sort of publicity which panders to curiosity is bad. Let us hope we won't have that sort.

Mrs. Carolan Recites

Out here we've heard Mrs. Carolan recite, but it was a new experience for New York when she appeared on the stage at the Ritz-Carlton in a benefit for a French war fund. New York yielded Mrs. Carolan her due of applause, but refrained from growing wildly excited as we did when she recited for us. Mrs. Carolan did not have stage fright. The fact that the audience was full of Phelps and Choates, Roches and Stuyvesants and Rhinelanders and other New Yorkers of the bluest blood never bothered her. Neither did the fact that she was on the same programme with Maggie Teyte. Mrs. Carolan has poise, nonchalance, savoir faire and sang froid.

Birdie's Slogan

Our own Birdie Fair Vanderbilt is a busy lady in New York these days. She is at the head of a movement to induce housewives to fill their pantry shelves with preserves, an important offshoot of the Hooverian propaganda. Birdie herself invented the slogan for this domestic movement. "Preserve or perish" is the watchword. The phrase is catchy and effective as well as witty.

Joe Pennell in Trouble

When Joseph Pennell, famous etcher and biographer of Whistler, was here during the World's Fair he kept himself in hot water all the time because he couldn't control his tongue. A sharp tongue it is, and barbed with personalities. Many a local artist felt the sting of its acid sayings. Now Joe is in trouble in Philadelphia. Noticing some Canadian officers drinking in the Art Club, Joe expressed his views

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about foreign soldiers who would avail themselves of a privilege not permitted to our fighting chaps. There followed quite a wordy scrap. Joe was suspended from the club for thirty days and promptly handed in his resignation.

The Scarcity of Linen

Housewives are beginning to make faces when they price linen. It's getting scarce and proportionately dear. The war, of course. Linen-makers are making munitions these days. My readers of the housekeeping sex who are aware how linen has soared may be interested in the linen situation as a correspondent finds it in Paris. "At present," says this correspondent, "those who have stores of linen are lucky, for to buy household linen today means spending at least three times as much on as it as before the war. At a famous linen shop, where everything can be bought with confidence, everything is very dear, and another year will see things still dearer. As a bargain, real linen dinner napkins are being sold at 5 and 6 francs each, and these of the plainest and most modest kind. Elaborate dinner table linen may cost almost anything, just as sheets, pillow cases, towels and bath towels may be dear, dearer or dearest, but never cheap. Indeed, to buy a cheap thing is an extravagance, for it is worn out in no time, and the washerwoman hastens its end. In most houses the stock of household linen is just kept up to its necessary fulness. The people on whom the cost of linen falls heaviest are the newly married. An old tradition has had to be so modified that the trousseau is far from what it was. Before the war a young married pair of modest means always began life with about eighteen pairs of best sheets and a dozen pairs of inferior quality; quantities of pillow slips, embroidered and hem-stitched, and dozens of dinner napkins arranged with ribbons of the bride's favorite color; while tablecloths, bath robes and kitchen towels were bought by the six dozen. Now everything is so expensive that a bride has to be satisfied with three pairs of sheets for each bed, four or five dozen of towels and bath towels, half the usual number of kitchen necessities, and for the table plenty of dinner napkins, but few tablecloths. In well-to-do houses the polished

wood table with mats is general, in middle-class houses a fancy, colored cloth, and in quite humble homes the oilcloth cover. The piles of fancy teacloths are much reduced, although the skill with which Frenchwomen do embroideries and lace still allows a bride a good collection of fancy tea and tray cloths. Before the war she was beginning to buy these things ready made, but now she is doing more at home, and one of the most thriving little industries is that which supplies embroidery and crochet and lace patterns for home workers."

Beringer Club Recital

The Beringer Musical Club announces its fortieth recital to be given at Century Club Hall on Thursday evening, March 7. A varied programme of vocal and piano numbers will make the recital particularly interesting. The following members of the club will take part: Mrs. Helen McKinlay, Mrs. Frances Westington-Mowbray, Mrs. Genevieve Holmberg Lyon, Miss Louise Cameron, Miss Charlotte Ibscher, Miss Vernita Pellow, Miss Irene De Martini, Miss Mabel Goode, Miss M. Monica Heffernan and Miss Zdenka Buben.

Tea at the Whitcomb

The Sun Room on top of Hotel Whitcomb is one of the most popular tea places in town. Tea is served there every afternoon to the accompaniment of a special musical programme by the Whitcomb orchestra. Usually there are a number of bridge parties going on, also knitting bees, and these activities are interrupted when the oolong hour comes. "Bridgers" are very fond of the Sun Room. There is no charge for tables, and the location is ideal. Feminine luncheon parties of which the Whitcomb has many, usually adjourn to the Sun Room and spend the rest of the afternoon at its sun-drenched windows. The view, by the way, is simply superb.

At the Cecil

General and Mrs. Edward McClernand were hosts at a delightful dinner Thursday in the private dining room. Covers were arranged for General and Mrs. Carroll A. Devol, Mrs. Frederick Funston, Mrs. W. O. Cullen, Mrs. Schindel, Miss Mae Schindel, Colonel Richard Croxton and Major E. C. Carey. Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan of Los Angeles are guests. Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Pollak of Cincinnati have returned from Southern California to their apartment. Miss Rose Brown of Chicago is a guest. A delightful card party was given by the management Monday evening. Among those who played bridge were General and Mrs. Edward McClernand, General and Mrs. Robinson, Messrs. and Mesdames C. A. Thayer, J. F. Evans, W. B. Hamilton, Howard Turner, Mesdames Elizabeth Pratt, E. V. Foote, B. R. Keith, Charles Graf, C. A. Walker, Misses Helen McDonough, Marion Thompson, Maude Pardy, Messrs. H. H. Brancheid and J. D. Riddell Jr.

Real Singers at Techau's

The show girl revue corps at Techau Tavern can sing—and do sing, most delightfully, operatic arias, ragtime melodies and pleasing ballads. Quite a large order as to variety—but such is the merit of the organization that there are finished vocalists among them admirably adapted to rendering these widely different types of music. Beautifully gowned in elabor-

ate creations, these attractive young ladies please both eye and ear. And the famous jazz orchestra is not one whit behind as an attraction. New artists have been added to perfect the ensemble and the most fastidious dancer can find nothing but delight in following the syncopated rhythm of these musicians. As an added attractions the "Merchandise Dances" at dinner and after the theatre are drawing crowds to the Tavern. At these dances the ladies are given, without competition, beautiful silk articles—bloomers, sweaters, blouses, stockings, etc.—in all, thirty-eight articles from which to choose dance favors.

"What's the matter with your horse, cabby? Is he ill?"

"No, sir, only 'e's unlucky. Every mornin' I tosses 'im whether 'e 'as a feed of oats or me a sossidge an' mashed—an' 'e's lorst two mornin' runnin'!"

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A Study of Yvette Guilbert's Art

By Helen M. Bonnet

To my precious rosary of glorious hours spent with great artists, I add those with Yvette Guilbert when I heard her lecture Tuesday on "The Art of Interpreting Songs." The architecture of her discourse was scientifically planned and calculated to impress with the mental and physical cultivation absolutely necessary for worthy achievement. What shall I say of her art in delivering this discourse? It was the beautiful result of all the principles she lucidly expounded. Wearing a turban and draped veil and a bouffante dark blue gown, fluffy lace petticoats and gray shoes and gray silk stockings; toying with tortoise-shell rimmed spectacles which now and again she put on to read her notes, she sat at a little table and sometimes got up and walked about to give illustrations. She talked in English, interlarded plentifully with French; her English is delicious, her French "the kind that anybody can understand," as I once heard the clever Mrs. Vincent Whitney remark of Sarah Bernhardt's. And to listen to Yvette Guilbert, to watch her, was like hearing marvelous music, while beholding a wonderful statue or a painting, or a group of exquisite rhythmic dancers in a lovely landscape.

It was as institutrice she talked to an audience with whom she was intimate. Ah! such a teacher she must be, for she knows so thoroughly the principles of her art and can illustrate eloquently and imitate and caricature incomparably. It is those who have already achieved technique of a high order who can learn the most from her, those who have had much

experience in public appearances. To them, a word, a gesture of hers in regard to their own efforts would be a revelation; for they having been already trained in the fundamentals and the essentials of her art could profit most by their observations. To the tyro, her instruction is valuable, too, but it directs to paths that lead through years and years of serious study—not the study of one art but of many. "You can't go out every night to theatres, to parties nor spoil your eyes at the movies," she said, "nor can you take it up now and then as a pastime as some society ladies do and then amiably wonder why they can never do anything worth while." She told us that she had never had "a professeur" of the vocal art but had worked out her own vocal development and gave examples of breath control and correct phrasing. She said she did not believe that Duse and Bernhardt would be greater had they been great singers but that many great singers would be greater had they power of dramatic expression; that Verdi had once told her that he did not write for the artiste like herself but for the cantatrice—hence the bird-like expression of emotion in the roulade, the trill. She talked of tempo in declamation, the value of repetition and said that the basic principles of tragedy and comedy are identical; that you cannot learn how to be funny from a teacher; that the ability to be comic must come from gaiety of disposition. She showed the necessity of bodily poise to acquire grace of movement and proved that there are anachronisms in the walk as well as in cos-

tume. It has been said that every man is the personal attendant of his hat, and Mme. Guilbert showed how he should act in that capacity in different periods. She talked of the power of externals and announced that the depth of your mental culture and your social status are revealed by your laugh. I firmly believe that the American Government should engage Mme. Guilbert to go to all the large cities and address the school teachers of the country to tell them that a very great majority of the American people cannot pronounce the beautiful English language because they do not use the lips. In a very few words she made this clear and she could so easily teach the teachers to teach the children. I hope that all persons who heard her Tuesday expatiate on this theme will constitute themselves crusaders to urge all the children they know to employ the lips in speaking, not to swallow the words in the back of the throat nor pinch them in the nose. Mme. Guilbert told us how dearly she loves her art, how happy she is to teach others and she said it with the sincerity, the reverence of the truly great artist: Can the great artist be impure? Non! the heart must be noble, must love humanity, the mind must be pure and great to understand the wonders of the universe.

Altogether, her lecture was of such educational value that the hall should have been crowded instead of holding but a few discerning souls all of whom I devoutly believe would welcome a repetition immediately.

The Stage

"Johnny Get Your Gun"

"Did you go to see Johnny get his gun?" I asked the first nighter.
 "Only once so far," he answered.
 "Going again?"
 "If my war tax money holds out."
 "You must like it."
 "Couldn't help myself."
 "Is it as good as that?"
 "Even the ushers laughed."
 "But they're paid to laugh."
 "No, they're only paid to applaud."
 "What's so good about it?"
 "Well, in the prologue—"
 "Hevings, is there a prologue?"
 "The only good one since Pagliacci."
 "What happens in the prologue?"
 "A soft pie."
 "To whom does it happen?"
 "To a movie director."
 "He eats it?"
 "Well, he gets it in his mush."
 "Huh, very edifying."
 "Piety always is."
 "Then what happens?"
 "Louis Bennison happens in."
 "Where?"
 "Where he isn't expected."
 "By whom?"
 "By a duke."
 "A regular duke?"
 "Burke's Peerage—Edmund Lawrence Burke."
 "Then what?"

"Louis newburgs the duke's chances."
 "Meaning?"
 "He crabs his game."
 "What's the duke's game?"
 "A chicken."
 "How does Louis crab it?"
 "By giving him rope."
 "Meaning?"
 "The lariat."
 "Cowboy stuff, eh?"
 "The real Salinas."
 "And then what?"
 "They clinch."
 "Louis and the duke?"
 "No, Louis and the parlor maid."
 "What do they clinch for?"
 "Object matrimony."
 "What happens to the chicken?"
 "She makes up."
 "For the movies?"
 "For lost time."
 "By loving her duke?"
 "By duking her lover."
 "How does the duke take it?"
 "On the run."
 "He beats it?"
 "Being a duke, he deadbeats it."
 "And you intend to sit through all that again?"

"Probably not. I think the Columbia will sport the S. R. O."

—Edward F. O'Day.

Tina Lerner, Soloist With Hertz

Tina Lerner, the great Russian pianist who was so enthusiastically acclaimed at her appearance Friday with the Hertz instrumentalists, will again be soloist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra on Sunday afternoon, March 3, at the Cort. Miss Lerner will again play Liszt's Concerto No. 2, in A Major, with the orchestra, a most effective work of great difficulty, and a marvelous combination of the pompous and the brilliant. She will also repeat Chopin's rarely played Andante and Polonaise, the Scharwenka orchestration being employed. The numbers on Sunday for the orchestra alone will be Beethoven's Sixth Symphony (Pastorale), practically a novelty to this generation. Lalo's "Norwegian Rhapsodie" is a delightful composition, in which native folk songs have been skilfully employed. "The Star Spangled Banner" will be featured as usual. On Thursday evening, March 7, the organization will travel to San Jose to give its second concert of the season there. Sunday afternoon, March 10, will mark the final "pop" concert of the season at the Cort. Horace Britt, violoncellist, Emilio Puyans, flutist, and Harold Randall, clarinetist, will be soloists.

Hertz to Give Mammoth "Pop"

In order to take advantage of the capacity of the Civic Auditorium, a gala "pop" concert will be given there by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra on Tuesday evening, March

5, under direction of Alfred Hertz. The orchestra is to be augmented for the occasion, and opportunity will be afforded to hear the Hertz instrumentalists in conjunction with the great Exposition organ which will be played by Edwin H. Lemare, generally regarded as the world's greatest organist. Louis Persinger, violinist, Horace Britt, violoncellist, and Kajetan Attl, harpist, will be the other distinguished assisting artists. The event will be the first given at night by the San Francisco Symphony. Something like 3600 seats will be priced at but 25 cents and 4000 seats at 50 cents. The ticket sale is now being conducted at Sherman Clay. This is the programme: "The Star Spangled Banner," Suppe; overture, "Poet and Peasant," Massenet; ballet music from "Le Cid," Lemare (for solo organ, Mr. Lemare); (a) "The Swan" (obligato, Mr. Britt), Saint-Saens; (b) "Humoresque," Dvorak; (c) "Serenade," Pierne; two solos for harp by Attl; Largo (for orchestra and organ), Handel; overture, "William Tell" (by request), Rossini; overture, "Rienzi," Wagner; "Ave Maria" (for orchestra and organ), Bach-Gounod (violin obligato, Mr. Persinger); British Folk Music Settings, Grainger; Meditation from "Thais" (obligato, Mr. Persinger), Massenet; intermezzo from "Cavalleria" (orchestra and organ), Mascagni; overture, "The Year 1812," Tschaikowsky.

"Show of Wonders" at Cort

The Cort will offer, beginning Monday evening, March 4, the New York Winter Garden "Show of Wonders," heralded as the biggest, the best and most gorgeous offering from that famous temple of amusement. There will be an all-star cast, a chorus of rare beauty and a scenic equipment described as most attractive. The finale is a thriller called "Over the Top" and depicts an attack on a German

trench by a huge fleet of American aeroplanes assisted by a company of our men. The principals include Eugene and Willie Howard, Tom Lewis, White and Clayton, Flora Lea, Charles Wright, Sidney Phillips, Adele Ardsley, Patsie O'Hearn, Dan Quinlan, Ernest Hare, Edmund Mulcahey, Virginia Smith, Harry Wilcox, Jacque Kujawski, Myrtle Victorine and Irene Zolar, the two last being San Francisco girls. And there is a chorus promised us that, should it live up to but half of the nice things that have been said about it, will prove a positive sensation.

Frieda Hempel's Programmes

All San Francisco is agog over the coming song recitals by Frieda Hempel, the leading soprano of the Metropolitan and one of the foremost artists of the world. From all sides Manager Oppenheimer is congratulated on being able to present this charming and wonderful artist to local audiences which have waited years for the opportunity of enjoying her glorious art. Madame Hempel has arranged two special programmes which will be given at the Columbia on the Sunday afternoons of March 10 and 17. At her first concert she will sing the "Ernani Involami" in which she is incomparable. A group to follow contains Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Song," Brahms' "The Vain Suit," Tschaikowsky's "Cradle Song" and Taubert's "Bird Song." Later will be given the difficult Proch Variations and works of old

English and old Swedish origin. Liza Lehmann's "Daddy's Sweetheart" is also included as well as Clutaam's "My Curlyheaded Baby." An arrangement made by Madame Hempel of the "Blue Danube Waltz" will conclude this offering. The second programme contains gems of equal brilliance. Paul Eisler will act as accompanist and assisting artist, playing one group of piano soli at each concert. Manager Oppenheimer is now accepting mail orders which will be taken care of prior to the opening of the regular seat sale next Monday morning.

Tina Lerner's Only Recital

Tina Lerner will tarry here after her symphony engagement only long enough to give one recital at Scottish Rite Auditorium next Wednesday night. Madame Lerner enjoys a great popularity here. Since her last visit she has appeared with enormous success in New York, Boston, Chicago and other Eastern cities. A wonderful programme will be given at Scottish Rite: Mozart, Pastorale Variee; Moffat, Menuett; Beethoven-Rubinstein, Ruines d'Athen; Schumann-Tausig, Contrabandists; Schumann, Sonata F Sharp Minor, Op. 11; Chopin, Tarantella, A Flat Major; Chopin, Nocturne C Sharp Minor; Chopin-Godowsky, Badinage: Etudes Op. 10 No. 5 and Op. 25 No. 9; Paul Juon, Berceuse; Paul Juon, Humoresque; Rachmaninoff, Polichinelle; Liszt, La Legerezza; Liszt, Dance of the Gnomes; Mendelssohn-



GERTRUDE HOFFMANN

Next week at the Orpheum



FRIEDA HEMPEL

The soprano whose coloratura voice will be heard for the first time here at the Columbia Sunday afternoons, March 10 and 17

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market took on a more cheerful appearance early in the week, and with the activity in some of the specialties by the different pools operating on the constructive side, the market showed a general advance to new high levels. Profit taking on the advance, as well as the Russian news, took the edge off the market, and at the close of the week sentiment seemed to lean toward the bear side. Railroad stocks were lifeless. They are waiting for the passage of the impending railroad control bill. It is still hoped that the railroads will receive compensation on the basis suggested by the Administration. Anything less would be an injustice to security holders who have already suffered severe depreciation in their holdings. Opponents of the bill in Congress do not appear to realize that they are not hurting individually wealthy men as much as they are hitting at fiduciary institutions, such as savings banks, insurance companies and trustees of estates. Passage of the railroad bill by the Senate should be speedily followed by action in the House. Outside of a few stocks in this group the public seems to ignore this bullish card. Close money has prevented a broader market, but the big increase in Federal Reserve Bank notes, and gold production which will largely come to this country if money continues close, and the results which should be accomplished when the war finance corporation becomes a fact, should give easier conditions in the money market. Notwithstanding the setback at the close of the week there is no evidence yet of distribution of stock, and until that comes the market looks as though it would continue as it has for the last two months, to work to a higher level. Union Pacific and Chesapeake & Ohio are well bought, but stocks like Southern Pacific seem to be absolutely ignored, probably because there is no speculative interest in it. There is less peace talk, but in spite of it, the market, week by week, makes new high levels. We feel friendly to the market and believe it will be some time before we can expect a bull market, and would confine operations to a scalping attitude, buying stocks when they are depressed, with the idea of accepting profits on the upturns for the time being, or until something more definite in the way of news makes its appearance.

Cotton—Revival of bullish feeling dominated the cotton market most of last week. There was good buying at times by trade houses, while some of the big bears were less confident of their position and showed a disposition to cover their short lines. The result of this buying from various quarters was to advance the

contract list about \$2 a bale, but the usual week-end profit taking took off some of the advance. There was more rain in Texas and the South generally, but this was followed by another cold spell with freezing weather as far south as Texas, and the effect of the rains was soon lost sight of. There is still ample time to raise a big cotton crop, but the season in some sections is getting late, and spring work is being delayed by the unusual cold weather. Spot cotton is strongly held in the South, and what little cotton is being offered is grabbed by the mills at prices well above the future prices. Consumption of cotton in this country is taking care of all the cotton that is coming to market, and stocks of cotton in warehouses are showing further reduction and are not at all burdensome. Mills are said to be selling goods on the basis of 60 cents for the raw material, and as long as this condition exists it is useless to expect anything more than a temporary decline, due to an overbought market. Speculation in cotton, however, is confined mostly to the professional element in New York, and the outsider does not seem to be interested to any great extent. This is probably accounted for by the rumors from time to time of price fixing by the Government, but as yet nothing has been done, and those who are usually right say there will be no price fixing. We look for a traders' market for the time being, but believe cotton is worth the money, and expect to see it sell higher in the near future.

"Once in a while an error turns out to be the truth," said the editor.

"How is that?" asked the caller.

"Why," replied the editor, "in writing about the death of Mrs. Rounder, I referred to Mr. Rounder as 'the bereaved widower,' but the compositor made it 'the relieved widower,' and it got into the paper that way, and Rounder never even called up to demand a correction."

Waking Him Up

"Jack," said a pretty girl to her brother the other day, "I want you to do something for me—there's a dear fellow."

"Well, what is it?" growled Jack, who is as accommodating as most brothers.

"Why, you know that wig and mustache you used in the theatricals?"

"Well?"

"Won't you put them on and go to the concert tonight? Reginald and I will be there, and I want you to stare at me the whole evening through your glasses."

"You want me to do that?"

"Yes, and as we come out you must stand at

the door and try to slip a note into my hand. Take care that Reggie sees you too."

"Well, I declare!"

"Because you see, Jack, Reggie likes me, I know, but then he's so awfully slow, and as he is well off, and lots of other girls are after him, he's got to be hurried up, as it were."

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIA T. ASHWORTH, deceased.—No. 23905 N. S.; Dept. No. 9 Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JULIA T. ASHWORTH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 9th day of February, 1918) in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, Garret W. McEnerney, room 2002 Hobart Building, No. 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JULIA T. ASHWORTH, deceased.

MARGARET FORD,

Administratrix of the estate of Julia T. Ashworth, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 9th, 1918.

GARRET W. MCENERNEY,

Attorney for Administratrix,

2002 Hobart Bldg.,

582 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

2-9-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of HULDA LEON, Deceased. No. 23,917 N. S. Dept. No. 9, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Samuel R. Leon and Isaac Gellert, Executors of the last Will and Testament, and Codicil thereto, of HULDA LEON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of M. M. Getz, Esq., Rooms 402-3, Oscar Luning Building, 45 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of HULDA LEON, deceased.

SAMUEL R. LEON and
ISAAC GELLERT,

Executors of the last Will and Testament, and
Codicil thereto, of Hulda Leon, Deceased.

M. M. GETZ,

Dated San Francisco, February 16, 1918.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE J. REDMOND, also known as G. J. REDMOND, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, GRACE EBNER, Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of GEORGE J. REDMOND, also known as G. J. REDMOND, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix with the will annexed at the office of Messrs. Lent & Humphrey, Room Number 428 Mills Building, North East corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE J. REDMOND, also known as G. J. REDMOND, deceased.

GRACE EBNER,

Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of George J. Redmond, also known as G. J. Redmond, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 2nd, 1918.

LENT & HUMPHREY,

Attorneys for said Administratrix,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ABRAHAM HENRY KRAMER, also called ABRAHAM H. KRAMER, deceased.—No. 23957; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of ABRAHAM HENRY KRAMER, also called ABRAHAM H. KRAMER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said decedent, to file their said claims with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix with the will annexed at the office of her attorney, John J. O'Toole, Rooms 654 and 655 Mills Building in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said ABRAHAM HENRY KRAMER, also called ABRAHAM H. KRAMER, deceased.

ANNA KRAMER,

Administratrix with the will annexed of Abraham Henry Kramer, also called Abraham H. Kramer, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 2, 1918.

JOHN J. O'TOOLE,

Attorney for Administratrix with will annexed,
654-655 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

3-2-5

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL USING
FICTITIOUS NAME

EDGAR JAMISON STEEL CO.—No. 3586.

The undersigned, Edgar E. Jamison, residing in the City of Berkeley, County of Alameda, State of California, hereby gives notice and certifies that he is individually transacting business under the fictitious name and style of EDGAR JAMISON STEEL CO. That the principal place of business of said Edgar Jamison Steel Co. is situated at numbers 77-79 Natoma Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that his name in full is Edgar E. Jamison; that he is the sole owner of said business and that there is no other person or persons having any interest whatsoever therein.

Dated, February 15th, 1918.

EDGAR E. JAMISON.

State of California,

City and County of San Francisco.—ss

On the 15th day of February, in the year One Thousand and Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen, before me A. K. DAGGETT, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Edgar E. Jamison, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal)

A. K. DAGGETT,

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Endorsed: Filed Feb. 16, 1918.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 87158; Dept. No. 10.

ADELIN ISABELLE O'HEARN, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCES O'HEARN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: FRANCES O'HEARN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22nd day of January, A. D. 1918.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DAHLIN & JACKSON,

Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-16-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARIE PERRON TARDIEU, Plaintiff, vs. GASTON AIME TARDIEU, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GASTON AIME TARDIEU, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of January, A. D. 1918.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. W. SANDERSON,

Attorney for Plaintiff,
420 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

1-19-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 87565.

CARRIE MARCUS, Plaintiff, vs. BERT ROLAND MARCUS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: BERT ROLAND MARCUS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of February, A. D. 1918.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALEXANDER McCULLOCH,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

Hibernia Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES J. RINGBERG; also known as CHAS. J. RINGBERG; also known as C. J. RINGBERG, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of CHARLES J. RINGBERG; also known as Chas. J. Ringberg; also known as C. J. Ringberg, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, Frank M. Hultman, Room 1212 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, California, which said last-mentioned office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said CHARLES J. RINGBERG (aliases), deceased.

GARDA SWANSON,

Executrix of the last will and testament of said Charles J. Ringberg (aliases), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 23rd, 1918.

FRANK M. HULTMAN,

Attorney for Executrix,

1212 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

2-23-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE
OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 22852; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of BARTOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as BARTHOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as B. CUNEO, deceased.

Catterina Cuneo, also known as Catherine Cuneo, the executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Bartholomeo Cuneo, also known as Bartolomeo Cuneo, also known as B. Cuneo, deceased, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of certain of the real estate of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth:

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Hon. Thos. F. Graham, Judge of Department No. 10 of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court the 5th day of March, 1918, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10—Probate—of said Superior Court, in the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said executrix and petitioner, to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased, Bartholomeo Cuneo, also known as Bartolomeo Cuneo, also known as B. Cuneo, at either private or public sale, as prayed for in said petition, as shall be necessary for the best interests of the estate of said decedent. It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated: January 25th, A. D. 1918.

Endorsed: Filed Jan. 25, 1918.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

WILLIAM PENN HUMPHREYS,

Attorney for Executrix,
58 Sutter St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

2-2-5

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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, MARCH 9, 1918

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXII

San Francisco-Oakland, March 9, 1918

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Mooney Case Again

Notwithstanding the report of a Cabinet officer and his committee on the Mooney case the Chicago Federation of Labor refused to order a general strike for the benefit of this worthless rascal. Either patriotism has broken out in the ranks of labor or else the good will of the Bolsheviks is no longer regarded as a matter of importance. The union men have taken the position that it is not desirable for them to help save Mooney's life by an act that might endanger the lives of American soldiers in the trenches. This is a patriotic attitude that marks a difference in the manner that has been characteristic of unionism for some time. The saving of Mooney's life was never considered a matter of any great importance at any time before the anarchists of this country appealed to their wild-eyed brothers of Russia. The principle said to be involved was generally regarded as a subterfuge. And it was a curious piece of irony that the only chance of liberating this villainous anarchist was a chance made by anarchists pretending to be concerned about justice and appealing to justice in the name of anarchy. How curious, too, that the Administration should have in this instance espoused the Mooney case not on account of justice but on account of the unmoralists of Russia who repudiated just debts at the time when for their sake we were eager to prevent the law from taking its course.

★ ★ ★

Reviving Old Evils

Not for many years has J. Fennimore Cooper been in the hands of the general reader, but aside from his old-fashioned novels, now forgotten, interesting matter may be found in his works. What he said in his preface to *Jack Tier* might easily be employed for current comment. Speaking of the Mexican War, which was in

progress when the story was started as a serial, he says that as Congress had interferred he saw little prospect of its termination. He adds, speaking of Congressmen:

"When they advance the doctrine that Congress is an American Aulic Council empowered to encumber the movements of armies, and, as old Blucher expressed it in reference to the diplomacy of Europe, 'to spoil with the pen the work achieved by the sword,' it is difficult to say more than this, that they do not get it from the Constitution itself."

More pertinent perhaps are these observations:

"It has been generally supposed that the present executive was created in order to avoid the very evils of a distracted and divided council, which this new construction has a direct tendency to revive. But a presidential election has ever proved, and probably will ever prove stronger than any written fundamental law."

A presidential election is now a long way off, but a Congressional election is approaching.

★ ★ ★

Hi Doing His Bit

Hi Johnson is doing noble work in Washington according to his fashion. He is wasting a lot of time discussing government ownership of the railroads, the question to be decided after the war. At present the paramount issue before this and every other civilized country is popular ownership of government, and until that question is settled it doesn't seem very important what we should do regarding the principles on which transportation is governed. We are learning something about this question right now but not from Hi. He is only bloviating and thus making it harder for President Wilson to vindicate his determination to bolshevik Uncle Sam's domain. It appears that a good deal of our troubles these days is due to the kind of ownership vouchsafed the railroads ever since our politicians started to run them through the Interstate Commerce Commission. But Johnson, like a thoroughpaced politician, insists that we should give the job-chasers more power. It was by that principle that California was looted by the Hon. Hi. Johnson and again he may be achieving something in the direction of his ambition, but in our opinion he has chosen the wrong time. The people are too busy to listen.

★ ★ ★

Is Free Speech Dead?

This is a hard world to keep up with it is whirling so rapidly through space and the people are so actively taking a new grip on old ideas and making new

progressive ideas serve the most conservative purposes. It seems but yesterday that one of the young ladies of the President's family was lecturing on the importance of throwing public schools open at night that they might be used for the exchange of ideas. It was thus of course that the lady affirmed her devotion to the principle of free speech. Who was not for free speech in those younger days? A kind of palladium of our liberties, was the great principle at the bottom of it. There were men and ladies, too, who would die for the glorious principle. Now see what's happening today? What short shrift was given Dollar Bill Bryan at Toronto! Here was the oracle of all free speech preachers, the man who knew how to raise an army of a million between two days and never had any trouble in persuading people to listen. Surely he was always worth while, nor has he staled or become unprofitable since he entered the more lucrative field where formerly Bill Sunday was the chief promoter of hysteria. Alas! nowadays we are putting on the screws, as it were, on the great champions of the soap box the I. W. W. More than that; we are actually deporting them for free speech, though they assure us that they do not preach sabotage. They are not anarchists they say, anarchy being individual action, whereas the genuine I. W. W. preach mass action—"slowing up, not destroying." How easy to understand these fine distinctions. But they are no longer as acceptable as when Professor Scott Nearing was teaching the ineffable beauty of anti-capitalism. No, to make the world safe for democracy we must first make our roaring orators safe for their environment.

★ ★ ★

Christianity's Biggest Breakdown

Perhaps the most striking event of the war is Russia down and out. Russia revolutionized is worse off than Mexico de-Mexicanized. Curious are the happenings of a world of unrest! How instructive the strivings of democracy! Of course it is no criticism of democracy to say that chaos in Russia and Mexico, the misfortunes that followed the crushing of monarchy in Portugal and the quick failure of the Republic of China prove that popular rule seldom lasts long, but the fact is, as Chateaubriand proves, that it is foolish to celebrate revolutions until we have time to see their effects tested. And certainly a world of unrest is not a fit world wherein to form a stable demo-

cratic government. We have lived in a world of unrest for many years. Four years before the war wherever the casual eye was cast, some vision confronted us of revolution and discontent. In Berlin the police was firing on the mob. The trade unions of Great Britain were defying the law merely because a majority of members found it inconvenient. Discipline and orderliness were at an end. The weak-minded zealots of India and Egypt, excited by the dangerous eloquence of agitators, persuaded themselves that freedom and murder were synonymous, and revived a wicked and futile policy of bombs. If we reflect upon the state of the world when Socialism was making great progress under the stimulus of academic discussion we cannot but be struck by the unanimity of folly and outrage. The passions that sway the human heart were epidemic and the nerves of vast continents were disquieted with the aid of the leaders of our innumerable jarring sects who were the first to cry "Christianity is broken down" when the war broke out. Christianity had indeed broken down, and Christian ministers were largely responsible for the disaster, the kind who think the world is to be reformed on the surface. But as we were saying the most striking event of the war is Russia down and out. Russia was a Christian country wherein Faith and monarchy had the same divine source according to the common belief. It stood in the eyes of the world for the embodiment of potential military strength, a giant inert but irresistible if only it shook off its torpor and put forth its full power.

It had been the dread of Europe. Statesmen were apprehensive that it might submerge the west. Almost in a day the imposing fabric has crumbled to pieces; a dynasty which outwardly seemed stable has been expelled. Here is promise of a new era of ordered liberty; and then comes chaos. Such was the outcome of a tumult of anarchical passions governed by no church that bore the semblance of divine authority.

* * *

The Prince and the Kaiser

Thus speaks the wise German of the Prussian militarist caste whom it may do no harm to keep in mind in our efforts to win the war:

Force alone will not win for us the position in the world to which we believe we are entitled. The sword has no power to thrust aside the moral opposition which has grown up against us. If the world is to become reconciled to the greatness of our power it will have to feel that behind our strength there is a World Conscience.

These words were uttered at the opening session of the Upper House of the Diet at Karlsruhe by the president of that body, who happens to be a member of one of the German ruling families—no less a person than Prince Max of Baden. These are remarkable words on the lips of a German, but the interesting point is that the speaker made all Germany wonder—all but the Liberal press. The speaker went on to say that Germans should be critical of themselves. There was a lack of freedom in Germany, he said, and it was all the fault of the German people who undoubtedly submitted to authority, exercising no influence themselves on the

destinies of the Fatherland. Theirs he pronounced the heathen outlook of men who had declared a moratorium on the Sermon on the Mount. A few Socialists listened to the words of Prince Max and approved them, but not the general. Prince Max is merely a member of a ruling house, an heir to a throne, whereas it is the Kaiser who counts, the Kaiser with his shining armor, mailed fist and sharp swords. And it is the will to win that he favors not a mere matter of conscience. His sentiments were echoed by a leader writer of the *Hamburgischer Correspondent*, who answered Prince Baden thus: "German strength has made our existence possible, and on German strength therefore the Germans must continue to rely." One of Count Reventlow's writers expressed the matter more satisfactorily: "Away with the word Conscience. Down with the spirit of Universal Brotherhood. We must be lead by the consciousness of German strength whose watchword is 'More Power! More German Power. May a curse light on those who reject this watchword.'" Here is an expression of real German sentiment that the professors have been teaching for many years. This is the sentiment that kept the Germans in this country true to the Kaiser. Believing they owe all their prestige to him they have been reluctant to turn their backs on him especially while they see a good chance to win. And some of them quite sensibly argue: "Think of what will happen to us if the Kaiser loses. We shall be treated everywhere with contempt." Hence not only the will but the determination to win. This is psychology.

Perspective Impressions

Some of our Washington solons think they ought to have more pay. What have they done to earn what we give them now?

Richard Harding Davis left only \$50,000. Is that why Bessie McCoy sold his love letters?

So Marshall de Motte of the Board of Control is being groomed to make the race against Frank Jordan. Frank will beat him under wraps.

Suppose the United Railroads proposed to double-track Market street. Wow!

"This nation sits at God's feet, but it must not sit still," said Otto Irving Wise at the Chamber of Commerce luncheon. The best epigram of the week.

When Samuel Shortridge asked the Rev. Simeon Hutsinpillar whether he had not beaten his wife, the defendant in the divorce action replied indignantly, "I am a gentleman." "So is the Prince of Darkness," said Shortridge. The wittiest retort of the week.

"Is this a Dagger that I see before me?" said a guest at the Chamber of Commerce war luncheon. "Yes," answered another, "Lieutenant J. S. Dagger of the British army."

Some municipal employees called by the draft, left before drawing their pay. They must have been green at the tax-eating game.

There is a shortage of barbers in the State of Washington. They can have the fellow who nicked us the other day.

The composer of "Asleep in the Deep" has been sent to jail for abducting a girl, but his bass offense was committed years ago.

A woman suing for divorce says that immediately after the marriage her husband became a liar. Has she checked up any of his courting statements?

Those Canadian soldiers in Toronto who silenced Bryan know how to meet a gas attack.

When the audience wouldn't listen, Bryan made his speech to the Toronto reporters. And some people say a newspaperman has an easy life.

It was a Canadian temperance meeting, so William Chinnings can't say the gallery was soured.

American blood has been shed on "The Ladies' Road." It will be avenged.

David Upright is in trouble for impersonating an army officer. What's in a name?

The Bolshevik leaders must feel like the morning after.

As we don't believe all we read in the papers these days we have no difficulty in doubting that the Administration hesitated before accepting the aid of Japan in Siberia.

On the Society Islands the ladies wear very few clothes. That's why they are called the Society Islands.

Varied Types

369—JOHN G. NEIHARDT

By Edward F. O'Day

"I feel like a stewed prune. But I'm always on the hog in the morning. I'll wake up in a minute."

Thus John G. Neihardt, epic poet of the great Northwest.

Neihardt had just finished breakfast at the Bohemian Club with two other poets, George Sterling, and John Galen Howard, the author of "Brunelleschi," who were about to cicerone him up Mount Tamalpais. There was just enough time for a chat.

When a poet of parts talks slang in an off-hand way, giving the impression that he is used to that vigorous medium of expression, one begins to be interested in the man. (Interest in poetry is quite separable from interest in the man who writes it.) I was glad to hear this poet liken himself to a stewed prune; glad to see the picturesque porcine phrase receive the cachet from his hands. It is good to find that a poet is "a regular fellow."

John Gneisenau Neihardt reminds me a little of Jimmie Hopper. He is stocky, with that unruly hair which seems to call for the head harness of football. I think he could give an excellent account of himself in a rough-and-tumble scrap. In inches he is just long enough to fit in old Doc Eliot's five-foot shelf.

Before I quote him, let me identify him for those who may be a little behind the poetical times. He is thirty-seven years old, and lives at Bancroft, Nebraska. He published his first book of poems, "The Divine Enchantment," in 1900. From 1901 to 1907 he lived among the Omaha Indians to study their character, history and legends—the stuff of epic poetry. Here are his subsequent books: "The Lonesome Trail," a volume of short stories, 1907; "A Bundle of Myrrh," poetry, 1908; "Man-Song," poetry, 1909; "The River and I," a book of travel, 1910; "The Dawn-Builder," a novel, 1911; "The Stranger at the Gate," poetry, 1912; "Death of Agrippina," poetry, 1913; "Life's Lure," a novel, 1914; "The Song of Hugh Glass," poetry, 1915. For several years he was a book-reviewer for the New York Times. At present he does the same work for the Minneapolis Journal, and good work it is.

"Tell me what you think of the 'new poets,' the 'free versers,' the impressionists," I re-

quested when we had cornered ourselves in the Green Room of the Bohemian Club.

"Impressionism," answered Neihardt, "is the tendency to repudiate standards of judgment and set up individual caprice as a guide. It is the natural result of the misapplication of the democratic idea. To me, democracy is the opposite of individualism. Democracy emphasizes the group more, the individual less. But we have arrived at a form of anarchy. We claim not only political equality but equality in everything else, even equality of opinion. 'My opinion is as good as anybody's, and a damned sight better,' says the impressionist.

"Individualism is now on the wane. We are in a transitional period between individualism and coöperation. Individualism is anarchic. It destroys discipline. It has little respect for authority. Our arts reflect our social organization. If this is anarchic, men's opinions are anarchic too. But as we drive toward coöperation there will be more and more respect for authority through discipline. The result will be good for our arts.

"The impressionists talk glibly of 'free form.' It is a contradiction in terms. Form is form because it is not free. The only freedom in the political realm or in art is to be found within the confines of rigid law. The impressionists, the vers libristes confuse the meaning of 'freedom' and 'license,' a confusion characteristic of all so-called 'democratic' revolts. And as the sense of form decreases, vagueness of thought generally increases.

"The trouble with the impressionist is that he lacks background. He denies his ancestors. He forgets that the world began a long while ago, and that art is possible only by continuing tradition creatively.

"Of course I'm opposed to slavish imitation. In some sense I'm a rebel. I believe in experimentation. It is necessary in a world where rigidity is death. As soon as form becomes rigid and not adaptable to the world-stream, to the flux of life, it is doomed.

"Previous to the revolt of the impressionists we had reached a stage of barren formalism. Poets aped one another. They said the same old thing in the same old way. Revolution was necessary. We had to get a new perspective. In that sense I respect the impressionists. But their work is of temporary significance only, like the work of the revolutionists in France who were leading up to a new respect for law.

"Most of the impressionists seem not to possess a racial inheritance. But you can't produce anything in a vacuum. They are trying to produce art without relation to anything but individual experience. Individual experience is a great thing, a part of art; but racial experience is greater.—Is not this the difference between minor and major poetry? Poetry works its magic by appeal to memory. There are two kinds of artistic memory, individual and racial. The minor poet appeals to individual memory. The major poet, to both individual and racial memory."

"What do you think of the Spoon River anthologist?"

"I think Edgar Lee Masters has a touch of genius. He sees things in a vivid way. He understands a great deal about human nature. But he gives us the material of poetry, it

seems to me, rather than poetry. He is as sincere, I think, as any of these new poets. But I doubt the sincerity of most of them. They give me the impression of a man on a street corner crying to the crowd: 'Look at me. Here I am.'

"The fact that such a large crop of so-called 'new poets' has sprung up seems to me to prove that what they are doing does not require the expert to do it. The number of poets and so-called poets was small when it was still considered necessary to serve an apprenticeship in the art. As soon as anarchy begins to reign all the bars are down and it is no longer necessary to learn your job. At the present moment any man may produce poetry for home consumption. There is no objection to that. But I think good taste requires that it be consumed at home."

"What about Amy Lowell?"

"Amy Lowell is an anarchist. Still, she gets beauty now and then. She has the ability, if she would only not be individualistic, to be a poet of large dimensions. She has abandoned the chief source of poetic power—race consciousness."

"What about Carl Sandburg?"

"He's a roughneck."

"Whom do you regard as our greatest living poets?"

"Among the men, Edward Arlington Robinson and George Sterling. Among the women, Josephine Preston Peabody and Anna Hempstead Branch."

Whereupon the three poets departed for Tamalpais.

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Bapaume

By H. M. T.

On a burning July noon of 1915 three of us stood overlooking, for the first time, the valley of the Ancre and the Somme country. British troops were "taking over" below. The sinuous trenches, French and German, were in plain view athwart the hills, but there was not a movement, not a sound, not a puff of smoke. After "the salient" this was light-hearted holiday; for we did not know what was in the future. We did not know the expulsion of the invader would begin from those silent slopes before us. Place names that are now as full of awful meaning to those who know them as the names of stars to children then meant nothing. Those two rounded chalk downs must be—what is it?—Beaumont Hamel and St. Pierre Divion. Beautiful country; no gunning; and look at those delightful woods! To the right we could see Albert, very quiet, with the gilt image of the Virgin strangely poised over a shattered tower.

Ah, that city of Albert by the Somme! Since we saw it that day, what multitudes of our boys have watched that ruined tower loom ahead on the road, have tramped by it, glancing silently up at the appealing Madonna holding her infant over their heads, and have returned no more. I saw them pass; and pass yet, most of a year after, an endless stream of youth, still glancing up at that symbol, unaware that Fate, for the ancient evils of Europe, had doomed them to travail and sacrifice on those hills beyond Albert, to bring their fellows to a sense of guilt, to save the future life of their kind.

For the God-State was overthrown on the Somme, and the chance given us of a better world, whatever the secret worshippers of Dagon in England may suppose. That we are outside Cambrai now is because once we took the Pozières Ridge and Beaumont Hamel, and then Loupart Wood by Bapaume. I have seen men smile bitterly at the old road-marks by the wayside to death: "Bapaume, twenty kilometres." Bapaume might as well have been in another planet then. Yet, if we could get it, the Somme was won; and more also, for that city would be the sign that, soon or late, the enemy would be forced out of France. But the Pozières Ridge was still to go; and then the Ancre Valley, Serre, Gommecourt, Loupart . . . It looked impossible. It was impossible. But like the German war-lords when they established their armies on the heights of the Somme, with admirable precision, believing, beyond doubt, they would be there at the end of the war, we did not know the enduring quality of British youth. Eight months of it! Men in hundreds of thousands, and guns which shook the earth. It daunted those who watched that life going to the inferno in endless streams, who saw and heard at night the flames and shocks of its unremitting fury.

There seemed no end to it. When all the melodrama had gone out of it for the public, when the interest in tanks and heroism had diminished in the halfpenny illustrated papers, any day last February by Pozières you might hear the erratic and continuous hammering pause in the Somme foundry; stop as by a signal unknown; then, on the instant, burst concerted into the terrible volume of surging and multitudinous kettledrums. If the sky

opened and let down on the guilty the pent wrath of the gods, that would be the sign of their transcendent condemnation. Its elemental and unanswerable urgency would thunder round the horizon; return in waves to beat overhead a furious rataplan; and through it all broke the convulsive shocks of the greater and deeper concussions. It had but one meaning: Get out!

But Fritz would not go. Even when the end was near, we who were there but dimly understood. Before fifty miles of German front would break, the Ancre Valley had to be pierced. The home folk will never know what those nameless little actions of the winter of 1917 meant to our men on the hills of the Ancre about Miraumont . . . making their way to Cambrai, as now we see. The ground was like iron; every crater had its floor of ice; every shell shattered marl which flew like masonry.

On Sunday, February 24th, a week after an important German buttress, The Mount, had fallen on the Ancre, we heard the first rumor, hardly credible, that the Germans were going. Had that last stroke broken more than we knew? I met nobody on the ground then who confidently believed that now was coming the consummation of the longest and most terrible battle in history. A few days later I was in recent No-Man's-Land and the German trenches. It was a vision of final overthrow, where the multitude of German dead lay waiting for the Day of Judgment. There they were, in individual forlorn abandonment, in mounds of bodies horribly intermingled, the very tumbled earth a loathsome compost of clay, flesh, iron shards and rags. For the first time we saw the worst work of the guns. Here it was. The earth was heaped in steep waves of brown filth, a morass where one could be easily engulfed, the numberless hollows half full of water, the color of serum blood through the stain of explosives. Prone figures, to the limit of vision, were melting everywhere into the aqueous muck. Just before le Barque, glittering in the afternoon sun of a day that was bright, but bleak and alien as the light of a world not ours, was a line of irregular connective pools, the color of life's drainage, lying beneath a raw and deep embankment. The trunks of great trees were upheaved across that hollow, gray and leprous in a wrecked world that was corrupt in dissolution. Nobody there was alive. All were dead. It was worse—for this we saw—than anything imagined by Dante.

But over us still, in a place new and green, was Loupart Wood, where the machine guns were, and the British artillery was making a leaping surge of smoke and lightnings. That high ridge and its wood frowned down on hope, and made it false. Bapaume was beyond that hill; we saw a road going into it; but the city was still invisible and remote.

A few days later, just about sunset, we crossed the old Somme line by la Boisselle. We had heard our men had got into Bapaume. We were on our way to see. Bapaume had fallen! Had you been in Belgium and France in the early months of the war, getting out of villages at one end when the Uhlans were riding in at the other. If you had heard "Tipperary" sung by our men when they

entered France. If you had known the Somme front before the great battle was planned. If you had seen something of that appalling conflict itself, and had memories of men, met and laughed with in dugouts and at company mess tables all over Flanders and Artois, men now lost in this general ruin around, you would have felt as three of us did entering that wide desolation beyond Fricourt at sundown, on the day Bapaume had fallen. The whitish chalk-rubble of the old mine craters and trenches glimmered phosphorescently in the twilight. We were alone with an army of ghosts. Gun flashes, like summer lightning, played on the northern horizon ten miles away; Bapaume was there.

The sky was translucent and as hard as amethyst, and the sun left clouds like iron girders across the west. The Somme battleground, at last, was curiously still and quiet. We did not know it then; but this Saturday, March 17th, 1917, was the last of the battles of the Somme. More than Bapaume was won. But we did not know it then. There was but a faint apprehension that perhaps this was the turning of the tide. Day went, and the wilderness to the east fell into an abyss of night, with the raised rim of the black profound just seen along the faint sky. Little lights floated precarious and lonely in that void. By the windmill on the ridge of Pozières—no windmill is there—the pools in that dark, shell-tumbled ground glimmered coldly with some reflected afterglow; or they could have been perforations in the earth through which came the pallor of nether empty space. Wrecked trees stood unreal, gnome-like, impossible semblances so blurred that one's first glance refused to believe them. Something was whining and complaining. I think it was a fragment of bough swinging by a shred of skin. The ragged silhouette of a ruin was uplifted beside us. The form of a careened and abandoned tank loomed near the skeleton trees. There was no sound but that whining. This place was Limbo itself, the end of the earth, forgotten by time and men, sinking beneath a gathering darkness that was more than night, for it showed no hope of any more dawns.

I stumbled over the legs of a dead horse. I noticed in the gloom, as if for the first time, the little white crosses of the Somme. They are hardly noticeable by day, but then they were insistent with a delicate radiance of their own. Some living men went by us, moved to whistle a gay air by no delicate illumination from any cross; though all I could see of them, as they passed, was the familiar shape of a steel helmet. We smelt that smell which will always recall that great battle to some of us—wood smoke mingling with the sickly odor of smoldering bully beef tins.

We heard far halloas, distant gun bursts and blithe whistling. In the north, now day was

(Continued on Page 17)

FOR MEN

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Leaves from a German Note Book

The theatres in Berlin—and in Vienna—are sold out every night. Prices have been raised to what the Germans themselves call scandalous heights. And yet it is as difficult to obtain a seat as an ounce of butter. The Berlin correspondent of the Vienna Zeit furnishes the explanation for this curious fact. In the first place the demand for enjoyment is as strong in Berlin as the demand for food. The soldiers from the front coming home on leave desire to be amused; the people at home, thoroughly tired of the "melancholy business" of holding out, are equally insistent on pleasure. In the second place social life in Berlin is quite dead. The shortage of meat, cakes, beer and other drinks makes it impossible to entertain with any hope of attracting one's friends, and invitations to drop in after supper have proved unpopular. Dancing in cold rooms is out of the question, and so social life in Berlin concentrates on the theatre.

The fare is certainly abundant, though revue is apparently unknown. So is the specifically war play. A glance at the weekly programme of the Berlin theatres shows plenty of variety, suitable for all tastes. During the first week of the year, for instance, the Berlin citizens might hear at the Opera "The Barber of Seville" on Monday, "The Meistersinger" on Tuesday and "The Marriage of Figaro" on the Monday following. There were several classical plays, including "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and a host of modern comedies, for the most part problem plays by the well known authors.

It is felt that these joys should also be brought within the reach of the less well-to-do, who cannot afford the pleasures of the theatre. A new organization has therefore come into being, under the style of "Happy Evenings," for the purpose of providing musical and dramatic entertainment for the masses of Berlin. Herman Sudermann and Ludwig Fulda are among the patrons of the society, and their appeal for funds is interesting reading for the light it sheds on the conditions of life in the German capital. "To bring a little gladness to those who are oppressed by the

cares of subsistence, darkness, cold and the dearth of clothes is the aim of the 'Happy Evenings' Society A few hours each evening spent amidst warmth and light and laughter may generate the new strength necessary for bearing want and deprivation."

The Germans appear to be greatly annoyed at the accusations leveled against them in the press of the world that a suggestion to encourage polygamy had been favorably, if not officially, received in the Fatherland. The Berliner Tageblatt, which may be described as a moderate and respectable daily, does not deny that the cult of polygamy is not unknown in Germany, but it declares that it is limited to a few fanatics who are of no significance. In making this admission it mentions no less than six organizations, founded for the purpose of improving and increasing the German race—(1) The "Eden" settlement, (2) The Mid-day Union, (3) The Hammer Community, (4) The German League for Regeneration, (5) The New Order of Templars, and (6) The Ariana Society for the Propagation of Free Love.

The Berliner Tageblatt is at pains to minimize the influence of these bodies, and in so doing reaches the height of impertinence by asserting that the man who is to blame for these ills is the Englishman, Houston Stewart Chamberlain! Chamberlain! Chamberlain! Whatever his origin may have been, there is little either of the Briton or the British outlook about him. He himself claims to be a German of the purest type, and is devoted to the highest German ideals, ideals exemplified in the stripping bare of Belgium, the sinking of hospital ships and the poisoning of wells. Yet this man is dubbed English when it suits the German book.

Yet another instance is very instructive of German mentality. The Frankfurter Zeitung, commenting on Mr. Lloyd George's reference to the German colonies, calls attention to the demand of the English Premier that the fate of the natives should be determined by their own choice. The South German journal is aghast at the proposal. "Presumably Mr. Lloyd George means," it argues, "that the natives of the German colonies should express their views while yet British troops are in occupation." That would never do. Yet while Mr. Lloyd George, even according to the Frankfurter Zeitung only, "presumably" desires this, the German Government actually claims a similar right in Courland and Lithuania!

Farsighted Germans appear to realize the hopelessness of this attitude, and they are striving to recall their fellow countrymen to their senses. Among such people pride of place belongs to Rudolf Eucken, professor, philosopher, theologian, one of the few men of independent spirit in Germany. In a Christmas message to the readers of a Hamburg paper, he pleads for an understanding of the enemy. And yet even Eucken speaks with condescension. The war has shown "that our opponents are more capable than we were at first inclined to think. It was a common thing among us to speak of the English as a nation of shopkeepers. But a nation of shopkeepers would never have been able to put forth such political and military energy as the English have done and continue to do."

In the same way Maximilian Harden, un-

muzzled once more, urges reconciliation with America. On this he insists in his lectures as well as in his weekly organ, which is now allowed to appear again. Of President Wilson, Harden writes, "Never did the German people hear an impure word from his mouth." The way to end the war lies by way of Washington, Harden told an audience in Berlin three days after last Christmas, and he concluded by appealing to the people of Goethe and Dürer to contribute its share in constructing the Temple of Righteousness. The pity of it is, however, that few people take Harden seriously, entertaining as he is.

The man who is in reality all-powerful is Hindenburg, and he breathes a very different spirit. "Do not let us talk so much about peace," he told a deputation of journalists on December 22nd. "Only victory leads to peace. That was the case in the East. It will be the same elsewhere. Victory and peace are certain, and they will come all the sooner if only we present a united front at home. Military victory is assured; no one can possibly snatch it from us." That is the appeal that goes home; Eucken and Harden are but voices crying in the wilderness.



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The Spectator

Adah Isaacs Menken's Right Name

I have just been reading Mr. O'Day's article on Adah Isaacs Menken in the latest issue of The Lantern. Very interesting. I note it is "to be concluded," so I await the March issue of The Lantern with curiosity. Meanwhile I should like to make a few remarks about the famous (or notorious) impersonator of Mazeppa. Mr. O'Day writes:

The Britannica says her father was a Spanish Jew, and gives her name as Dolores Adios Fuertes. But the Infelicia memoir says her father was a merchant, James McCord, and that her baptismal name was Adelaide. . . . Those who would have her Christian-born say she embraced the older faith when she married the second of her five husbands, Alexander Isaac Menken. In this account Adelaide became Adah when Menken won her. In the Britannica Adah is derived from Adios. . . . She always kept his (Menken's) name, only adding an s to the Isaac.

Here we have some curious contortions. In both accounts the Adah is a derived name, in one account from Adelaide, in the other from Adios. Both derivations are far-fetched. And then that s added to Isaac to account for her second name! To my mind, names are not made that way. What was her real name? It is a puzzle of a question, without a doubt. I notice that Mr. O'Day makes no attempt to solve it, contenting himself with the remark that he believes her to have been a Jew by birth, a belief in which I join. His reluctance to commit himself on the subject of her real name is shared by the Jewish Encyclopedia. But other authorities are less hesitant. Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography favors the high-falutin' Spanish name, Dolores Adios Fuertes. So does the Americana. But the Dictionary of National Biography favors Adelaide McCord. Larousse with French impartiality gives her name as Dolores-Adah-Isaacs Menken. "You pays your money and you takes your choice." But my choice is none of these. I dismiss the Spanish name as a probable invention of Adah's late in life. Not being too proud of her actual past, she seems to have invented a romantic past as she went along. She was her own best press agent. And all who are familiar with theatrical affairs know how press agents invent family trees and careers for their principals, especially for actresses whose strong point is not respectability. It seems likely that Dolores Adios Fuertes was first "sprung" in London. She did not use it in San Francisco, and we know that she went from this city to London. Where the Adelaide McCord came from is too much for me. But I don't think it was Adah's real name, any more than I think my own is John Doe. It is my opinion that her real name was Rachel Adah Isaacs.

The Golden Era as Authority

How do I prove it? I can't. My only evidence is an article in the Golden Era for August 16, 1863. This famous weekly is the repository of our early theatrical history. Speaking of the Golden Era's dramatic department, Mrs. Mighels writes in her "Story of the Files:" "It became such a power that all the 'stars' rushed to the Era office upon arrival, to make a favorable impression and receive recognition." I have no doubt that the Menken rushed there with the rest. During her stay

in San Francisco her association with the Golden Era was particularly close. Now in the issue of August 16, 1863, which was just eight days before the Menken opened in "Mazeppa" at Maguire's Opera House, there was a sketch of her career. In my opinion Adah herself supplied the material for that sketch. It sounds like her. It begins by stating that Rachel Adah Isaacs was born in New Orleans in 1839. Plainly we are asked to consider Rachel Adah Isaacs as her maiden name. There is no mention of Dolores Adios Fuertes or of Adelaide McCord. The other family names mentioned in this sketch are nothing like either Fuertes or McCord. By accepting Rachel Adah Isaacs as her real name we solve at least two difficulties. We get rid of the contortions indulged in to derive Adah from Adelaide or Adios. We get rid of that awkward explanation that she liked her second husband's name so much that she added an s to the Isaac and retained it. And we find her, for the first time, fitted with a thoroughly Jewish name. What became of the Rachel? I suppose it was dropped. Do we not all know many women, and indeed many men, who use their second given name only? All her life, despite her marriages to Heenan, Newell and Barclay, this woman was known as Adah Isaacs Menken. In other words, she added Menken to her maiden name of Adah Isaacs when she married Menken. If Alexander Menken's second name was Isaac, it was just a coincidence. Until proof to the contrary is brought forward I shall maintain that her original name was Rachel Adah Isaacs, and that as a girl she was known simply as Adah Isaacs.

The Golden Era Sketch

Let me summarize the sketch of her life given by the Golden Era. It is something of a curiosity. Rachel Adah Isaacs was born in New Orleans in 1839 of French and American parentage. Her father died in 1842. Her mother afterwards married Dr. Josiah Campbell, a graduate of Edinburgh University and a surgeon in the U. S. army. "He saw that Adah was gifted with genius, and personally superintended her studies until his death in 1855." At twelve she had mastered several ancient and modern languages, and had translated the Iliad. To aid in the support of her mother's family she went on the stage at the French Opera House in New Orleans "where on her first benefit she received a present of diamonds valued at \$2,000." She went with the Monplaisir troupe to Havana, her mother accompanying her. There she "was idolized and lavishly bestowed with gifts of horses, carriages, money and jewels—enough to turn the head of a girl of fifteen." She was known as "Queen of the Plaza." Next she was premiere danseuse in the City of Mexico. "After a brilliant season, the love of adventure carried her to Port Lavaca, Texas." "Out hunting one day, with her grooms and dogs, the whole party was captured by Indians, and Adah held captive for several weeks, when a company of Texan Rangers rescued her and took her to headquarters at Austin, where she was presented to General Harney as a trophy of their victory. She remained in the barracks three months, assisted in translating French and Spanish documents, and occasionally giving

orders and commanding the regiment like an officer of the staff. Revisiting Cuba and New Orleans, she commenced studies in German, and in music and painting." At this time she published her first book of poems "Memories" under the pen name of "Indigena." She contributed to the newspapers "Delta" and "Crescent." "Subsequently she went to Texas to look after lands belonging to her father's estate." She established a paper at Liberty, Texas, and taught Latin and French in a young ladies' academy there. In Galveston she married Mr. Menken, a merchant of Cincinnati. In the spring of 1858 she made her first appearance as an actress in "Fazio" at the Varieties, New Orleans. The "Delta" is quoted on what happened after an engagement of one week: "She was crowned with flowers and presented with a set of diamonds by the stock-holders of the theatre, and a golden goblet by other admirers." She afterwards appeared at Cincinnati and Louisville with Edwin Booth, and at Memphis and Nashville, supporting Neafie, Hackett and others. She got a divorce from Menken. Then came a starring tour. But she tired of "the mimic scene" and studied sculpture in the studio of T. D. Jones at Columbus, O. She contributed to various journals, including The Israelite at Cincinnati. Then the Rothschild story is given. "Compelled by the circumstances of her family to return to the stage," she played throughout the West and at Dayton where she received military honors. Soon after, in New York, she married Heenan. Her di-

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voice from him in the circuit court of McHenry County, Ill., "established by proof, the marriage of the parties in New York, April 3rd 1859." There follows this significant comment: "Thus the brilliant poet-actress was at once honorably acquitted from bearing a name ineligible in the circles for which she is qualified by her genius and education, and decisively vindicated from the spirit of slander that would breathe aught in disparagement of her claims as a lady sans reproche." There followed trials, sickness, mental suffering and affliction. Her idolized mother died. She acquired literary fame. She was showered with offers of stage engagements. She married R. H. Newell ("Orpheus C. Kerr") in New York, September 24, 1862. Since then her career has been a series of triumphs.

Press Agent Stuff

Most of this is plain press agent stuff. It is as fantastic as her biography in the French encyclopedia Larousse to which I refer the curious. Some of the misstatements in this Golden Era fantasy are interesting. The year of her birth is given as 1839. All other accounts say 1835. It looks as though Adah was detaching four years. The date of her marriage to Newell is given as September, 1862. All other accounts say October, 1861. The '62 date would save her from bigamy. It seems indubitable that she married Newell before she was divorced from "the Benicia Boy." There are interesting omissions in the account too. There is nothing said about her first marriage to Davenport. Perhaps it was not a real marriage. Nothing is said about her being Murdoch's leading woman. The fact is, she failed miserably in that position, for she never was a good actress.

Found in the File

Let me quote again from Mr. O'Day's article:

There was another side to her life here (in San Francisco). She wrote for the Golden Era, a periodical of remarkable literary merit. There is not a complete file of this paper in existence, so we cannot test the quality of her prose. But many of the poems afterwards published in Infelicia were written in San Francisco.

I do not know of a complete file of the Golden Era. But there are incomplete files in the State Library at Sacramento and in the Sutro Library in this city. I have never inquired at Berkeley. The Sutro Library file is the one in which I found the sketch of the Menken's career. There is much more there. The curious may read in that 1863 volume of the sensation she made here, principally in "Mazeppa" but also in "The French Spy," "Black-Eyed Susan" and the risqué farce "Lola Montez." There is also an announcement that

she is about to appear in "Dick Turpin," but after that comes a hiatus in the file. With all due respect to Mr. O'Day the quality of her prose may be tested in the Golden Era. On November 15, 1863, appeared a prose article a column long from her pen called "Swimming Against the Current." Let me quote from it: "How few are the brave souls that are today stemming the tide! Seward, Jefferson Davis, Sumner, Lovejoy, Wendell Phillips, Beecher, Theodore Parker, Garrison, Walter Whitman, Mrs. Hatch, and perhaps some few more are." No mention of Lincoln, and November, 1863, was the month of the Gettysburg Address! She goes on to praise "Walter" Whitman and Poe. Her emphatic exaltation of Whitman is interesting, for at this time "Leaves of Grass" (published in 1855) was still an opus damnatum. My hat is off to the Menken for that! Five of the Menken's poems are to be found in this volume of the Golden Era. They are: "Saved," "Working and Waiting," "Aspiration," "My Spirit Love" and "Resurgam." Four of these titles are to be found in her posthumous volume "Infelicia."

How San Francisco Received Her

If you want to know how "Mazeppa" was received here, go to that file of the Golden Era. The town was "Menken-mad." "Inigo," "Florence Fane" (Frances Fuller Victor) and the rest of the Golden Era's popular writers on current events gave her columns of space. Her "fiery untamed steed" was the talk of the city, and all sorts of jokes, some of them clever, were made about her near-nudity in the part. One last word. In the (I think) first recorded letter that Robert Louis Stevenson wrote to Charles Warren Stoddard, Robert Louis comments favorably on an article about the Menken which Stoddard had written and submitted to R. L. S. for criticism. Did Stoddard ever publish it? It would be well worth digging up. When the Menken blazed upon San Francisco, Stoddard was a boy writing his first verses for the Golden Era under the name of "Pip Pepperpod." "Bret" was writing "M'liss" serially in the paper, and Mark Twain was feeling his way.

The Case of Frank Jordan

Now comes the rumor, which the reporters are eating up, that a combination has been formed to beat Frank Jordan. This means of course that the old gang that Hi Johnson worked with a push button will try to accomplish something that was dear to the heart of the "man must eat." But from all that one hears nowadays the "pollies" will be kept busy attending to their own private affairs. As to Johnson himself he is worrying enough already. His main purpose of controlling the delegation from his own State to the National

Convention does not promise facile accomplishment. There are many angles to the fight that will have to be straightened out before Hi sees anything like smooth sailing ahead. And aside from the fact that Frank Jordan is himself better than a raw hand at turning a political trick, he will keep Johnson busy vindicating himself in the eyes of Governor Stephens. Johnson is suspect, and with very good reason, considering that a certain lady very close to the centre of political activities has referred to Stephens as the Taft of California. From what source does this political epigram emanate? Is this riddle hard to guess? I think the average politician will find it easy. For the present Johnson is affecting friendship for Stephens on the principle of the best available port in a storm, but another port may seem the best available one before the business of mending fences is at an end. Johnson may yet think it advisable to fly to the arms of J. O. Hayes.

Kreling Defends Rolph

"Now," said Tiv Kreling, throwing his hat down on the table as he entered the pendulum room, "are you satisfied?"

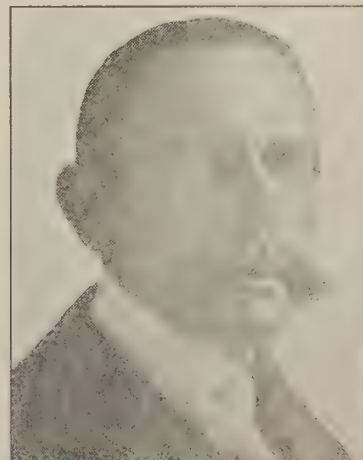
Clearly Tiv was ready for a catch-as-catch-can debate on any old subject from prohibition to Baker street. The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock surveyed his visitor in astonishment.

"Satisfied about what?" he asked.

"About our Mayor. I tell you and I've been telling you right along that he's all right."

"What's he up to now? Something popular I suppose."

"I don't know if it's popular," said Tiv, "but it's something you thought he was faking on. You didn't think he was on the level when he stopped the railroad strike, saying that he was thinking of a plan to buy the United Railroads. 'All camouflage,' you said, but now, you see, the subject is up, and City Engineer



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O'Shaughnessy says it can be put through. The discussion is on."

"But will it be put through?" the clockwinder asked.

"Well," said Kreling, scratching his head, "I don't know but the point is that Rolph isn't afraid to tackle the biggest deal that's been put before the dear people since they bought the municipal road. It's up to the dear people. They have a chance to solve one of the toughest problems the city ever had. Let's see what they'll do."

"Seems to me," said the clockwinder, "it's up to President Jesse Lilienthal. He seems to be unwilling to give up the road."

"Do you blame him?" Kreling asked. "But the fact is that Lilienthal is always looking after the interests of his stockholders until Mayor Rolph points out the interests of the people."

The clockwinder smiled. "You seem to be satisfied with everything our Jim does."

"And you seem to be dissatisfied," said Kreling. "It was only the other day you were knocking him for not holding up the insurance men when as a matter of fact, as I've learned, he was for doing the right thing."

"What's that?"

"Putting it in the hands of the State authorities. We've got an insurance commissioner, you know, and we've also got railroad commissioners to look after rates of all kinds, and if I'm not mistaken this insurance matter will be properly attended to before long. So if I were you I'd go way back and sit down with E. P. E. Troy. By the way, I think he came out of the insurance business years ago."

When Uncle Sam Is Calm

Violently changing the subject Kreling observed that the war was demonstrating the political power of California.

The clockwinder smiled. "Do you think," he asked, "that the Kaiser is afraid of the Board of Supervisors?"

"Well," he said, "the Kaiser may not be afraid of some of them, but you can bet that he has great respect for Oscar Hocks' majorities. The German vote in San Francisco is not to be sneezed at. But speaking of California's political power I refer especially to Uncle Sam's respect for the anti-Japanese element in the midst of us."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the clockwinder, "Uncle Sam has as much respect for that element as he has for Hi Johnson the Japanese baiter or for any of our yellow journals."

"Nevertheless," said Kreling, "the papers tell us that when the Japs offered to come in and lick the Germans in Russia Uncle Sam rolled up his sleeves, asked our Labor Union bosses to think it over and then spat on his hands and decided to do nothing but remain calm."

"In other words," observed the clockwinder, "Uncle Sam followed the usual policy of consulting Labor before taking a stand. He wasn't worrying about Japan; he was harking for a voice from the great diplomats at home. He wanted more human counsel from high authority. Uncle Sam is never in a hurry."

"That's why he kept the Allies waiting, I suppose," Kreling remarked.

"Perhaps. He never goes off half-cocked."

"Never," echoed Kreling. "He believes in being fully prepared."

"Better to be fully prepared than have no machine guns."

"Fortunately," said Tiv, "the Japs were fully prepared."

"Yes," repeated the clockwinder, lighting his

pipe. "Fortunately Uncle Sam didn't say no. He assumed that the Labor bosses would take his view of the matter and consent to letting the Japs throw out a life-saver. But let us salt down the yellow press before taking."

Hearst Busy with Politics

William Randolph Hearst is the subject of considerable political gossip in New York. It is said that he is preparing to run for Governor as a fusion candidate on a platform advocating municipal ownership. It is said further that he has his eye on the Democratic nomination for President in 1920, and regards the gubernatorial fight in the light of training for the bigger campaign. Hearst has been down at Palm Beach in Florida, and politicians see significance in the fact that William J. Bryan, Dudley Field Malone, Mayor Hylan of New York and Richard Croker, the old boss of Tammany Hall, have been there at the same time and have had considerable intimacy with Hearst. The taciturn Croker even went so far as to say a good word for Hearst as gubernatorial timber.

Fred Koster's Speech

The Chamber of Commerce has sent to all its members apropos of "Community Service Week" a copy of the speech recently delivered by President Frederick J. Koster. "Law and Order and the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce" was an important address, and the Chamber has given it a fitting format. It is published in folio size with a cover of black and gold and attractively illustrated with woodcuts—a handsome piece of printing. President Koster in this address reviewed the history of the Law and Order Committee. It is a record of big accomplishments. As everybody knows, the Law and Order Committee stands for the Open Shop. On top of its efforts in this direction, President Koster points out, came the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the cases of Hitchman Coal & Coke Co. vs. United Mine Workers, and Eagle Glass & Mfg. Co. vs. American Flint Glass Workers Union, wherein the court said:

"The Court holds that it is erroneous to assume that this right to form unions is so absolute that it may be exercised under any circumstances and without any qualification; that in truth, like other rights that exist in civilized society, it must always be exercised with reasonable regard for the conflicting rights of others, according to the fundamental maxim, 'So use your own property as not to injure the rights of others.'"

In other words, the Supreme Court reaffirmed the position taken by the Law and Order Committee.

Arnold Daly's Threat

Last week, in New York, Arnold Daly announced that if people didn't come this week in adequate numbers to see the play in which he is appearing, he'd quit the stage for good. Said he'd go into pictures or vaudeville, both of which he says he cannot take seriously. When Arnold Daly's threat was made public the unexpected did not happen. The Singer Building did not topple over and the lights on Broadway did not go out of their own shocked accord. Things went on as usual. Never before, however, have I regretted not being in New York as I regret it this week. If I were there I'd stay away from Daly's show and ask all my friends to do the same.

Father Arch Perrin

The sudden death of the Rev. Arch Perrin, beloved pastor of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin and Episcopal chaplain at San Quentin, has been the sorrowful inspiration of many tributes. It was impossible to know Arch Perrin and not love him. Most of what has been written deals with his years in the ministry. His Stanford days have not been dwelt upon, yet they were his formative days. This lack has been supplied by his classmate Waldemar Young who writes as follows:

Dear Spectator: In his college days at Stanford, Arch Perrin was easily one of the most popular men of his class. He was never, in those days, the sort of college student whom the closest of his fellows could have picked, by the wildest hazard of a guess, as material for the pulpit. What he may have himself intended, for himself, is of course a different matter. It usually is. But if Arch Perrin knew—and it seems quite likely that he did know, for he was no man of indecision, blown willy-nilly by moods or fancies—that his future was to be that of good shepherd, he kept counsel with himself about his plans. He was one of "the gang." Mayfield used to see him, now and then, of a Friday night along with the rough-and-ready "good fellows" of that college generation. If I am not mistaken, his name is carved in one of the table-tops that used to decorate the back-room of Anzini's Mayfield saloon and that were later moved to Louis Brant's steam-beer palace at Menlo, following an inspired dry-wave that hit Mayfield, and that now repose in chaste isolation in a room back of Joe Larkin's cigar stand in Palo Alto. Beer-soaked, fist-banged table-tops, record of a merrier day! Arch Perrin sang the songs of the gang around them and saw no harm in the pastime. He had the broader vision. That is perhaps why none of his college mates ever guessed that he was planning for himself a ministerial career. There were others at Stanford at the time who contemplated the cloth and it stuck out all over them, an aura of righteousness, a "holier-than-thou" aloofness. Not so with Arch Perrin. He was no prig.

Always a careful and painstaking student, Arch still found time for a number of college activities. He had positive genius for the piano. During all of his college career from freshman year on, he served as accompanist for the Glee Club. It was a coveted job, but no one of the many ivory-ticklers striving for it, could wrest the plum from Arch Perrin. In this capacity, he made all of the trips with the Stanford Glee Club. Meanwhile, he was studying hard. Graduated with high honors, he entered the lists for a Rhodes scholarship at Oxford and won. He was away three years—one year at Oxford and two years at a theological seminary in New York. When he returned to San Francisco he wore the cloth.

Very sincerely,

Waldemar Young.

The Baker Street Club

How much of this mess is to be accounted for by insanity and how much by depravity is a question which might tax the learning of a joint conference of medical scientists and theologians. Was Oscar Wilde insane? The question is answered both yes and no. The same with Admiral Barry. Some men insist that wretches of this sort are fully accountable for their acts. Others are just as positive that they are the victims of innate abnormality. Still others distinguish between

those who are mentally twisted from birth and those who have reached the depths by descending step by step into viciousness. There is a natural horror for certain vices which makes people shrink from their perpetrators. But one can abhor vice and pity the vicious. And if insanity, not viciousness, is the motive power of perversity, pity becomes a duty. The law recognizes this; for while it condemns the vicious to prison, it cares for the insane in its asylums, and sometimes cures them. There are certain offenses, says that very wise St. Paul, which should not even be mentioned. No doubt in his time as in ours those offenses were the subject of gross, jocular cynicisms. Experience of the world teaches all of us the validity of St. Paul's statement. Let science, let religion, let justice deal with these cases. When they become the theme of conversation furtive prurience and unhealthy curiosity batten on them.

Joshing Bohemians

But there are wits in the world who must have their fling. They discuss a subject like the Baker street club as such subjects were discussed in the days of Trimalchio's dinner. This particular case appeals to their flippancy and it affords them the opportunity to contrive coarse witticisms, for it has provoked much gossip, and men about town can tell you more of the details of affairs in the inner temple on Baker street than have been hinted at in all of the dailies put together. Of course there is much jesting at the expense of the club to which, during the years, many esthetes addicted to what were once known as Eastern vices, have drifted. There have been many expulsions from this club, which is not at all curious considering that it cultivates the society of men more or less of the esthetic type who are able to contribute to performances in the fine arts. Even when the Baker street arrests were made one of the men snared was a Bohemian who was to appear at a song recital the day of his arrest. Though a circumstance like this is not of the least significance the about-town jester may be depended on to exercise his dull wit with a sly allusion.

Is Elbert Hubbard Alive?

It is generally believed that Elbert Hubbard went down to his death on the Lusitania, and nobody has suggested as in the case of Kitchener that he was saved. Yet there is more reason to believe that Hubbard was saved than for believing that K. of K. is somewhere in Russia or elsewhere. Here is one of the Chandler Bros. & Co. weekly financial letters, which bears a striking resemblance to the handiwork of Fra Elbertus at his best, or perhaps, it was at his worst:

"Seriously speaking, is it not a terrible result when we consider that a Kaiser Hun, begotten of Attila, with withered arm and discharging ear, a degenerate son, and a retinue of cold-blooded, hard-hearted followers, war-lords and masters over a country about the size of Texas, has the world standing on its head today, with all the cruelties practiced and all the deprivations exacted, in order that the shedding of the Entente nations' best blood and the financial exhaustion involved, are necessary that at some future

date the Teuton stranglehold shall be destroyed?"

The foregoing is in the Hubbard style. It reminds one of Hubbard in his great classic "Who Took the Lid Off Hell?" Therein he wrote, much to the admiration of our commercial literary men, about that withered arm and discharging ear, and so great was the esteem he won among critics on Broadway, where taste in literature is like taste in musical comedy, that as soon as the Lusitania was sunk it was resolved to erect a monument to Elbert Hubbard. Now if Hubbard is not writing the "general market observations" for Chandler Bros. & Co. the brokers, the author is a man who has a retentive memory for Hubbard's explosive language, the stuff that tickles the ears of the groundlings. For example:

Why Not Trap the Kaiser?

Here is a fine suggestion from the financial letter:

"The heroes decaying in foreign soil and on rock-ribbed beaches, the widows, orphans and aged men and women who mourn their loss—the horribly maimed, crippled and distorted—the nerveless wrecks, nations torn asunder, their civilian peoples driven into an existence a thousand times worse than death, bankruptcy threatening the best part of the world—a car of Juggernaut riding through the air, on the face of the earth, and in the waters under the earth, crushing the hopes, the aspirations and the lives of the people—all by this handful of Prussian, Bavarian, Saxon, or whatever you may call them, descendants of whatever Huns, Vandals and Boches have hitherto dwelt in the dark caverns of the earth—and these wretches—only a few miles removed from legions of the civilized world—so secure in their isolation that their lives seem perfectly safe, as they rejoice in their ignominious treatment of unprepared and unsuspecting neighbors. We track with trained bloodhounds the escaping insignificant occupant of the county jail—we use a secret service, who through years of travel to the uttermost ends of the earth, seek after and obtain the defaulter, but the ingenuity of the world seems unable to reach and destroy, even though they know within a mile or so of where he is, the most poisonous viper and lustful murderer that ever made attack upon an unsuspecting traveler—the wretch who claims kinship and intimate, confidential relationship with the same God we worship and glorify. The world seems hypnotized by the merely apparent difficulties ahead to effect his immolation. Why can he not be reached? Why cannot the sword of righteousness, truth and justice cleave him and his crowd asunder?"

Did He Say "Bunk?"

Upon a technical question of "bunk" Oakland's council has postponed deliberation upon the lease of a part of its waterfront to a steamship company. When the lease came up for passage the course was smooth until Mayor Davie remembered the word.

"In talking this matter over in conference," said he, "Commissioner Soderberg made remark to the effect that the plan was 'bunk.'"

The Mayor would have continued but the damage was done. Like a bomb "bunk" fell in the chamber. Soderberg said he did not

recollect the word; the Mayor called on the others for support. Followed a scratching of legislative heads, corroboration and dispute, and the leasing of fifty acres of land was postponed. When it is determined for all time whether Soderberg did or did not say "bunk" right out in council, a steamship company may be given the right to build its wharves and plant on Oakland's shores.

Shanley "Puts One Over"

Francis Patrick Shanley, proprietor of the Hotel Continental in this city, has just succeeded in hoaxing the great Edison. And it was as easy as falling off a log. We all remember when Henry Ford, Luther Burbank and Thomas Edison attended our World's Fair together. Some of us may remember that they had a group picture taken to commemorate the day. Shanley got one of these pictures, had his own likeness and that of his partner Joe Furness "faked in," had the whole thing rephotographed and sent out the result as an advertising souvenir. Greatly daring, he even sent one of the souvenirs to Edison. And the electrical genius replied in a nice letter wherein he said: "I recall very distinctly the occasion on which we all sat for the photograph, and it brings to my mind the remembrance of a very pleasant time." Which shows that Edison was so little impressed with the day he spent in company with Ford and Burbank that it was possible for him to think that a couple of hustling young hotel men were also in the party. You may be sure that Shanley is using the letter from Edison for all its advertising value. But being "a square guy" he cheerfully admits to all comers that he "put one over" on the sage of Orange, New Jersey.

A POLISH MOTHER'S PRAYER

By Hermon Ould

(It is said that there is not a living child in Poland under eight years of age.)

Baby Christ, to Thee I pray—
Baby Christ, whose dimpled fist,
Like a rose-leaf sunshine kist,
Seeks thy mother's warm white breast,
Thy mother's full white rounded breast.
(Hush, my baby!
Must my heart for ever ache?)

Baby Christ, my eyes are red,
Weeping for my poor man dead,
Dead for Poland's sake.
(Hush, my baby!
Close your cruel pleading eyes.)

Babe all-loving and all-wise,
Take my weeping babe to Thee.
(Hush, my baby!)

My eyes are dry,
My breasts are dry;
There is no pity 'neath the sky.
Baby Christ, to thee I pray;
Take my hungry babe away!

Counsel (addressing jury)—The principal fault of the prisoner has been his unfortunate characteristic of putting faith in thieves and scoundrels of the basest description. I have done. The unhappy man in the dock puts implicit faith in you, gentlemen of the jury.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Bellboy's Excuse

James Woods walked along Peacock Alley in the wake of a bellboy. Horrors! The bellboy was whistling as he went. The manager of the St. Francis overtook him and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"My boy," he said, "you must not whistle while on duty. It's against the rules."

"I wasn't whistling, Mr. Woods," said the bellboy.

"What were you doing?"

"I was paging Mrs. Smith's dog."

A Bit of Temperament

The latest series of one-act plays at the Little Theatre out in Arnold Genthe's old studio on Clay street began Monday night. For a while Monday it looked as though there would be serious trouble. The bill contained four plays, two serious plays and two comedies. Reginald Travers arranged them in logical order: first a serious play, then a comedy, then another serious play and then another comedy. First on the bill he placed "The Unreturning," a serious little drama written by Mrs. Frederick Schiller, wife of the leader of the municipal orchestra. When Mrs. Schiller heard that her play was to open the bill "she went up in the air."

"I don't want it first on the bill," she declared. "It might be over before the critics arrive, and I want the critics to see it."

This was a horrid reflection on the promptitude of critics, and Director Travers tried to set Mrs. Schiller right. There was nothing doing. The ultimatum was: Rearrange the bill or don't play "The Unreturning." Temperament won. "The Unreturning" was not played first.

Note: The critics arrived on time.

Clay Green's Trouble

Friends of Clay Greene in the Bohemian Club are greatly worried about the news that comes from Los Angeles. A few days ago while playing dominoes in the Jonathan Club the well known playwright suddenly lost the sight of one eye. On the following day he lost the sight of the other eye. The best of medical attention has since restored his sight, but only partially. Clay is very strong in the affections of the Bohemians. After the fire he organized a big benefit at the Lambs in New York and raised \$5,000 as a contribution to the rehabilitation of the local club. The money was used to furnish a room.

"Jimmy" Fisk Goes to Washington

I met Professor William Dallam Armes the other afternoon and found him sad because he is losing his right-hand man at the Greek Theatre, James K. Fisk. The assistant recorder of the University of California was informed recently that if he took the examinations and passed he might expect a first lieu-

tenancy in the aviation service with a billet at Washington, D. C. He took the exams and passed them brilliantly. And so he is on his way to fraternize with Victor Henderson and other U. C. men who are doing their bit at the national capital. Professor Armes is not alone in his sadness. Fisk is president of the Players Club, so that thriving organization must look for a new head. The Players gave Fisk a dinner of Godspeed.

The Success of the Zuloagas

The Zuloaga exhibition is drawing remarkably large throngs to the Palace of Fine Arts. Bernard Maybeck's Exposition structure is not the most accessible place in town for those who depend on street cars for transportation, yet in the first two weeks that the paintings were on display five thousand art lovers went to see them. This is a showing of interest which does credit to the appreciation of art in San Francisco. Our art lovers are not yet very strong on buying good pictures, but they certainly will go to see them. The show has another full week to run, and the signs indicate that interest will keep up to the end. Like all great painters, Zuloaga paints for tout le monde, not for a handful of cognoscenti. The individual may interpret him without the aid of a primer. He speaks to the untutored imagination. I wonder if any of the pictures will stay here? Our men and women of money have an excellent opportunity to enrich their collections, provided the paintings are for sale.

A Giddy Mother of Twenty-five

I quote from the latest issue to hand of the London Times:

"When Rosina Flutter, married, 45, and mother of 25 children, including five pairs of twins, summoned Thomas Rigby, a munition worker, for alleged assault at Chertsey last week, she admitted that she had an infatuation for Rigby, and had sent him letters, which she now described as a lot of rubbish. Both parties were bound over."

Only forty-five years old, the mother of two dozen and one youngsters, including half a score of twins, and still Rosina Flutter is all a-flutter when she looks at a man who looks good to her. And still there are people who say they understand women! I suppose these know-it-alls would say that Rosina is of a loving disposition, but it strikes me she's a glutton for punishment. You'd think that a woman who has been as busy as Rosina has been for the past fifteen years, wouldn't have much time to get infatuated with a munition worker, let alone to write letters to him. But you never can tell. I take it that Rosina's hubby is in France.

Piteous Appeal from Belgium

An appeal has been received by the Pacific Division of the Commission for Aid Civil and Military Belgium and France, from the headquarters of the Belgian Destitute Civilians Outside the United Kingdom, at London, which is registered under the War Charities Act and is under the patronage of Her Royal Highness Madame la Duchess de Vendome and of the

Right Honorable the Lord Mayor of London and His Excellency the Belgian Minister, and of which the Earl of Clarendon is chairman and the Chevalier E. Carton de Wiart is vice-chairman and honorary treasurer. The appeal calls attention to the fact that some of the schools have been closed in Belgium because the children are too weak to attend owing to starvation and exposure. In the manufacturing districts of Verviere, Renaix, Eecloo and Courtrai all work is at a standstill and the looms silent. The appeal also calls attention to the fact that the Belgian Minister at The Hague has written that "in order to save the children it has become necessary to send them, in batches, for a few weeks to Holland to recover from their privations, and a telegram was recently received saying that 300 had arrived at The Hague without suitable clothing or even boots." The appeal is for clothing for these poor children. No gift is too small. Send anything you can spare—remnants will be most acceptable. Half a yard of material will make a child's petticoat—a yard of flannel will give warmth to a new-born babe. The local commission has forwarded this month 39 cases of children's and adults' clothing and shoes, and 20 cases more are awaiting shipment. One thousand dollars in cash from the various superfluity shops was forwarded during February. The ladies committee which was formed to establish a branch in the Exposition valley and the Pacific Heights district, held a meeting in the Whitcomb Hotel on Friday afternoon and decided to secure a location at Fillmore and Union streets. The ladies are: Mrs. E. Daclin, Mrs. Leah H. Davis, Mrs. A. B. Doassons, Miss Pearl Beilhes, Miss Florence Musto and Mrs. A. B. Burt.

A New Skating Club

Skating as a social diversion has grown in popularity this season and many members of the smart set are organizing a morning and afternoon skating club at the Winter Garden Ice Palace. Bobbie La Rue, the winner of many swimming and diving trophies in the East and Southern California, is making San Francisco her home. Miss La Rue is also one of the best skaters at the Garden ice pond and has created such a circle of admirers by her many skating parties that she is now forming a skating and knitting club. Those

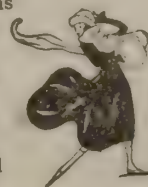
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PALACE OF FINE ARTS

DAILY: 10 A. M.—5 P. M.

Admission 25c

of the younger set who have joined are Helen Joyner, Mabel Walton, Josie Lamar, Gladys Becker, Mabel Tuckbreter, Emma Carmody, Marie Shaw, Genevieve Beal, Madalene Miller, May Box, Irene Evans and Rose Schack.

At the Whitcomb

All the ladies who attended the benefit given at the Whitcomb to raise tobacco money for the boys in France will be glad to know that Mrs. J. H. Van Horne has received an acknowledgment from General Pershing of the large consignment of cigars, cigarette and smoking tobacco sent to France some time since A unit of the California Preparedness Navy Service has been formed at the Whitcomb, and the members gather in the Sun Room to knit and sew for the sailors. Among the members are Mesdames D. E. F. Easton, Louis Coffey, Charles Rosener, Lofsted Miles, W. L. Williamson, Edgar Keithley, L. B. Mersereau, L. O. Head, D. H. Saeger, Margaret Balch, John H. Van Horne and Joseph Seeley. . . . Mrs. John H. Van Horne entertained at tea in the Sun Room Saturday afternoon in honor of Miss Mary McDonald of Dubuque, Iowa, who is visiting her aunt Mrs. Charles Baker Deane. Among those present were Mrs. Charles Brayton, Mrs. James McDonald, Mrs. L. B. Mersereau, Mrs. Amelia Waterhouse, and the Misses Hildebrecht, Lola Wood, Violet Phillips and Gladys Waterhouse.

At the Cecil

Lieutenant and Mrs. O. L. Downes of the United States army will be guests at the Cecil for a month. After a delightful visit in the East Mrs. William S. Wood returned to the hotel where she will make her permanent home. Ten guests enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. A. B. Davis at luncheon Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Eldridge of Salem, Or.,

have returned from Southern California and will spend the month of March and part of April at the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Crothers entertained informally at dinner Thursday. Covers were arranged for nine. Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan who came up recently from Los Angeles entertained informally Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Allison of Chicago will make an indefinite visit at the hotel. Miss L. K. Ward of Honolulu arrived Tuesday from the islands. An impromptu luncheon was given by Mrs. Rowley Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Cook returned Monday from Byron Hot Springs and are at the Cecil. Miss Gladys Kibby of Washington, D. C., is a recent arrival. Mr. and Mrs. James C. Barnes of New York are enjoying their visit in San Francisco. Mrs. Mary J. Hyde has been entertaining her son and daughter-in-law Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Hyde of Visalia.

Pretty Girls at Techau Tavern

There have been many show girl revues; sometimes one has been tempted to say too many, but it would be a harsh critic who had anything but praise for the revue corps now "turning them away" at Techau Tavern. Punctitude is theirs, and abundant youth; vim, go and, above all, real voices. Their programme is as varied as the tastes of their hearers and embraces operatic arias, popular song hits and well-loved ballads. They are good to look upon, good to listen to and their gowns—so the ladies say—are dreams. Of course that preëminent Tavern institution the jazz orchestra—the first, by the way, ever heard in an American cafe—is a strong factor of popularity. Every dance lover in San Francisco knows the excellence of this orchestra, but the management added a characteristic touch by introducing merchandise dances and presenting to the ladies alluring favors of silken ap-

parel chosen, without competition, from thirty-eight costly articles. These dances take place at dinner and after the theatre but the entire evening programme is so packed with entertainment that many parties are arranged to cover the whole period from dinner to closing time.

Soon Got It Paid

"I don't suppose that I shall ever get this bill settled," sighed Mr. Sandy, the local bootmaker, looking ruefully at a small piece of paper.

"Why not?" asked the partner of his joys and sorrows, though not of his business details. "Whose is it?"

"It's the account of Mr. Goodman, the deacon. I've asked him for it ever so many times, but I can't get it. He is such a big-wig in the place. I suppose he won't pay till he wants another pair—in about twelve months."

"Give me that bill," cried his wife with an air of determination. "I'll get it settled."

That was Saturday evening. On the Monday morning the bill and the cash were sent to Mr. Sandy.

"How did you manage it, my love?" asked the bootmaker in amazement.

"Oh, it wasn't much trouble," said Mrs. Sandy quietly. "You were not at church yesterday or you would have understood. When he brought round the plate for the collection, I just put that bill into the plate, folded so that everybody could see the name and other particulars—the date and so forth. I thought you would have the money today. When you want any more debts collected, pass the bills to me, Henry."

And Henry said he would.

A college graduate was walking down the street one evening with a friend of Irish descent, and, pausing to look up at the starry sky, remarked with enthusiasm:

"How bright Orion is tonight!"

"So that is O'Ryan, is it?" replied Pat. "Well, thank goodness, there's one Irishman in heaven anyhow!"



FRIEDA HEMPEL

World's leading singer of coloratura music who will give a recital at Columbia tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon and Sunday afternoon, March 17

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The Stage

The Hoffmann Idea

Gertrude Hoffmann has returned to the Orpheum to illustrate the Hoffmann idea in modern dancing. With the members of her company—barefoot, bareback and bareface, she gives a very alluring performance especially for men who value stimulants to the imagination. But these performances appeal to all sorts of tastes. Women like them because they are "so artistic," young men from Stanford and Berkeley like them as contributions to natural history; Puritans like them because it is hard to say whether they are devoted more to art than to nature. One consults the programme in vain for that precious mantle called classicism. The Hoffmann idea does not call for euphemisms. Miss Hoffmann is frank and she is satisfied with gauze and spotlights—more spotlights than gauze. The perennial Apache Dance is given with more than ordinary realism. At first a full-dress affair, the dress is treated ruthlessly, but it furnishes most of the expressiveness of the dance. Perhaps the nearest approach to a classic is the trapeze dance, it is so gauzy and so little of anything else.

—T. F. B.

The Big Show at the Cort

"How about the Show of Wonders?" I asked the first nightier.

"It's not a show; it's an expose," he replied.

"Of what?"

"Of what every woman wears?"

"Namely?"

"Legs."

"Were you embarrassed?"

"I was thedabarassed."

"But is the show a success?"

"It can't fall down."

"Why not?"

"Too much underpinning."

"On the square?"

"No, curvilinear."

"Any plot to the show?"

"A Winter Garden plot."

"What kind is that?"

"Mother Eve's kind."

"How are the lines?"

"You oughta see 'em."

"I mean the lines of the show."

"And I mean the lines of the show girls."

"But what about the book?"

"The fillies are favorites."

"Who wrote the piece?"

"Joe Knowles."

"Who staged it?"

"Gantner and Mattern."

"How are the bathing girls?"

"Neptune Beacherines."

"Do they really bathe?"

"Knee-deep in the spotlight."

"It must be a limb show."

"All sorts except one."

"What's the exception?"

"The hickory limb."

"Then where do they hang their clothes?"

"They have no clothes."

"Were you shocked?"

"Electrically."

"I mean, were you put out?"

"No, I went with the rest."

"Is it a loose show?"

"How could it be, with all those tights."

"You haven't mentioned the men."

"I feel too arithmetical."

"Meaning?"

"My head is full of figures."

"You talk like a johnny."

"Hush, my fiancée might hear you."

—Edward F. O'Day.

Theo' Karle's Singing

Theodore Karle revealed himself at his first San Francisco appearance as an artist of distinction of whom America should be very proud. His voice is a lyric tenor whose quality in the lower and middle registers resembles McCormack's as nearly as one voice can resemble another. His diction is flawless, and to hear him pronounce familiar words is like greeting beloved friends. It is a keen pleasure to hear how he maintains the singing tone in enunciating the consonants. His phrasing shows wide knowledge of dramatic values as by his tonal nuances he shows his vocal art. On Sunday he seemed to produce his upper tones with some restraint, probably owing to some temporary throat trouble. His voice is so colorful otherwise that I sincerely hope he has not acquired the characteristic cloudiness of the usual oratorio singer who gives one the impression that it is considered a sacrilege to permit any exultation of tone. To Mr. Karle that would be a hard sacrifice as he seems to have plenty of verve. He sang a long programme of beautiful numbers including operatic arias and several "heart songs" with telling effect. His last encore was a gem "The Whippoorwill," a "nigger" portraiture sung as only an American white artist can sing a negro folk song. I would love to go to his other recitals if only to hear him repeat that song.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

Frieda Hempel's Appearances

Concert and opera know few sopranos of greater gifts than Frieda Hempel, the famous diva of the Metropolitan who comes to San Francisco for two recitals, at the Columbia tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon, and again a



GERTRUDE HOFFMANN
Who is scoring a big hit in her singing and dancing
revue at the Orpheum

week from tomorrow. Her superb work in opera has been more than duplicated in concert, a thing as unusual as it is delightful. No soprano since the days of Sembrich has received such praise as she, and Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer of the Will L. Greenbaum Concert Office, who is bringing Miss Hempel to this city, feels sure that never in the concert history of San Francisco will music lovers be so thoroughly delighted as at the Hempel concerts. She will sing two great programmes, different, each containing a liberal list of the finest things in her vast repertoire. With Paul Eisler at the piano, the following programme will be given at the concert tomorrow (Sunday): Aria "Ernani Involami" from "Ernani," Verdi; On Wings of Song, Mendelssohn; The Vain Suit, Brahms; Cradle Song, Tschaiowsky; Bird Song, Taubert; Nocturne, Liszt; Moment Musicale, Schubert, Mr. Paul Eisler. "Theme and Variations," Proch; Phyllis Has Such Charming Graces, Old English; My Curly Headed Baby, Clutsam; When I Was Seventeen, Old Swedish; Daddy's Sweetheart, Liza Lehmann; "Blue Danube" Waltz (arranged for voice by Miss Hempel), J. Strauss. The programme for the second recital is of equal attractiveness. Miss Hempel will sing the Shadow Dance from "Dinorah," the aria from "I Puritani," Arne's wonderful "Lass with the Delicate Air," Mozart's "The Violet," Schubert's "Hark, Hark, the Lark," Rimsky-Korsakoff's "The Rose Has Charmed the Nightingale," Alabieff's "Bird Song" and a number of other beautiful compositions, including her own arrangement of the Strauss waltz "Wine, Woman and Song." Tickets for both events at Sherman Clay, Kohler and Chase or the Columbia.

"Stabat Mater" on Good Friday

The eighth annual Good Friday sacred concert and performance of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" will take place as usual this year in the Greek Theatre of the University of California at Berkeley. Paul Steindorff, choragus of the university, will again be in charge of the important event and will maintain the exalted standards that have made this performance one of the most talked of music festivals in the country. This year's orchestra and chorus will be almost identical with the ones that so splendidly acquitted themselves on the last presentation of the work. Throughout the summer, fall and winter they have been indefatigably rehearsing under Steindorff's direction to maintain the perfection in the Rossini work that they have always displayed. Good Friday this year falls on March 29. Director Steindorff is now negotiating with famous artists to assist him in the solo roles of Rossini's masterpiece, as well as to take part in the musical programme. Full particulars will be published in due time.

Last Hertz "Pop" Concert

Alfred Hertz has excelled himself in contriving the programme this Sunday afternoon at the Cort when the tenth and last "pop" concert for this season will be given by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Three soloists will be heard, Horace Britt, Emilio Puyans and Harold Randall, the distinguished violoncellist, flutist and clarinetist respectively of the orchestra. Britt's contribution will be Bruch's "Kol Nidrei," for violoncello and or-

chestra. Messrs. Puyans and Randall will have opportunity to show their virtuosity at best in Saint-Saens' "Tarantelle" for flute, clarinet and orchestra, a graceful and light composition of exceeding charm. The orchestra will be heard in the always-liked overture to "Fra Diavolo," by Auber; Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," the wonderful Pizzicato Ostinato, from Tschaiakowsky's Fourth Symphony, given in its entirety at a recent symphony concert to marked enthusiasm; Bizet's popular "Carmen" suite; the Prize Song from "The Mastersingers," with violin obligato by Louis Persinger, and Victor Herbert's "American Fantasia." The latter is in Herbert's happiest vein. On Friday afternoon, March 15, and Sunday afternoon, March 17, the twelfth and last pair of regular symphonies will be held at the Cort. The programme follows: Brahms' Third Symphony, F major; selections from Berlioz' "Damnation of Faust," including "Minuet des Follets," "Dance des Sylphs," "Rakoczy March," "Caucasian Sketches," Ippolitow-Ivanow; "Capriccio Espagnol," Rimsky-Korsakow. This pair of symphonies will conclude the most brilliant season in the history of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra.

Otis Skinner at the Columbia

Otis Skinner is announced for the Columbia for a fortnight's engagement beginning Monday evening, in his latest comedy success "Mister Antonio," written for him by Booth Tarkington. Skinner is regarded as the foremost of American stars and has attained this distinction through his wonderful speaking voice, his exceptional schooling under Booth, Barrett, Modjeska and other prominent artists, and through his versatility and genuine talent. In writing "Mister Antonio" Tarkington had in mind for the leading character a perfectly good man. For two years he pondered and finally made this good man an Italian organ-grinder. In this role of Tony Camaradonio, Skinner has scored a success fully equal to that gained by him as the beggar in "Kismet." Tony is a most lovable character, a poet by nature, an optimist and a happy philosopher. Skinner is under the Charles Frohman management and comes here with the New York company intact. In the cast are Ruth Rose, Joseph Brennan, Robert Harrison, Walter F. Scott, John McCabe, Arnest Elton, Frances Landy, Sue Ann Wilson, Agnes Marc and others.

Second Week of "Show of Wonders"

The engagement of the New York Winter Garden "Show of Wonders" will end at the Cort on Sunday night, March 17, despite the fact of this big spectacle having played to the largest business San Francisco has given any theatrical entertainment this season. Headed by Eugene and Willie Howard, the cast numbers among its principals such notables of the stage as Tom Lewis, White and Clayton, Sidney Phillips, Flora Lea, Charles Wright, Adele Ardsley, Patsie O'Hearn, Dan Quinlan, Ernest Hare, Edmund Mulcahey, Arthur Davis, Virginia Smith, Jacque Kujawski, Harry Wilcox, Myrtle Victorine and Irene Zolar.

Second Week of Gertrude Hoffmann

Gertrude Hoffmann who has scored a tremendous success with her beautiful, spectacular and entertaining singing and dancing revue, will enter on the second and last week of her successful engagement at the Orpheum at the Sunday matinee. J. C. Nugent, the creator of the two people mono-playlet, will present his

original oddity "The Squarer," every line of which is worth while. Nugent who is a comedian, will appear in the name part and will be assisted by the charming and clever Jule York. Charles M. McDonald and James G. Rowland will appear in the entertaining skit "My Good Friend" in which they impersonate two Irish types. Henry Regal and David Bender will present their witty skit "Drop Us a Line," a comedy of acrobatics and gymnastics. Harry and Emma Sharrock in their skit "Behind the Grand Stand" are comedians and mind readers. The only holdovers in this bill will be Leo Beers in monologue, and Phil Kelly and Joe Galvin in their characterization of the actor and the Italian.

"Nothing but the Truth" Again

James Montgomery has extracted a very funny farce from Frederick Isham's latest book "Nothing but the Truth." It will be seen for the second time this season at the Cort starting Monday, March 18, with the well known comedian Max Figman in the leading role. The story deals with the successful endeavor of a young man to speak nothing but the truth for twenty-four hours, and the vain attempt of half a dozen others to compel, persuade or trick him into lying. The Maxmell Amusement Company has surrounded Figman with an excellent cast of farceurs.

"Tonight's the Night" at Alcazar

Dashing musical comedy with class and "pep" and plenty of sweet music and pretty girls will be in evidence at the Alcazar next week, for Sunday begins the musical comedy season of Charley Ruggles and Dorothy Webb, with an elaborate and costly production of the Shubert success "Tonight's the Night." Mary Newton, a musical star from New York, will make her debut in a congenial part. Alice Elliott, William Naughton, Burt Wesner, Sherman Bainbridge and others will round out the cast. The big chorus of pretty dancing girls will be in evidence throughout.

Freak War Inventions

Fifty new ways to end the war are proposed daily to the War Department. Here are a few of the suggestions before the Department's Board of Ordnance and Fortifications:

Polished reflectors to throw sunlight in the eyes of the enemy and blind him.

Elaborated sling shots for throwing bombs.

Land torpedoes, resembling small tractor engines, to run across "No Man's Land" and explode in the enemy trench.

Double shot connected by chains to entangle aeroplanes in the skies.

Sabres with pistols attached to the hilt to inflict double wounds.

Coats of mail, like mediaeval armor, to make soldiers shed bullets like raindrops.

Smoke bombs to be thrown by charging infantrymen a moment before the bayonet clash.

Nearly 10,000 inventions have been offered to the War Department since war was declared.

"I wonder," remarked Mrs. Brown as she put down her paper, "what they'll do with the Kaiser when the war is over? I suppose they'll take his crown away and make him look for another job?"

"Perhaps," agreed Brown; "and I fancy I know the job he'll choose."

"What's that?"

"A diver's."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"So that he can inspect his fleet now and then," was the reply.

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GALVIN, "The Actor and the Italian;" HARRY &
EMMA SHARROCK, "Behind the Grandstand."

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NEXT—Monday, March 18: Return of
MAX FIGMAN in "NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH"

An Alien

By Harry B. Kennon

My name is Blumenthal, Victoria Brainard Blumenthal—Victoria for my English grandmother who was named for Victoria, Queen of England, just as my dead mother was named for Alexandra, Princess of Wales. My father, John Brainard, his father and grandfather, were born in the United States, as I was. Although I can remember but few years when my father, mother and I, later father and I only, did not make long visits to grandmother in England, the greater part of my life has been passed in this house where three generations of Brainards have lived and died. It is no fault of mine that I am a sort of international affair through my English kindred, nor that I, a native American, am an alien through my husband, Karl Blumenthal, now an officer in the German army.

It is only within the past year, really within the last few months, that I have realized that I am an alien, whether or no. The realization is by no means pleasant, nor are delicate suggestions that my holding to my name of Blumenthal is disgraceful altogether agreeable. My father's advice, and I hope my own common sense, have kept me from discussing the war with hysterical friends who seem bent upon talking about nothing else when they seek me out. I simply listen, as I must, and say that I am not pro-German; but kind friends have been unable to hide their suspicions that Karl Blumenthal's wife must be untrue to her country—I a Brainard! Really, sometimes it is harder to forgive friends than enemies. Not that I have met with downright open enmity. I think I could fight that. But how is one going to fight curiosity expressed through sympathy? I do not want sympathy; I want to be let alone.

It may be that I am under surveillance here where more seems to be known about my family than we know ourselves. Stranger things have happened. Very silly people have actually persecuted innocent aliens of this community, caught in this horrible war-trap as I am caught. Let me show you how silly: here is a letter of unsolicited advice from an old friend, the wife of a clever lawyer, saying that the only way I can relieve myself of my intolerable position, as an alien, is to divorce my husband for desertion and lack of support. Odd that she should have left out cruelty.

Aside from its impertinence, my friend's letter is silly—silly, because she knows that Karl cannot possibly send his wife and child money under present conditions. She knows, too, that I am not deserted. It is true that I have not heard from my husband for months. That, and not knowing whether he is dead or alive, make my condition almost intolerable—my being an alien has nothing to do with it. In the meantime, I must keep occupied or go mad; I continue managing my father's house for his comfort, and knitting sweaters and things for the Red Cross. My work is not declined. I learned to knit in Germany, by the way, where the women knit very well indeed. I am not to blame for that either.

It all began when the whole world, my world, was dreaming of anything but war. I had heard the stale war-talk about England and Germany, of course, but like all my friends here and abroad, thought the world too wise, too civilized, for warfare. In those happy days I met Karl Blumenthal at my grandmother's

house in London. In fact, if anybody is to blame for my being an alien it is my grandmother, Victoria. She liked Karl immensely, and I am inclined to believe that his fortune made him no less desirable in her eyes as a grandson. Thank heaven! the old dear's eyes closed before this madness seized the world. Karl, when we first met, was the London representative of a great German banking house. When I returned to America to make up my mind to a life-long separation from my father, my lover managed to have himself transferred to the American branch of his business. He remained in my country for almost a year before our marriage. Grandmother Victoria made a beautiful settlement on me in the shape of American and British securities and, really, my friends here at home were almost as much in love with Karl as I—unless they lied, and there was no earthly reason why they should have done so. Nobody considered me an alien then, nor Karl a monster.

But once, and that casually, did the shadow of my ever becoming an alien fall during my engagement. A young Brainard cousin, now serving his country as he should, had the poor taste to twit Karl with not becoming an American citizen, saying tritely that every foreigner making his living in America should become a citizen. I remember Karl's patient reply

"That," he said, "is one of the generalizations that does injustice to a great many people. It is peculiarly American too; I have never met it in France, England or my own country."

He then addressed my father:

"Judge Brainard, you pass at least three months of every year in England. You married there. You have conferred with me about your money and land interests there which, in time, Madame Victoria's fortune will greatly increase. You like England as I do—as I like America. Would it ever occur to you to become a British subject?"

"It never would," answered my father.

That was my father's attitude before my marriage. I have had no occasion to question it since. Though he is all for the United States winning this war, my father is a just man. We can discuss the conflict from its many sides without anger. He is my support in this time of trouble.

Well, Karl and I were married. We spent six happy months in Europe, traveling from place to place as his or my fancy dictated. Two of these months we passed in Germany and one, the last with her, with my grandmother in London. My father met us there, and in July, 1914, my grandmother died. Then came that dreadful August that separated me from my husband. There was no question in Karl's mind as to what he should do, nor in my father's or mine as to what he should do. He arranged his affairs as he could, placed them unreservedly in my father's hands, and left for Germany. The break was terrible for both of us. My father brought me back to America, to this house, where our son was born. Since then my country has become involved in the war and I find myself an alien.

Now I know my husband, and I know that when he married me he no more married the United States than I married Germany. I know, too, that soldiers are more magnanimous towards their foes than civilians know

how to be. Fate has made me a soldier's wife. I know that Karl Blumenthal loves me and our son just as I know he loves his country. I know this because I love my country too—and I love Karl Blumenthal.

If Fate is kind, my husband and I will be reunited when this war is over. In the meantime, I pray for patience to endure what I must. It is useless for me to say or write this to my friend. In her present state of mind she would not understand. I shall try to forget her letter.

—Reedy's Mirror.

The colonel was addressing a band of nurses who were about to start for the front. He said:

"Some of you are very young and pretty—most of you are young and pretty—and I advise you to work hard over there and to do no flirting. Serious courtship is a different thing. Many of you, I'm sure, will be courted seriously, and will make good marriages with our soldier boys in France. But flirting, I know, you will avoid. A flirt—what is a flirt? A flirt is a rose from which everybody plucks a petal, leaving the thorns for the future husband."

"What a brilliant conversationalist young Mr. Jenkins is. Do you know him? Really, it's an education to listen to him talking."

"Yes," said gentle Mrs. Smith, "I have met him."

"You must have found him very entertaining. He can talk cleverly and wittily for an hour at a stretch."

"Then when I met him," said Mrs. Smith, "it must have been at the beginning of the second hour."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MELODILE HOHWIESNER, deceased.—No. 23931; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of MELODILE HOHWIESNER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Chas. A. Gray, 493 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MELODILE HOHWIESNER, deceased.

FREDERICK HOHWIESNER,

Executor of the estate of Melodile Hohwiesner, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 9, 1918.

CHAS. A. GRAY,

Attorney for Executor,

493 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

3-9-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PEARLEY GLENN GARLICK, deceased.—No. 23977; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of PEARLEY GLENN GARLICK, deceased, to all persons having claims against the said deceased to, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, either file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers to me at the office of Edward M. Walsh, room No. 559 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which place the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

J. P. GARLICK,

Administrator of the estate of Pearley Glenn Garlick, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, March 9th, 1918.

PETER J. CROSBY,

Attorney for Administrator,

First Savings Bank Building,
Oakland, California.

3-9-5

Bapaume

(Continued from Page 6)

entirely gone, we saw low down over the wilderness ahead a film rose in the sky; a distant fire, and a great one. One tiny isolated cloud was shaped by it, a fragment betrayed of our invisible ceiling. Soon our path curved, and brought that area of flushed sky over it, and what had been a clattering ahead of us, a jangling of chains, wheels bumping and a stamping of horses, became odd inky shapes of mules' heads, wagon tops and the lively helmets and shoulders of men riding absurdly high on darkness.

Those fires increased in number and in lustre. From its position we thought the greatest was Achiet-le-Grand in flames. We counted the show of twelve of these eastern and northern villages burning. The further we went the more we felt we were walking straight to the lambent opening of Avernus. Once the whole eastern night leaped away from the sudden effulgency of an explosion.

Already fatigued, we reached the village of Le Sars, one of the most shocking heaps of muck in that spacious country of muck and ruin. Le Sars was invisible to us then—there was that benefit about it—except as vaguely apprehended mass through the only path in which we were lifting our feet—one foot after the other with care and deliberation—out of worse than mud. And by then I did not believe it possible to get to Bapaume. It was six miles away; and the machine guns seemed, as they do usually, much nearer than they are in official communiqués. "Well," said the major doubtfully (he was our guide), "I think there is a battalion headquarters at Cut Throat Corner. Let's push on to that, and ask again."

Outside Le Sars we got our bearing from Loupart Wood. The wood appeared startlingly close. Every tree in that wood, distant and uplifted high in night, showed spectral and baseless against a florid and burnished background, and sometimes appeared to leap as the glow behind it pulsed. Sometimes we were almost sure we were on a path; more often we were merely free to hope we were. Presently the major ahead shouted that the road had gone. We found it had. A mine, blown by the Germans in their retreat, had left a crater that, to our tiny searchlights, was a limitless abyss. With care, we got round the margin of it, disengaging our feet from barbed wire between whiles, found the path again, and continued. The nervous brightness of the star-lights now gave us a greenish fluctuating noon. It showed we were in what had been the enemy's back area but recently. The trees were strangely perfect. The road was ominously good, except for the mine craters. We were alone there. We met no more of our fellows. The crepitation of the machine guns was shattering to the mind; and whether they were ours or their could be only guessed at. No doubt the noise came from both.

By the roadside a star shell suddenly presented us with a signpost: "Bapaume, 2 kilometres."

So near as that! But its nearness, with those wild lights and the implacable and menacing sounds, and our fatigue, gave it an indefinable sense of unapproachability. While we stood for a few seconds debating, a cluster of high explosives burst on our road, a few hundred yards ahead of us.

The major led on. The shells seemed to settle it for him. Shrapnel also began to flash

over the road, though still ahead of us, and I hate shrapnel and the crash it makes more than anything. We still continued to tramp and stumble, too tired to care what happened, anyway. This brought us to a mule of a transport cart, its head caught in a tangle of telegraph wires and branches brought down by the "crumps." The last had fairly got the road. The mule, the wires and the littered road gave us something to do for ten minutes, and so I forgot the hateful lights, the glowing fires and green star shells, and that tearing rush through the air of streams of machine gun lead, which sounded as if the atmosphere were a harsh fabric being hideously ripped. We should never get to Bapaume. I had already surrendered that idea.

Those green stars, soaring to regard what was around them, expanding, poising and then fading, without intermission, and sometimes in constellations, gave us a spectral day, instant and bewildering; and black in that light towards us, over a rise in the road and down an avenue of ghostly poplars came a transport cart galloping for its life. We stood aside to let it pass. I would have given much to ask the driver the reason of this hurry. But there was no time. There was only a clattering roar and he was gone. What did he know? The crimson and lustrous sky, the leaping green stars, and the loud and frantic hammering of the machine guns seemed to be all round us now. We arrived at a barricade of trees on the road, puzzled it out, worked round it, came to where the road turned abruptly, ran through a barrage of machine gun lead—that was why the cart was galloping—and then another obliging glare showed the end of our journey.

Here was Bapaume. We were already in the midst of it. A yellow rectangle in a sombre and shapeless lump showed a window of what once must have been the railway station.

But that street of dark houses before us was vacant, uninviting, sinister; and the hail of lead ripping overhead might have been coming, so loud it was, from a barricade at the other end of that street. There was no telling anything, except that this was Bapaume, and the British certainly were there. I am fair to moderately brave when the wind is in a conducive quarter; but at that moment I was not certain which way it would blow. Yet, again, one may say nothing at such moments. It is for the leader to speak. He spoke. The major had stopped and turned round. He cleared his throat.

"This is Bapaume," he said. "This is a great night. We're here. The boys have done it. But it is enough for me. If you are not satisfied, say so."

We showed no hesitation worth remarking; and stood there for some minutes watching the pulsing of those strange illuminations. The shapes of trees and houses about us—for we had never seen this place before, but had only heard its name so very often—alternately formed and vanished. This was only apparition, the improbable of nightmares, the place where the fevered groan when they sleep. The roof of night was unstable. It would suddenly eclipse; and then it would leap saliently to sight, virid, with phantom shapes of ebony beneath it, and dissolve again. Or the increasing flames of a distant village took little cirrus clouds high in the meridian and made them molten.

At the beginning of the war we should have felt this awful spectacle was the end of all; final overthrow imminent. But then we did not feel that. On such a night we were long

past receiving any such profound impression. We had seen too much, endured too much. Bapaume at last; and all that it meant! Wherever the Germans were, if only at that street end, they were beaten, and they knew it. Here where we were the enemy had told us we should never be. But they were in retreat. The very heavens reflected their red and baffled anger. They were going. The contemptible little army had won.

THE VOLUNTEER'S MOTHER

By Sarah Benton Dunn

He was so beautiful—my baby son!

His sun-kissed curls clung close around his head,

His deep blue eyes looked trustingly in mine. I did my best to keep his beauty fair And fresh and clean and dainty, for I knew I never could be satisfied with less.

He was so strong and well, my little son! I gave my days and nights to keep him so— Called in fresh air and sunlight to my aid, Good food and play, all healthful things of life. I wanted physical perfection, for I never could be satisfied with less.

He was so bright and clever, my big son! I sent him to the very best of schools, Denying self that he might know no lack Of opportunity to do his best, Or feel no door of progress close to him. I never could be satisfied with less.

And yet—but now—my well beloved son, For your perfection can I pay the price? Or would I have you play the coward's part, With selfish, shriveled soul, too small to dwell Within so fair a frame? Is that my choice? I sought the best! Shall I be satisfied with less?

Nay, I would have you honorable, my son— Just, loyal, brave and truthful, scorning fear And lies and meanness—ready to defend Your home, your mother and your country's flag.

He's gone! Dear God! With bleeding heart I know I still could not be satisfied with less!

Wise doctors always word their advice to their patients so that they will not take offense. A man once called on a physician to see if he could find some remedy for a red nose.

"Doctor," he said, "what shall I take to remove the redness of my nose?"

"Take nothing—especially between meals," the doctor answered.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—We have drifted into one of the discouraging markets very similar to that of some ninety days ago. The buying power for the time being seems to have been eliminated. Big interests are taking no active part. Those who have been accumulating industrial stocks seem to be doing nothing. Reductions in the porphyry dividends and disappointing statements by the tobacco companies have checked buying. The nearness of the Liberty Loan and its size are construed as a bearish factor. Good news is ignored. There is plenty of constructive work going on but that is being ignored. The passage of the railroad bill and the war finance corporation bill seem assured and near. Business continues in large volume and at profitable prices. With the inflation which promises it does not seem common sense to think that with the technical position of the market we are likely to have any big decline. Although we hear less peace talk there are certain large banking interests which persist in believing that conditions point much more towards a cessation of the war than at any time yet. As we have had three or four days of extreme weakness and the market has had a big reaction, a recovery is due, but for the present we maintain a scalping attitude and would only buy stocks when they are pressed for sale, with the idea of accepting profits whenever the market shows an advance, or until conditions have changed to warrant taking the long side for a big advance.

Cotton—The cotton market showed more signs of activity the past week than for some time past, and as a result prices are up over a hundred points from the previous week. Trade, however, is so light that it did not require much buying to lift prices, and in the absence of hedge selling, shorts who tried to cover found very little cotton on the market. The advance was both in the futures and spots. The rise in spots occurred in spite of the small exports and a small turnover of actual cotton in the South. The explanation lies in the stronger market for manufactured goods. Prices of print cloth generally are the highest yet reached, with large Government orders furnishing the incentive for the strength. The situation in the option markets is strong, in sympathy with the spots and the high prices for cotton goods. There has been persistent demand for contracts from trade interests. Mills, particularly the Southern mills, have been buyers of futures the past week. Offerings of professional bears, who have been playing for a decline, have been absorbed steadily on all dips, and the floating supply seems to be small. On the appearance of any buying power, rises take place

readily. Some of the largest shorts in the trade have not covered, and this gives the market technical strength. Believers in lower prices have been disappointed to find the approach of the new crop season has no effect on prices. It has been assumed that with prices so high and planting time rapidly nearing, holders of actual cotton would be inclined to let go. Stocks of cotton are much larger than a year ago, and the expert demand is slow, yet prices of spot cotton have advanced the past week, and it would indicate that holders are not concerned about the new crop. Preparations for planting the next crop are backward. Drought continues in the Southwest, and while there have been some showers in Texas, these have not been sufficient to put the soil in good condition for planting another crop. The present outlook is for an acreage of about the same as last year. The market is too high to bull from this level, and while conditions at the moment warrant higher prices, we would not care to follow the advance, and believe the market should be sold on all bulges from this level.

Wit in the Academy

The eminent London artist, Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, who, like so many of his co-religionists, has announced his intention of going to live in Palestine after the war, provided the Allies are able to carry out their expressed intention of founding an independent Jewish State there, was once the subject of an exceedingly witty impromptu. Some time back, when he was comparatively unknown, he sent to the Royal Academy a striking picture of the type that has since made him famous; but, not being a Royal Academician, entitled to affix the letters R. A. to his name, he had the mortification of seeing his production "skyed," whereas, as a matter of course, the paintings sent by the Academicians were hung on the line. Whereupon a friend, viewing the Jewish artist's exquisitely beautiful picture, exclaimed:

"There's Solomon in all his glory, but not R.A.'d like one of these."

Sympathy Wanted

"And I thought I could read character," sighed Billkins.

"Well, what about it?" said his friend. "Anything gone wrong?"

"Yes. You know that sporty fellow in our office—Simpkins? Chap with red waistcoat and horseshoe tie pin."

"Yes. What about him?"

"Well, the other morning he said he was going to ask for time off to go to his grandmother's funeral. I'd already got a bet on

the game for that day, and when he asked me if I'd come too, I accepted like a shot."

"Well, what about that? Did you lose your money, or didn't you get a good seat, or was the game a rotten one?"

"It wasn't that at all. It just happened that he actually was going to his grandmother's funeral!"

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Assets	\$63,314,948.04
Deposits	60,079,197.54
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,235,750.50
Employees' Pension Fund	272,914.25
Number of Depositors	63,907

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIA T. ASHWORTH, deceased.—No. 23905 N. S.; Dept. No. 9 Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JULIA T. ASHWORTH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 9th day of February, 1918) in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, Garret W. McEnerney, room 2002 Hobart Building, No. 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JULIA T. ASHWORTH, deceased.

MARGARET FORD,

Administratrix of the estate of Julia T. Ashworth, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 9th, 1918.

GARRET W. MCENERNEY,
Attorney for Administratrix,
2002 Hobart Bldg.,
582 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

2-9-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of HULDA LEON, Deceased. No. 23,917 N. S. Dept. No. 9, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Samuel R. Leon and Isaac Gellert, Executors of the last Will and Testament, and Codicil thereto, of HULDA LEON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of M. M. Getz, Esq., Rooms 402-3, Oscar Luning Building, 45 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of HULDA LEON, deceased.

SAMUEL R. LEON and
ISAAC GELLERT,

Executors of the last Will and Testament, and
Codicil thereto, of Hulda Leon, Deceased.

M. M. GETZ,

Dated San Francisco, February 16, 1918.

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF CITY TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY of San Francisco in the State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1917, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of California, pursuant to law.

Assets	
Mortgage and collateral loans	\$164,550.00
Bonds and stocks	7,050.00
Cash in company's office and banks	7,863.52
Premiums in course of collection	1,036.50
Bills receivable	2,277.00
Other ledger assets	130,494.29

Ledger assets

NON-LEDGER ASSETS:
Total gross assets

Deduct assets not admitted

Total admitted assets

Liabilities	
All other liabilities	\$ 13,321.24
Total liabilities (except capital and surplus) ..	13,321.24
Capital	250,000.00
Surplus	38,399.16

Total liabilities, capital and surplus....\$301,720.40

H. W. DIMOND, President.
J. H. HUMPHREY, Secretary.

3-9-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ABRAHAM HENRY KRAMER, also called ABRAHAM H. KRAMER, deceased.—No. 23957; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the will annexed of ABRAHAM HENRY KRAMER, also called ABRAHAM H. KRAMER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said decedent, to file their said claims with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix with the will annexed at the office of her attorney, John J. O'Toole, Rooms 654 and 655 Mills Building in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said ABRAHAM HENRY KRAMER, also called ABRAHAM H. KRAMER, deceased.

ANNA KRAMER,

Administratrix with the will annexed of Abraham Henry Kramer, also called Abraham H. Kramer, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 2, 1918.

JOHN J. O'TOOLE,
Attorney for Administratrix with will annexed,
654-655 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

3-2-5

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL USING FICTITIOUS NAME

EDGAR JAMISON STEEL CO.—No. 3586.

The undersigned, Edgar E. Jamison, residing in the City of Berkeley, County of Alameda, State of California, hereby gives notice and certifies that he is individually transacting business under the fictitious name and style of EDGAR JAMISON STEEL CO. That the principal place of business of said Edgar Jamison Steel Co. is situated at numbers 77-79 Natoma Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that his name in full is Edgar E. Jamison; that he is the sole owner of said business and that there is no other person or persons having any interest whatsoever therein.

Dated, February 15th, 1918.

EDGAR E. JAMISON.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco.—ss

On the 15th day of February, in the year One Thousand and Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen, before me A. K. DAGGETT, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Edgar E. Jamison, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal) A. K. DAGGETT,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Endorsed: Filed Feb. 16, 1918.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 87158; Dept. No. 10.

ADELIN ISABELLE O'HEARN, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCES O'HEARN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: FRANCES O'HEARN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22nd day of January, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DAHLEN & JACKSON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-16-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARIE PERRON TARDIEU, Plaintiff, vs. GASTON AIME TARDIEU, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GASTON AIME TARDIEU, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of January, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. W. SANDERSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
420 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

1-19-10

Subtraction

Among the members of a working gang on a certain railroad was an Irishman who claimed to be good at figures. The boss, thinking that he would get ahead of Pat, said: "Say, Pat, how many shirts can you get out of a yard?"

"That depends," answered Pat, "on whose yard you get into."

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 87565.

CARRIE MARCUS, Plaintiff, vs. BERT ROLAND MARCUS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: BERT ROLAND MARCUS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of February, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALEXANDER McCULLOCH,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Hibernia Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES J. RINGBERG; also known as CHAS. J. RINGBERG; also known as C. J. RINGBERG, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of CHARLES J. RINGBERG; also known as Chas. J. Ringberg; also known as C. J. Ringberg, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, Frank M. Hultman, Room 1212 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, California, which said last-mentioned office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said CHARLES J. RINGBERG (aliases), deceased.

GARDA SWANSON,
Executrix of the last will and testament of said Charles J. Ringberg (aliases), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 23rd, 1918.

FRANK M. HULTMAN,
Attorney for Executrix,
1212 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

2-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 23988 N. S.; Department No. 10 Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ZERUAH J. DE HAVEN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the last will and testament of ZERUAH J. DE HAVEN, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix, at the office of their attorneys, Frank McGowan and Blaine McGowan, 715-717 Humboldt Bank Building, situated at No. 785 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all the matters connected with the said estate of ZERUAH J. DE HAVEN, deceased.

IOTHAM J. DE HAVEN, Executor, and SARAH L. DE HAVEN, Executrix,
of the last will and testament of Zeruah J. De Haven, deceased.

Dated: March 2, 1918.

FRANK MCGOWAN and
BLAINE MCGOWAN,
Attorneys for Executor and Executrix,
715-717 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
785 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

3-2-5

"A Happy Combination of Sound Thought and Graceful Expression"

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THE LANTERN



Edited by THEODORE F. BONNET and EDWARD F. O'DAY

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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TOWN TALK

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John Redmond

It is noteworthy that four times in the course of three centuries while England was disputing the claims of a militarist empire to dominate the world her arm was weakened by Irish disaffection; first in the reign of Elizabeth, again in the reign of Louis XIV, again when the great Corsican menaced the liberties of the world, and finally in the present struggle when Ireland was made the cat's-paw of tyranny and ambition. The moral is obvious. It is absurd to accuse Ireland of inherent lawlessness; she has been fighting for her liberty, and it is only to be said of her that in her blind rage she cannot see the larger issue. At the same time the blindness of powerful Englishmen who have ruled England has been of the crassest description. As it is surely a tragic fate that drives a portion of a noble, imaginative people continually to second the efforts of ambitious tyrants how greatly to the credit of John Redmond that in a great emergency he saw the light and the right and took his stand with the ranks of the armies of Freedom! We may condemn English misrule in Ireland but we cannot sympathize with that element of Irishmen who deserted the leadership of John Redmond. He is accused by some Irishmen of missing his opportunity, but the civilized peoples of the world believe that he grasped the opportunity of his lifetime when he affirmed the loyalty of his party to the cause of civilization. He was expected to desert the principles to which he remained steadfast to the end; in other words, to become the typical modern revolutionist at the very time when revolution and nothing else was what Germany desired or Ireland could get. What will the verdict of posterity be? Surely not that Ireland gained anything by the Sinn Fein movement. There is a convention in Ireland now, but the Sinn Fein are outside of it fighting for a delusion. Redmond was in sympathy with

that convention, and some good was accomplished under his direction. All over Ireland and especially in Dublin, men of the most conflicting opinions met socially for the first time and were able to discuss their differences calmly as man to man. But John Redmond died an unhappy man. His was a tragic fate in view of which we congratulate Father Connolly in whose church in this city tribute was paid to the noblest Irishman of them all.

★ ★ ★

Insulting an Ally

We hope to be pardoned if we be premature in expressing surprise regarding the Russo-Japanese situation and the manner in which it is handled in this country, chiefly by a small section of the yellow press. We refer less to the delay in accepting Japan's offer than to the hostility of the yellow press to one of our allies. Doubtless the President is right in holding back for fear of wounding Russia's pride, but is he right also in tolerating the casting of suspicion on one of our allies? The Hearst papers have reached a point where they plainly challenge the motives of Japan. Indeed because Japan offered to invade Siberia Hearst openly accuses Japan of sinister designs against the white race and civilization which are Mr. Hearst's deepest concern. Now this is language that approximates to sedition. It lacks but the overt act that might constitute treason. As Mr. Wilson is seemingly quiescent, we doubt our own judgment regarding the rather shrewdly worded but mischievous attack on our ally. Surely Mr. Wilson is not so complaisant as to tolerate sedition in a public journal, yet he has punished men for language that we deem much less mischievous than some used by Mr. Hearst. "If Japan ever had any sincere desire," etc., etc., says Mr. Hearst. Is there more than one possible construction to be placed on such language? Again: "The ridiculous pretense that now Japan intends—ought not to deceive the intelligence of a school boy." Surely the implication here is clear enough. And Japan is our ally in this great war. Now it may be true enough that it is on account of Mr. Hearst's zeal for civilization and the white race that he is not molested. It may be that he is right and all the rest of us are fools. But are we not desirous of first making the world safe for civilization before bothering about one little section of the yellow race? We are now fighting for civilization; and the barbarian at this

time in the history of the world is the German plus the Turk. It happens that in this era the Japanese are of the civilized races, not merely because they stand for human improvements but for the reason that the sense in which they stand for improvement is the direct converse of rudeness or barbarism. Whatever be the characteristics of what we call savage life, the contrary of these, or the qualities which society puts on as it throws them off constitute civilization. In savage or barbarous states every people trusts to its own strength or cunning and that is precisely what Germany has been doing ever since it broke the Belgian treaty and stood for the slaughter of the Armenian by one of its allies. We call a country civilized not merely where the people are advanced in the arts and sciences but where in an eminent degree they have respect for decent social arrangements and abhorrence of the trickery, treachery and brutality that have characterized the Hun in this war. Mr. Hearst also tells us that Japan is offering to do what may have the effect of driving Russia into an active alliance with Germany. He may be perfectly sincere in this argument, but our business is to do what seems best for civilization and as we know that we have no sinister intention respecting Russia and that all patriotic Russians are sensible of and agreeable to the main purpose of licking the treacherous German who is looting his country why should we deny them the aid of the civilized representatives of the yellow race? But above all (and this is the main consideration) why should we provoke dissension among our real, capable and fighting allies? And why should we insult and abuse one of them, unless it be our purpose to aid Germany?

★ ★ ★

Lord Cecil's Views

While we have been worrying about the Japanese in Russia well-informed men in England have been of the opinion that the Allies should be urging the little brown men to get busy. They have learned that German prisoners in Siberia have been organized and that a Prussian general has been sent to Siberia to take charge of them; also that in trans-Caucasia certain elements of the Bolsheviki acting in collusion with German and Turkish agents adopted an anti-Entente attitude and barred out the British mission which was going to help the Armenians. Possibly this was not good information. Possibly President Wilson knowing the whole

truth was acting in conjunction with the Japanese and was aware that we have lots of time. However, whatever happens it is interesting to observe what Lord Robert Cecil had to say on the subject. He made these remarks on March 8:

The Japanese alone can act effectively in the present crisis. If they are entrusted by the allies with the duty of going to the assistance of Russia against Germany I am sure they will carry out the task with perfect loyalty and great efficiency. From the outset of our alliance with Japan she has carried out with great fidelity all her obligations as an ally. We always have found her scrupulously loyal in the performance of her obligations. I do not think it is generally realized how tremendously serious the German penetration of Russia really is, or what a gigantic scheme of world conquest the Germans now have undertaken. It would be in the highest degree foolish, if not criminal, if the Entente failed to take every step possible to frustrate this German scheme. Therefore, I personally believe we would be well advised to seek the assistance of Japan in a matter in which she, and she alone, can do effective service.

Lord Cecil may be as mistaken as the rest of us who decided at first blush that it would be very much to the interest of Germany to bar the Japanese. But mistaken or not in that respect it is unlikely that any statesman of any of the allied countries will approve the kind of language used by Mr. Hearst in protesting against a Japanese invasion. It will not even be hinted that the time to send Japanese into Russia was the time when Russian armies were organized. That was the time above all others when Japan could not be expected to contribute her armies to assist Russia except at the request of Russia.

* * *

Each for Himself

That all is not harmony between Germany and Austria one may readily believe. Surely it must be humiliating to the ruler of Austria to see the ancient empire falling into vassalage to Prussia under his rulership. This apparently would be the fate of the present ramshackle empire were the Kaiser to achieve his Napoleonic ambition. It is clear that the Kaiser is not worrying much about interests that deeply concern the Habsburg dominions. He is for his own affairs above all others, as the Turks have perceived since the Ottoman Empire was brought to the brink of ruin. Surely Berlin has been asked some pertinent questions as to the outcome of three years' cringing to the orders of the Prussian drill sergeants. The Turks have had a cruel awakening from the dreams of Moslem conquests which were to sweep the English out of Egypt and Persia and restore the empire of the Caliphs. The feelings of the Porte have already been ventilated to a representative of the *Deutsche Tages Zeitung* who was told the

other day that the Turks "would stand no nonsense;" that if Germany "leaves her blood-brother in the lurch in the final settlement" then goodbye to German influence on the Bosphorus. This is no time in the Kaiser's opinion to recognize blood-brothers or scraps of paper. And Austria will have to watch out for her own interests. This is perhaps why a halt was called in the Petrograd drive.

* * *

Austria and the Kaiser

Fortunately for Austria she holds a sort of whiphand over the Kaiser as was shown when she compelled him to throw his strategic reserves into Italy. She refused any longer to be neglected. The Kaiser knows that the statesmen of Austria think it advisable to keep on fairly good terms with the Vatican, and he is aware that there was a reason for the long-delayed break between Austria and the United States and for the conciliatory terms of certain State papers with reference to those relations. If all is not smooth sailing with the Allies neither is there a perfect understanding between the Central Empires. Austria has her own interests to guard and they are not consistent with Prussian projects. There has been much agitation for the creation of a great Slav federation of some sort, and it has been suggested by the Allies that there should be a retention of the Habsburg dominions accompanied by full constitutional recognition and equal political rights to the subject races. But in truth any student of the affairs of Southeastern Europe, sensible of Hungarian, Serbian and Teuto-Magyar unrest, knows that the whole situation in the Near East is in a welter which does not admit of nice calculations. At this time the importance of a Yugoslav settlement is apprehended by Austrian public men as indicated by Baron Chlumetsky in an article in a leading Austrian review. "It is time," he says, "that the ruling powers in Austria should realize that for the economic future of the monarchy, the material welfare of its peoples, for the establishment of the power of the monarchy and the future of the dynasty, the Yugoslav problem is far more important than the Czecho-German question. The Yugoslav problem cannot be settled by a policy of wait-and-see. Once more, and for the very last time, fate is offering us the opportunity of taking the unification of all Yugoslavs into our own hands, of accomplishing a deed of incalculable value to civilization and of the greatest national importance. Out of this war the Yugoslav nation must and will come forth free and united. The only question is whether this is to be done with Austria or against her, with the Habsburgs or against them. The first

contingency would raise us to new heights and the second would seal our fate." Now Austria has had her man-power greatly reduced, but she is still worth while to the Kaiser, and it might be comparatively easy for us to make a settlement with her on terms satisfactory everywhere but in Potsdam. The ambitions of a tottering empire are not hard to satisfy. This is probably President Wilson's view.

* * *

Our Extravagance in Music

Extravagance breeds extravagance nowhere as in the business of managing a city government. This is exemplified in the case of San Francisco where a municipal brass band was organized many years ago ostensibly for our music lovers but in reality for the benefit of the Musicians Union. This, the first of our group of bands, was called the Park Band. It sufficed for many years. Now we have two brass bands, one called a municipal band; also a municipal orchestra which is called the Schiller orchestra; also an organist at \$10,000 a year. With all this instrumental music we regularly employ vocal soloists, some of whom individually are paid one hundred dollars a performance though they have no fame to capitalize; and as to their talent it is surely not worth the money paid when compared with the ruling rate in public theatres. Now all this music—vocal and instrumental—might seem to justify the notion that we are a city of music lovers, but it does nothing of the kind. It is said to be educational; but if so, only in the sense of course that it leads the common people to the temple of Orpheus there to be entranced by the charm of his lyre. But they are not led. They refuse to be softened by the strains of the Schiller music, proving that you may scrape the catgut but you can't make the man in the street open the porches of his ears to a fiddle. The real music lovers keep away from the Auditorium orchestra and spend their money on the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra which has become the pride of the city and which ought to receive the united support of our taxpayers. Why not devote the money we are now throwing away on our little German band of musicians to the support of the big symphony band? If this were done that band could be enlarged and good concerts could be given for the benefit of all the people at prices which all the people could pay. This is not done because the leaders of our municipal bands are our cheap politicians who are playing for votes in the Musicians Union. This is what comes of popularizing art by putting it in the hands of cafeteria Supervisors. Music in San Francisco is a scandal that ought to be investigated, if not by the Mayor at least by a grand jury.

Perspective Impressions

We are the slaves of words. Just now the word that makes us cringe is "profiteering."

No wonder the Kaiser is so fond of Immanuel Kant. Immanuel means "Gott mit uns."

Why shouldn't Hiram defend David Lubin? Wasn't Dave one of his first clients in Sacramento?

There is a new verb in the language: "to Heneyize." It means to jimmy your way into a vault, also to go on a fishing expedition.

Attorney Stafford holds that "in his ultra-progressiveness Harris Weinstock has forgotten the Constitution." But what's the Constitution among ultra-progressives?

New York's Mayor seems wound up and can't stop doing a Hylan fling of Hearsterical gratitude.

"It is a political move," says Victor Berger of Wisconsin, indicted for disloyalty. That's what Vallandigham said.

One of the post-bellum sights we'd like to see is King Albert riding into Brussels at the head of his brave little army.

Irishmen never agree on the merits of a leader till he's been dead a long time. John Redmond will come into his own.

The federal judges say that lawyers must shorten their court speeches. This comes under the head of cruel and unusual punishment.

The Emperor of Austria has a son. Nice outlook for that infant.

Housewives say there isn't much difference between eggmen and yeggmen.

Let them say what they will about Hoover—the fact remains, he's feeding our Allies.

April first is near. Has Hindenburg reserved his hotel accommodations in Paris?

A task for all a man has of fortitude and delicacy: Picking up a safety razor blade from a tiled bath room floor.

Ole Doc Munyon has gone to join Lydia Pinkham in a Heaven where bliss is just one testimonial after another.

Captain Hanks of Albany

By Vincent Starrett

Almost the first words Captain Hanks said to me were these: "Yeh couldn't spare me a dollar, could yeh?"

There was something sublime about the request. A quarter I might have laughed off as a jest, putting the old man down as a humorist; had he asked a half dollar I might have sneered and give him a quarter. As it was I hurriedly handed him the dollar he requested; a large, circular, silver affair, given me in change on my first purchase in Albany, and later I placed the disbursement on my expense account. He was an astonishing old fellow.

I had arrived in Albany, which is a Mississippi river town and almost the Ultima Thule of Illinois, some six hours previous to this encounter, or at four o'clock in the morning. Trains do not commonly stop at the village and only upon request when they do. I had knocked up the landlord at the Marshall House, after a freezing ten minutes on his doorstep (for the month was February), and procured a bed, which I occupied until eight o'clock, when I had breakfasted and sallied forth into the coldest atmosphere in my recollection. Wet gusts blew in from the river, piercing to the bone, and the deep snow was wet and cold under foot. Through it I had tramped to the cottage of Captain Hanks . . . Captain Stephen B. Hanks, son of Thomas Hanks, nephew of Nancy Hanks, and by that token first cousin to Abraham Lincoln.

As the correspondent of a Chicago newspaper, it was my duty to interview this veteran on the subject of his illustrious kinsman, and it was now ten o'clock and I was doing it.

A dog snarled at my heels as I entered the house, but the captain's daughter drove him back with tongue and apron. The captain, seated at ease before a roaring stove, straightened his 82 years and his more than seventy-two inches to greet me. We exchanged the customary greetings; I marveled at the force of his grip; we spoke of the weather. Then. . .

"Yeh couldn't spare me a dollar, could yeh?"

As I have suggested, I could and did, but I was shocked none the less. An illusion had been shattered and my interest began to slip. I was no longer interviewing a cousin of

Abraham Lincoln; I was impatiently questioning a mercenary old man, who slobbered plug tobacco juice as he talked and proved inordinately vain of his own achievements as river pilot.

That was the first reaction. Shortly, however, the humorous side of it hit me, and thereafter the conversation was a delight. Scrapbooks were trotted out; the captain roared through the house as if he trod a quarterdeck; his daughter scurried from basement to attic in search of treasured mementoes and yellow clippings. The clippings concerned Captain Stephen B. Hanks, retired river pilot. I looked them over in vain for recollections of the great President.

Too soon it was apparent that Captain Hanks could add nothing to history. He confessed at once that he had never seen his distinguished cousin.

"I dunno how many times I missed him," quoth the captain. "Yeh see, I wanted to see him. Yes, indeed. But every time I tried he was somewhere else—where I wasn't! Missed him in Dubuque one day by five minutes. Time I was in Springfield, blessed if he wasn't away from home. That's the way it went. Never did see him. But, say, I know this old river by heart. Sailed her for fifty years. As good a pilot as yeh ever. . . ."

"Didn't you ever hear your mother speak of Abraham Lincoln, Captain?" I insisted gently.

"Oh, yes, but not so often, either. I 'member mother used to talk about him when he was in Congress. But we didn't see much of any of our folks. We moved away, and father died, and . . . there yeh are! I've always regarded myself as a sort of 'off sheep' in the family.

"But I'm kin, all right! I've got papers to prove that. Father was Thomas Hanks. Funny thing his (Lincoln's) father was Thomas, too. My father was Nancy Hanks' brother. I 'member they used to talk about Aunt Nancy. Nope, never saw her, neither. Guess I was on the river too much to see anybody. One of the best pilots. . . ."

"But wasn't Lincoln ever in this town, Captain Steve?"

"Sure he was. He surveyed this town, Abe Lincoln did. When he was a young man, yeh know. Later on I helped lay out the town, myself. But I never saw him. Lincoln was a captain in the Black Hawk War. It was after that he came through here surveying. Laid out this destrict. My brother Sam saw him in Springfield when they told him he'd been elected. Went to Springfield myself, but didn't see him. I was on the river a lot. Later I became a pilot on the. . . ."

"Do you remember your old Kentucky home, Captain Steve?" I asked desperately.

"Course I do. Pretty young shaver then. Guess I've heard a lot about it that I wouldn't remember otherwise. It was a big brick house and we had about 1300 acres."

"Slaves?"

"Lots of 'em. . . . don't know how many. Remember one poor devil, though. When we moved we sold him to a man named Smith and the poor nigger cried like his heart would break. We had a good distillery, too, and a tobacco house and horses and cattle. I don't remember how many. When I was a pilot on the river. . . ."

What Captain Hanks was endeavoring to make known was that he was a pilot on the Mississippi for fifty years or more and that he was in charge of many fine boats. It is the captain's favorite subject—or was; I have not heard whether he still lives, and this was in 1914. There are 619 souls in Albany, according to the oldest inhabitant and the census man, all of whom have heard the captain's reminiscences often, for the captain, charming veteran, is a voluble person.

"I know more about the river than any man living," he remarked.

There was no reason to doubt it.

"Did you ever know Mark Twain?" I asked hopefully.

"No!" The captain snorted his answer. "Wouldn't want to! I know all about some of the things he wrote, though. Mark Twain was one of the biggest liars I ever. . . ."

His indignation strangled him.

Which would have tickled Mark had he been able to hear it.

(Continued on Page 18)

The First Sea Lord

(Mr. Pollen is recognized as the leading naval critic of Great Britain. By his criticism he induced several changes of policy and personnel.)

By Arthur Pollen

When I returned to England at the end of last week after having spent nearly six months in the United States, I learned that Admiral Sir John Jellicoe had left the Admiralty to receive a peerage and that Sir Rosslyn Wemyss had been appointed First Sea Lord. These events constitute what the Daily Telegraph quite accurately described as a "sensational" announcement. But judging from such public comments as I have had the opportunity of perusing, a great variety of sensations seems to have been excited. A good many people are plainly at a loss to understand the significance of what has occurred.

Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, save for his appointment as Second Sea Lord six months ago, and his more recent promotion to acting as Sir John Jellicoe's deputy, appears to be almost unknown to the press or to the general public. This may account for a certain lack of enthusiasm in the reception of the news of his promotion. Similarly the causes which made a drastic change in the higher command necessary, seem also to have been very little understood. One paper of very wide circulation I noted, published a portrait of the outgoing First Sea Lord, and printed underneath it and in italics, a statement to the effect that this particular journal had "never joined in the anti-Jellicoe campaign." When people see no reason why a change should be made, and then hear that an officer entirely unknown to them has been entrusted with the most difficult and the most arduous post in the anti-German alliance, they are not unnaturally filled with misgivings and suspect that the late holder of the post is the victim either of some personal intrigue or of a cowardly submission to press clamor, and so look upon his successor as a pis-aller—a choice where there is no choice. The facts of the position are diametrically opposite to what such people suppose.

Some time before Mr. Balfour reconstituted his board about thirteen months ago, I pointed out that such a reconstitution was necessary, that the task of selection was extremely difficult, and that it was exceedingly unlikely, so obscure were the indications of competence in this grave matter—that Mr. Balfour could rest satisfied with his first, or even with his second choice of advisers. I said this because the first choice was already known to him. Those who shared my doubts of a year ago, and have noted what has occurred between their expression and the present date, will have been more surprised that the second choice has been so long a-coming than that it has at last been made. It is unnecessary then to explain to them, as it would be ungracious now to explain to others, precisely why the first of the events of last week was inevitable. It is unfortunate that these transitions cannot occur without inflicting pain. The British public is extraordinarily loyal to its favorites, and particularly to its naval favorites. A large section of the public, which for years before the war had taken real trouble to study naval affairs, was led to believe that the greatness of the British navy derived solely from the seamanship and statesmanship of Sir John Fisher and depended on the leadership of his chief pupil and successor. It was shocked when events at Gallipoli led to Lord

Fisher's retirement. It is shocked now when the gallant and popular officer, who had the full confidence of the nation in his command of the grand fleet, has to make way for another. This mental distress is deeply to be regretted, but it cannot be avoided. Old estimates of personal worth and ability formed in times of peace are constantly upset by the rude realities of war, without those who have formed those estimates being able to realize exactly how the upset has occurred. For the moment it is best to leave this mystery unexplained. It is more to the purpose to set out why the "second choice" is a sound choice. It may be some consolation to such people to know that the officer who is now First Sea Lord is where he is because it is war, and nothing else, that has shown him to be what he is.

If therefore I am asked what the recent changes in the Board of Admiralty signify, my simplest answer is, to say that at last we have an officer appointed First Sea Lord, not because of his seniority in the navy list, nor because he is blessed—or cursed—with a newspaper or popular reputation but simply on merit shown in war. I was in Washington when Sir Eric Geddes joined the War Cabinet, and an enterprising reviewer asked me why the Premier had put an ex-railway manager, presumably ignorant of the sea affair, at the head of the British navy. I replied that he had done so for the almost incredible, but nevertheless valid reason, that Sir Eric Geddes had shown himself to be the right man for the place. Just as Mr. Lloyd George passed over all the popular politicians and chose the ablest man he knew for the most difficult position that a civilian can fill, so now Sir Eric himself has passed over all the advertised admirals and appointed the most proved man for the most difficult post a naval officer can fill. It is natural to ask in what the proof consists.

In the early stages of the war the evidence of Sir Rosslyn Wemyss' merits must either have been slender or was unperceived, for when Sir Sackville Carden fell ill, a day or two before the last and most disastrous attempt to force the Dardanelles, Rear Admiral de Robeck was appointed to succeed him, and two officers senior to him were passed over by this preference. Sir Rosslyn Wemyss was one of these. It is not an agreeable position for a rear admiral to find himself suddenly, unexpectedly subordinate to his junior. But it is in the day's work to accept these things with simple loyalty, and it would be no compliment to the present First Sea Lord to select that for congratulation which every naval officer must look upon as the most obvious and elementary of his duties. The fact is recalled to show that in March, 1915, Whitehall did not yet know their man, and likely enough because he had not yet been given his opportunity. But it was not long in coming now. It is known that on him devolved the chief share in the naval part of the two evacuations of the peninsula, and that the naval part was the chief part. But his work at the bases previous to this and his subsequent work when he succeeded Sir John de Robeck in command of the Mediterranean, seem hardly to be known at all.

The abandonment of the Gallipoli adventure

coincided, it may be remembered, with the beginning of the enemy's submarine activities on a large scale in the middle seas. The Mediterranean command was not limited to the Mediterranean, and it included the care of at least three lines of communications to different large army bases, and necessarily involved the closest coöperation with the French and Italian fleets. Few if any naval officers, therefore, have ever undertaken duties more difficult, more extensive and various, or more complicated than those which now fell upon the new C. in C. I see it has been stated, on the strength of his having commanded the vessel in which the King once visited his Eastern dominions, that Sir Rosslyn Wemyss enjoys a reputation as a courtier. This is about as illuminating a remark as to say that because he wears a monocle he has a reputation as a dandy. But it is true that Admiral Wemyss is, in the best sense of that much hackneyed term, a man of the world. It was this fortunate circumstance combined with a perfect acquaintance with the French language that smoothed his diplomatic path with our gallant naval allies. He illustrated in short, but in an unexpected sense, the dictum of Nelson, that the best of all negotiators was a British admiral backed by a British fleet. The Paris Conference decided, I understand, and the decision was in every sense gratifying, that an Allied Naval Council was to be established. In acting with such a council Sir Rosslyn Wemyss has his Mediterranean experience to guide him. He has to welcome a new ally, the United States, as an addition to those with whom he has dealt before. It is surely a happy augury that these complex relations will be handled at the British end by one whose knowledge of the world, whose tact and diplomatic accomplishment are unquestionable.

However, the essence of the chief command today is to get, first, out of the British naval force and then out of our allies, the maximum effect against the enemy's effort to cut our sea communications. As most competent observers have long since realized, the defeat of the submarine is far less a matter either of new inventions or of mere multiplication of known weapons or weapon bearing units than a matter of the best combination of forces already in existence. This combination can only result from a rightly organized staff. What ground is there for supposing that Sir Rosslyn Wemyss will do better than his predecessors in this matter? They are of the most solid possible description. They are, in point of fact, just these, that when faced with those extensive, varied, complicated and difficult tasks to which I have alluded above, Admiral Wemyss was able to deal with them, and deal with them successfully, precisely because, knowing exactly what he wished to do and being

(Continued on Page 17)

FOR MEN

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Desire

By James Stephens

He was quite excited as he told the story to his wife, and in the telling he revealed to her a depth of credulity of which she could not have believed him capable. He was a hard-headed man, and conducted his business on hard-headed principles; indeed, he had conducted his courtship and matrimonial affairs in a manner which she would not have termed reckless or romantic. When, therefore, she found him excited, and over such a story, she did not know what to think. She ended by agreeing with him, not because her reason was satisfied or even touched, but simply because he was excited, and women generally welcome anything which varies the dull round of use and wont, and will bathe in excitement whenever they get the chance.

This was the story he told.

As he was walking down Grafton street to lunch, a motor car came spinning down the road at a speed much too dangerous for that narrow and always congested thoroughfare. A man was walking in front of him, and, just as the car came behind, this man stepped off the path with a view to crossing the road. He did not even look behind as he stepped off. Her husband on the moment stretched forth a long, muscular arm that swept the man back to the pavement one second before the car went blaring and buzzing by.

"If I had not been there!" said her husband. The two men had grinned at each other, her husband smiling with good-fellowship, the other crinkling with amusement and gratitude: they walked together down the street, and they had lunch together; they sat for a long time after lunch, smoking innumerable cigarettes, and engaged in a conversation which she could never have believed her husband would have stood for ten minutes, and they parted with an expressed wish from her husband that they should meet again on the following day, and a wordless smile from the man. He had neither ratified nor negated the arrangement.

"I hope he'll turn up," said her husband.

It was this conversation had excited her man, for it had drawn him into a mental atmosphere to which he was a stranger, and he found himself moving there with such ease and pleasure that he wished to get back to it as often and with as little delay as possible.

Briefly, as he explained it to her, the atmosphere was religious, and while it was entirely intellectual, it was more heady and exhilarating than the emotional religion to which he had been accustomed and from which he had long since passed.

He tried to describe his companion, but had such ill-success that she could not remember afterwards whether he was tall or short, fat or thin, fair or dark. It was the man's eyes he succeeded in emphasizing, and these, it appeared, were eyes such as he had never before seen in a human face. That also, he said, was a wrong way of putting it, for his eyes were exactly like everybody else's. It was the way he looked through them that was different—something very steady, very ardent, immensely quiet and powerful, was using those eyes for purposes of vision: he had never met anyone who looked at him so directly, so comprehendingly, so agreeably.

"You are in love," said she, with a laugh.

After this her husband's explanations became more explanatory, but not less confused

until she found that they were both with curious unconsciousness in the middle of a fairy tale.

"He asked me," said her husband, "what was the thing I wished for beyond all things?"

"That was the most difficult question I have ever been invited to answer," he went on, "and for nearly half an hour we sat quietly thinking it out, and discussing various magnificences and chances in life.

"I had all the usual thoughts, and, of course, the first of them was wealth. I mentioned it, too, tentatively, as a possibility, and he agreed that it was worth considering, but after a while I knew that I did not want money."

"One always has need of money," said his wife.

"In a way, that is true," said he, "but not in this way; for, as I thought it over, I remembered that we have no children, and that we had few desires which the money we had already gathered could not buy. Also, we are fairly well off; we have enough in the stocking to last our time even if I ceased from business, which I am not going to do, and, in short, I discovered that money or its purchasing power had not any particular advantages to offer."

"All the same!" said she, and halted with her eyes fixed on bonnets far away in time and space.

"All the same!" he agreed with a smile.

"I could not think of anything worth wishing for," he continued. "I mentioned health and wisdom, and we spoke of these, but judging myself by the standard of the world in which we move, I concluded that both my wealth and knowledge were as good as the next man's, and I thought if I elected to become wiser than my contemporaries I might be a very lonely person for the rest of my days."

"Yes," said she thoughtfully, "I'm glad you did not ask to be made wise, unless you could have asked it for both of us."

"I asked him in the end what he would advise me to demand, but he replied that he could not advise me at all. 'Behind everything stands desire,' said he, 'and you must find out your desire.'"

"I asked him then, if the opportunity came to him what he would ask for, not in order that I might copy his wish, but from sheer curiosity; and he replied that he would not ask for anything, and I was about to adopt the same attitude."

"Oh!" said his wife.

"When an idea came to me. Here I am, I said to myself, forty-eight years of age, rich enough, sound enough in wind and limb, and as wise as I can afford to be. What is there now belonging to me, absolutely mine, but from which I must part and which I would like to keep. And I saw that the thing which was leaving me day by day, second by second, irretrievably and inevitably, was my forty-eight years, and I thought I would like to continue at the age of forty-eight until my time was up.

"I did not ask to live forever, or any of that nonsense, but I asked to be allowed to stay at the age of forty-eight with all the equipment of my present state unimpaired."

"You should not have asked for such a

thing," said his wife a little angrily. "It is not fair to me; you are older than I am now, but in a few years this will mean that I shall be needlessly older than you. I think it was not a loyal wish."

"I thought of that objection," said he, "and I also thought that I was past the age at which certain things matter, and that temperamentally and in the matter of years I was proof against, well, say, female attractions, or femininity of any kind. It seemed to me to be right, so I just registered my wish with him."

"What did he say?" he queried.

"He did not say anything; he just nodded, and began to talk again of other matters—religion, life, death, mind, a host of things, which, for all the diversity they seem to have when I enumerate them, were yet one single theme."

"I feel a more contented man tonight than I have ever felt," he continued, "and I feel in some curious way a different person from the man I was yesterday."

Here his wife woke up, as it were, from the conversation, and began to laugh.

"You are a foolish man," said she, "and I am just as bad. If anyone were to hear us talking this solemn silliness they would have a right to mock at us."

He laughed heartily with her, and after a light supper they went to bed.

During the night his wife had a dream.

She dreamed that a ship set off for the Polar seas on an expedition in which she was not sufficiently interested to find out its reason. The ship departed with her on board; for a time she was concerned with baggage, and with counting and going over the various articles she had bought against the Arctic weather.

She had thick woolen stockings; she had skin boots all hairy inside, all pliable and wrinkled without; she had a great skin cap shaded like a helmet, and fitting down in a cape over the shoulders; she had even, it did not astonish her, a pair of very baggy fur trousers; she had a sleeping sack—she had an enormous quantity of things, and everybody in the expedition was equipped, if not with the same things, at least similarly.

These traps were an unending subject of conversation aboard, and although days and weeks passed, the talk of the ship hovered about and fell continually into the subject of warm clothing.

There came a day when the weather began to be perceptibly colder, so cold indeed that she was tempted to draw on these wonderful breeches and fit her head into that most cosy hat, but she did not do so, for, and everybody on the ship explained it to her, it was necessary that she should accustom herself to the feeling of cold, and, she was told further, the chill which she was now feeling was nothing to the chill she would presently have to bear.

It seemed good advice, and she decided that as long as she could bear the cold she would do so, and would not put on any protective covering; thus, when the cold became really intense, she would be to some degree ready for it, and would not suffer so much.

But steadily, and day by day, it became colder, and now they were in wild, whirling

(Continued on Page 17)

The Spectator

A Leak in the City Treasury

There is a big leak in the City Treasury and not much likelihood that it will be plugged up before the end of the fiscal year in June. To be more precise and less metaphorical there is a deficit in the City Treasury of nearly \$300,000. If this were the amount of a defalcation it would make a first page story in the dailies under a scare head. But as it represents only the looting of the treasury by the regularly constituted authorities nobody raises an eyebrow. Nothing is done save that Eugene Schmitz grins as he reflects on the hullabaloo that was raised when somebody wanted to get control of the city government—somebody who was recently snubbed by the Government in consequence of a salutary public deal in sugar that greatly displeased the puritanical Rudolph Spreckels. How men and manners change. The saint of a year ago becomes today ordinary common clay with all its imperfections packed like a wadded mattress. Now this deficit in the City Treasury is not without interest to the poor taxpayer who has been trying for some time to make both ends meet.

A Call for Foreman McCarthy

It is of interest (for one reason) because in these war days we are indulging in expensive luxuries. There is talk of more money for music—an exorbitant sum; yet we owe twenty odd thousand dollars for work done in front of city property. The city is obligated to pay fourteen thousand of this sum. Surely it ought to be paid to the men who earned it before we call for the Love Tales of Hoffman

or any of the lesser classics turned out by ambrosia-fed immortals. The average contractor needs the money worse than the fiddler who knows his Bach. Fiddlers like waiters are so rich nowadays that they ride to the Auditorium in their own Fords. True some of us love music but this is no time with a deficit on our hands to appease a champagne thirst on near champagne at the expense of you and me and the common herd. Let us pay for the maintenance of the feeble-minded who have not yet become Supervisors. On this item alone we are short \$5,000. For Mayor Rolph's Twin Peaks tunnel we owe \$172,753 which is the city's share of the unpaid assessment against city property. We'll have to pay it some day. The Finance Committee calls attention to all these matters and to the demands for more funds and urges the Supervisors to be cautious. I prefer to call the matter to the attention of Foreman McCarthy of the Grand Jury. He knows something about Supervisors and their ways and he may be able to put the fear of God into their hearts if any of them are amenable to the dread of divine justice.

The Attack on Eddie Grant

Bungstarter reprisals are justified only when the man behind the bar and the bungstarter is acting in self-defense. Henry J. Widenmann of Vallejo has had enough brewery experience to know that. Doubtless he now regrets the haymaker he landed on Eddie Grant's nose. We all regret it, I suppose, not so much because it broke the skin on the professional abater's proboscis—if it did break the skin—but because it was a resort to direct action and therefore a confession of weakness. Punching a busybody like Eddie Grant is like punching a transfer. The punch validates him and enables him to ride longer. When the irate brewer landed on Eddie's olfactorium, Eddie saw more than stars—he saw a great chance to score on the fighting man. He saw that Widenmann had put himself in wrong, and of course he lost no time in following up his advantage. The sting of that punch will be felt in every gathering of prohibitionists in North America. When the brewer smote the abater he knocked the shingles off the roof of the Anti-Saloon League, which is a very serious offense, a sort of laesa majestas.

Great Provocation

It may be conceded that the Vallejo brewer acted under considerable provocation. Eddie Grant is a self-constituted abater of nuisances, and that kind of man is usually a good deal of a nuisance himself. His arena is the pulpit, the town hall, the newspapers—any convenient avenue of publicity. His method is to arouse animosity, not always by fair means. The temptation to reason with him physically and fistfully is occasionally very great. It should be resisted, of course. Nobody is in favor of plugugly arguments. However, human nature is weak, and from boyhood's happy hour to vigorous manhood the inclination to lean a closed hand against the countenance of a disturber is exceedingly strong in the red-blooded. The inclination was too strong for Henry Widenmann to resist. Perhaps the nose of Eddie Grant fascinated him as the nose of Cyrano

de Bergerac used to fascinate people. Perhaps he thought it would be poetic justice to poke a fist at that nose which has been poked into so many people's affairs. Perhaps he reasoned that Eddie was thick-skinned and would suffer no permanent hurt from a rap or two. Perhaps he just saw red and let fly. It was wrong, my brethren, it was very wrong. None knew so well as Eddie how wrong it was. So Eddie turned the other cheek—not having another nose to turn—and governed an impulse to slap the brewer on the wrist.

Eddie's Revenge

Eddie is not too Christian to seek revenge in his own way. His cohorts gathered immediately and demanded that Josephus Daniels intern the brewer as a dangerous alien. The fact that the brewer was born in Vallejo makes no difference. The good women of the Dry Association and of the W. C. T. U. who voiced this demand are not worried by a little thing like that. From the same source we learned that during the punching the mayor and chief of police stood by with folded arms. It mattered nothing that the mayor was in the city hall and the chief miles away. The next step in Eddie's revenge was taken when the Congregational Club of this city demanded that Governor Stephens separate the brewer from his job as State Highway Commissioner. Let me see. Was it not the Congregational Club that got itself in wrong by sending word to Josephus Daniels that ten or a dozen soldiers had died of alcoholism in San Francisco within a short space of time? Seems to me it was. But never mind. Eddie is going to make that bold bad brewer regret that he let his fist get the better of his judgment. "Revenge is mine, saith the Lord," and of course Eddie is the Lord's anointed and his nose is a sacrosanct smeller.

Davie Loses His Big Stick

For a time the Long Wharf has been a big stick in the hands of Mayor Davie and the Oakland council. With it in hand Davie has boasted that he could force the Southern Pacific to build a new uptown station, change

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schedules, and all but make the great railroad system eat out of his hand. And now William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, has disarmed Oakland's mayor. The Southern Pacific's lease on the Long Wharf expires next year and it has sought to have the time continued. The wharf is still in good shape and its removal would mean great expenditure and no little inconvenience. But to all appeals Davie has turned a deaf ear. When he has answered at all it has been to suggest that the railroad do this, that or the other thing for Oakland before it ask for the wharf. And now McAdoo has ordered that the city leave Long Wharf alone. Its removal, he says, would mean immediate construction of a new one, perhaps two or three, and the labor and material are needed for war purposes. It is suggested that the patriotic thing to do is to let the railroad have the wharf—and Davie will submit. There have been protests from the council and there will be conferences—but the men who fish from the wharf each Sunday are betting that they will continue to do so for many months to come.

When Trotsky Bewildered the Germans

So Trotsky has resigned from the Russian foreign ministry. Of all the fantastic episodes of history it would be hard to find any to match the ones in which Trotsky has played his part in the furtherance and decline of the Russian Revolution. Trotsky is a most picturesque personality. He is a man with something of the dash and audacity of George Meredith's "Lassalle." A veteran of the abortive revolution of 1905, though he is only in early middle age he has been occupied in the interval in personal feuds with most of the Great Powers. A German court has sentenced him, a French Government has expelled him and a British Government held him a prisoner in Halifax. His revenge was to plan an international revolution. His one policy in every emergency is audacity. Interned among German prisoners in Halifax, he instantly began to preach revolution to them, making himself formidable to authority. A very clever man is Trotsky, a Russian of aristocratic descent, say some. Others say his real name is Leon Braunstein. He really made the Germans at Brest look like children in debate, and it was to escape his logic that they did the old trick of tearing up sheets of paper. As things were moving there for a time Trotsky outmaneuvered the Germans until they found themselves discussing the possible cession of Posen to Poland and the debate might conceivably have ended in the cession not of Russian but of German territory. Suddenly the German militarists realized that Russia was the vanquished, Germany the victorious Power.

Trotsky's Big Achievement

Apparently Trotsky's audacious design was to trap the Germans into arranging a social revolution in the occupied provinces. And as a matter of fact he did succeed in infecting both Germany and Austria with the Bolshevik bug. Suddenly the Kaiser realized that Trotsky was a too dangerous man to be allowed to spread his doctrines in the Central Empires. The world smiled when Trotsky promised to provoke a revolution in Germany, but the Kaiser didn't smile when strikes occurred throughout Austria and Germany. He dared not continue the argument. He preferred to frighten the people with threats of "military discipline." It seemed their turn to realize that the Bolsheviks were not head-in-air-fanatics but the shrewdest realists in Europe. The Allies have sighed for unity of command in one allied camp. Trotsky achieved unity of command in two camps at once. As a social revolutionist he almost defeated the Germans; almost succeeded in realizing President Wilson's dream of peace without victory.

Poor "Tay Pay"

His fellow countrymen in this "serene, indifferent" town are preparing a warm welcome for "Tay Pay" O'Connor. Warm is the word. There is no danger that the genial editor will take cold during his sojourn, for the atmosphere is being heated in advance. By the time he gets here it will be sizzling. Our citizens of Irish blood are law-abiding in the main, and that's a good thing. Were they otherwise, poor "Tay Pay" might be met by a reception committee armed with boiling tar, soft feathers and a riding rail. That being out of the question every effort will be made to make "Tay Pay" feel as much at home as he would feel in Kilkenny during a cat fight, or at Donnybrook on market day.

Words of Welcome

The welcome for "Tay Pay" began the night the sons of Erin gathered to celebrate the birthday of Robert Emmet. Resolutions were passed pointing out that "Tay Pay" represents a Liverpool constituency in the English Parliament, that he is in this country "doing English propaganda work" and "giving a distorted idea of Ireland's national aspirations," and calling upon the local organizations which had arranged speaking dates for "Tay Pay" to cancel them. Since then the efforts to make him feel nice and comfortable have been unwearied. The most lukewarm expression applied to him is "British hireling." When P. J. Healy interposed a few words on behalf of the distinguished visitor, that bold bookseller was landed on as by a ton of bricks or a jaunting carload of shillelaghs. Meanwhile a great many San Franciscans who have Irish blood

in their veins and sons in the American army are prepared to take "Pay Pay" by the hand and tell him how genuinely glad they are to see him in our midst.

He's a Good Sport

How will "Tay Pay" feel when he lands here amid a shower of epithets? When he finds himself toasted, roasted, grilled and put on the warming pan? My guess is that he'll enjoy it immensely. It will not be a novel experience. He went through it recently in Chicago where he was resolute against in the most



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approved Sinn Fein fashion. The best the embattled Sinn Feiners of Chicago hoped was that he'd be driven out of America. I doubt whether this treatment will ever cause "Tay Pay" to forfeit his famous smile. Unlike John Redmond whose heart was broken by misrepresentation, "Tay Pay" has a deep sense of humor. It will come to his rescue in San Francisco. "Tay Pay" is a good sport. He'll stand the gaff of hostile verbosity.

Architectural Amenities

Arthur Brown is leaving San Francisco to take a chair at Harvard, so the other night the local chapter of the Institute of American Architects gave him a dinner. Clarence Ward presided and congratulated himself on that fact, saying that for once he would be able to control Willis Polk. But of course Willis had to make a speech, and Ward introduced him as "the inventor and builder of frontless buildings," referring to that strange glass-fronted experiment Polk is making for the U. C. in lower Sutter street.

"Speaking of that building reminds me," Willis told the assembled architects, "that the other day I overheard a conversation. Two men were looking at the new building, and one said to the other, 'Every architect leaves his thumb print on his work. By just looking at this I can tell you who did it.' 'Who did it?' asked the other. I edged up closer to get the answer. 'Louis Mulgardt,' was the other man's reply."

"And it's hard to say," remarked Clarence Ward when Willis got through, "whether he was boosting Polk or knocking Mulgardt."

Willis started to his feet again, but Ward kept him in his chair with this:

"Sometimes I am puzzled about Willis's sex. He's manly enough and wears trousers, but he always wants the last word."

The Embarrassment of Rolph

What is Rolph going to do with the United Railroads? is a question agitating many minds. He's not going to buy them I am told by one of the boys of the Rolph machine who is probably only guessing however, for it is his opinion that Master Jeems could make a tremendous hit with the unions by simply ruining the property in pursuance of his familiar policy. "Why he could start a strike every little while," said the machine prophet. Doubtless this is true. Since the days of Lovernash the United Railroads Company has been frequently sandbagged, but it should be remembered that Rolph has been found out. The last strike made certain matters obvious to the interior press, which, after all is said and done, wields some influence in this State. By the interior press he has been dubbed the Bolshevik Mayor of San Francisco. Rolph is now trying to conciliate the interior papers that circulate in the big valleys, but he is not making much headway whether his goal be the gubernatorial office or the senatorship. Neither in the interior nor in the metropolis is he increasing his popularity. The Twin Peaks tunnel has proved a very unpopular enterprise since taxpayers began paying their assessments and inquiring for whose benefit the cost was incurred. It has occurred to many of them that the tunnel was constructed not for the city but for the benefit of a firm of real estate boomers. If it promises to make sales easier in remote quarters it has certainly not been appreciated by property owners as far east as Third street. However, it was a good blow at the United Railroads.

Matt Wants to Make Junk

What Rolph really intends doing with the United Railroads may be judged from what Matt I. Sullivan said the other night at the

Mission Promotion Association meeting where Eustace Cullinan and E. P. E. Troy of the Mayor's cabinet were very busy. Matt made a talk about cross-town roads which he said the city wished to buy. "We have a million in the treasury," he said, "and we are now in the railroad business. If the U. R. doesn't sell we'll parallel every one of these cross-town roads and make a pile of junk of the United Railroads." This is hardly consistent with the Mayor's proposition to buy the company. It is rather in line with the sentiments that were inferred from the last strike. Now Matt is really the Mayor. What he says goes and if the municipal railroads have a million in the treasury it ought to be spent from the lawyer's viewpoint. Of course a million in the treasury doesn't signify that the money

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represents profits on this business that Matt Sullivan is now running for the dear people. Nor is it likely to be hoarded or even used to meet the big deficit in the treasury. It is merely more money to throw to the birds.

Our Politicians

Speaking of Rolph's aspirations it is reported that he is far from hoping for the support of the Johnson machine. At the same time it is pointed out that men like Neylan and Al McCabe have not committed themselves with reference to Do-Do Stephens, as he is called, and politicians in the north are smirking at the bad break made by Stephens with reference to the grocery stamp act. He was induced to get in wrong in this instance I hear by McCabe. Apparently he is in need of a guardian. But Republicans from the south who are insisting that the job will go to a man down Los Angeles way point to the Governor as the logical candidate for the job. In truth much depends on the attitude of the great machine boss Hiram Johnson who is waiting to see how the jobchasers shape up as they start for the barrier. Sometimes Carnahan is spoken of as Johnson's first choice, sometimes Stephens and occasionally J. O. Hayes who has been making friends down south and who was endorsed the other day by the Fruitgrowers. My tip is that the straight Republicans will come into their own once more with a man who will show great strength when the campaign warms up. Meanwhile Heney's strength is diminishing rapidly and as to Rolph it is now even money that he will deem it advisable to retire to private life.

When Gold Was Discovered

On the statue erected to James Marshall at Coloma is an inscription to the effect that the first gold was discovered in California January 19, 1848. Some time ago it was pointed out that this date was erroneous, that it should be January 24, and that the inscription ought to be corrected. So Governor Stephens appointed a committee to look into the matter. He named Miss Grace Stoermer of the Native Daughters, Fred Jung of the Native Sons and Phil Bekeart of the Pioneers. Phil Bekeart was born in Coloma and is an authority on the history of gold in California. He has drawn up a report for submission to the Governor, and Miss Stoermer and Jung have concurred in it. Phil gave me, the other day, an idea of what is in this report.

How the Error Was Made

Bekeart expressly disclaims the distinction of being a discoverer. He says that the correct date, January 24, was fixed by John S. Hittell, pioneer and historian, as long as ago as 1888. Then how was the mistake made? It was made by James Marshall himself, says Bekeart. Marshall never kept a diary. He attached no importance to his discovery at the time it was made. His first statement about the discovery was embodied in a letter published in the California Chronicle February 9, 1856. This letter was signed by Marshall but written by somebody else. Marshall's next statement appeared in Hutchings Magazine November, 1857. It was in the form of a conversation between

the gold discoverer and J. W. Hutchings. In this article Marshall said: "On or about the 19th of January. I am not quite certain to a day, but it was between the 18th and 20th of that month, 1848. . . . The first piece which I found weighed about fifty cents." Marshall also stated that he left for Sutter's Fort four days after his discovery, to show Captain Sutter his find and prove its genuineness. In view of this statement the 19th was the accepted date until 1885.

Diary Evidence

In that year, says Bekeart, John S. Hittell happened to hear that one of Marshall's companions at Sutter's Mill in 1848 was still living at St. George, Utah. So he wrote to this man, Henry W. Bigler, and asked him to verify the date of the discovery. Bigler answered by letter that the date was the 24th, not the 19th. He based this statement on an entry in his diary. Bigler's diary, in facsimile, belongs to the Pioneers, says Bekeart. It contains this entry: "Monday, 24th. This day some kind of mettle was found in the tail race that looks like gold. First discovered by James Martial, the Boss of the Mill." Other evidence in corroboration was forthcoming later. Azariah Smith, one of the laborers at Sutter's Mill, also kept a diary which he wrote in every Sunday. This diary is now in the possession of the Pioneers. It contains the following: "Sunday, January 30th. Mr. Marshall having arrived, we got liberty. . . . This week Mr. Marshall found some pieces of (as we all suppose) Gold, and he has gone to the Fort for the purpose of finding out. It is found in the raceway in small peaces." There is another diary to help out. Sutter's diary contains this entry: "Friday, January 28, 1848. Mr. Marshall arrived from the mountains on very important business." This, then, is the evidence which Bekeart is preparing to submit to the Governor. First there is Bigler's entry which makes the date the 24th. Then there is Smith's entry on the 30th which says the discovery was made during the week. If the discovery had been made on the 19th Smith would have recorded it on Sunday, the 23rd. And Marshall told Hutchings that he left the Mill for the Fort four days after his discovery, while Sutter says Marshall arrived at the Fort on the 28th. It looks as though Bekeart has made out a case.

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Popularity of Techau Tavern

It is no small achievement to go on, year after year, catering to an exacting public and always increasing the popularity of an establishment. I had almost said an institution. Yet such has been the achievement of Techau Tavern, and, when one reflects that the San Francisco public knows, perhaps better than that of any other American city, what it wants and insists on getting it, the continued growth of Tavern patronage shows how consistently its management has met the popular demand. The merchandise dances have put the finishing touch to the Tavern programme. These dances take place during the dinner hour and after the theatre. They are unique in that the favors, which are presented to the ladies without competition, are so elaborate and expensive. One may see them in the big show case on the main floor—silk sweaters, lingerie, blouses, stockings, thirty-eight articles—and they are, undoubtedly, an incentive to dancers. The show girl revue corps matches up, without any loss of prestige, to the best musical comedy companies, and renrers, with spirit and success, a varied programme of songs, ballads, operatic airs and ragtime. The jazz orchestra is almost to well known to demand comment. It is without a superior.

"See-ded dwun dye ut thee yorgorn,
Ay wuz zweerey and eel ut eese—"

No; this does not happen to be Esperanto. It is, according to a musical critic, how many amateur singers "render" the first two lines of "The Lost Chord."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Menace of Beauty

"I consider you a menace to society. I refer to the impressionable masculine part of society. You are an exceptionally beautiful girl, and the fact that you were able to secure three husbands in three months proves your dangerous charm. I am sure if I gave you your complete freedom that you would be married to at least one and possibly more men within the next few weeks. Therefore I am not going to free you upon masculinity at this time."

Judge Mogan addressed these words to a girl who had married three soldiers in three months without bothering the divorce courts. She was guilty of bigamy—or perhaps trigamy is the word. The judge annulled two of the marriages, but let the first remain in force in order to curb the girl's matrimonial mania. The idea is that she will not commit bigamy again, having discovered that there is a prejudice against it. Her menace, such as it is, will threaten only her first bridegroom for the time being. It seems that he's willing to be menaced. So were the other two hubbies who have lost her. In other words, all three men aver that they love this promiscuous marryer.

Why Do They Do It?

There is a story to the effect that Wilton Lackaye was one day discovered in the Lambs Club sunk deep in thought. Asked the reason for this unusual condition he explained that he was pondering the problem, Why do men marry Lillian Russell? It is not on record that he solved it. However, the charming Miss Russell and the girl who appeared before Judge Mogan are not in the same category. Miss Russell, it goes without saying, always permitted divorce to intervene between trips to the altar or to the justice's office. The girl Judge Mogan admonished was a collector of husbands, but not of divorce decrees. For three delirious months her life was just one marriage after another. It must have been exciting while it lasted. I suppose she must be good looking. We have Ed Mogan's word for it, and he's a judge. If not a judge of beauty, at least a judge of the Superior Court. I suppose too she has a dangerous charm. The judge says so. Just what this charm is he did not specify. Is it a flashing eye, or a dimple, or what? I wish he had told us. Whatever it is, impressionable men can't resist it apparently. As soon as they are enthralled by this dangerous charm they marry the girl. I suppose they don't ask her whether they are the first she ever loved, or if they do they

don't wait for the answer. History tells us that Cleopatra and a lot of others had this kind of effect on men. But in Cleo's day the laws weren't very strict. There is no record that Cleo divorced Julius Caesar before she married Antony. Indeed, there is no record that she married them. She menaced them without the aid of a justice of the peace. Somehow the old way was more dashing. It is still being followed, though the Mann Act has discouraged the modern Antonys a good deal.

Overdoing a Good Thing

Lieutenant-Colonel Charley Stanton who is now in Paris with General Pershing, used to tell a story about an army officer he knew in Manila. This officer had a sun stroke or something and went mad. He was sent to an asylum and cured. When he was discharged there seemed to be no trace of his ailment left. One day in a hot argument Stanton said to this man, "You're crazy." The man became violently excited, dug down into his breast pocket, produced a paper and exclaimed: "I'm not crazy. Here's a paper that says I'm not. Where are your papers?" Never having been in an asylum, Stanton had no papers to prove his sanity. I am reminded of this story by the case of the girl before Judge Mogan. If anybody questions her respectability she can prove it by flourishing three marriage licences. Unfortunately however, in her case that's a little too much of a good thing. In proving her case she proves too much, like the army officer in Manila. I set this down as a warning to girls. My advice to them is: No matter how dangerously charming you may be, and no matter how impressionable men may be don't contract more than one marriage at a time. It's complicating, embarrassing in its results. When the law gets you, even the fact that a gallant judge tells you you're an exceptionally beautiful girl won't quite recompense you for your trouble.

Baker Street Whispers

"When a man has an enemy these days he puts him up for membership in the Baker Street Club," remarked a local philosopher the other day. It's a just remark. All sorts of names are being whispered about in connection with the ugly scandal. Reputations are being murdered in undertones. If you care to lend ear you can hear dozens of names and aspersions, as positive as the breath of slander can make them, that the owners of the names are implicated in the vicious doings. The police may be partly to blame. Policemen are notorious gossips, and sometimes their tongues wag too far for truth. Some of the men whose names have been mentioned in the past few days are men of high standing. They are not to be adjudged guilty on the unsupported say-so of depraved wretches or the flimsy authority of gossip. The best thing to do in a matter of this sort is to suspend judgment until proof is forthcoming.

Taitou Is Dead

A woman died recently at the age of sixty-five who was married four times before she was thirty years old—each time to a general—and

whose fifth husband was an Emperor. This woman was on the field during one of the great battles of the nineteenth century. When her Emperor was incapacitated for active affairs by illness, she ruled in his stead. When he died and his successor proved weak, she plucked him from the throne and put a woman in his place. That woman still rules. Mighty few people in this country know anything about this dead Empress. Yet she was a great woman. She was Taitou, Empress of Abyssinia, widow of the great Emperor Menelik. Taitou was the daughter of the King of Gondar, an Abyssinian province. She was a noted beauty. She divorced one of her first four husbands. The others died. Between her third and fourth marriages she spent some time in a convent. At the age of thirty she married Menelik, King of Shoa. She was a woman of great force of character, worthy wife of that great man. It was largely owing to her help that he became Negus-Negusti or Emperor of Abyssinia in 1889. She put her own hereditary troops in the field during the war with Italy, and was with Menelik on the field of Adowa where the Italian troops suffered a crushing and humiliating defeat. She governed well while Menelik was ill. When he died and his grandson Lidj Jeassu became Emperor at the age of eighteen, Taitou soon saw that the young man wouldn't do, so she deposed him and made his aunt Zeodita, Menelik's daughter, ruler in his place. Taitou bore Menelik no children.

Mrs. Darling at Blue Cross Benefit

Tuesday evening next there will be a talk by Mrs. C. E. Darling of Nome at the Hotel St. Francis on the Alaska sled dogs in France, for the benefit of the Blue Cross. Miss Helen Dean, the Pacific Coast representative of the society which takes care of the wounded horses and dogs of our allied armies, is in receipt of the most touching and interesting reports of the wonderful work being done in France by the Blue Cross; and a strong appeal is being made for our dumb friends who give such faithful service to the soldiers, but who are themselves dependant for aid upon our generosity and interest in their welfare. There are over ten thousand dogs now working for us "over there" and many hundreds of thousands of horses; and since, aside from the question of humanity, it costs both time and money to place new animals in the field, the need of care for these valuable workers may be readily realized. Mrs. Darling is the owner of many Alaska racing dogs now serving in Alsace, and the pictures used by her, as illustrations, were taken by the permission of the general in command of the French army, and show the work of the sled dogs of the north who were awarded the Cross of War of France in 1916 for valiant service at the front.

Two Extra Days of the Zuloagas

In response to an insistent and widespread demand for an extension of the exhibition time for the Zuloaga collection, now being shown in the Palace of Fine Arts, Director Laurvik has arranged to have the collection remain on view two days longer than originally scheduled. As first announced, the exhibition

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was to close on Friday, March 15; it will now remain open until March 17, giving the public one more Saturday and Sunday in which to see the work of this very remarkable Spaniard, whose paintings have created more discussion than any art exhibit ever held in San Francisco. Already the paid admission far exceeds the total paid admissions attained by the exhibition when it was shown in New York city.

Help the Poor Belgians

The Commission for Aid Civil and Military France and Belgium has just received a request from the mother organization in France and Belgium for more clothing, even though it be in need of repair, and also for remnants of any kind, as well as all the old shoes we can send—if they are full of holes it does not signify. Provisions are being made in France and Belgium by the Aide Civile et Militaire Belge, who have this good work in charge, for the repairing and transforming of all clothing and shoes into suitable condition, so that they can be used to advantage by the unfortunates who are evidently more in need of them than ever before. The commission has just received a letter from the lady who has charge of the receiving of the goods that were shipped by the Pacific Division during the past three months, telling of her having been bombarded at the headquarters at Dimude; but she for-

tunately escaped with the loss of only one eye and having her hearing affected. Persons who have anything in their stores or households that will be of any benefit in assisting the unfortunate sufferers of these two countries are requested to send the same to the depot in their districts or to the main depot at 1230 Market street. If you are unable to send, telephone Market 4960.

John McCormack, Post-Prandialist

It may not be generally known that John McCormack who sings for the Red Cross next Thursday evening at the Exposition Auditorium, is an entertaining after-dinner speaker as well as one of the world's greatest tenors. A few days prior to his departure from New York he was one of the principal guests at the annual banquet of Holy Cross College, which had honored him with the degree of doctor of literature, and when the different orators—clergy, lawyers, physicians, architects—had glorified their respective callings in eloquent style McCormack reminded them that their usefulness ended with their lives. "In the next world," said he, "all will be happiness. We will have no pains nor aches, and of course there will be no need for the doctors, and so also will it be with the lawyers, as there will be no troubles nor contentions there. The architects, sculptors and painters will see in

heaven only the finest works in their line, as they will have been fashioned by the great Architect of all. And so it will go down the line for all occupations and callings. But for the singer and musician, how different will it be! He will still continue to sing, and it will be his occupation, alone of all the worldly callings, that will continue to exist in heaven, and they will sing there forever and ever." The advance sale at Sherman Clay's has kept two ticket-sellers busy since last Monday morning. McCormack will be the central figure of a military, naval and Red Cross pageant from the Ferry to the St. Francis Hotel next Wednesday morning.

At the Whitcomb

Garret McEnerney gave a luncheon in honor of Lindley M. Garrison, the former Secretary of War, in the White and Gold room of the Hotel Whitcomb one day last week. The other guests were Henry D. Williams and William Houston Kenyon of New York, and Odell W. McConnell of Montana. All are lawyers for Mineral Separation Ltd. in the big litigation it is waging against the Butte and Superior Mining Co. which is controlled by Col. D. C. Jackling. . . . Ignatius Council, Young Men's Institute, had a banquet in the Blue Room Wednesday night. . . . City Attorney and Mrs. George Lull have taken permanent apartments.

At the Cecil

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Carroll, society folk of Chicago, are stopping at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Macomber and King Macomber returned to their ranch at Pacines after a delightful visit at the Cecil. Mrs. Edward McClermand, wife of General McClermand, gave an informal luncheon at the hotel Tuesday. Miss Josephine Blanch is a guest. A group of friends enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Frink at luncheon Wednesday. Mrs. J. O. Watson is making her home at the Cecil. She has returned from an enjoyable trip in the East. Mr. and Mrs. John Paur will spend several months at the hotel. They are well known residents of Portland. Philip Wyche is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. James Wyche who make their home at the hotel. Young Wyche is a student at the University of California. Mrs. Hillhouse and her daughter Mrs. Ford gave an impromptu dinner Wednesday.

An aged Jew who sold second-hand clothes in the market-place in a Welsh town was accosted by an Irishwoman, who asked him the price of a certain suit of child's clothes.

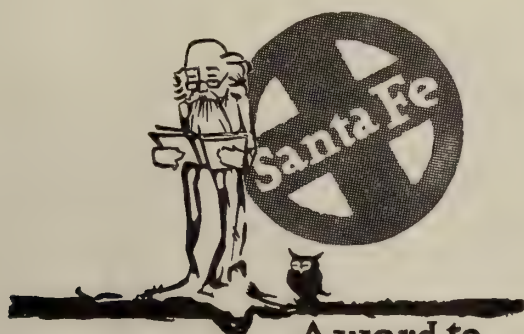
"Vive shillings," was the Jew's reply.

"And phat be the price widdout the veskit?"

"Four-and-ninepence, madam," was the reply.

"Only threepence off the veskit?"

The Irishwoman picked up the waistcoat and, laying down threepence, remarked, amidst the laughter of the bystanders, "I'll get the jacket and breeches cheaper somewhere else."



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Tarkington's Great Play

By Theodore F. Bonnet

Out of the Indiana school of literature which was once a popular subject of jest, has come a great play, called "Mister Antonio." So fine is this play, so insignificant its title in an age of scare heads and scare head writers that one might wonder whether the author, Mr. Booth Tarkington, appreciated the gold mine he has so deftly exploited. But this may be the motive of the title. Was it not Shakespeare's way of presenting his masterpieces? We remember that he called one of them "As You like It" and another "Twelfth Night—or As You Will." Perhaps Mr. Tarkington was so absolutely sure of himself that he called his play "Mister Antonio." After all what's in a name? It's the play that counts. Precisely so in the case of Mister Antonio who might have been nothing more than a hurdy-gurdy player, and such was the profession of the hero. This is the work of a practiced writer, a work of technical excellence, an original work in the sense in which originality is applicable in art. Literary artists have a very narrow range of subjects, and all they may be expected to do is to recreate with the changing lessons of life itself. As a matter of fact Booth Tarkington has given us a theme as old as the hills, but he has set it in a new atmosphere, and he has brought his characters down to date and developed their shortcomings in new surroundings, showing us elemental defects and beauties as they were in the days of Christ and St. Francis. It all seems very new, and it is,—as treated by Mr. Booth Tarkington. His theme is a combination of the New Testament and the Little Flowers of St. Francis. Back to the New Testament he has gone to deal with the hypocrisy of the Pharisee whom Christ scorned with a bitterness he expressed in no other instance, and to the life of St. Francis he has gone to teach us the beauty of the lovingkindness of the lowly. But how original it all is, and how artistic! Surely there is no need of new themes; nor is there any need of new topics in the pulpit. Booth Tarkington preaches a very old religion in a new guise, falling but once into the temptation of telling us that his story is biblical, as he does when he quotes that "a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves." The gospels are full of such terms that may

be taken from everyday life as Tarkington seized his theme in the case of Paul Smith, or whatever his name might have been, Mayor of Avalonia, who dropped into a deadfall in New York where he encountered one of the kind of women who were once driven in simulated wrath out of San Francisco. He fell among thieves, but he also encountered a modern St. Francis who had an eye on the future not only in Avalonia but also in the place where kindness is especially beloved of the virtuous. How clever it was of Booth Tarkington to make his good Samaritan a poor Italian who kept a flower store in New York in one season and took to the road and played the hurdy-gurdy in another. It was clever because the character makes us acquainted with the poor and their ways and with sinners and their ways. Besides it leads us to simplicity which in itself is the secret of the divine purpose that dominates the play. All through the little drama Mr. Tarkington is similarly effective. Indeed the secret of his successful art is, in addition to his quiet style, the general air of effortless effectiveness. He employs no strangeness; only such methods as imply directness and reality and such characters as perform definite functions. For instance the idiot partner of Antonio who in his simplicity becomes one of the sweetest and most lovable in the whole play. Nor does Tarkington rely wholly on character for the purpose of these functions. He employs certain definite touches that are in themselves functional, as for instance when the barkeeper and the street walker in the first act emphasize with few words their appreciation of the return of spring. Here are two bits of flotsam from God knows where, but they may have lived in a town like Avalonia where all are pure and holy, where the Sabbath stillness is so impressive, conducive to devotional exercises that the sound of a hurdy-gurdy makes good folk anathematize the poor. Maybe it was when the trees were laden with blossoms that the street walker, then a simple bucolic maiden, was driven out into the world because perchance she had plunged into a lemonade dissipation at a church fair, not unlike June Ramsey whom later on we meet. Such is the touch of the experienced playwright, and Tarkington knows his technique. The spring is important because

"Mister Antonio" is a play of the road and it is on the road that we get romance as we get it from George Borrow in "Lavengro." We need romance in a play that deals with those elemental emotions that are not imbued with the sentimentalities by which our stage has been drenched of late. Tarkington has not neglected tender sentiment, but he has given us only enough to carry us over and beyond his merely incidental and almost concealed preaching. Along the road so inspiring and refreshing we come to Avalonia and meet again the man who fell among thieves. He is now the model Mayor of a model town, and here we see enough of cold-blooded piety to feel as Christ felt when he encountered the same holy-roller clique of psalm singers with their superfetation of virtue. It is not a propagandist play. It is only real, inspiring and joyous drama, but I can almost conceive an audience leaving the Columbia and going out in search of a Paul Smith with whips of scorpions. Yet Tarkington himself treats his ugliest characters with the kindness of a St. Francis. You can hardly see him holding them up to scorn. Even the pious Mayor whose hypocrisy led him to the point where he tried to induce the idiot to commit the murder that he himself was too cowardly to attempt goes unpunished at Tarkington's artistic hand. This surely is a play of masterful restraint.

Also this is a play that comes out of New York with real actors and actresses. It will remind you that New York managers have been long dealing with us unkindly, "putting it over on us" as it were, with second and third rate companies organized on the principle of killing the goose that lays the golden egg. We have no pity on them; only sorrow to think how they have injured the drama for the benefit of the movies. It is a great pleasure to meet again our old friend of the romantic stage Mr. Otis Skinner. An actor of the old school is Skinner who knows the charm of classic acting—perfection in gesture and enunciation. He knows the value of a finished technical cunning, and he has a passion of joy in the thought of the character acted. For Mr. Antonio he has acquired an accent which is in itself a study. All the players are like specially picked types, even Joe the idiot who must have studied his part in a home of feeble-minded.

The Stage

Frieda Hempel

Until Sunday at the Columbia, Frieda Hempel was only a name to most of us, but a name which exhaled an aroma of lyric loveliness, physical beauty, vivacity, charm and distinguished achievement. When we saw and heard her who bears the name, those with an eye for beauty and an ear attuned to trained vocalization said, "We concur." Her voice is a lovely lyric soprano of warmth, of extensive range and of flexibility. While she cannot trill like Melba, nor breathe the velvety Tetrastini cadenza, yet her coloratura dexterity excites admiration and stimulates emulation without extinguishing hope of approximate achievement in the breasts of ambitious possessors of the lyric soprano voice. Her comparatively

large audience went to hear her sing the great arias from the operas in which she has won distinction; it was an audience largely composed of musicians, of lovers of music who know and are familiar with the best in contemporaneous opera and concert history. Miss Hempel did not rise to the standard of their expectations in the composition of her programme. It was charming, to be sure, but in most part what might have been presented by a conscientious and not-yet-arrived artist of mediocre powers. "Home Sweet Home" and "The Last Rose of Summer" are all very well sung by a diva on a great occasion after a strenuous operatic triumph; but who wants to hear them presented with ditties like "Daddy's Sweetheart," "My Curly Headed Babby,"

"I Know Where I'm Going," "When I Was Seventeen?" All pretty songs and artistically rendered, but not her best medium. Besides, their text demands flawless English pronunciation to be convincing and Miss Hempel has a pronounced Teutonic accent. I would have enjoyed her German numbers in the original much more; for after all, no one can sing German songs like a German. Was it because "to sing in German is not being done this year?" Never mind! Music lovers who go to hear a German artiste in this country can stand to hear the German language in song. Besides, she prefaced her recital by singing "The Star Spangled Banner" and it was announced in her biographical notes upon the programme that last December at the Metropolitan she

knelt and kissed the French flag in her entrancing portrayal of "The Daughter of the Regiment." Would any seditious anti-ally do that even in a play before a great American audience? Besides, her press agent tells us that she is to marry a New York silk merchant named Kahn in our own city on St. Patrick's Day.

So let nobody be peevish because she seemed to sing down to her audience Sunday—for all the world loves a bride-elect. Sunday Miss Hempel seemed to be what Oscar Hammerstein says that every great opera singer is, "a loafer"—though Heaven knows that what with trying to sing beautifully and look young and lovely all the time and act convincingly and live up to their artistic representations and travel everywhere about the world and make heaps of money, most of us would say that opera singers perform the hardest of hard labor; but the exacting Oscar says he knows.

Maybe Miss Hempel didn't try to look stunning Sunday, but she did—Oh! she did. Such a frock, or gown, or costume, or creation or whatever it was I never saw before on any prima donna. It was shimmery silk of radiant green and gold with hints of spring violet and with tulle and silver white in just the right places, confining, yet revealing her lovely bosom and shapely arms. The lines of it were like the results of the dream of a sculptor clothing a modern Venus. The singer stood up in it and moved about in it with the grace and spirit to vivify the dream. She has a pretty face and attractive brown hair and had the good judgment to have a lighted stage.

Maybe if Mr. Gottlob and Mr. Marx had known what a handsome picture she would be they would have provided a more artistic frame instead of the perennial Columbia concert set.

At the Theo Karle recital a deaf lady sat in front of me, and her husband after each number described it to her. But Karle was merely a man in afternoon clothes while just to look at Frieda Hempel would have been sufficient entertainment for any deaf lady—especially if there was an artistic background.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

Last Symphony Concert of Season

The farewell concert for this season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will be given at the Cort on Sunday afternoon, March 17, under the direction of Alfred Hertz. Friday's programme will be repeated in its entirety, though at a popular scale of prices. Conductor Hertz is internationally noted as an interpreter of Brahms, and his presentations of the works of that composer first won him a place in the affections of San Francisco symphony followers. For the final concert Hertz has happily programmed as the principal number Brahms' sublime Third Symphony, in F major, a work of majesty and wistful beauty. Three selections from Berlioz' most popular opera, "The Damnation of Faust," will follow. They are extremely effective orchestral pieces, and embrace "Minuet des Follets," "Danse des Sylphs" and "Rakoczky March." The latter, based on a celebrated old Hungarian melody, is a particular favorite. Two of Ippolitow-Ivan-

ow's "Caucasian Sketches" will be played, "Dans l'Aoule" and "Cortege du Serdare." They are decidedly Slavonic in character and most interesting orchestrally. Ippolitow-Ivanow was a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakow and his fame was early predicted by the great Tschai-kowsky. The concluding number of the admirable programme will be Rimsky-Korsakow's "Capriccio Espagnol," a most colorful and picturesque caprice on Spanish themes, as its name indicates, and a composition that allows opportunity for virtuoso display on the part of quite a few of the instrumentalists. "The Star Spangled Banner" will, of course, be given its usual thrilling rendition by Hertz. With the conclusion of this concert, the seventh and most brilliant season in the history of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra terminates. During the past season a total of 47 concerts will have been played. The regular series of symphonies numbered 24, and 10 concerts were included in the regular popular series. Six concerts were given in Oakland, two in San Jose, one in Sacramento and one in Palo Alto. Two concerts complimentary to the members of the Musical Association were played at the Palace Hotel. The first grand evening "pop" concert, held at the Civic Auditorium on March 5, to an audience of over 10,000, was the most extraordinary event of its type ever known in the city's music annals, and one that will not soon be forgotten.

"Vanity Fair of 1918" at Orpheum

Next week's Orpheum bill will have seven out of the eight acts new. "Vanity Fair of



SARAH PADDEN
Next week at the Orpheum



JOHN MASEFIELD

The English poet who will deliver a lecture on "The War and the Future" at St. Francis hall room Tuesday night, March 26, under management of Paul Elder and Selby Oppenheimer

1918" will be produced with that clever comedian Jack Trainor, Olga de Baugh, a prima donna of the ingenue type, and a company of twenty people, mostly girls, under the direction of Boyle Woolfolk. The piece is in three scenes, with many changes of costume, all beautiful, and there are eight musical numbers, so good that it would be hard to pick the best. Sarah Padden and a clever company will appear in Lewis Beach's one-act play "The Clod." The great success achieved by Miss Padden as the harassed, mentally benumbed but finally awakened mountaineer woman in this tense little drama last season has already been written in the history of histrionic achievements. Nellie V. Nicholas, one of the most gifted and successful singing comediennes in vaudeville, will be a special feature. She excels in almost every dialect and her characterizations are as perfect as they are entertaining. Will Oakland, the famous lyric tenor, and his company will appear in an entirely new act entitled "Danny O'Gill U. S. A." which is said to eclipse all his previous vehicles. Nick Basil and Dick Allen will contribute a novelty comedy called "Recruiting." Phina, an attractive, buxom girl, with the assistance of a trio of boys and girls, will sing and dance. Val and Ernie Stanton describe themselves as "The Men Who Laugh and Make the World Laugh With Them." The only holdover will be Harry and Emma Sharrock in their skit "Behind the Grand Stand."

Frieda Hempel at Columbia

The Columbia will be crowded tomorrow (Sunday) when the wonderful soprano of the Metropolitan sings again. More properly to present her art, Madame Hempel has somewhat re-arranged her programme for tomorrow's concert, adding to the original list Handel numbers and in many ways improving the offering. Paul Eisler will again officiate at the piano. The complete programme: Oh, Had I Jubal's Lyre; Come Beloved, Handel. The Violet, Mozart; Hark, Hark the Lark, Schubert; Stars with Golden Sandals, Franz; His Coming, Franz; Aria "Qui la Vece" from "I Puritani," Bellini; The Rose Has Charmed the Nightingale, Rimsky-Korsakow; Songs My Mother Taught Me, Dvorak; The Lass with the Delicate Air, Arne; Bird Songs, Alabieff; "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah," Meyerbeer. The flute obligato to the Meyerbeer number will be played by Elias Hecht of the Chamber Music Society. Tickets may be had at Sherman Clay's, Kohler and Chase's and the theatre today or tomorrow.

Max Figman Coming to Cort

Max Figman, as popular a comedian as ever appeared upon a San Francisco stage, will return to the Cort on Monday night, March 18, in "Nothing but the Truth," the uproarious farce which served as his vehicle so successfully at that playhouse a few months ago. It is a most unusual thing for a star to make two tours of the country in the same vehicle during the same season, and the fact that Figman has made an even greater triumph on his return visits, is an eloquent tribute to the abilities of the star and the worth of his medium. As will be remembered, "Nothing but the Truth" is built upon the simple idea of its hero speaking nothing but the absolute truth for a stated period. He bets a friend \$10,000 that he can do it. For a time the task is placidly easy, but then all manner of things happen. Max Figman will bring back his original company with him, including Lolita Robertson, who is very popular here. Sun-

day night, March 17, will mark the concluding performance of the New York Winter Garden spectacle the "Show of Wonders."

Robert Mantell Soon at Cort

Robert Mantell, great American tragedian, will play an engagement limited to two weeks at the Cort beginning Sunday night, March 31. Mantell's repertoire includes those Shakespearean plays in which he has won his greatest triumphs. Noteworthy productions of historical accuracy are promised. Mail orders are now being received at the Cort. Following is the arrangement of plays for the first week: Sunday, March 31, "Richelieu," Monday, "The Merchant of Venice," Tuesday, "Hamlet," Wednesday matinee, "The Merchant of Venice," Wednesday night, "Richelieu," Thursday, "King Lear," Friday, "Macbeth," Saturday matinee, "Hamlet," Saturday evening, "Richard III."

Second Week of Skinner

Otis Skinner, as Tony Camaradonio, will continue to play the hurdy-gurdy at the Columbia for another week, and it will be to crowded houses, for the advance sale of seats is tremendous and the engagement is proving a record-breaker. There will be no Sunday performance. Matinees will be on Wednesday and Saturday.

May Robson Coming

May Robson will be seen at the Columbia in her latest melodramatic farce "A Little Bit Old-Fashioned" for eight nights and two matinees, beginning Sunday night, March 24. Her skill as a comedienne has won her columns of praise from representative critics all the way across the continent. Her position in the world of comedy is of the very front rank. It is said that "A Little Bit Old-Fashioned" is by all odds the cleverest play in which this gifted actress has yet appeared. Pathos and humor are ingeniously blended by the author, Anna Nichols. Miss Robson is surrounded by a splendid cast.

John Masefield to Lecture

Paul Elder and Selby C. Oppenheimer will jointly present in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis on Tuesday night, March 26, the eminent Englishman John Masefield, known to so many as the "sailor poet." Masefield who comes here to speak on his war experiences and his war ideals, has been held up as an example of the spirit of the British people. His subject will be "War and the Future." George Sterling, California's most famous and representative poet, will act as chairman of the Masefield lecture, and will head the committee to receive the beloved English writer.

Jomelli to Sing in Stabat Mater

Paul Steindorff, choragus of the University of California and director of the annual Good Friday sacred concert and production of Rossini's "Stabat Mater," given each year in the Greek Theatre, has prevailed upon the famous French operatic star Madame Jeanne Jomelli to sing the soprano part in the great oratorio on Friday afternoon, March 29. Jomelli, one of the foremost of the world's sopranis, has

never appeared in this theatre. Lydia Sturdevant, a contralto who has won merited success with the Chicago Opera Company, because of the splendid blending of her voice with that of Jomelli, has also been engaged, and Howard F. Pratt will be the tenor, and the bass part will be in the hands of Godfrey Price.

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FRIEDA HEMPEL COLUMBIA THEATER

TOMORROW (SUNDAY) AFTERNOON
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Program contains Handel, Mozart, Schubert, Franz, Brahms, Tchaikowsky, Bellini, Rimsky-Korsakow, Arne, Dvorak, Alabieff, Meyerbeer.

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LAST SYMPHONY CONCERT
Sunday Afternoon, March 17, at 2:30 Sharp
CORT THEATRE

PROGRAM:

Brahms.....Symphony No. 3, F Major
Berlioz.....Selections, "Damnation of Faust"
Ippolitow-Ivanow....."Caucasian Sketches"
Rimsky-Korsakow....."Capriccio Espagnol"

PRICES—50c, 75c, \$1; box and loge seats, \$1.50.
Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, except concert day;
at Cort on concert day only.

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"MISTER ANTONIO"

By Booth Tarkington

Sunday, March 24—One Week Only: MAY ROBSON
in "A LITTLE BIT OLD-FASHIONED"

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Admission 25c

The First Sea Lord

(Continued from Page 6)

resolute to get it done, he also knew how to organize the men at his disposal, so that each separate task was clearly defined and plainly feasible. He profited, in other words, by the grinding experience of Gallipoli, and realized that only by a rightly constituted staff could the manifold work of war be properly done. The scale of this achievement was naturally known to few. But, by July of last year, the evidences of it were available at Whitehall, and Sir Eric Geddes had not long been there before he had appreciated their meaning. It will be remembered that it was almost his first act to bring Sir Rosslyn Wemyss into his councils. The change was announced in America in the second week in August. I may, perhaps, be pardoned for quoting from an interview with me in a Washington journal on the occasion.

"The really big stroke is the retirement of Sir Cecil Burney and his replacement by Rear Admiral Rosslyn Wemyss. I have not a British navy list by me, but, at a rough guess, I should say there are probably forty officers senior to Admiral Wemyss who have been passed over to permit this officer to take this position. Wemyss has long been regarded by the forward school as a 'white hope.' He was second in command during the Gallipoli campaign, where his promptness, energy and fighting spirit showed him not only a real leader, but a man possessed of that cool quick judgment which is of the essence of the matter in war.

"The cables say the new Second Sea Lord is to be relieved of certain departmental duties but do not tell us what the new duties are to be. . . . But it is not difficult to guess the character of the change. The rearrangement of two months ago brought about an amalgamation between the War Staff and the Board of Admiralty. The First Sea Lord was still left as the chief administrative head of the whole active navy and of the staff as well. I expect what will happen is that the First Sea Lord's functions will now be cut in half, that he will remain the chief professional administrator and the Second Sea Lord will become the chief of the War Staff. It will represent the triumph of the younger school. When the great changes took place in May, those of us who had fought so hard for them for so long approved everything that had been done, but complained that the thing had stopped too soon. We also saw that the thing could not remain stopped where it was. It had to be pushed to its logical conclusion. . . . It looks as if Sir Eric Geddes had found an extremely ingenious and perfectly effective way out of the difficulty. If the appointment of Admiral Wemyss means what I hope it means, we may expect to see the vast potential power of the British navy applied to winning the war in a fashion which has not yet been applied."

It looks as if I did not very greatly misjudge the situation in August. What would seem to have happened is something like this. Sir Rosslyn Wemyss was tried at the Admiralty in the task of which he had shown himself to be a master in the Mediterranean. It was a task that had not been successfully met elsewhere, because it had never been attempted elsewhere. If he made good with the same success at Whitehall there would be no need of a deputy First Sea Lord, but a clear case for making him First Sea Lord. In the event Admiral Wemyss did make good.

Surely the new year could hardly open under happier auspices. The developments of the last few months have changed the position on land to the enemy's advantage in a most disconcerting and discouraging way. But as no one knows better than the enemy himself, it is at sea, and not on land that the war will finally be decided. The factors, that is to say, on which victory depends, are still those that derive from sea power. How well the enemy understood this a year ago was proved by his being compelled to drive the United States into belligerency rather than forego his only possible stroke at the sea supplies that kept the military alliance against him in munitions and stores, and the civil populations, on whose well being and contentment all military force is founded, supplied with the necessities of living and prosperity. A year ago, when the enemy's efforts to make peace after his many defeats on the Somme had failed, when President Wilson's last effort at an amicable arrangement had shown all the world that no settlement by negotiations was possible, it became at once clear that a ruthless submarine attack on our supply ships would immediately be made. Those who remembered the terms of the German surrender to America of the previous May expected nothing else. For, with curious and quite unnecessary candor, Berlin, for once, instead of making a promise and breaking it, entered into an undertaking that was purely provisional and warned the world that the objectionable sinkings would be resumed the moment it suited Germany's convenience or necessity. In other words, from the day when Von Tirpitz first threatened the world with the submarine, in December, 1914, until she drove America into war in February, 1917, Germany was never under the faintest illusion about the sea war being the real war.

Desire

(Continued from Page 7)

seas wherein great green and white icebergs went sailing by, and all about the ship little hummocks of ice bobbed and surged, and went under and came up, and the gray water slashed and hissed against and on top of these small hillocks.

Her hands were so chilly that she had to put them under her armpits to keep any warmth in them, and her feet were in a worse condition. They had begun to pain her, so she decided that on the next day she would put on her winter equipment, and would not mind what anybody said to the contrary. It is cold enough, said she, for my Arctic trousers and my warm, soft boots, and my great furry gloves. I will put them on in the morning; for it was then almost night, and she meant to go to bed at once.

She did go to bed, and she lay there quite cold and miserable.

In the morning she was yet colder, and immediately on rising she looked about for the winter clothes which she had laid ready by the side of her bunk the night before, but she could not find them. She was forced to dress in her usual rather thin clothes, and having done so she went on deck.

When she got to the side of the vessel she found that the world about her was changed. The sea had disappeared. Far as the eye could go was a level plain of ice, not white but gray, and over it there lowered a sky gray as itself. Across this waste there blew a bitter

and piercing wind so that her ears tingled and stung. No one was moving on the ship, and the dead silence which brooded on the snow lay heavy and almost solid on the vessel.

She ran to the other side, and found that the whole ship's company had landed and were staring at her from a little distance of the land, and these people were as silent as the frozen air, as the frozen ship. They stared at her and made no move and made no sound.

She noticed that they were all dressed in their winter furs, and while she stood ice began to creep into her veins. One of the ship's company suddenly strode forward a few paces and held up a bundle in his mittened hand. She saw the bundle contained her clothes—her broad, furry trousers, her great, cozy helmet and gloves.

To get from the ship to the ice was painful but not difficult, for a rope ladder was hanging against the side, and down this she went. The rungs felt hard as iron, for they were frozen stiff, and the touch of those glassy surfaces bit into her tender hand like fire. But she got to the ice, and went across it towards her companions.

Then, to her dismay, to her terror, all these suddenly, with one unexpressed accord, turned and began to run swiftly away from her, and she, with a heart that could scarcely beat, took after them.

She continued running, sliding, falling, picking herself up until her breath went, and she came to a halt, unable to move a limb further and scarcely able to breathe, and this time they did not stay to look at her. They continued running but now with greater and greater speed, and she saw them become black specks away on the white distance, and she saw them disappear, and there was nothing left where she stared but the long, white miles and the terrible silence and the cold.

"I am cold," she murmured.

She looked backwards whence she had come, but the ship was no longer in sight, and she could not remember in what direction it lay. Then she began to run in any direction. Indeed, she ran in every direction to find the ship, for when she had taken a hundred steps in one way she thought frantically, this is not the way; and at once began to run on the opposite road. But run as she might she could not get warm, it was colder she got, and then she slipped again, and went sliding down a hollow faster and faster; she came to the brink of a cleft and swished over this and down into a hole of ice, and there she lay.

"I shall die," she said. "I shall fall asleep here and die."

Then she woke.

She opened her eyes directly on the window and saw the dawn struggling with the darkness, a film of grayish light which framed the window, but did not lift the obscurity of the room, and she lay for a second smiling to herself at her grotesque dream and thanking God that it had only been a dream. The next second she felt that she was cold. She pulled the clothes more tightly about her, and she spoke to her husband.

"How miserably cold it is!" she said.

She turned over in the bed and lay against him for warmth, and then she found that the atrocious cold came from him, that it was he. She leaped out of bed with a scream, switched on the light, and bent over him. He was stone dead, he was stone cold, and she stood by him, shivering and whimpering.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks continued to back and fill the past week, but the trend was higher and at the close of the week the market had every indication of working higher. Sentiment that has been so pessimistic of late seems to have changed, and there is a noticeable increase in outside buying. Conservative investors are much impressed with the action of the railroad list. Rails led in the advance and the entire list, with the exception of a few specialties, advanced to higher levels. The advance in rails is not only justified but is likely to be maintained for a long time to come, because of the Government guarantee. The copper stocks are showing signs of accumulation, and while there is no burst of activity as yet the trend seems higher. Experts are calling attention to the fact that there is a good prospect of a further advance in the fixed price for metals, in order to regulate production. Average cost of production is 12 cents per pound, and as actual cost with smaller mines is larger, it will be necessary to rate copper metal prices to get them to increase their output. The oil stocks held well with most of the activity in Mexican Petroleum. This company's finances are in excellent shape, and with present encouragement by the Government there is no reason why the oil stocks should not become leaders in any upward movement. Steel stocks are in good demand, not only the big corporations' stocks, but the minor steels come in for their share of attention. The phenomenal statements issued by the independent companies show the prosperous condition in which the steel companies are. U. S. Steel is held, in well informed quarters, to be advancing in anticipation of the publication of a splendid 1917 report, due soon after the middle of this month. Shorts have covered, and there has been good buying on this theory. On the whole, the market has given a good account of itself the past week and it would not take much buying to give us a good advance throughout the list, especially so if we get some favorable news from abroad. The bond market is beginning to show signs of improvement, and Liberty Loans recovered some of their recent loss. Sentiment at the moment is favorable to higher prices.

Cotton—The cotton market displayed considerable strength early in the week, due to a stronger market abroad, and purchases here by trade houses who were removing their hedges. Outside speculation is very light and it does not take very much buying to bring about an advance. Toward the close of the week a reaction set in, due to profit taking and a general rainfall in the South and Southwest. There is nothing new in the situation. Mills are heavily engaged in Government work and at

prices apparently that allow considerable advance for the raw material and still leave handsome profits. This is the position that the market is in, and with the stubbornness of the holders in the South, the market is one-sided, and regardless of any little opposition that develops from time to time, prices can be advanced to any figure that suits them. Under such circumstances it seems useless to discuss merit, prospects of the next crop or justification for the present level of values. We would adhere to a scalping position and would take either side of the market, after a swing of a hundred points, believing that the market will continue to back and fill until such time that conditions become more pronounced either way, to take the market out of its present rut.

Captain Hanks of Albany

(Continued from Page 5)

The captain is very proud of his kinship with Lincoln. He celebrates it year after year, every day, without waiting for February 12, with long accounts of his own exploits on the river.

I rose to go.

"Glad yeh came," said Captain Hanks. "Say, yeh couldn't spare me another dollar, could yeh?"

I gave him another dollar and fled to the Marshall House, where an hour later came Captain Stephen B. Hanks, muffled to his ears and looking every inch the frontiersman. He broke one of my dollars for a plug of tobacco, and jingled the change pleasantly in his pocket. Then he dropped into a favorite chair and placed his feet on a hot air register in the floor.

"When I was a pilot on the river," he began

I sneaked out quietly and betook myself to a friendly printing shop, where the local weekly is published. The next few hours, or until train time, I spent in conversation with the excellent fellow who was at once editor, compositor and proofreader. Half an hour before the train was due, I went back to the Marshall House. The captain was still there.

"Good-bye, Captain Steve," I said. "Hope to see you again!"

"Glad yeh came," he responded heartily, and sidled alongside. "Say," he whispered confidentially. "Yeh haven't got another dollar yeh could spare?"

I gave him two and fled; but the interview wasn't worth what it cost.

—Reedy's Mirror.

Master (to new cook)—We want you to show what you can do tonight, Jane. We have some rather special people coming for a musical evening. Do your very best, you know.

Cook—Sure, sir, that I will. It's a long time since I did any singing; but you can put me down for a couple of comic songs, if you like.

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DECEMBER 31, 1917

Assets	\$63,314,948.04
Deposits	60,079,197.54
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,235,750.50
Employees' Pension Fund	272,914.25
Number of Depositors	63,907

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 23988 N. S.; Department No. 10 Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ZERUAH J. DE HAVEN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the last will and testament of ZERUAH J. DE HAVEN, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix, at the office of their attorneys, Frank McGowan and Blaine McGowan, 715-717 Humboldt Bank Building, situated at No. 785 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all the matters connected with the said estate of ZERUAH J. DE HAVEN, deceased.

JOTHAM J. DE HAVEN, Executor, and SARAH L. DE HAVEN, Executrix, of the last will and testament of Zeruah J. De Haven, deceased.

Dated: March 2, 1918.
FRANK MCGOWAN and
BLAINE MCGOWAN,
Attorneys for Executor and Executrix,
715-717 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
785 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of HULDA LEON, Deceased. No. 23,917 N. S. Dept. No. 9, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Samuel R. Leon and Isaac Gellert, Executors of the last Will and Testament, and Codicil thereto, of HULDA LEON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of M. M. Getz, Esq., Rooms 402-3, Oscar Luning Building, 45 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of HULDA LEON, deceased.

SAMUEL R. LEON and
ISAAC GELLERT,
Executors of the last Will and Testament, and
Codicil thereto, of Hulda Leon, Deceased.
M. M. GETZ,
Dated San Francisco, February 16, 1918.

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF
CITY TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY of San Francisco
in the State of California, on the 31st day of
December, 1917, made to the Insurance Commissioner
of the State of California, pursuant to law.

Assets	
Mortgage and collateral loans	\$164,550.00
Bonds and stocks	7,050.00
Cash in company's office and banks	7,863.52
Premiums in course of collection	1,035.50
Bills receivable	2,277.00
Other ledger assets	130,494.29
Ledger assets	\$313,271.31

NON-LEDGER ASSETS:	
Total gross assets	\$313,271.31
Deduct assets not admitted	11,550.91
Total admitted assets	\$301,720.40

Liabilities	
All other liabilities	\$13,321.24
Total liabilities (except capital and surplus) ..	13,321.24
Capital	250,000.00
Surplus	38,399.16
Total liabilities, capital and surplus	\$301,720.40

H. W. DIMOND, President
J. H. HUMPHREY, Secretary.
3-9-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ABRAHAM HENRY KRAMER, also called ABRAHAM H. KRAMER, deceased.—No. 23957; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of ABRAHAM HENRY KRAMER, also called ABRAHAM H. KRAMER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said decedent, to file their said claims with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix with the will annexed at the office of her attorney, John J. O'Toole, Rooms 654 and 655 Mills Building in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said ABRAHAM HENRY KRAMER, also called ABRAHAM H. KRAMER, deceased.

ANNA KRAMER,
Administratrix with the will annexed of Abraham Henry Kramer, also called Abraham H. Kramer, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 2, 1918.
JOHN J. O'TOOLE,
Attorney for Administratrix with will annexed,
654-655 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-2-5

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL USING
FICTITIOUS NAME

EDGAR JAMISON STEEL CO.—No. 3586.

The undersigned, Edgar E. Jamison, residing in the City of Berkeley, County of Alameda, State of California, hereby gives notice and certifies that he is individually transacting business under the fictitious name and style of EDGAR JAMISON STEEL CO. That the principal place of business of said Edgar Jamison Steel Co. is situated at numbers 77-79 Natoma Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that his name in full is Edgar E. Jamison; that he is the sole owner of said business and that there is no other person or persons having any interest whatsoever therein.

Dated, February 15th, 1918.

EDGAR E. JAMISON.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco.—ss

On the 15th day of February, in the year One Thousand and Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen, before me A. K. DAGGETT, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Edgar E. Jamison, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal) A. K. DAGGETT,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of
San Francisco.
20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Endorsed: Filed Feb. 16, 1918.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 87158; Dept. No. 10.

ADELIN ISABELLE O'HEARN, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCES O'HEARN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: FRANCES O'HEARN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22nd day of January, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DAHLLIN & JACKSON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-16-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARIE PERRON TARDIEU, Plaintiff, vs. GASTON AIME TARDIEU, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GASTON AIME TARDIEU, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of January, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. W. SANDERSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
420 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-19-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PEARLEY GLENN GARLICK, deceased.—No. 23977; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of PEARLEY GLENN GARLICK, deceased, to all persons having claims against the said deceased, to, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, either file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers to me at the office of Edward M. Walsh, room No. 559 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which place the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

J. P. GARLICK,
Administrator of the estate of Pearley Glenn Garlick, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, March 9th, 1918.

PETER J. CROSBY,
Attorney for Administrator,
First Savings Bank Building,
Oakland, California. 3-9-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MELODILE HOHWIESNER, deceased.—No. 23931; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of MELODILE HOHWIESNER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Chas. A. Gray, 493 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MELODILE HOHWIESNER, deceased.

FREDERICK HOHWIESNER,
Executor of the estate of Melodile Hohwiesner, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 9, 1918.

CHAS. A. GRAY,
Attorney for Executor,
493 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-9-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 87565.

CARRIE MARCUS, Plaintiff, vs. BERT ROLAND MARCUS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: BERT ROLAND MARCUS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of February, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALEXANDER McCULLOCH,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Hibernia Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES J. RINGBERG; also known as CHAS. J. RINGBERG; also known as C. J. RINGBERG, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of CHARLES J. RINGBERG; also known as Chas. J. Ringberg; also known as C. J. Ringberg, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, Frank M. Hultman, Room 1212 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, California, which said last-mentioned office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said CHARLES J. RINGBERG (aliases), deceased.

GARDA SWANSON,
Executrix of the last will and testament of said Charles J. Ringberg (aliases), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 23rd, 1918.
FRANK M. HULTMAN,
Attorney for Executrix,
1212 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 2-23-5

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ESTABLISHED 1878

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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, MARCH 23, 1918

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXII

San Francisco-Oakland, March 23, 1918

No. 1335

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

If San Francisco Knew "How"

Isn't it about time to quit shouting that "San Francisco knows how?" We were very proud of the Exposition; we had reason to be, but let us avoid giving folk the impression that we really do not know how to keep out of the jay-town class. Why get on the nerves of people who have no reason to care whether we know how or merely like to boast that we do? Why irritate the man in the street far away by telling him what is not true—that cleverness is all a matter of geography like the climate, which used to be the boast of all Californians, some of whom thought they made it? Instead of being merely provincial why not do something for ourselves and the rest of the country? For instance, instead of making folk laugh at our small-town conceits, wouldn't it be well to adopt some compendious mode of expressing the potentialities of a State that is wonderfully and tragically ignored? A thumb-nail picture with a single plain and simple truth tersely expressed, if adopted for general use on envelopes, might be better than all the boastful slogans ever written. Consider this great empire with its products and possibilities, and consider that in population it is hardly as important as a city like Philadelphia. Surely on reflection these are matters that inspire and that might stimulate the imagination. If San Francisco really knew "how" it would long ago have attended to the matter of population, and it would have known when to quit imitating Los Angeles.

* * *

The Cement Ship

The foregoing is the result of reading newspaper accounts of the launching of the giant concrete steamship "Faith." A great achievement this. It seems in a way to mark the dawn of a new era in shipbuilding, but let us not give San Francisco the credit for the idea, which after all is what we should most applaud. San Francisco has enough to be proud of without reaching for the laurels of other lands. It would not only be immoral to set up false claims; it would be absurd. The credit for the cement ship idea belongs to the country that gave us Ibsen and many great explorers and many

new ideas. Let us be content to congratulate ourselves on this; that at the dawn of a new era California is once more ready to contribute to the things demanded by the world. At the close of the Civil War when the wealth of the country had been almost exhausted the gold mines of California were ready to be tapped, and they furnished the precious metal that relieved a great strain. Similarly, now that cement is to be in great demand how fortunate that California has large deposits of the essential ingredients and factories admirably situated to furnish unlimited quantities of this material which has been steadily growing in importance for many years and now ranks with pig iron as a factor in the commercial world. In California cement is now one of the State's principal products. So we ought to be glad to welcome the cement ship and we need have no fear of its future. Undoubtedly imperfections will be found in the first of these big ships, as they are always found in the testing of new ideas. There are certain problems that may not have been solved with accuracy but the cement ship has come to stay.

* * *

Giving the Kaiser Pause

In this connection it is interesting to observe that the largest wooden ship in the world—the largest ever—was built the other day in Texas. This is a ship of new design made for the Government for the purposes of the war. It is the work of the National Shipbuilding Company, two members of which, it is interesting to observe, are Californians—G. Van Alstine, and A. Dougherty, a structural contractor and engineer. This new ship, built for the Cunarder line and called the "War Mystery," is designed to meet ideal conditions. As in the plans of this new type of ship timbers of extraordinary size are no longer necessary one great difficulty has been overcome. The company is one of several recently organized for speeding up to meet urgent war conditions. Also it is one of several that doubtless have given the Kaiser pause with the result that by this time he realizes that America's coming into the war was no joke to amuse Germany.

* * *

Hog Island Criticism

Our captains of industry have done so many big and astonishing things in the development of our country and its resources that they have made all the world wonder; also they have won the admira-

tion and applause of the world for the genius evidenced by their great monumental achievements. These captains of industry are agents of progress with big minds and a power of vision possessed only by exceptional individuals; but when they are criticised it is the ordinary man, like the average politician, who plays the critic. Hence our exceptional men are seldom accurately described; they are not only misunderstood, they are not even appreciated. It is the same now as in the ancient days when in the development of productive industry manual skill reached its utmost limits. The gem engravers of the Greeks and Romans whose workmanship has rarely been equalled, never surpassed, were the victims of many a mean pasquinade. Even in Medieval Italy the Hiram Johnsons spent much time driving diatribes against genius. Not even Raphael escaped, nor the great Leonardo. Now we are not essaying to vindicate all the men involved in the Hog Island's Shipyard scandals; only venturing to suggest that there is much to praise in the vast project, much that will perhaps never be perceived by the little minds now scattering their abuse far and wide. Of profiteering and graft we know what rumor has told; nothing more, save that the magnitude of the work and the enormous achievements of the men engaged on the project are such that they will be discussed in terms of unstinted praise long after the critics are forgotten. Of course there has been extravagance. The leading members of the Administration admit and justify extravagance in their efforts at preparedness after we got into the war. The wonder is not that there was extravagance at Hog Island but that so much has been accomplished since the Goethals-Denman controversy of last summer whereby the contract was held up for months. Of course there was extravagance, much of which was made inevitable by talkfests in Washington. But also there was a tremendous lot of work done, and the performance thus far is not so important for material for abuse as for a tribute to American genius and industry.

* * *

American Speed and Enterprise

To be fair let us consider some of the facts as revealed by men who have examined the whole ship building project. It is not to be denied they say that it is a very expensive job, but it is work done at the highest possible time pressure. As a consequence labor was many times

sitting around twirling thumbs for lack of the material immediately needed. How often this sort of thing happens in union shops and on private jobs! There was of course much loafing on this particular job, but there must have been a lot of energy expended along Hog Island's two-mile frontage on the Delaware River. The hardest part of the contract was in reclaiming this swampy island which was certainly what may be called a "bad buy," if not by another name; but the American International Shipbuilding Corporation must be credited with having done a quick piece of reclamation. Fifty miles of railroad have been constructed within the reservation, and there is more to be built. The many miles of roadways traversing the site in all directions had to be built of wood, for no motor truck could get through the mud. A photograph, dated October last, shows the work of the first buildings, the barracks and administration buildings. There was then not much clearing of the land or noticeable preparation for the miles of roadways and rail lines and other primary development work which had to be undertaken before the shipways themselves could be laid and ship construction could begin. The place is now a veritable beehive. About 20,000 men are employed, 5,000 of whom are now living on the premises. The others are taken in and out of Philadelphia daily by the trainload. When construction work is completed it is expected 35,000 men will be employed. With all the men employed, there has not been any serious illness or epidemics of any sort through the hard winter, and the health record is better than that of the army contingents. Money was not spared in the matter of

workmen's health, care and welfare. So obviously while there is much room for criticism it appears on the whole that there is much to appreciate in all that has been done in most unfavorable circumstances.

* * *

The Problem of Taxation

What an interesting study our principles of taxation will afford after the war! We are told nowadays of many things to which we shall give attention when order will have been restored in the world, but the prophets have very little to say of taxation; yet this is a subject in which the people of every land is deeply interested and growing more so every day. This is the only civilized country where in prior to the war the subject attracted comparatively little attention, the reason being that only the few were required to pay an income tax. Great will be the astonishment of the majority later on when they learn how the business is managed in Europe; how much better than in this country. According to Otto H. Kahn of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. the largest incomes in the United States are taxed far more heavily than in any other country in the world, the maximum rate being 67%, against 42½% in England. This is in itself astonishing, but the striking feature of our principle of taxation is that while many small incomes are not subject to any Federal income tax yet we are not relieving the poor of the burdens of the war. The poor are reached by the merchants who have to reimburse themselves for what is taken by the Government. And how significant that of her total actual war expenditures, England has raised less than 15% by taxation, while America is about to raise 28% by taxation. Consider also

that American excess profits' law taxes all profits derived from business over and above a certain moderate percentage, while the English tax applies only to excess war profits, with the result that normal business profits are taxed here much more heavily than in England, while direct war profits are taxed less heavily. Many of us have yet to perceive that the resonant phrases in current use about government by the people do not bear close analysis. The will of the people can be, and is, expressed in regard to fundamental questions, but there is no general will in respect of temperamental questions such as Prohibition, or in respect of many complex problems touching finance. In truth, as William Mallock has said, political democracy involves the co-existence of a political oligarchy without which it would eventually dissolve in chaos. "Oligarchs need not be men distinguished by wealth or station, or by any of the advantages possessed by a small class only. The officials of a trade union, who order a strike or prohibit it, may be oligarchs just as truly as a senate of hereditary peers or any elected chamber packed with aristocratic landlords." Indeed, the Labor movement everywhere is markedly oligarchical in character, and Marx and Lassalle, as Mr. Mallock reminds us, were veritable autocrats in the direction of the Socialist party. Bakunin, the Russian anarchist who announced that "the chariot of revolution was rolling, and gnashing its teeth as it rolled," held that the manual laborers should not be allowed to vote on the affairs of his party. M. Lenine seems to take a similar view. Specialists are needed to frame legislation, especially in matters scientific, like political economy.

Perspective Impressions

Now we've got to find out what a Russian Soviet is.

Did anybody doubt the outcome of the Howe murder trial?

As applied to this Tomato Investigation, the word "probe" displeases. Why not "can-opener?"

Just to keep the record straight, let it be understood that the Sinn Feiners were not the only local Irishmen who celebrated St. Patrick's Day.

Of one thing we feel pretty certain—that if St. Patrick returned he'd not be eager for the kind of republic that the Germans would be likely to make.

When we used to read Dostoevski and Gogol we had an idea all Russians were crazy. Now that we read the dispatches from Petrograd and Moscow we're almost sure of it.

Those who have kept Lent won't mind an eggless Easter.

Are you getting your check book ready for the new Liberty Loan drive?

Sir Douglas Haig's wife has presented him with a son. Here's to Haig and Haig.

There are a lot of actors who think there should be 365 eggless nights every year.

The war has reached a point where mothers who didn't raise their boys to be soldiers are repining.

Once upon a time we used to read everything Kipling published. Have we changed, or has Rudyard?

No, indeed, let us not abandon the poor Russians, but can we prevent them from abandoning us or working out their own salvation according to the Teutonic fashion?

Frightfulness appears to have no terrors for the boys from this side.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler has revised his notions of German kultur.

The Mayor wielded the first pick on the new Market street line. Shovel!

By saving daylight we'll have that much more time to spend under the night lights.

It is now regarded as pardonable to point out an evil in a play or book provided the writer suggests no remedy.

If the Bolsheviks are good democrats it's from the Bolshevik standpoint, which has the warm approval of the Kaiser.

Of course we are terribly worried about the Japanese, but are we likely to prefer the Germans with their submarines and kultur in the Pacific?

Varied Types

370—PAUL BANCROFT

By Edward F. O'Day

Paul Bancroft is a son of the late Hubert Howe Bancroft, historian, publisher and maker of the Bancroft Library.

Like his father before him, Paul Bancroft is a man of high standing in this community. He has served his city as a supervisor, and served it well.

I asked Paul Bancroft for an intimate glimpse of his father. He talked with a copy of "Literary Industries" open before him on his desk.

Do you know the book? Perhaps not. Hubert Howe Bancroft is least read in the city to which he added lustre. His was the lot of the prophet in his own country. Yet "Literary Industries" is one of the most fascinating books ever written in America. It has more charm than most novels, and is as full of inspiration as that other book by a great printer, the Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. I hope this page about Hubert Howe Bancroft will create interest in "Literary Industries."

"What was the outstanding trait in your father's character?" I asked Paul Bancroft.

"His love of work," answered Paul Bancroft. "He loved work more than anything else—work and his family."

Intellectually, as well as physically, the rule holds good that he who will not work, neither shall he eat. To the rich as to the poor, this rule applies, and with greater intensity it rivets the rich man's bonds. . . . In labor and sorrow are rest and happiness. . . . I had begun my historical efforts late in life, and there was much that I was anxious to do before I should return to dust. . . . I worked from ten to twelve hours, and averaged twenty pages of manuscript a day; rode two hours, except rainy days and Sundays; ate heartily, drank from half a bottle to a bottle of claret before retiring, and smoked four or five cigars daily. This, however, was more of a strain than my system could bear for any length of time. I did not break down under it; I only shifted my position. The mind fatigued with one class of work often finds almost as much rest in change as in repose.—Literary Industries.

"What were your father's recreations?"

"He was born in the country, and liked to return at intervals to the old home. He liked driving. We made many trips in his four-in-hand—to Yosemite, Santa Barbara, through the old mining camps. He liked music, though he had no musical training, and attended the Tivoli a good deal."

Lovely little Granville! dear, quiet home-nook; lovely in thy summer smiles and winter frowns; lovely, decked in dancing light and dew pearls, or in night's star-studded robe of sleep. . . . Ah God! how with swelling heart, and flushed cheek, and brain on fire, I have later tramped again that ground, the ground my boyhood trod. . . . The most brilliant exploit of my life was performed at the tender age of eleven, when I spent a whole night in driving a two-horse wagon load of runaway slaves on their way from Kentucky and slavery to Canada and freedom. . . . I was passionately fond of music, not so much of listening as performing. . . . By saving up dimes and half-dollars I succeeded in buying an old violin. I paid four dollars for it; and I remember with what trepidation I invested my entire capital in the instrument. For several years I scraped persistently and learned to play badly a few tunes. I had no teacher and no encouragement; I was laughed at and frowned at, until finally I abandoned it.—Literary Industries.

"Was he a religious man?"

"Up till about twenty years ago he was a church-goer. He passed the plate at services and gave one-tenth of his income to the church. Then he lost his sympathy for the church. He

used to say that he found insincerity among professors of religion, that they did not practice what they preached."

I was born in an atmosphere of invigorating puritanism. . . . Saturday night was "kept," preparatory to the Sabbath, on which day three meetings were always held, besides a Sunday-school and a prayer meeting, the intervals being filled with Saturday-cooked repasts, catechism, and Sunday readings. . . . From my heart I thank God for strict religious training; and I thank him most of all for emancipation from it. It is good to be born in a hot-bed of sectarianism; it is better, at some later time, to escape it.—Literary Industries.

"Was your father of a social disposition?"

"In later years he had no close friends. He liked to be by himself. But he was always devoted to his family."

My mother used to say that she never felt lonely in her life; and yet she was most companionable, and enjoyed society as much as any one I ever knew. . . . I can say with my mother that I never have experienced loneliness in my labors. . . . To be free, free in mind and body, free of business, of society, free from interruptions and weariness, this has been my chief concern. . . . It was the 12th of October, 1876, that I married Matilda Coley Griffing; and from the day that she was mine, wherever her sweet presence, there was my home. . . . All through the days and years of future ploddings patiently by my side she sat, her face the picture of happy contentment, assisting me with her quick application and sound discrimination, making notes, studying my manuscript, and erasing or altering such repetitions and solecisms as crept into my work.—Literary Industries

"Your father made a great deal of money?"

"Yes. He always bought property with an eye to its enhancement in value. When he put up his first building on this spot (731 Market street), it was called 'Bancroft's Folly.' People said it was too far out, too far beyond the Palace Hotel. The only time his judgment failed him was in the matter of Valencia street which he thought would become a great street, the continuation of Market. So he housed the library on a big lot next to St. Luke's Hospital. Many years later he was glad to sell that property for what he had paid for it."

Never have I regretted the consecration of my life to this cause, or felt that my time might have been better employed in some of the enterprises attending the material development of this western world, or in accumulating property, which was never a difficult thing for me to do. . . . I asked myself, Is there then in this world something better than money that these men should scorn to soil their fingers with it? . . . The consuming of my soul on the altar of avarice I objected to, not work. I have worked twice, ten times, as hard writing books as ever I did selling books. But for the occasional breaking away from business, long enough for my thoughts to form for themselves new channels, I should have been a slave to it till this day, for no one was more interested and absorbed in money-making while engaged in it than I. . . . I succeeded in obtaining seven lots together, three on Market street and four on Stevenson street. . . . This was regarded as far beyond business limits at the time, but it was the best I could do, and in six or seven years a more desirable location could not be found in the city. It was one of the turning points of my life, this move to Market street. . . . First to be considered in choosing a new locality was whether the library should remain on the peninsula of San Francisco, or take its place at some point across the bay. Oakland was seriously considered, and San Rafael, not to mention Sonoma, where, long before, my enthusiastic friend, General Vallejo, had offered to furnish land and all the building requirements free. . . . After some search a

place was found uniting several advantages. It was on Valencia street, the natural continuation of Market street, on the line of the city's growth.—Literary Industries.

"Did your father ever compose any poetry?"

"No, but it was his lifelong wish to write a novel. He never did it."

Poetry has often been essayed in California, but for the most part doggerel; yet should Byron come here and publish for the first time his Childe Harold, it would not find buyers enough to pay the printer.—Literary Industries.

"Your father must have had a powerful constitution."

"He inherited it, not only from his father but from his mother to whom in many ways he owed more than to his father. His constitution was good to the end of his life. Two days before his death I went with him to the bunk house on the farm at Walnut Creek. You should have heard the way he 'lit into' the Japanese foreman for permitting the men to gamble."

Men and women, and boys and girls, all worked in those days, worked physically, mentally, and morally, and so strengthened hand, and head, and heart. Thus working in the kitchen, field and barnyard, making hay and milking cows, reaping, threshing, spinning, weaving, Ashley Bancroft and Lucy Howe grew up, the one a lusty, sinewy, dark-eyed youth, the other a bright, merry maiden, with golden hair, and the sweetest smile a girl ever had, and the softest, purest eyes that ever let sunlight into a soul. And in due time they were married.—Literary Industries.

"The people who worked for your father were fond of him?"

"That Japanese foreman whom he 'lit into' came down to the city to the funeral, bringing all his men with him. They had gathered fruit blossoms to lay on the casket."



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An Ill Wind

By Francis Brett Young

It is always amazing to me how one tumbles upon stories of this kind; and Dr. Maxwell was really one of the last men in the world whom I should have expected to appreciate the one which he told me. As a matter of fact he was very diffident about it, and I don't imagine that anything but the peculiar intimacy into which circumstances had thrown us would have screwed him up to the point of telling it. He was a very timid man. This is how it happened. I had come to stay for a wet winter holiday in a fishing village down West, with no companion except a wiry-haired terrier puppy, a foolish thing with brown eyes, to which I was just getting attached.

We lived, the two of us, in the front room of a widow woman, a Mrs. Seaward, overlooking a waste of sea that was nearly always sad. We had lighted upon a period of cold easterly winds, blowing over all the great bay from Portland, and rolling dun-colored breakers capped with white against that unyielding coast, rank after rank of them ceaselessly charging in a hope that was forlorn. Mrs. Seaward's house was jerry-built, and in the crevices of her casements the wind whistled night and day, so that all the little space of her bow window was full of colder air than the rest of the room, while I and my dog Tristram (who took his name from Shandy, not from Lyonesse) shivered over a grate of wrought iron that absorbed its own heat.

They were uncomfortable rooms; but when we had once got there I felt that we must stay if it were only for the poverty of Mrs. Seaward herself and the extraordinary pride which she lavished on them. There was no chance of making ourselves at home. Every chair, every cushion, every knick-knack had its place, and if one of these were disarranged when we left the house it was certain to have been replaced by the time that we returned. And Tristram was no respecter of cushions. I disliked Mrs. Seaward's family photographs. I disliked her funeral cards. We disliked, in particular, a portrait enlarged in a frame of red plush, which sat in judgment on our breakfast: a very dogmatic not ill-looking young man with curled mustaches and a sailor's peaked cap. I daresay I should have liked him better if I hadn't always taken my meals with him. It was distressing, too, always to find Mrs. Seaward in the room when I returned from my walks, standing with her hands clasped in front of her in that refrigerator of a bow window looking out to sea. In the end I decided to give her notice, saving my face with the forfeiture of a week's rent.

I screwed myself up to the act on three days in succession: and then, at the precise moment when I needed it most, my luck failed me. Tristram, poor little beast, developed a cold on his lungs. I expect I had been careless with him, and when night came on I didn't like the look of him. I inquired about a vet.

The landlady told me there wasn't one within ten miles. I asked her if she knew of anybody who understood dogs; and after she'd thought about it and mentioned half a dozen people who didn't, she came to Dr. Maxwell. I wondered why I hadn't thought of asking a doctor before; for, when you come to think of it, there's not much difference between a sick dog and a sick baby. The same thing had evidently occurred to Mrs. Seaward. "He's splendid with children," she said.

It was a filthy night with a southwest wind booming down the valley and out over the sea, but the doctor was quite willing to come and see my patient.

"They're nice beasts, dogs, aren't they?" he said, as he pulled on his mackintosh, and then our concern for the small creature's comfort threw us, as I've said, into an intimacy which was surprising when you consider our short acquaintance and his exceptional shyness. We sat together smoking in front of the fire, beneath the stony stare of Mrs. Seaward's relations, listening to the wind and sometimes talking.

He had said something about the west wind being good for the trawlers, and I had slipped into the ready-made answer that it is an ill wind which benefits nobody. He said that he often thought, down on that much-buffed coast, how extraordinarily dependent on wind the men of old times were; how they could never cross a strip of sea without the wind's permission, or grind their corn on land. He spoke of the infinite chances of the wind that was now scattering the fertile pollen from his peach-blossom. "Tomorrow it will all be gone,"—and then, rather shyly, he said: "That reminds me,"—and told me the story of the steward on the s. s. Matifou.

"I expect," he said, "that you, as a stranger, imagine that this seaboard is full of romance: you can see nothing but beauty in these small stone cottages and this rugged coast. You don't know how hard life is here—and how dirty. You don't realize either how horribly isolated we are; how very attractive it is—you won't mind me saying so—to meet a stranger like yourself. That's the way in which Romance surprises us, in our chance encounters with men who come here by land or by sea—and particularly by sea. Of course, this place has long ceased to be a port of call for salt-water boats; but it so happens that our bay is a harbor of refuge, the only one along this coast, from a westerly gale; and sometimes, when it is blowing strong you may see thirty vessels sheltering—not the big mail boats that can plug through any amount of muck, but great sailing ships from Hamburg, Scandinavian steamers, with deck-cargoes of timber, wide-bellied freighters light, and every kind of tramp. Sometimes they lie there for a week straining at their anchors and then steal away in stormy sunshine. Sometimes they land a sick man—they don't like sick men at sea—and in this way I have had more than one adventure.

"When I was called to visit the Matifou it was blowing a buster. The mate brought the message ashore; told me that the steward had hurt his leg and the 'old man' was getting worried about him. Didn't know if the beggar was shamming or not. If I were coming I had

better prepare for a wetting and pull out in their dinghy. He was very affable, that mate. He said that he'd never visited our port before and hoped he never would again. 'Talk about scenery and that,' he said, 'there's plenty of pretty scenery outside the west of England. By the way folks talk you'd think there wasn't nice country places in Lancashire. You should hear the birds in our garden on a spring morning. My misses feeds the little beggars.' He lived at a place called Newton-le-Willows—wherever that may be. He asked me if I was 'on the square,' and seemed disappointed that I wasn't.

"The Matifou was lying a long way out and I got wetter even than I had expected; but it's a heartening thing, you know, to go butting out through sheeted spray with the salt sticky on your lips—just plugging toward a point of light which wavers and dips some unimaginable distance ahead; and then, suddenly, to hear what the wind leaves you of a hail, to dissociate something black that looms above you from the blackness of the windy sky; to hear a rope swish down like the wind's own tail—and then the splash and suck of water between yourself and the hull until your boat and the big ship are heaving together. I jumped for the rope ladder, and as I looked back the boat and the mate and the two sailors seemed to be sucked downwards, for the great flank to which I was clinging like a fly on a horse heeled bodily over, blotting out the stars. I scrambled on to an iron deck gritty with coal dust, where the captain received me.

He looked as if he'd been on the bridge for a week. "If the beggar's malingering," he said, "I look to you to tell me. If he's really sick you'd better have him ashore. You can't satisfy him. Says he's hurt his leg. I don't know . . . He's a good steward, the best I've ever had except a Jap I once picked up in Kuchinotsu; but I am about fed up with him. The chief officer will take you forward."

And so, down one iron ladder, up another, down a precipitous companion to a stuffy hold. "Blast the chief," said the mate, "the electric light's off—that's the worst of this damned company. Short of crew. The donkeyman went ashore this morning and came back blind. You wait here a minute while I get a lantern."

"He left me standing there at the bottom of the companion. It was very dark and smelt of tallow and engine grease. I had to hold on to the oily rail of the ladder; for this part of the ship was plunging heavily as though it were angry with the strain of the anchors. The darkness was full of creaking sounds, and sometimes the impact of a heavier wave smote her bows, making the plates shudder and creak more loudly than ever. The mate came back carrying a kerosene lamp with a smelt that was proper to that fo'c'sle. 'This way,' he said.

"We passed into a narrow cabin in which there were four bunks. It smelt a little of foul opium smoke and a great deal of dirt. In the lower bunk on the inner side the mate's lantern showed me a Chinaman lying on his back breathing noisily through his mouth. 'That's our cook,' said the mate. 'Don't you take no notice of him. He has his little failings like the rest of us. This is you bird.'

"He held the light up to the upper of the

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FOR MEN

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"The Heart of a Child"

By C. T.

"Lor', it is cold! Give us some tea, aunt, and I say, auntie, Dora's written a novel."

"What, not again?" That was the aunt's thought. But her remark was more to the point: "Harold, has it been accepted?"

"Oh, of course, we were not going to speak of it till it was taken. Blank and Blankley have offered her splendid terms."

For a moment the teapot in the aunt's hand wavered, drooped and finally sank on to the tray. But she is a brave woman, as well she need be, to keep house for her four nieces and one nephew. She summoned up her courage, grasped the teapot again and with it the reins of life, which for a second she had let fall.

"Harold," she said, "you remember that when Lilian published her first book we had to leave the neighborhood. We've only been here a year, and I was just getting settled. Shall we have to strike camp and be on the move again, do you think?"

The boy protested through a mouthful of bread and butter. He was a little under sixteen. "I should hope the people of Wimbledon aren't such a set of canting hide-bound Philistines as the denizens of Sydenham."

"But I rather liked some of the denizens of Sydenham, you know."

"Oh, of course, aunt, you would. But for us, you know, they were impossible."

The aunt was used to being patronized by the young. She was following her own train of thought.

"It wasn't, you know, Harold, so much the book itself which was our undoing; I think most of us—at least, most of us elder ones—found it rather tame. But it was the advertisements that did for us—the flaming advertisements which preceded its appearance for three whole weeks—'Striking First Work by Lilian Bard Smythe-Jones, "Smudge." The most distinctive sexual novel of the century.' It was rather strong meat for Sydenham; you must admit that in justice."

"At any rate, aunt, it was welcomed by the few souls there who were struggling towards the Light; it helped them towards emancipation."

"Well, well," said the aunt, "that's all in the past; what we've got to do is to face the future, the unknown future into which Dora is plunging your aunt so ruthlessly. Give me a piece of cake, dear—that piece, please, with the cherry on the top; I think the cherry will support me. More tea, Harold? Are you comfy? Now we will discuss the future. You see, we've only taken this house for a year at present; but you know the alterations I was thinking of having done. Well, you see, if we've got to be on our travels again, it would not be worth while. So please tell me about Dora's book. First of all, is she going to write under her own name?"

"Why of course."

"You see, dear, Dora Bard Smythe-Jones is rather distinctive; would nothing, do you think, induce her to assume a name? I would bribe her heavily, you know; I'd give her a new set of furs."

"Dora's scarcely the girl to sell her soul for a mess of pottage."

"Harold, you are full of surprises; where do you get your knowledge of the Bible from? You folk find it so useful for abuse and expetives. You don't read it, do you?"

"Oh, one picks up these phrases, you know, from the capitalist press. You can't touch pitch without getting black. But don't start a rabbit, aunt; we were discussing Dora's book."

"Yes, and my first point is that I am ready to offer her a set of furs if she will publish under an assumed name; and there are such attractive names she could use. You know—now this is a secret—I have often thought that if the income tax goes up much higher, I should myself be forced to write an improper novel."

"My dear aunt, you couldn't—you've never lived."

"Don't stop me at a comma, Harold. I was saying that I might find myself forced to write an improper novel, in which case I would publish it under the name of 'Doll Wormwood;' I am sure it would help the sale of the book enormously. Now I am ready not only to give Dora furs, but to allow her to appropriate my own cherished nom de plume if only she will use it."

"My dear aunt, the novel has changed since your day."

The aunt then ate the cherry which she had been reserving for some such moment. The boy went on:

"Novelists now are not mere tellers of stories—they are the prophets of today—'the fiery John Baptists of the modern world.' Can you imagine Isaiah or Nietzsche writing under a nom de plume? It is an absurd, shamefaced, degrading thing to do. The world looks to us for Truth; we are the torch-bearers; we mustn't skunk behind anonymity."

"Well," said the aunt, "and who's starting rabbits now? Let it go; but remember my offer; Dora's a dressy little soul; besides, the name of 'Doll Wormwood' has a haunting beauty of its own. I shall be disappointed in her if she doesn't appreciate its fragrance."

"There, aunt, you've said—you've said it; there you have the difference between your generation and ours. You talk of fragrance—we talk of reality and bad smells."

"Rabbit again, my child; what I want to discover is whether we shall have to move or not, and if so, how soon and how far. So tell me, what's the title of Dora's book?"

"It's not quite settled yet, but she thinks of calling it 'The Emybro.'"

"Uh! looks like another move. Next time I must get a house with a garden that looks south. But why this homely and attractive title?"

"Well, the book will explain that. It's rather a long story, but I can put it in a few words. Have a cigarette?"

The boy drew his chair to the fire, lit the cigarettes, looked at the match as it burnt itself out in the hearth, and then began:

"Well, you see, the public schools and the big girls' schools are done for; they're smashed. They're not going to survive the Modern Novel. So far, so good. But Dora's point is—and she's right, of course,—it's like cutting down a weed, not rooting it out. The evil must be attacked at its source, where it is in embryo. Dora's book will smash the kindergartens. It's at the kindergartens that boys and girls are herded together as so much cattle; it's at the kindergartens that individuality is first cramped and sterilized, and the whole damnable system begins of turning out people into the same ridiculous insensate mould; it is there, at the kinder-

gartens, that we, living beings, all distinct from each other, all with great vibrating passions, are forced into a condition of sexual development which is so imperishably futile, so disastrously insane. And so we get the world as it is today, encumbered with people as useless to themselves as they are to everyone else. Oh, I can tell you, Dora's book is going to be an eye-opener."

"So it seems."

He continued:

"You see, Dora's seventeen; she knows, aunt, she knows, and, here is the point, she is young enough not to have forgotten. 'The Emybro or The Freudian in the Kindergarten,' that's going to be the sub-title."

"Harold," said the aunt, "this does mean another move. But go on, I want to see how far we need fly; I don't like the north side of London. Still, we may have to come to it. How is the subject going to be treated? I suppose it is too much to hope for any—well—any becoming reticence or artistic restraint."

"Artistic restraint—reticence," cried the boy; "they're only euphemisms for the conspiracy of silence, the foul-minded prudery, that has stifled the world for so long. But the sceptre has fallen from the impotent hands of the elders. It's our time now; and we're going to let in air and sunlight—oceans of air and oceans of sunlight—into the foul places of the dens of the earth."

"And it's our own little Dora," said the aunt, "who is going to let the air and the sunlight into the kindergartens. She is going to be outspoken, I gather?"

"Yes, jolly outspoken, I can tell you. It's all thrown into the form of a novel with a passionate sex interest; and the delicacy of touch, the insight with which she deals with the first faint, almost imperceptible flutter of the instinct, is a work of sheer genius. In one case you are shown how it ends in disaster, through the brutal and unintelligent system of stifling and cramping to which we are subjected; in the other case, though well-nigh brought to ruin, it wins through at last into passionate and fiery consummation. But there's much more in the book than that; the whole subject of the kindergarten is dealt with from the biological, historical and psychological points of view; and at the end she has an excursus on the ineptitudes of the local vicar. But I tell her it's killing the slain. Besides, she's never been inside a church and doesn't even know the miserable man by sight; and as I say, we must write of what we know. This is the only criticism I've got against the book."

"Then I gather, Harold," said the aunt, "that whatever may be the other qualities of this work of art, we may scarcely look to it for perfection of form."

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The Spectator

Whiteside of the Paulsboro

"We had a somewhat eventful trip over," thus wired Jack Whiteside to his mother Mrs. Fred Whiteside, as soon as he arrived at "an Atlantic port" last Sunday. An eventful trip indeed, one that gave the young man's mother a thrill as she read about it the next day in *The Chronicle*. It was the trip of the American tanker Paulsboro of the Vacuum Oil Company which fought off a monster U-boat of a new type in a terrific forty-five minute battle. During a running fight more than one hundred shots were exchanged; one man on the tanker was wounded and the vessel was hit repeatedly with shot and shrapnel before the steamship dropped a shell on the U-boat. But evidently Jack Whiteside was not excited at the memory of this chief event of an eventful trip. This is the same Jack Whiteside of whom I wrote some weeks ago, grandson of Major Whiteside, a veteran of the Civil War, remembered as a clerk in the County Clerk's office not many years ago. A major of a crack regiment in the army was Whiteside and one of the class of seven with which Benjamin Harrison graduated from the University of Miami, Ohio, and he was also in the navy under Farragut. So Jack Whiteside, who is, by the way, a descendant of the Whiteside who defended Daniel O'Connell, is a young man with fighting blood in his veins. An adventurous youngster in his early twenties—just twenty-two to be exact—he enlisted as soon as we entered the war and a short time ago he was on the liner Philadelphia. He made several trips to the other side, but when offered a more hazardous berth on the tanker he accepted at once. A born lover of the tumultuous life is this young American who broke away from the restraints of home when he was a young man. He broke was in his teens and wandered quite a distance round the world, entering the merchant service just before we entered the war to see more of the world and applying himself to the study of navigation. As soon as we entered the war he enlisted and made one trip through the Mediterranean. It may be interesting to learn that the Paulsboro is a San Francisco ship with several officers from this city. It was built at the Union Iron Works in 1916. Captain Chapman of the Paulsboro enlisted here as also did Chief Officer Oakman, formerly of the Matsonia, and Chief Engineer Aitken. The despatches tell us the submarine was sighted by the third officer who is none other than Jack Whiteside.

St. Patrick's Day

There were in San Francisco two celebrations of St. Patrick's Day. They are worth looking into a little. One was the banquet of the Knights of St. Patrick at which Judge Coffey was toastmaster and the speakers included James V. Coleman, Archbishop Hanna and Governor Stephens. The other was the celebration of the Irish societies at the Exposition Auditorium, the principal speakers being Judge Griffin and Walter McGovern. There was a very decided difference in the tone of these two gatherings. Two conflicting views as to Ireland's present and future were expressed. The tone of the Knights of St. Patrick banquet was Nationalist, Redmondite; the tone of the Auditorium meeting was

Sinn Fein. Home Rule was looked upon as the solution of Ireland's troubles by the speakers at the banquet; an Irish republic was talked of as the least concession that would satisfy Irishmen by the speakers at the Auditorium. At both affairs the loyalty of Irish-Americans to the United States was professed, but the professions were significantly different in the mode of expression. Let us examine some of the utterances at these two celebrations.

Coleman's Speech

At the Knights of St. Patrick banquet James V. Coleman suggested that all the Irish societies of the United States agree on a "sane and conservative" programme to be presented on behalf of Ireland when the nations gather at the peace table. It was a sensible suggestion. But I wonder if Coleman considers its execution feasible? The saner and more conservative the programme presented by such a society as the Knights of St. Patrick, the more violent would be the disagreement of such a society as the Knights of the Red Branch. Just the same it is the sort of suggestion which should be reiterated. Coleman pointed out that all Ireland can reasonably hope for is to be a self-governing unit in the British federation. "If England keeps her pledges," he said, "Home Rule is already assured." And not forgetting that it was the late John Redmond who put Home Rule on the statute books, Coleman paid him a fine tribute.

Other Speeches

At this banquet Judge Coffey looked into the future hoping to see "Erin once more free and independent among the nations of the earth." Did the judge mean "free and independent" as Canada and Australia are free and independent? or as Russia is free and independent? Judge Coffey is a man of reason: I feel certain he meant Home Rule and an Irish Parliament. A message was read from Senator Phelan wherein he quoted President Wilson as saying of the Irish cause: "Racial ambitions and desire for autonomy must be recognized in this day of changed world conditions." Here again, it seems to me, was reason, sanity applied to the Irish problem. Archbishop Hanna expressed the hope that "the Irish as one of the 'small peoples' would be permitted to rule themselves." I am much mistaken if that be not a good Home Rule sentiment. And Governor Stephens contributed a sentiment which every Irish-American should ponder: "Those who have taken out American citizenship papers, and yet by their words or actions are endeavoring to help Germany win the war, should be put out of the country. I am willing to do my part as Governor in helping to put them out." When he said that, Governor Stephens was quite aware that all the De Laceys have not gone to jail.

Judge Griffin's Speech

Now let us turn to the celebration at the Auditorium. Walter McGovern's speech was rhetorical, the usual St. Patrick's Day speech, designed to extract applause, not to stimulate thought or to help in the solution of problems. But Judge Griffin really tried to contribute something definite to the study of

Irish affairs. He tried—I cannot say that he succeeded. Described by the speaker who presented to him on behalf of the Irish societies a diamond watch fob as "a jurist of international fame," he nevertheless showed signs of mental foggiess on the Irish question. "No argument of mine," he said, "is needful to remind you that Ireland can hope for nothing from autocracy." In the next breath he mentioned Prussianism, so we know that he meant Prussian autocracy. And yet, a little later, he spoke of the flag of the Irish republic, the "green and white and gold consecrated by the blood of Casement." It would seem that Judge Griffin forgot for the time being that Casement was the tool of that Prussian autocracy he had just condemned. The visionary, fanatical Casement hoped for a great deal from autocracy. Yet Judge Griffin celebrated him. Casement was executed as a traitor by a country which is now our ally. Yet Judge Griffin celebrated him. How would we Americans feel if an English judge at a public meeting celebrated, glorified a man whom our Government had executed as a traitor, Benedict Arnold for instance? Here is another statement made by Judge Griffin: "It is the eternal principle of justice which has brought into being Sinn Fein and has made the heart of every loyal Irish-American beat in accord with Sinn Fein patriots." Yet Sinn Fein is to the utmost of its power in rebellion against Great Britain, our ally. Sinn Fein doesn't want Irishmen to fight for the cause to which our country is committed. Does it behoove a patriotic

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American of Irish blood or any other blood to glorify Sinn Fein? Does not Judge Griffin know that every Sinn Feiner in America is in secret or open sympathy with the activities which have sent some Sinn Feiners to prison and have caused others to be interned as dangerous enemy aliens?

For Comparison

A letter from John Redmond, a voice from the tomb, was heard at the banquet of the Knights of St. Patrick. A cablegram from Edward De Valera who is described as the president of the provisional Irish republic, was read at the Auditorium. Study them side by side, and say with which sentiment a patriotic Irishman of this country should be in sympathy:

Letter from John Redmond

I trust that this year will bring about a better state of things for Ireland, but I am sorry that at the moment I cannot make a very confident statement.

Cablegram from Edward de Valera

Grateful Ireland is ours. The will of our people must prevail.

Resolutions were adopted by the Knights of St. Patrick, and by the Irish societies at the Auditorium meeting. The resolutions of the Knights breathed nothing but loyalty and patriotism. The other resolutions—but read them side by side, and once again decide with which resolutions a patriotic Irishman of this country should be in sympathy:

Resolutions Adopted by the Knights of St. Patrick

Resolved, by the Knights of St. Patrick of San Francisco, assembled at their forty-third annual banquet on St. Patrick's eve, 1918, That as a patriotic American organization, we send greetings of respect, friendship and loyalty to Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, and we express our highest approval of his wisdom, statesmanship and humanity in conducting the present war with Germany, and be it further

Resolved, that we as native born Americans and as naturalized Americans of Irish blood, reaffirm our undying devotion and loyalty to the righteous cause of our beloved country, the United States of America, in its glorious effort to make the world safe for democracy and provide the autonomy of smaller nationalities, and to promote this end we cheerfully pledge our honor, our possessions and our lives if need be.

Resolutions Adopted by the Irish Societies

Resolved, That since we are engaged in a war for the rights of small nations we urge that our President demand that Ireland be represented at the peace conference and that she be given no less degree of liberty than we enjoy in this great republic; and be it further

Resolved, That recognizing as we do the influence of a national language on the spirit of a nation, we pledge our support to the propagation of Irish, which is now, as at all times, being attacked by the enemy of our race, and we urge that Irish history be taught in our local public and parochial schools; and be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the convention, that copies be sent to our representatives from California in Congress, and that copies be sent to the press of San Francisco.

A Tribute to Redmond

One day last week there was a mass of requiem sung here for the repose of the soul of John Redmond. A panegyric of the dead leader was delivered by Father Henry Y. Lyne. This priest quoted words of Redmond's which might be commended to the attention of the local Irishmen who are being led astray by Sinn Fein. Redmond said of the principle embodied in the Irish movement: "Let no man desecrate that principle by giving it the ignoble name of hatred for England. Race hatred is at best an unreasonable passion, and bitter as is the memory of past wrongs and present injustices inflicted upon our people, the principle underlying our movement is not revenge for the past, but justice for the future." How

soon some Irishmen forget! Following his great Home Rule victory in Parliament the St. Patrick's Day celebration in San Francisco was devoted to a glorification of Redmond. That was only four years ago. This year only the Knights of St. Patrick did him reverence—the Knights and the preacher at Father Connolly's church. The Irish societies, forgetting that we are at war and that England is our ally, bowed down before Sinn Fein which is doing its best or worst to embarrass our war. Let me quote again from Father Lyne, for he uttered the convictions of many Irishmen and descendants of Irishmen in this community: "Neglect of his (Redmond's) wise counsel begot the tragedy of Easter week If there is hope for Ireland today, that hope is due to the influence of him who kept alive the spirit of Irish nationality When the mists of controversy have cleared away John Redmond will stand forth a great historical figure, not the least of that noble trinity of Irish statesmen—O'Connell, Parnell and Redmond."

A Grim Joke

When the late Sam Davis was running the Forty-Nine Mining Camp on the Zone at the World's Fair, the Paris cable brought the news that Sara Bernhardt had just lost a leg by amputation. Sam and Sara became good friends in Virginia City years ago. So Sam decided to have a little fun with the great actress. He sent her this cable:

"Sorry to hear of operation. Can I exhibit your leg at the Forty-Nine Camp, World's Fair? Proceeds to go to charity."

Immediately Sara cabled to Sam:

"Which leg?"

At least, that was the way Sam told the story to a Town Talk interviewer in March, 1915, and since then it has been told all over the world. It was a grim joke, but Fate played a grimmer one on Sam. Some time ago he had to have his leg amputated. He never regained his strength. Sara recovered from the effects of her amputation, but Sam Davis died.

Varied Experiences

Sam Davis like the rest of those celebrated Nevada humorists—Mark Twain, Harry Michels, Dan De Quille, Joe Goodman, Arthur McEwen and the rest—saw a great deal of life, principally of the rough variety. Sam's mind was inexhaustible in reminiscences. He saw four train robbers hanged in one day in Carson. He was at the hanging of Vasquez. In a Nevada mining camp he saw a man killed as he leaned over a billiard table making a shot. The body fell to the floor and lay half-way under the table. It was several hours before the coroner came, and meanwhile Sam saw the players straddle the body to make their shots. Sam liked to tell of Modjeska's visit to the Forty-Nine Camp at the Midwinter Fair. She threw vegetables at the actors in the tough theatre, won sixty dollars at roulette and spent it buying drinks for everybody in the house. Sam was very fond of a piece of poetry, the author of which he never discovered. He used it in one of his best stories, "Champagne Liz." It goes:

Said a woman's soul to a woman's heart:
"I live forever, but dust thou art;
For despite the fire that today doth burn,
Tomorrow you die and to dust return."
And the heart replied to the soul and said:
"Though alive today and tomorrow dead,
My hour of life is worth to me
More than your years of eternity.
For I'll love and I'll laugh and I'll sin, and say:
'What shall it matter? The soul will pay.'"

Burns Again in Trouble

William J. Burns, the hero of many a magazine story written in celebration of his wonderful achievements, has been figuring of late in a kind of police mystery in New Orleans. The manager of his detective agency in that city was arrested as an alien enemy. It was

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said that he was dangerous because he had access to zones barred to alien enemies. The New Orleans papers were full of the "story" for several days, but only deepened the mystery from day to day. After it had been running several days nothing was clear save that the great "de-tek-a-tive," as Burns was formerly known in this city, was in a mix-up with detectives, one of whom was chief of the police department. It appears that the trouble arose through the use of a dictaphone, a favorite instrument of Burns', through which he has been frequently involved in trouble. According to the New Orleans press Burns keeps dictaphones for hire; also, the papers tell us, dictaphone records may be altered. So it would appear that Burns is in a very nasty business, a circumstance that will not cause any astonishment in this city.

His Protracted Career

The most astonishing of all circumstances with reference to Burns is the duration of his prevalence. During the graft cases in this city he had tremendous power, and the wonder is that he used it with so little regard to possible consequences. But serious consequences were very remote at that time when the city government was managed not unlike that of the Venetian Council of Ten. It was at that time that Burns seemed to be slated to succeed Chief of Police Biggy. Just at that very time Biggy was drowned in the bay, and it was never known whether he committed suicide or met with his death accidentally or otherwise. However, the magazines were celebrating Burns and his intimate associate Francis J. Heney, who is now prosecuting the packers. Burns has been in the public eye ever since, most of the time enjoying easy access to editorial rooms. Of late, however, the newspapers have not been following his career except in so far as it has occasioned unpleasant criticism.

Heney Remains in Limelight

As a pet of the press Burns appears to have petered out, but his old chum Heney is still in the limelight doing wonderful things in the interest of the dear people. It is interesting to reflect at this time how the heroes of the old graft prosecution have fared since the eventful days when the government of a big city was dominated by sacrosanct reformers. In some instances it appears they were the first to find one another out. For example, consider Heney and Hi Johnson who are now raging through a feud involving scores of little men. Each has political ambitions that clash, which is not the reason however why Rudolph Spreckels, the head and front of the coterie of reformers, is hostile to the Administration that but recently investigated profiteers in sugar. It may not be the reason why the

Federal brigade is behind Heney for Senator. Other stars may grow dim, but Heney is all serene in a clear sky. True a Federal court called a halt on his fishing expedition but now there is talk of sending him out here to do a little fishing on a tomato deal that the Bentleys are interested in. Thus may Heney signalize himself on the eve of his campaign in California.

Reed Attacks Ben Allen

Senator Reed of Missouri knows no better way to get on the first page of the newspapers than by making a series of attacks on Food Administrator Hoover. So far as I have been able to discover, these attacks constitute Reed's most important contribution to the winning of our war. The other day Reed produced the payroll of Hoover's office and tried to make out a case of extravagance. "Ben S. Allen, \$4800," he read. "Now, who is Ben S. Allen? He undoubtedly is a very nice gentleman. He was a representative of The Associated Press at London, England. He became the private secretary to Mr. Hoover and accompanied Mr. Hoover to the United States, and is now drawing \$4800 a year. I do not know what his duties are—whether he is still representing The Associated Press, or whether he is assistant to the Vice-President, or whether he is just Mr. Hoover's private secretary, but his salary is \$4800 a year." Senator Reed was probably quite aware that Ben Allen is Hoover's private secretary. If Reed didn't know it he was more incompetent to make a just criticism than ordinarily. Ben Allen was a San Francisco newspaperman who had known Hoover at Stanford. On account of his conspicuous ability the A. P. sent him to London, and at the outbreak of the war Hoover and Allen came together in the great work of Belgian relief. Considering his ability, a salary of \$400 a month is a modest one for Ben Allen. With Allen in London, also as a representative of the A. P., was another brilliant San Francisco newspaperman, Herbert Thompson. Thompson afterwards had the A. P. assignment at El Paso, and was the only American newspaperman who dared to cross the line in search of news. He speaks Spanish fluently. He is now in Mexico as a member of the Doheny Commission.

Liberty Loan Figures

Will San Francisco do its part in the next Liberty Loan drive? You may be sure it will. We may judge the future by the past. Look at the San Francisco figures for the first two Liberty Loans. In the first, our quota was \$42,000,000; we subscribed \$56,000,000. In the second, our quota was \$51,000,000; we subscribed \$69,500,000. In the first loan 35,000 San Franciscans subscribed; in the second, 50,000. After the first loan San Fran-

cisco increased its bank deposits \$20,000,000; after the second, it increased its bank deposits \$40,000,000. In the third Liberty Loan drive San Francisco will drive as before.

"Old Glory"

Who was the first to write a poem in which the Stars and Stripes was called Old Glory? Aleck Robertson who has forgotten more than most booksellers ever knew, tells me it was Emma Frances Dawson of Palo Alto. I have no doubt he is right—almost invariably he is. I believe it was about '82 or '83 that Emma Frances Dawson wrote her magnificent chant royal "Old Glory." She did not coin the phrase: it sprang somewhere from the ranks of the Union army during the Civil War. It

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is now in such general use that we can scarcely imagine a time when it was new-minted. It still had its pristine freshness when Emma Frances Dawson put it into a poem which, to quote John Boyle O'Reilly, "will rank forever with the immortal 'Star-Spangled Banner' of Francis Scott Key, than which it is, in exalted imagery and power, a far grander production." Do you know this poem from the pen of Palo Alto's most distinguished woman?

A Book Club Brochure

I ask the question, not to embarrass you if you do not know "Old Glory" but to suggest a means by which you may make its acquaintance. You will find it in Marguerite Wilkinson's new anthology "Golden Songs of the Golden State." There is another way of possessing it. This is to get on the good side of Albert Bender or Henry Brandenstein or Milton Bremer or Dr. Gallwey or Miss Alice Hager or A. F. Morrison or Ike Upham or W. R. K. Young or some other member of the Book Club of California and coax a copy of that distinctive organization's most recent bit of book-making. For the Book Club has just brought out "Old Glory" in brochure form. It is a little gem of a brochure on cream paper with a formal decoration of stars and stripes on the cover, and red-ruled margins, and hand-set type, the "sticking" done by that latter-day Aldus, John Henry Nash. "Old Glory" is one of the glories of California poetry. You should possess it in some form. Count yourself privileged if you possess it in this Book Club format.

A Prize Winning Poem

Some thirty-five years ago the Boston Pilot of which John Boyle O'Reilly, poet and novelist, was the editor, offered a prize of one hundred dollars for the best poem dealing with the American flag. Emma Frances Dawson submitted "Old Glory." In announcing the result O'Reilly said: "The prize goes to San Francisco to a lady who has written a poem that will stand at once among the great poems of American literature. Her invocation to the American flag is superbly conceived—large, free, majestic." And then he added the comparison with Francis Scott Key's masterpiece. Boyle O'Reilly's praise stands the test of time. A woman's work, "Old Glory" is a masculine poem. Not masculine only in its strength, but also in its depth. "Old Glory" argues in its writer an amount of erudition not usually associated with a woman's mind, even the mind of a blue-stocking. There is old lore behind these lines—a scholar could write pages of very learned annotation for every verse. Women do not write this sort of poetry—but Emma Frances Dawson is an exceptional woman.

The Chant Royal

The chant royal has not been attempted often by California poets. There comes to my mind, aside from this chant royal of "Old Glory," only Louis Robertson's splendid "Resurgam," the chant royal with which the minstrel of ataxia dedicated his last book "Through Painted Panes" to James D. Phelan. When Emma Frances Dawson wrote "Old Glory" the chant royal was quite a new verse form in English poetry. It had been introduced in Adolph Spreckels, making a wry face.

1877 by Edmund Gosse in "The Praise of Dionysus." The chant royal was an invention of the ingenious poets of medieval France. After the time of La Fontaine it fell into disuse. In the middle ages it was used for solemn themes, particularly of a religious character. The praise of our flag is a solemn theme, so it was a correct feeling which caused Emma Frances Dawson to hymn that praise in chant royal form. In all but the envoy her chant royal of "Old Glory" is, I think, rigidly correct. The rules call for five strophes of eleven verses each, and an envoy of five verses. All the strophes are written on the five rhymes exhibited in the first strophe. In other words, while the entire poem has sixty lines, there are only five rhymes. Emma Frances Dawson adhered to these difficult conditions in "Old Glory" until she came to the envoy. She gave that seven verses—why, I do not know.

Emma Frances Dawson

For those whose curiosity I have aroused about Emma Frances Dawson I shall quote something about her from that mine of information, Mrs. Mighels' "Story of the Files:"

Few women have so strong a hold upon the public as Emma Frances Dawson. She is known and unknown. She is sought and cannot be found. Her name is spoken and all acknowledge her superiority, but the voice drops to a mysterious whisper as they inquire: "Have you ever seen Miss Dawson?" Miss Dawson is a remarkable woman, gifted with a mind almost masculine in its grasp of thought. Everything she writes is deep and strong, and while celebrated for her clever short stories and prose, yet her special gift is for poetry of a high order. "The Dramatic in My Destiny," "A Sworn Statement" and "An Itinerant House" are the titles of three of her best known tales, the last of which, and "Shadowed" called forth from Ambrose Bierce in "Prattle" the statement that "those readers who did not remember them must have minds that are steel to impress and tallow to retain."

One of the great defects of California literature will remain unremedied until we have a collected edition of her poems. If the Book Club would undertake to give it to us!

When Tarpey Dared Spreckels

"Mike" Tarpey of Fresno has been up at Napa on the Spreckels Stock Farm, spending a few days with his old pal Adolph Spreckels. As might be expected, there has been a great deal of "do you remember" conversation between the two men.

"Mike," said Adolph Spreckels, "do you remember the day I dared you to sit on the stage at a Republican convention in Sacramento?"

"Will I ever forget it?" replied Tarpey. "And I took the dare too."

"Yes," said Adolph, "and I'll never forget the look of surprise on the faces of Sam Shortridge, General Stone, Jake Steppacher and a lot of others when they saw the wheel horse of Democracy ornamenting a Republican platform. Some of them thought you had been converted at last to the true faith."

"Led into evil ways is what you mean, Adolph," replied Tarpey.

And the two old friends had a laugh together.

"But do you remember the sequel to that dare?" said Tarpey.

"You mean the millinery episode?" asked

"You know I mean it," said Tarpey.

"You said you had taken my dare, and now it was up to me to take yours," said Spreckels.

"Yes," said Tarpey, "and I dared you to buy a hat for the first woman we met as we walked down K street."

"Will you ever forget the surprise of that woman when I stepped up to her very politely and asked permission to buy her a hat?" said Spreckels.

"At first she thought you were crazy," said Tarpey, "but she was game."

"And we stepped into the store and bought the hat right then and there," said Spreckels. "Seems to me it was a pretty good bonnet, too."

"Set you back seventy-five dollars," said Tarpey.

"Was it that much?" said Spreckels. "But the ending of the story—that was where the joke came in."

"When we found out that the woman you bought the seventy-five dollar hat for was the proprietor of the millinery shop you bought it in," said Tarpey.

And the old pals laughed loud and long.

"And what did my little son learn about this morning?"

"Oh, a mouse. Miss Wilcox told us all about mouses."

"That's the boy! Now how do you spell 'mouse'?"

It was then that Arthur gave promise of being an artful dodger. He paused meditatively for a moment, then said:

"Father, I think I was wrong. It wasn't a mouse teacher was telling us about. It was a rat."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

In a Pastry Shop

Dear Tantalus: Did you ever consider the possibility that the apparently obvious is not necessarily true? It is a very fascinating dark alley to explore in the devious walks of life. Now for instance, the theory that to be clad in immaculate garments of white is a guarantee against germs of infection is the apparently obvious, and yet it is not true necessarily in the least. A sheer white linen livery may be a cloaking-over of the most dreadful and dangerous germs that afflict the human race. As a case in point I would refer to a certain actual happening right here in San Francisco, in a certain celebrated pastry shop where the latest appliances are in use to protect the patrons from microbes of every description. The baker is a picture in his Pierrot-like costume of white tipped off with an immaculate cap of the same. The blushing maiden who serves at the counter while the wife is away, is also clad in snowiest garments stiff with starch, while upon her head is another picturesque "pinnacle-top" to assure us of guilelessness and innocence. But the other day some one who ventured in, undaunted by tales of germ-laden doughnuts and pies and cakes and ice cream in other less carefully guarded pastry shops, to sit him down to a delicious feast unhaunted by fear of microbes, was driven to consider this matter a serious one. Two other patrons and himself sat at the tables impatiently awaiting the return of the blushing maiden who should have been at hand to serve them with the delicious cream puff, the chocolate éclair or the frozen confection. The place was vacant of life, no one appeared. So as he was due somewhere soon, he ventured to go in search of the missing damsel, and entered a tortuous, twisting stair that led to lower regions, where he gazed upon a beautiful scene where germs paid no attention to immaculate garments but rioted in infinite glee. There was the pastry-cook, master of the shop, all in white, holding to his breast the immaculate maiden all in white, in a most touching scene worthy of the art of the motion picture drama, and she was weeping and he was consoling her, while the germs of love simply swarmed all over the place. Terrified at such infection as this seizing upon him from such unexpected quarters, the beholder fled the scene, and now grumpily seeks his toothsome wares in "any old joint" around the corner, where there are no "obvious" signs of "germlessness" being displayed.

Sincerely, —E. S. M.

Ladies on the Dipsea Trail

The Dipsea cross-country run is no longer a masculine sport monopoly. The ladies of the Women's Athletic Club are cutting in. They had a practice run t'other day, and now a regular free-for-all is in preparation. Which shows how impossible it is for us men to keep anything to ourselves nowadays. One by one our prerogatives, privileges and monopolies are being invaded by what used to be known, rather ridiculously, as the "weaker sex." Once upon a time we men did all the drinking. Now the ladies can shake better cocktails than we can, and can down them too. There was a period—it seems

prehistoric now—when we men had the exclusive rights to tobacco. Today women "roll their own" and are casting acquisitive glances at the cigar box and—who knows?—perhaps at the plug of chewing tobacco. The ladies box, wrestle, play baseball, vote, own latch keys and taxi tags, run elevators and jitneys, go to Congress and the Lord knows what not. Now they're cluttering up the Dipsea Trail. First thing you know the members of the Women's Athletic will be crowding the Olympics off the road in the New Year's morning run to the ocean beach.

How Will They Dress?

The athletes who originated the Dipsea cross-country run christened themselves the Dipsea Indians. Women are imitative—they can't deny it—but will the feminine invaders of the Dipsea Trail designate themselves the Dipsea Squaws? I doubt it. Perhaps they'll prefer the name of Dipsea Dianas, which is alliterative and complimentary. The fact that a number of these cross-country girls are married while Diana was a spinster shouldn't make any difference; nobody bothers much about mythology these days. But more important than their name is their dress, or rather their undress. How will the running ladies strip for the cross-country classic? The Dipsea Indians run in trunks and shoes—that's all. Obviously in this matter imitation will have to proceed cautiously. The authorities of Marin county might not be as lenient with the Dipsea Dianas as the censors are with Theda Bara and Gertrude Hoffmann. We men will take a not unnatural interest in the solution of this problem.

She Was Surprised

John Stanton the artist has a very patriotic little daughter. And no wonder this four-year-old is full of loyalty to America and hostility to the Hun, for her big brother is in the army. The other day little Miss Stanton was taken ill at the Stanton home in Palo Alto, and after the doctor had observed her temperature, examined her tongue and issued his orders, she asked her father what was the matter with her.

"My dear, you have German measles," said John Stanton.

"German measles," exclaimed the youngster, with the accent on German. "I didn't think they let Germans come to Palo Alto."

Attentive to Miss Schwerin

One of the Eastern chroniclers of social doings will have it that patriotic motives are not alone in bringing Major Lord Robert Innes-Ker to the West. The brother of the Duke of Roxburghe is making a "drive" for recruits for the British army, but this impulse, says the Eastern bavarde, was not alone in bringing the noble major across the continent. Then follows an explanation: Arabella Schwerin. We are told that this charming girl, the only daughter of the Rennie P. Schwerins, has captivated the heart of Lord Innes-Ker, and that it is primarily for the purpose of pressing his suit that he comes West. Rumor speaks well of the gallant soldier of our ally's forces, and we shall wait developments with interest, fully prepared to tell him what a lucky man he is if success crowns his devotion.

Carra's Disappointment

When Carra Coleman went to New York with her father, it was in the hope that she would get over to France without delay. Judge of her disappointment when she had to see her father sail without her. Robert Coleman goes to work for the Red Cross. His daughter hoped to do her bit too. For months here Carra worked in a garage as a mechanic's apprentice, just to fit herself for war work. But passports are hard to get these days, and Carra didn't succeed in landing one in time to leave with her father. Her disappointment is not all patriotic. Her future husband Dearborn Clark, is driving an ambulance at the front, and there were tentative plans for a marriage in France. All Carra's friends are hoping that her passport will be speedily forthcoming.

A Literary Council of Women

Archbishop Hanna, the most active of churchmen hereabouts, devoting his energies not only to the interests of his church but to all kinds of public affairs affecting the welfare of men, finds time now and then to stimulate interest in purely intellectual matters, as for example the other day when the San Francisco Council of Women was formed at his suggestion. The object of this organization is the development of artistic taste and of a love of literature among women while paying special attention to the intellectual achievements of the Catholic Church and acquiring general information of value on current events. The Council was formed at the home of Miss Mollie Phelan. The officers are: President, Mrs. A. Comte; first vice-president, Mrs. M. Mullen; second vice-president, Miss L. McKinstry; treasurer, Mrs. R. E. White; recording secretary, Miss M. Fogarty; corresponding secretary, Mrs. V. Butler. A programme committee was appointed for the first three months, the members of which are Mrs. E. Eyre, Mrs. Garret McEnerney, Mrs. J. A. Folger, Miss L. McKinstry and Miss K. Burke. Miss Phelan has donated the use of her ball room until the end of May. The Council expects to have permanent quarters in September when the season will open. Already one member

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has started a fund for a home by giving \$20 a month for a year and the membership already numbers one hundred. At a meeting on the first Thursday in April Dr. Rhinehart, president of Mills' College, will talk on American Literature. Among the members of the club are Mrs. N. Sproule, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Miss G. Sullivan, Mrs. T. Griffin, Mrs. Walter Dean, Mrs. G. Whittel, Miss M. Verdun, Mrs. James F. Smith, Mrs. F. Bates, Mrs. B. P. Oliver, Mrs. Thomas S. Burns, Mrs. Theodore Rethers, Mrs. Thomas Lennon, Miss Ada Sullivan.

At the Whitcomb

Judging by the number of merry-makers who repair to the Sun Room of the Hotel Whitcomb on a Saturday night, there is no diminution in the local love of dancing. The beautiful big room is crowded every Saturday night, every table being occupied by parties. Saturday is the only dancing night at the Whitcomb, and it has become the custom for our dancing set to reserve accommodations in the Sun Room on that evening. . . . In the afternoon—every afternoon—tea is served in the Sun Room, and this has become a very popular function too. Tables for bridge or whist are supplied without charge, and the room is always gay with parties of ladies. The Whitcomb orchestra plays during the tea hours.

At the Cecil

After a delightful visit in the East Mr. and Mrs. John Charles Doyle have returned to the Cecil where they will make their home. Mrs. I. E. May of Anderson, Ind., will spend several months at the hotel. A group of friends were entertained by Mrs. A. M. Burns at dinner Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Sheets and Master Gilbert Sheets of Salt Lake are sojourning. Charles Walker, another resident of Salt Lake, has joined his wife and mother-in-law Mrs. E. V. Foote at the hotel. Mrs. Watson was a dinner host Thursday. Mrs. E. A. Demoulin has taken permanent quarters at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Turner entertained informally at dinner Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. A. W.

Evans have given up their home on Pacific avenue and will make their home at the Cecil. F. G. Holden who has been residing with relatives in the city, has also returned to the Cecil. Mrs. Hillhouse gave an impromptu luncheon Tuesday. C. Pomeroy returned this week to his home in Santa Rosa. He has been a guest at the hotel for over a fortnight.

A New Slogan for Techau Tavern

"Get there early and stay late" is now the slogan of Techau Tavern habitués and of the elite of San Francisco's well known families. And a very proper slogan it is, for there is not a dull minute from dinner to closing time, so, naturally, the place is crowded the evening through. Merchandise dances set the ball a-rolling at the dinner hour and the ball never stops rolling until the last merchandise dance has been danced out, after the theatre. There are favors for the ladies at these dances, costly favors, delicate and dainty favors, of the finest silk. Blouses there are, and lingerie, sweaters and stockings, all modish, all of the best, all purchased from Livingston Bros., the Geary street merchants. There is no competition—just a free choice of thirty-eight articles. And so the evening begins and ends, but, in between, the programme never lags for a second. You are either dancing to the Tavern's perfect jazz orchestra or listening to the show girl revue corps, a stunning bevy.

He Couldn't Believe It

A number of years ago, when Alvey A. Adey was Third Assistant Secretary of State, an employee of the State Department was called to the phone and the following colloquy ensued: "Will you kindly give me the name of the Third Assistant Secretary of State?" asked the voice at the other end of the wire.

"Adey."

"A. D. what?"

"A. A. Adey."

"Spell it, please."

"A."

"Yes."

"A."

"Yes."

"A—"

"You go to the devil!" and the receiver was indignantly hung up.

She Has to Wait

There is living in Illinois a solemn man who is often funny without meaning to be. At the time of his wedding, he lived in a town some distance from the home of the bride. The wedding was to be at her house. On the eventful day the solemn man started for the station, but on the way met the village grocer, who talked so entertainingly that the bridegroom missed his train. Naturally he was in a "state." Something must be done, and done quickly. So he sent the following telegram:

"Don't marry till I come.—Harry."



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either improves your vision and relieves eye strain—or does just the opposite. Good glasses can only be made by men of experience and ability—other kinds are valueless. The founders of this Company are still its active heads insuring you the best possible results from your glasses—the best service.



Our Symphony Orchestra

By Theodore F. Bonnet

The seventh season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra came to a close last Sunday at the Cort Theatre. An eventful season was the seventh. It was marked by the expansion of the field which this great musical organization modestly entered nearly a decade ago; marked also by the enlargement of the orchestra itself and by its advance toward the esthetic ideals which but a few years ago were only the dream of the enthusiasts among its public-spirited promoters. So there was good reason for enthusiasm at the close of the seventh season. Not a facile achievement was the making of this orchestra which was but recently in the experimental stage. Of its final success its founders were far from sanguine. Only after many discouragements it became under the presidency of William Sproule a great artistic and financial success. The seventh season was opened with but little more than a chequered past; now a brilliant future is assured. The prospect gladdens the hearts of all who took part in the struggles of other days. The San Francisco Orchestra has now the qualities of permanency with a reputation that has spread far from the centre of its activities. Ranking as one of the few really great musical organizations in this country it has become something more than a local means of enlightenment. It has won recognition for its educational influence

throughout the State, and its performances are a pleasant memory in places where its coming will be looked forward to with pleasure through the years.

We owe much to Alfred Hertz whose inspiring leadership drew forth Mr. Sproule's tribute of praise at the final concert of the season, but we owe much also to the officers of the Musical Association and its leading spirits who had the wisdom to recognize the worth of this fine musician and who, when the leadership was not a settled question, argued that Hertz should be retained in the director's chair. Indeed for other reasons, too, we owe much more to these modest gentlemen than the community is aware of. Executive ability is nowhere more important than in the management of a big orchestra that gives tone to the spirit of a whole community; and the spirit of this community has received much benefit from the men of the Musical Association. These men spent many laborious days in the quiet sacrifice of self while contributing to the amenity of our provincial life. Ordinarily men of this type do not figure conspicuously as public-spirited citizens. They do their business ungrudgingly, and as they are not politicians they receive scant attention. Yet it is men of this type in all large cities who do the things worth while. They found seats of learning, they spend their money

in the endowment of eager students, they gather treasures of art which all who will may take delight in. By the employment of their capital and their brains they contribute more than their share of all that is good in the life of a city. But in San Francisco demagogues reprobated these men when they were desirous of spreading the love of good music. The public benefactors of the Musical Association nevertheless helped the people climb the steep ascent where art dwells apart. The result we perceived not long ago when the Auditorium was packed with people on the occasion of a concert by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. What a world of significance was attached to this event! Consider that the politicians were trying to drag people into that same hall to listen to third class music played at the expense of our taxpayers. Here was an object lesson that surely the people will understand; an object lesson in political economy, as it were, though it is only by reason of its instrumental outpouring that the orchestra has become part of our educational system. However, it has done more than help to make art intelligible to the man of unsophisticated perceptions; it has made the villainy of vote-seeking public officials intelligible to all of us.

The Stage

Bert Kalmar at the Orpheum

Bert Kalmar and Jessie Brown who for several years have been a headline attraction throughout the United States, will present "Nurseryland," a beautiful scenic production, at the Orpheum next week. It introduces characters from Mother Goose, Mother Hubbard and her dog, Simple Simon, Mary Mary Quite Contrary, Little Bo Peep, Little Boy Blue and Jack and Jill. The singing and dancing of Mr. Kalmar and Miss Brown is one of the delightful features. Fradkin, the renowned violinist, with the assistance of Jean Tell, soprano, will be heard in a musical programme. Fradkin has a \$20,000 Stradivarius. For the last three years he has been the violin soloist with the Imperial Russian Ballet. This is his first appearance in vaudeville. "The Corner Store" is a hilarious rural comedy produced under the direction of Ardath and Allman by a specially selected company. Marion Harris, a pretty, sparkling girl who wears beautiful clothes, will sing songs and outrag the immortal "Topsy." J. C. Nugent will appear for the first time in this city in his latest comedietta "The Meal Hound" which is a complete novelty. The remaining acts will be Nellie V. Nichols, the gifted and versatile singing comedienne, in new characterizations; Nick Basil and Dick Allen in "Recruiting;" and the successful musical comedy "Vanity Fair of 1918."

Last Week of Figman

With the performance of Sunday evening at the Cort, Max Figman begins the second and final week of his successful return engagement in James Montgomery's merry farce comedy "Nothing but the Truth." It is easily Fig-

man's best vehicle of recent years, for the opportunities for laugh-making are countless and are thoroughly taken advantage of by the popular star. The farce is built upon the simple yet unique idea of its hero speaking the absolute truth for twenty-four hours. Figman's excellent company is the same as seen here before, headed by the delightful Lolita Robertson, and including Clem Bevins, Mac M. Barnes, William Freind, Frederick Tro-

bridge, James Bryson, Adelaide Hastings, Margaret Allen, Emily Murray and Nellie Bryson.

May Robson in New Comedy

May Robson who will be seen here for a short engagement of eight days, commencing Sunday, with matinee Wednesday and Saturday, in her latest melodramatic farce "A Little Bit Old-Fashioned" by Anna Nichols, has in this play a role that is undeniably the greatest she has ever portrayed. There are some peculiar characteristics about May Robson that can never be forgotten—her inimitable gestures, her trick of dashing from pathos to comedy, and her wonderful "humanness." She dispenses wisdom, sentiment, pathos, and above all, comedy in a way that gives enjoyment every moment. Her present vehicle is first class comedy, and she has never had a part more perfectly adapted to her remarkable talents.

Mantell Coming to Cort

Robert Mantell, renowned player of the great roles of Shakespeare and the other classic dramatists, will play a two weeks' engagement at the Cort beginning Sunday night, March 31. Always a great favorite here, particular interest attaches to the engagement, for Mantell has not appeared in this city for four years. His company is headed by the young and beautiful Genevieve Hamper, and has such well known players as Fritz Leiber, Genevieve Reynolds, Guy Lindley, Frank Peters, John Burke, Edward Lewers and John Wray. Mail orders are now being received at the Cort. Following is the repertoire for the first week: Sunday, March 31, "Richelieu;" Monday, "Merchant of Venice;" Tuesday,



LYDIA STURDEVANT

Who will sing the contralto role in the "Stabat Mater" at the Greek Theatre next Friday afternoon

"Hamlet;" Wednesday matinee, "The Merchant of Venice;" Wednesday night, "Riche-lieu;" Thursday, "King Lear;" Friday, "Macbeth;" Saturday matinee, "Hamlet;" Saturday night, "Richard III."

Story Tellers from the Front

Three wounded soldier boys, Signaller Tom Skeyhill, the blind Anzac orator and poet, Sergeant Major Robert Carnie and Private Cyril Povey, carrying credentials from the Prime Minister and many of the leading organizations in Australia, have come across the sea to tell us about the war as they have actually experienced it. One has lost his sight, another his leg and the third an eye and the partial use of his arm, and they have fought both the Turks and Huns. They are going to tell the story of Gallipoli and France at Scottish Rite Auditorium next Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings. Signaller Tom Skeyhill comes with the reputation of being the most eloquent soldier in the world and those who have been fortunate enough to hear him before various local organizations since his arrival consider him also the finest war talker heard here. His powers of description are wonderful and his war stories will be illustrated by five hundred pictures taken in the thick of the fighting. Skeyhill is eloquent, thrilling, graphic, humorous and never harrowing. One of his comrades works the stereopticon and the other is general manager. These boys raised over \$12,000 in one night in Honolulu for the Red Cross, raised \$1,003 in an evening on the steamer coming from the islands and hope to turn over \$1,000,000 as a result of their labors in America to the great institution of mercy. Seats for the war talks may be secured at Sherman Clay and the Hotel St. Francis.

John Masfield Tuesday Night

John Masfield, the literary "Man of the Hour," will appear for the first time in San Francisco next Tuesday night. In the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis he will discuss "The War and the Future." Masfield has had months of active service in France and the Dardanelles. Yet he has found time to write two books on the war, "Gallipoli" and "The Battle of the Somme." George Sterling, California's great poet, will act as chairman of the Masfield lecture, and in a few words will present the great Englishman, long distinguished in the world of letters. The Masfield lecture is under the management of Paul Elder and Selby C. Oppenheimer. Tickets are on sale at Sherman Clay's and Paul Elder's.

Cyril Maude in "Grumpy"

Following May Robson at the Columbia, Cyril Maude will begin an engagement of four weeks, opening Monday, April 1, in his international success "Grumpy." Maude has played "Grumpy" over thirteen hundred times in the past four years. During this engagement he will also stage Tom Robertson's classic English comedy "Caste," and "General John Regan," a keen, witty satire set in present day Ireland.

Mischa Elman Next Month

That tone poet of the violin, Mischa Elman, will make a special tour next month, and will give concerts in this city and Los Angeles, these being the only two cities in which he will play. When Elman was here two years ago he promised to return this spring, and he is keeping his word with Manager Oppenheimer. Elman is letter-perfect in twenty-two concertos, eighty-eight sonatas, seventy-five concert num-

bers and over one hundred smaller pieces. Two concerts will be given on the Sunday afternoons of April 14 and 21 at the Columbia and marvelous programmes will be selected from his vast repertoire.

Stabat Mater with Jomelli

This year's "Stabat Mater" at the Greek Theatre of the University of California will feature the Metropolitan soprano Jeanne Jomelli. On Good Friday afternoon (next Friday) Choragus Paul Steindorff will direct one of the finest ensembles he has ever gathered to interpret the Rossini work and the sacred concert preceding it. Besides Jomelli who will appear in the soprano role of the Rossini composition, rendering the famous "Inflammatus," the singers include the favorite contralto Lydia Sturdevant, Robert Battison the eminent tenor, and Godfrey Price, basso. Sixty picked musicians will respond to Steindorff's direction, and the famous "Stabat Mater" chorus of one hundred and fifty specially trained voices. In the concert preceding the Rossini work Madame Jomelli will render Bachelet's "Chere Nuit," given for the first time here, and the orchestra will be heard in selected compositions.

"Fifty-Fifty" at Alcazar

The much heralded musical show "Fifty-Fifty," in which Charley Ruggles and Dorothy Webb are to bid adieu to Alcazar patrons, will have its premiere performance at the O'Farrell street playhouse Sunday afternoon. Plenty of paprika is said to be found in "Fifty-

Fifty," with enough fun for a dozen ordinary musical farces. "Fifty-Fifty" was starred in by Charley Ruggles last season in the East, and was given abundant praise.

A Toast

Here's to the blue of the wind-swept North
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of Grant be with you all
As the sons of the North advance.

Here's to the gray of the sun-kissed South
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of Lee be with you all
As the sons of the South advance.

And here's to the blue and gray as one
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of God be with us all
As the sons of the flag advance.

—George M. Mayo.

Santa Fe Camping-Out Bureau

There are some Far West trips, such as to the Rainbow Natural Bridge, more than two hundred miles from the railroad, that have been taken by less than a hundred white people. Theodore Roosevelt made the Bridge trip in 1913, and Zane Grey went later, to get material for one of his most popular novels "The Rainbow Trail." Every year a great number of busy business men, as well as those who



BERT KALMAR AND JESSIE BROWN
Appearing in "Nurseryland" next week at the Orpheum

love the out-of-doors, are making trips in the Southwest off the beaten path. They climb mountain peaks. They descend canyon trails. They cross painted deserts, visit prehistoric cliff ruins and see Indian pueblos. They really rough it or camp out de luxe. The great difficulty has been to get first hand and reliable information as to trips, time consumed, distances and cost, and to get in touch with dependable outfitters and guides. The Santa Fe has established, in its advertising department, Chicago, a Camping-Out Bureau to help the tenderfoot in arranging trips by pack and saddle animal, team or auto, away from the railroad. Mr. C. J. Birchfield, manager of the Bureau, has covered New Mexico, Arizona and California most thoroughly. He not only



SERGEANT-MAJOR ROBERT CARNIE
Manager of Signaller Tom Skehill, the
blind orator and poet, at Scottish
Rite Auditorium

knows the country, but knows personally most of the men who will outfit and guide parties.

"Pacific Service" Lectures

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company, through its Pacific Service Employees Association, is about to start a course of practical instruction in the leading branches of its business. At a gathering of the Employees' Association at Elks' Hall, Chairman K. I. Dazey announced that arrangements had been made with the heads of the departments for a series of lectures on electrical engineering, gas engineering, finance and accounting to be delivered in the immediate future. This announcement has been received with pleasure by the rank and file of "Pacific Service," and the expert engineers and other lecturers are assured of hearty response in the way of attendance and appreciation. The Association now numbers nearly 1000 members, men and women.

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In the Center of the Best Home District.

Nice Sunny 6-Room Unfurnished
Apartments.

One cold and wet windy night a farmer came upon a negro shivering in the doorway of an Atlanta store. Wondering what the darky could be doing, standing in such a draughty position, the farmer said:

"Jim, what are you doing here?"

"'Scuse me, sir," said Jim, "but I'm gwine to sing bass tomorrow mornin' at church, an' I'm tryin' to catch a cold."

GREEK THEATER UNIV. CAL. BERKELEY

NEXT FRIDAY AFTERNOON, 3 O'CLOCK

Eighth Annual Good Friday

SACRED CONCERT

and Production of Rossini's

STABAT MATER

PAUL STEINDORFF, Director

JOMELLI

World-Famous Soprano, and All-Star Cast

ORCHESTRA OF 60 CHORUS OF 150

Tickets 50c, \$1.00 and \$1.50 on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co., San Francisco and Oakland, and usual Berkeley offices.

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The Blind Anzac Orator and Poet

In His Graphically Illustrated and Wonderfully Realistic

WAR STORY

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In the Laugh of a Lifetime

"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH"

Nights, 50c to \$1.50.

BEST SEATS \$1.00 WED. AND SAT. MAT.

NEXT—March 31—ROBERT MANTELL

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 86,476; Dept. No. 15.

FRANCESCA W. HATCH, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES ALFRED HATCH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CHARLES ALFRED HATCH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of Plaintiff and Defendant's willful neglect of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of December, A. D. 1917.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

WM. M. SIMS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
612-614 Crocker Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

3-23-10

Direction of
Paul Elder and Selby C. Oppenheimer

JOHN MASEFIELD

The Sailor-Poet

War Lecture on

"Gallipoli and the Somme"

TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 26, 8:15

Hotel St. Francis

Tickets: RESERVED SEATS, \$1.50; General Admission, \$1.00. On sale at Paul Elder's and Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.



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BERT KALMAR & JESSIE BROWN in "Nurseryland;" FRADKIN, World Renowned Violinist, Assisted by JEAN TELL, Soprano; THE CORNER STORE, a Hilarious Rural Comedy; MARION HARRIS, Synopated Scintillating Star; J. C. NUGENT in His New Comedy "THE MEAL HOUND;" BASIL & ALLEN in "Recruiting;" VANITY FAIR OF 1918; NELLIE V. NICHOLS in New Songs and Characterizations.

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.
Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays):
10c, 25c, 50c.

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Eight Nights—Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

Beginning Sunday Night, March 24

MAY ROBSON

In Her New Melodramatic Farce

"A LITTLE BIT OLD-FASHIONED"

By Anna Nichols

Mon., April 1st—MR. CYRIL MAUDE in "GRUMPY"

NOTICE OF REFEREE'S SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SUSAN M. HASSON, et. al., Plaintiffs, vs. DANIEL J. MURPHY, et. al., Defendants.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, C. G. MURRAY, a sole referee appointed by the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, on the 15th day of December, 1917, by an Interlocutory Decree of Partition made and entered in the above entitled action, that said referee will sell at private sale, for gold coin of the United States, to the highest bidder, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned, and subject to the confirmation of said Superior Court, on or after the 10th day of April, 1918, all the right, title, interest and estate of the plaintiffs and defendants in the above entitled action, in and to all the following described real property, the same being located in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Northwestern line of Howard Street, distant thereon eighty (80) feet Northeastly from the corner formed by the intersection of said line of Howard Street with the Northeastly line of Third Street, thence running Northeastly along said line of Howard Street twenty (20) feet; thence at right angles Northwestly fifty-five (55) feet; thence at right angles Southwestly twenty (20) feet, and thence at right angles Southeastly fifty-five (55) feet, to the point of commencement. Being a portion of One Hundred Vara Lot number Thirty-three (33).

TERMS OF SALE: Ten Per Cent. (10%) of the purchase price to be paid at the time of sale, balance on confirmation of sale, in cash. Bids or offers may be made at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale. Deed at expense of purchaser. All bids must be in writing and may be either left at the office of the undersigned, room 940 Merchants Exchange Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or delivered to the undersigned personally, or filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

Dated, San Francisco, California, March 18th, 1918.

C. G. MURRAY,
Sole referee in the above entitled action, Room
940 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, California.

F. A. BERLIN,
Attorney for Plaintiffs,
410 Central Bank Bldg.,
Oakland, California.

3-23-3

An Ill Wind

(Continued from Page 6)

two opposite bunks which were tied to the flank of the ship, with nothing but a thin iron plate between them and the noisy sea. 'Hello, Jim,' he said pulling at a nest of gray blankets. 'How are you getting on?'

"All right, Mr. Cockran," said the man under the blankets. 'I shall be all right tomorrow. I only want a day or two's rest.'

"That's good, Jim," said the mate. 'The old man's sent ashore for a doctor to see you. Wake up'

"He raised his head and looked at me. An elderly man, with a gray beard and very bright eyes. From the first they regarded me with suspicion. His voice was surprisingly refined. A man who had gone down in the world, I decided. And when he came to show me his injured hip, I could see that he was ashamed to be as filthily dirty as he undeniably was. All the time his eyes were insisting: 'You've got me at a disadvantage, you know. I wasn't always like this.' A poor old man but not so old as I had imagined at first. A merchant seaman who has knocked about the world in the slums of great seaports doesn't wear well, and I could see that this fellow had had his whack of drink and other things.

"In the demented plungings of this foul and unlit cabin it was difficult to find out what his trouble was. If he had lain in the lower bunk it would have been easier. As it was, it took me some time to discover that he had fractured the neck of his thighbone, and I couldn't be sure that he hadn't a dislocation as well: but I won't bore you with technicalities.

"The mate seemed pleased with my verdict. 'I told the old man you wasn't shamming, Jim,' he declared; but the patient became alarmed at once. 'You've made a mistake, doctor,' he protested. 'You've made a mistake. I only just slipped like, when a sea caught her. It's only a bit of a sprain. My leg can't be broke. You look I can move my toes. The feeling's all right too. That's not a break. I shall be all right tomorrow when this dirty weather's gone. You give me a bottle of stuff to rub it with, sir.'

"Of course, it was no good talking about it. The thing was there and had to be dealt with. 'We can't move him tonight, you'd never get him ashore in this sea,' I told the mate. 'All we can do now is to fix him up in some sort of splint that won't come adrift when the ship rolls.'

"Now you're asking, doc," said the mate; 'we've got a bandage or two and some plaster and Epsom salts and chlorodyne, but that's about the height of it. Still, I'll go and turn Chips out and see what we can do for a batten.'

"I told him exactly what I wanted, and he left us in the dark, taking his lamp with him. 'You're a West countryman,' I said to the patient. In the first minute his speech had told me that.

"He said: 'Yes, sir, I'm a Devonian . . . or was.'

"Well," said I, 'you'll be quite at home when wet get you ashore in the Cottage Hospital tomorrow.'

"At home . . . ?' says he anxiously. 'At home? What do you mean?'

"Why, don't you know where you are?' I said.

"He hadn't the least idea. He'd been in too much pain to think, and no wonder; and since

his accident he had kept it down with brandy and laudanum. I told him that we were now lying in Fishcombe roads.

"Good God, sir," he cried. 'You never mean it.' He had jumped right up in his bunk and the movement made him scream with pain. I reassured him. He began to talk excitedly and was more indubitably Devonian than ever.

"If this is Fishcombe," he said, 'I'll be damned if this isn't the dirtiest trick that Providence has ever served me. I'd rather die in this rotten ship than go ashore here. You can do what you like with me. You can kill me; but for God's sake don't send me ashore here. You'll understand if I tell you. A doctor like you is bound to hear a lot of funny things in your life, but you'll never hear a truer than this. I'm a Fishcombe man. I left this port thirty years ago, as mate of a sailing vessel. You can trust a Fishcombe man to do well for himself. I was a prosperous young fellow. I'd nothing in the way of trouble in my life but one thing, and that was my wife. We never hit it off well. She was one of these Plymouth Brethren, you know, and I was never a Bible hand myself. When we were first married it was all right, but bit by bit she began to get on the top of me. I was doing very well, as I told you, working my way up gradual, and very pleased with myself; but there was no joy in that woman. The better I done the harder she were on me. You couldn't call your house your own. Clean, I'll admit. Cleanliness and godliness was all she thought of. It was all very well. I told her that I could get on without her; went out east and got on to a Chinese coasting vessel. Nobody can say as I didn't do my duty by her. I was earning good money and she had half of it. I settled half in the beginning and I stuck to it all the way.

"At first it was a good living. A little later it was something extra. I took my master's ticket. Five years I was master of a Yangtse steamer, and that meant a lot of 'cumshaw' in those days. My God? . . . the dollars I've handled. Then I had a run of bad luck: got run down by one of Holt's boats in a fog off Woosung. The court gives it against me, and I lost my ticket. What's the good of fighting? I reckon if a doctor like you is struck off the rolls or whatever they call it he's just about done. Well, I was done. Ever since then it's been downhill. I'm reconciled to it. I know that a man's liable to ups and downs and I take what comes, but it's more than a man can stand to be took at his lowest and shown off in a town where he was at his best. Why, every man on Fishcombe quay would be up to me saying: 'Well, Jim, how be 'ee then?' It's as like as not my wife's living. Her wouldn't marry again unless one of her Plymouth Brothers got round her. She's got her life and I've got mine, and they'm past mixing at our age. You wouldn't send me ashore, doctor, to be shown up and read scripture to by own wife! I'm not that kind of man. I couldn't stand it. I've always had my freedom. I've paid for it. But to have that woman on the top of me when I was helpless and down in the world and not more than a month's wages to my name! By God, if I thought that was going to happen I'd do myself in with a dose of Ah Ling's dope.'

"It's a funny story," I said. 'We'll see what can be done.'

"Land me anywhere you like, doctor . . . anywhere but here.'

"A big sea made the whole ship shudder

and threw him over against the wooden side of his bunk. He gave a squeal of pain. 'That got me,' he said. 'Come to think of it this is a funny old turn-out'

"A moment later the mate came in with two ridiculous pieces of wood. 'That's the best I can do for you,' he said; 'any good?'

"They weren't the least bit of good, but somehow with rolled newspapers and cardboard and a bit of broomstick we fixed him up. When once the splint was firm a look of extraordinary relief came into his face. I could see that he had once been a good-looking man, not so very long ago. I seemed to know that face too, though I couldn't remember where I had seen it. Of course, people in this place are so inbred that it isn't difficult to find family likenesses. 'Thank you, doctor,' he said smiling. That, you know, is the most usual way in which doctors get paid: but I know he must have meant it. 'Don't forget the yarn I told 'ee,' he said.

"Once more we climbed the ladder and emerged upon the windy deck. The captain had not yet shaken off his bad temper. I believed it incensed him to hear that the man was really ill more than if he had been shamming. 'That's a matter for compensation,' he said gloomily. 'I hope you didn't put him up to any dodge of that kind?' he grunted. 'Well, there's only one thing for it. You'd better take him ashore to your hospital and I'll wire the company. That doesn't imply any responsibility, you know. Without prejudice, as the lawyers say.'

"I explained that in any case we couldn't move him until the sea had gone down. I did my best for Jim (at that time I didn't know his other name) and pointed out that even when it did calm down it would be better to take him round to Southampton or London or Newcastle or some place where there were big free hospitals. I told him that in Fishcombe the company would have to pay for accommodation, and this made him hesitate for a moment; but in the end he decided that there would be less risk of trouble if he put him ashore at once, or, at any rate, as soon as the weather allowed.

"He gave me a surly good-night. 'The old man's not as bad as he sounds,' the mate assured me as I descended the ladder.

"It was a rough journey home. The sea ran higher and the air was very cold. All that night it blew like hell. Next day the bay was so wild that we had no chance of moving our patient. In the middle of that next night the wind changed. Changed, not dropped. It swung round, as it sometimes will on our coast, to the northeast, and all the small craft that had been sheltering in the bay had to haul up their anchors and put their noses into it and run, for now they found themselves on a lee shore. With them the Matifou. In six hours there was not a steamer left in the roads"

The doctor knocked out the ashes from his pipe. "You're a good listener," he said, "and as you're evidently not unsympathetic I'm going to let you into a secret that I haven't shared with anyone else." He took the lamp from the table and poor Tristram looked up to see what was happening. He raised it till it illuminated the features of the handsome young man with curled mustaches in the red plush frame.

"This," he said, "was the steward of the Matifou."

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Stocks were firm but not active the past week, with the exception of Baldwin Locomotive and a few other specialties that were bid up by pool interests. The news was considered favorable, but the public were not in the market, and the trading was principally between the floor traders. The market will, we think, continue to mark time with a firm undertone pending the final passage of the various important measures now in the Senate awaiting the signature of the President. The market will also await with interest the address of the President on the Russo-Japanese situation and coming legislation relating to the third Liberty Loan. Railroad stocks should benefit largely and continue in favor under the lead of Reading, while New Haven should benefit largely from the decision arrived at by the director general as regards the meeting of its note obligation. We also point again to equipments, among which Baldwin seems to be the prime factor. Crucible also was well bought last week. The stock market is awaiting a further unfolding of the Government's war programme. Collaterally, it should ultimately have a very bullish effect upon securities. But pending further developments at Washington, we look for little acceleration in the present creeping character of the bull movement. On any return of prices to their recent low points, we would not hesitate to buy any of the active stocks. We favor the steels, equipments and the rails, which are expected to benefit more largely through Government operation.

Cotton—Despite the general feeling that the price of cotton is too high and the bearish week end figures, cotton prices continued their upward trend and new high levels were established in the nearby future crops. Spot cotton seems to be in excellent demand, notwithstanding an advance of 200 points over last week's prices, and the March shorts look as if they were in a tight position as the future is still much below the spot price. While no important fluctuations have occurred in any one day's trading, the advance has continued every day with no reaction. The short interest at this level ought to be pretty well covered, and the advance should bring out some actual cotton in the South; at any rate there should be some hesitation in the market as the news is not conducive to any further advance at this time. Cables intimate that no provision has been made for March exports to England, and that spinners there are again to curtail to the extent of 10 per cent which means working now on a 50 per cent of a normal basis. There is very little attention given to the next crop. This perhaps is due

to the general impression prevailing that the crop is to be small; that the acreage is to be small; that more attention is to be devoted to foodstuffs. In these calculations it is evident that enough attention is not being given to human nature, which is to produce as much of the cash crop as possible, when prices are high. We feel that cotton is entirely too high in price to buy, though there is nothing at the moment on which to predicate any bearish opinion. The crop, it seems to us, on general principles ought to be sold on the bulges.

"The Heart of a Child"

(Continued from Page 7)

"Form," cried the boy, "form—we've done with that bug bear—perfection of form. That was all part of the conspiracy of silence, one of the fetiches we were told to worship. 'Significant Form,' someone called it—significant of decay. But life is too big, too grand a thing to be forced into the soul-destroying limitations of 'Form.' Those who can, live; those who can't, exist and talk about 'Form.'"

"Have a bun, Harold," said the aunt. "I think I see our position pretty clearly now. But just this one thing more. Does Dora work into this interesting if amorphous performance of hers all the little jokes I used to punish her for repeating?"

"Dora speaks the Truth, aunt."

"Well, then, it will be Watford, I suppose. I heard of quite a good house there the other day; only, mind, Dora will have to pay half the expenses of the move from the proceeds of her book. This will leave us Hampstead. We can go there when Dierdre begins to publish."

"But what about Mona and me, auntie?"

"Well, Mona's only nine. Her genius perhaps has not yet ripened; so you and Dierdre can have a race for it. Only, I warn you, Harold, when we're driven out of Hampstead we shall have almost completed the circle, and I refuse to live in Holloway. I shall retire and go and live by myself in a boardinghouse at Bourne-mouth."

"Aunt Dorothy, I believe you are making fun of us. But had we but caught you younger, you know, we might have made something of you."

"I'm glad you didn't, my dear. But pass me my fountain pen, will you? I must scribble some notes; so be quiet for a little."

So while his aunt wrote, the boy dipped into a new pamphlet "Fecundity versus Culture and Universal Well-being;" and soon the girls came in and carried their brother off to the new play at the cinema—"Have You No Children?" or "The Empty-Cradle Scandal." Dierdre main-

tained that the sub-title was challenging and too dogmatic. But Harold said, "Girls, one must hear both sides of the question." With a sigh the aunt settled down to her books and her fire. The eighteenth century was—thank God—still left her. She opened her Fielding.

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Assets	\$63,314,948.04
Deposits	60,079,197.54
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,235,750.50
Employees' Pension Fund	272,914.25
Number of Depositors	63,907

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 23988 N. S.; Department No. 10 Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ZERUAH J. DE HAVEN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the last will and testament of ZERUAH J. DE HAVEN, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix, at the office of their attorneys, Frank McGowan and Blaine McGowan, 715-717 Humboldt Bank Building, situated at No. 785 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all the matters connected with the said estate of ZERUAH J. DE HAVEN, deceased.

JOTHAM J. DE HAVEN, Executor, and SARAH L. DE HAVEN, Executrix, of the last will and testament of Zeruah J. De Haven, deceased.
Dated: March 2, 1918.

FRANK MCGOWAN and BLAINE MCGOWAN, Attorneys for Executor and Executrix, 715-717 Humboldt Bank Bldg., 785 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MAX AMBER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of MAX AMBER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of James M. Thomas, attorney for said Administrator, Nos. 1202-4 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MAX AMBER, deceased.

SIDNEY AMBER, Administrator of the estate of Max Amber, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 23rd, 1918.

JAMES M. THOMAS, Attorney for Administrator, 1202-4 Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-23-5

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF CITY TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY of San Francisco in the State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1917, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of California, pursuant to law.

Assets	
Mortgage and collateral loans	\$164,550.00
Bonds and stocks	7,050.00
Cash in company's office and banks	7,863.52
Premiums in course of collection	1,036.50
Bills receivable	2,277.00
Other ledger assets	130,494.29
Ledger assets	\$313,271.31
NON-LEDGER ASSETS:	
Total gross assets	\$313,271.31
Deduct assets not admitted	11,550.91
Total admitted assets	\$301,720.40
Liabilities	
All other liabilities	\$ 13,321.24
Total liabilities (except capital and surplus) ..	13,321.24
Capital	250,000.00
Surplus	38,399.16
Total liabilities, capital and surplus	\$301,720.40

H. W. DIMOND, President
J. H. HUMPHREY, Secretary. 3-9-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ABRAHAM HENRY KRAMER, also called ABRAHAM H. KRAMER, deceased.—No. 23957; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the will annexed of ABRAHAM HENRY KRAMER, also called ABRAHAM H. KRAMER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said decedent, to file their said claims with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix with the will annexed at the office of her attorney, John J. O'Toole, Rooms 654 and 655 Mills Building in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said ABRAHAM HENRY KRAMER, also called ABRAHAM H. KRAMER, deceased.

ANNA KRAMER,

Administratrix with the will annexed of Abraham Henry Kramer, also called Abraham H. Kramer, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 2, 1918.

JOHN J. O'TOOLE, Attorney for Administratrix with will annexed, 654-655 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-2-5

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL USING FICTITIOUS NAME

EDGAR JAMISON STEEL CO.—No. 3586.

The undersigned, Edgar E. Jamison, residing in the City of Berkeley, County of Alameda, State of California, hereby gives notice and certifies that he is individually transacting business under the fictitious name and style of EDGAR JAMISON STEEL CO. That the principal place of business of said Edgar Jamison Steel Co. is situated at numbers 77-79 Natoma Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that his name in full is Edgar E. Jamison; that he is the sole owner of said business and that there is no other person or persons having any interest whatsoever therein.

Dated, February 15th, 1918.

EDGAR E. JAMISON.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco.—ss

On the 15th day of February, in the year One Thousand and Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen, before me A. K. DAGGETT, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Edgar E. Jamison, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal) A. K. DAGGETT, Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco. 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Endorsed: Filed Feb. 16, 1918.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 87158; Dept. No. 10.

ADELINE ISABELLE O'HEARN, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCES O'HEARN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: FRANCES O'HEARN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22nd day of January, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DAHLIN & JACKSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-16-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARIE PERRON TARDIEU, Plaintiff, vs. GASTON AIME TARDIEU, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GASTON AIME TARDIEU, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of January, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. W. SANDERSON, Attorney for Plaintiff, 420 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-19-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PEARLEY GLENN GARLICK, deceased.—No. 23977; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of PEARLEY GLENN GARLICK, deceased, to all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, either file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers to me at the office of Edward M. Walsh, room No. 559 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which place the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

J. P. GARLICK, Administrator of the estate of Pearly Glenn Garlick, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, March 9th, 1918.

PETER J. CROSBY, Attorney for Administrator, First Savings Bank Building, Oakland, California. 3-9-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MELODIE HOHWIESNER, deceased.—No. 23931; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of MELODIE HOHWIESNER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Chas. A. Gray, 493 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MELODIE HOHWIESNER, deceased.

FREDERICK HOHWIESNER, Executor of the estate of Melodie Hohwiesner, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 9, 1918.

CHAS. A. GRAY, Attorney for Executor, 493 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-9-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 87565.

CARRIE MARCUS, Plaintiff, vs. BERT ROLAND MARCUS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: BERT ROLAND MARCUS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of February, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALEXANDER McCULLOCH, Attorney for Plaintiff, Hibernia Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES J. RINGBERG; also known as CHAS. J. RINGBERG; also known as C. J. RINGBERG, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of CHARLES J. RINGBERG; also known as Chas. J. Ringberg; also known as C. J. Ringberg, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, Frank M. Hultman, Room 1212 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, California, which said last-mentioned office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said CHARLES J. RINGBERG (aliases), deceased.

GARDA SWANSON, Executrix of the last will and testament of said Charles J. Ringberg (aliases), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 23rd, 1918.
FRANK M. HULTMAN, Attorney for Executrix, 1212 Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-23-5



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Edited by THEODORE F. BONNET and EDWARD F. O'DAY

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Vol. XXXII

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, MARCH 30, 1918

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Garbage and Politics
Doheny and the Toga
Our Sinn Fein Patriots
Everyday Life in Berlin
The Crisis in Holy Week
Heney's Big Political Pull
Masefield as Lecturer and Poet
Provincial Ravings over a Dancer
The Sacrament of Marriage—a Sketch
"Tay Pay" Talks Intimately of Redmond
Where Our German Red Cross Money Went

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The Crisis in Holy Week

It is no ordinary or insignificant coincidence that the great crisis of the Great War, as it has been well named, should come in Holy Week. Nineteen hundred years and more ago a pitiful cry rang from a mountain top of Jerusalem: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" Maybe it is well that men should be reminded these days of that cry of despair that was uttered in pain and torment by One whose supreme sacrifice raised man to a higher level than he had ever reached before. For men of that high civilization have been almost inclined to despair as this Great War approached its climax. But their faith in the principles promulgated nineteen hundred years ago in a little corner of the Far East remains. Those principles are not to perish. They are not even to be temporarily suspended. The fatuous German power which the great egomaniac of Prussia believes to be directed through him by divine agency will not prevail. It is not merely uttering rhetoric to say that there is no danger of the renaissance of the Pharaohs or the Babylonian kings. Our confidence is born of our knowledge of the courage and skill and spirit of the dauntless men who are fighting for freedom. They are not to be overcome by that power which President Wilson has rightly described as "a thing without conscience or honor or capacity for covenanted peace." Lunacy cannot conquest common sense just yet. Fee Fi Fo Fum has not frightened us into demoralization with his big gun. Nor has he weakened the resolution of our fighting men to crush the German power and to see that if, as President Wilson has said "it be not utterly brought to an end" it shall at least be "shut out from the friendly intercourse of nations."

★ ★ ★

The Hohenzollern On the Job

It is no longer merely the *morale* of armies but the *morale* of nations that the Great War involves, and therefore the importance of the state of mind induced on both sides. What precisely is taking place in Europe we do not know. In such a gigantic contest it is impossible for anybody to give definite information of anything but a few salient events. The whole

story as it comes to us through the press is mainly a matter of conjecture more or less justified by known facts. We know that the Teutons are on the offensive, that they are crowding the Allies and winning victories; all of which was what we expected, but what real progress the Teutons are making, that is, to what extent they are approaching the consummation for which they are striving, nobody knows and nobody will know until the Allies have recourse to the particular piece of strategy that may seem best to them in the circumstances. Meanwhile the Kaiser is winning the decisive grand battle of the war in telegrams to the Empress, wherein he duly acknowledges the co-operation of God. Thus he is inspiring his countrymen in the Fatherland and doubtless many Teutons in this country; for not all of them are ashamed of that double allegiance sanctioned by the laws of Germany. Of course the Kaiser himself is no better informed now (the sixth day of the battle) than was General von Kluck at any time before that great strategist encountered the taxicab army just outside of Paris. But the Kaiser realizes the importance of *morale*, and hence his telegrams designed not merely to frighten the enemy but to hearten Germans wherever on this earth they have cast their lot. Considering his purpose it is our duty for the present to discourage the singing of Die Wacht Am Rhine.

★ ★ ★

Our Sinn Fein Patriots

The presence of T. P. O'Connor in town will doubtless occasion fresh discussion of the Sinn Fein movement in Ireland. The average native born American has heard very little of this movement of late, the reason being that the Irish question has been deliberately dropped by the press. It is regarded among the Allies as an unwise subject of discussion. But there are Irishmen in this city who take a very lively interest in the subject and who keep in touch with it by means of correspondence. As was evidenced by one of the St. Patrick's Day celebrations here there are many citizens of Irish birth in warm sympathy with the Sinn Feiners. This occurs to us as rather unfortunate, and in this connection we would direct attention to certain matters of which all loyal Americans ought to be informed. We regard it as important that they should know that sympathy with Sinn Feiners implies an attitude antagonistic to the interests of the United States. Let

us explain. Since the outbreak of the war Ireland has increased her food production more than any other part of the British Isles. She has planted 1,500,000 new acres of grain and has increased her potato production to six times what it was at its best before. Part of this food goes to England and to the front in France. The Sinn Feiners have raised the cry that Ireland must feed Ireland and export only the surplus—a reasonable demand. But the Sinn Feiners are engaged in an attempt so to manipulate figures that there won't be any surplus—or very little. In other words, they are trying to reduce the food supply not only of England but of English soldiers in France, of French soldiers and of *American* soldiers. Now the Sinn Feiners may be patriots, as Judge Griffin described them on St. Patrick's Day, but obviously their patriotism should hardly appeal to the admiration or enthusiasm of the mothers and fathers of the sons of America who are fighting for civilization in France.

★ ★ ★

The Shameful Question

This shameful Irish question today is also a shameful English question, a fact which intellectual Englishmen recognize and affirm. If public sentiment had been correctly formed in this country before we entered the war we might have had peace long ago. We have made the mistake of reprobating only the Sinn Fein. In this we were as narrow as the Carson Ulsterites and the Sinn Fein themselves. We should have plainly told Englishmen the truth as it is being told by intelligent men all over the world today. Even Englishmen are speaking the truth and lamenting the errors of British statesmanship. Sound foreign criticism might have accomplished something. At least it might have driven the Tory rebel, Sir Edward Carson, out of the Cabinet long before he saw fit to go. But why continue to exacerbate ill feeling at this time? This is precisely what a few misled Irishmen of this country are doing. Some of these men are disloyal not only to this country but to the Irish cause for which they formerly professed to be zealous. The Irish cause as we have known it is the cause of Home Rule which has been supported with American money since the days of Parnell.

★ ★ ★

Garbage and Politics

Once more the Supervisors are trying to solve the garbage problem. This is

one of many purely political problems which somebody is desirous of keeping unsolved. It is political in the sense that political influence restrains public officials from dealing with the problem in the interest of the people. Problems of this sort are of a mean and most vexatious character. On the face of them they are so trivial it would seem absurd to deal with them as public questions that call for agitation in civic bodies. It is thought not worth while to take anything seriously in local politics which does not concern public utilities that are in the hands of powerful corporations. Gas, water, street railroads—these are the things with the importance of which it is deemed most desirable to interest the dear people. These are matters involving big obvious questions of the kind that our darling, but somewhat shabby, demagogues love to discuss. Out of these questions it is facile to make political capital. There is no profit for the politicians in discussions of—garbage, for instance. Besides this is thought a vulgar subject, of interest chiefly to scavengers. But in truth it is a subject affecting all the householders of this great city, and the men who have made it their business to keep the garbage and garbage crematory business hanging for years are not vulgar at all in the ordinary acceptance of the term. Some of them are known as public-spirited citizens. Is it not about time for the public-spirited men of our big civic bodies to take hold of the garbage problem and solve it for our ingenious Supervisors?

* * *

Occupation Therapy

There are so many women eager to do war work and so many that are doing it after their fashion, not to mention the ones who are doing it to the delight of Uncle Sam, that the idea of the School of Practical Arts recently established by Columbia University is one that will doubtless appeal to many enthusiasts and patriots on this edge of the continent. The object of the school is to prepare women for some form of personal service to the sick and wounded. This is a very attractive and very important field of

work. On the battlefields of Europe there is a constant increase in the number of crippled, disabled and shell-shocked soldiers and sailors. Presently our wounded will be brought home for treatment, and women will be needed to render the kind of service required. The course of study in the new School of Practical Arts is designed to qualify women to give instruction to the unfortunate patients in the divers interesting occupations which are found valuable as remedial agencies. In other words, the students will be instructed in what is known as Occupation Therapy. This new profession calls for patience and a sympathetic temperament, qualities that are far from common, but some women are equipped by nature for the task; for example, the woman who loves to play with children, the one with a genius for contriving games and the woman who takes pleasure in reading stories for the delight of others. The course of study leading to a diploma at the Teachers College calls for two academic years, but there is a minimum course for admission to service in connection with the civil and military hospitals. The student must complete seven courses comprising: the medical aspects of occupational therapy; the methods of teaching this treatment; observation and practical work with the patients in institutions; the elements of psychology; art structure (design) and at least two craft courses out of a group in which are included clay modelling, weaving, basketry and elementary carpentry. The medical profession has taken up Occupation Therapy in all seriousness, and now that the practical results of psychology are generally recognized it will doubtless become a permanent addition to the art of healing. In the circumstances we may be sure that our universities will soon follow the lead of Columbia.

* * *

The Adoration of the Kaiser

The Kaiser's former dentist tells us a story that will doubtless deeply interest many up-to-date thinkers and philosophers. From this story it may be conjectured that the Kaiser is the modern superman we have been talking about for some years. Before the war, says the dentist,

the Kaiser looked like a broken old man. He seemed to be down and almost out with hardly a "punch" left. Just before the dentist left Germany some few months ago the Kaiser was a new man. He was rejuvenated, actually full of "pep," apparently a hale and hearty young man good for many a year of strenuousness. Now this may be the reason why the Kaiser, who was once a joke in the Fatherland, has come to be idolized in the midst of war. Germans are very sympathetic toward the idea of the superman. Many of them, extravagant disciples of Nietzsche, have looked forward to the coming of the superman who would set in motion a stagnant mass of political forces and devise new reactionary laws and privileges of the nobility. They believed he would reveal himself by the will to power which would be so strong that he could rise superior to the ordinary ills that flesh is heir to. So what more natural than that the Kaiser should command the reverence of his countrymen! Unquestionably he has extraordinary will power, but his self-rejuvenation is an achievement within the capacity of any ordinary mortal. The psychologists point to many examples of it, and William James discusses the secret of it in his little work on the *Energies of Man*, pointing out that we all have several levels of energy that we may tap at will before reaching our limits of industry. It is in certain crises, says James, that we are inspired and impelled, overcoming fatigue and acquiring greater strength and power. But the Germans go much further than James. They are hipped on the cult of the Great Man. It is not to them a mythological humbug. They find a vent for suppressed impulses in adoration of some shining being who is supposed to have attained a full and free life. And believing in the superman they cultivate with a kind of religious discipline designed to develop a ruthless self-sufficiency, a moral hardness, a contempt for all who are outside their particular tribe. Such really is twentieth century Germany where it is exhilarating to feel Godlike, even to play at shutting the gates of mercy on mankind. Hence the adoration of the Kaiser.

The Dead to the Living

By Laurence Binyon

O you that still have rain and sun,
Kisses of children and of wife,
And the good earth to tread upon,
And the mere sweetness that is life,
Forget not us, who gave all these
For something dearer, and for you!
Think in what cause we crossed the seas!
Remember, he who fails the challenge
Fails us too.

Now in the hour that shows the strong—
The soul no evil powers affray—
Drive straight against embattled Wrong:
Faith knows but one, the hardest, way.
Endure; the end is worth the throe.
Give, give; and dare, and again dare!
On, to that Wrong's great overthrow!
We are with you, of you; we the pain and
Victory share.

Varied Types

371—T. P. O'CONNOR

By Edward F. O'Day

He was loyal to his leader alive, he is loyal to his leader dead. Is there a higher compliment which may be paid to a politician? Integrity is a splendid virtue in politics; so is sincerity; so is unselfishness of purpose; so is high-mindedness. But the loyalty of one man to another implies love, a virtue which rarely thrives in political soil. The loyalty of T. P. O'Connor to his leader, to Ireland's great leader John Redmond was a fine thing when the great man lived; it takes on a sad new beauty now that Redmond has been gathered to his Wexford fathers. Schooled by many years of journalistic experience to weigh the accomplishments of men against their professions, to discount their assertions by their deeds, T. P. O'Connor has no idols and few enthusiasms. But he is enthusiastic about John Redmond.

"John Redmond was a man of reserve and reticence, even among his intimates," said T. P. O'Connor when I had the pleasure of speaking with him at the St. Francis Hotel. "To the world at large he was cold and silent. Only his dearly beloved wife had his complete confidence.

"Politics occupied nearly all his time. He had no social life. He worked hard, and when the need for rest was urgent, he took his rest alone. At such times he withdrew from his associates, from all but his wife. Whatever happiness he knew in later years he owed to his wife. He never made a journey of a hundred miles without his wife. Mrs. Redmond is an Englishwoman. No man ever had a truer helpmate. Her discretion was perfect.

"John Redmond lived humbly and died poor. In London he occupied a four-room flat in Kensington, twenty-five minutes by taxi from the House of Commons. Redmond could not afford to pay a high rent, so he had to live at a distance. He let this flat when he left London for any length of time. His life was extremely simple. His table severely so. In the old country we who practice self-control do not drink before or after dinner. At dinner John Redmond took one glass with a little whiskey and a great deal of soda.

"His country place in Ireland was a strange affair. It was a barracks on a hill in Wicklow seven miles from Aughrim, erected during the rebellion. The gables had disappeared, the roof was broken, grass had invaded part of the building. Parnell used to go there for grouse-shooting. When Redmond succeeded Parnell this became his country retreat. I suppose he paid a rent of \$75 a year for it. Redmond liked to shoot, and he would go there with his gun for recreation and rest. He would permit no telephone in the old barracks, and letters and telegrams took a long time in reaching it. There he would stay, cut off from the world. A man like myself, accustomed to the hum of life, would be bored to death; but John Redmond had the inestimable gift of mental tranquility.

"Redmond was at this place when the Coalition ministry was formed and Mr. Asquith offered him a place in the cabinet. It was two o'clock in the morning when a messenger from Dublin Castle arrived at the barracks with the news. The old Irish servant maid refused

admission at first to the minion of the Government; she could only think of its being a message of imprisonment instead of an offer of high office. As you know, he refused the offer.

"The House of Commons unlike your Congress is a very crowded place. There are only two seats for every three members, so if you wish to be comfortable you must arrive in time for prayer. A seat is the temporal reward of piety. Only a few leaders have private offices. As leader of the Nationalists Redmond had a room to himself. He often went to the House for luncheon—his breakfast was a cup of tea and a dry crust—and after luncheon he went to his room to work, frequently staying there till eleven or twelve at night.

"Unlike most Irishmen he had a passion for orderliness. Wherever he went he carried a despatch box. He made notes of all important conversations and interviews. You remember when the King summoned Redmond, Carson and others to Buckingham Palace for a conference on the Irish question. Some years later Redmond showed me, in the strictest confidence of course, the minutes he had made of that important meeting. They were brief but full—and extremely interesting. Few of our politicians keep notes in this way. Gladstone did, and Morley has the habit. It was part of Redmond's orderliness to do so.

"He was a powerful speaker, eloquent yet exact, graceful in gesture, perhaps a little lacking in glow. His personal appearance made him a godsend to the caricaturists—the beaked nose, the protruding eyes, the small mouth and the strong full jaw lent themselves to effective comic treatment.

"Of late years he had many sorrows. The death of a beloved daughter, the death of his brother and the wounding of his son, to say nothing of political troubles, affected him deeply. His devotion to his son was touching. A new light came into his eyes when he spoke of his boy.

"Let me repeat what I said of him recently in New York: By his courage and tenacity he changed the whole future of British politics, put democracy in a position from which it is able to march to other victories and secured the passage of the Home Rule Bill over the dead body of the mutilated House of Lords. Finally came the war. Redmond at once took what America and all the rest of the civilized and democratic countries of the world regard as the right side—the side of the Allies. He stuck with characteristic tenacity, courage and rigidity to that side and spent his last days fighting for the liberty of the world, as he had spent his first fighting for the liberty of Ireland, and he died fighting for that sacred cause."

"What of John Dillon, Redmond's successor?"

"A remarkable man, a strong man, a man to lead Irishmen. He is handsome—in youth he was remarkably so. His face was a nocturne—hair of a smooth, glossy blackness, soft, melancholy black eyes, a jet black pointed beard, a pale skin. More than six feet tall, thin to emaciation, he looked the youthful Dante or a young Italian visionary of the Mazzini period or better still, a John the

Baptist. Indeed, an artist in church mosaic once used him as a model for the Precursor. People think he is melancholy, saturnine. It is not so. He has been dyspeptic for years, does not enjoy robust health—but these conditions have not reacted upon his mind. In mentality he is inflexible, rigid, uncompromising, and courageous to intrepidity. His speech after Easter Week when he faced a hostile throng and told them the truth was one of the boldest performances in my memory.

"For years it has been accepted that he would succeed Redmond. No other has been thought of seriously—though some spoke of Joe Devlin. Devlin is the most brilliant man Irish politics has developed in many years. But he is comparatively a young man. He has not given the party the years of service Dillon has. Dillon is looked upon as the man who will lead Ireland to the fulfilment of her hopes of Home Rule. It may be a hard task—inducing English politicians to keep England's pledges to Ireland—but Dillon is considered equal to it."

"And what of yourself, Mr. O'Connor?"

"All that need be said about me has been said, both by my friends and my enemies," he answered, and there was that twinkle in his eye one thinks of when one calls him "Tay Pay."

"I am old and would have retired from active service were there not so much work to be done in these days of war. I shall be glad when my 'Nunc dimittis' comes."

His present mission was undertaken at the request of John Redmond. The request was an evidence of the confidence Redmond reposed in him. The manner in which T. P. O'Connor is keeping his promise to his dead leader is the best evidence of his true-hearted Hibernian loyalty.



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Has the Kaiser run out of iron crosses?

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If you are inclined to be pessimistic, think of Verdun.

Victory Bread makes the sinews of war.

Wonder if the gubernatorial office is seeking any of the candidates?

Germany's superparanoiac praises Kant and talks cant.

A tip to Bill: You can't win this war by throwing long-distance shells into Paris.

Nobody ever kept Lent to the entire satisfaction of his conscience.

"The Kaiser is in command on the Western front." It must be great to see him bossing von Hindenburg.

By this time even the slowest Congressman ought to know that we're at war.

Wilhelm's treaty with Heaven is a scrap of paper which may be torn up one of these days.

Ever notice that the people who take the most rest are the ones that do the least work?

It would be well for us to enlarge our field of acquaintance among dangerous aliens before the majority of them become zealous, patriotic American citizens.

Four tracks on Market street will make life as thrilling as it was in 1915 when we had the Bowls of Joy.

Don't express all your patriotism in words: wait for the Liberty Loan collector and let your actions speak for you.

To hate anybody is to neglect the more important sense of pity.

Somehow it doesn't surprise us to learn that Dr. Karl Muck has been arrested as a dangerous alien.

Hindenburg said he'd be in Paris by April first. It's just like those naughty English and French soldiers to thwart him.

Why be content with four tracks on our great shopping street? Why not run spur tracks into the principal stores?

The reason a politician never denies that he is a candidate is very simple: Once he denies it nobody pays any attention to him.

"The Lord has gloriously aided," was the Kaiser's message to the Empress. In other words, helped the big gun that bombarded Paris.

Everyday Life in Berlin

By a Neutral Woman

I have often been obliged to ask myself with surprise, when walking of an evening in the western part of Berlin, whether I was really in the great capital, which I recollected as a city bathed in a lake of light, and in which the life of labor and of enjoyment appeared never to cease day or night. How quiet and, above all, how dark the city has become! It is not advisable to walk through the quieter streets without an electric pocket lamp, but even the streets once so busy in the centre of the city, in which much animation and traffic prevailed till the late hours of the evening, become quiet in the afternoon.

"Save light and coal," runs the watchword both for public and for private life. The shops close, some at 5 and some at 6 o'clock, and few find it amusing to promenade in the twilight of the street illumination to admire the displays in the shop windows. What are mainly lacking in the street traffic are the motor cars which followed each other so swiftly and gave the streets such animation.

Sauntering was once the Berliner's greatest pleasure, and what he enjoyed above all was acting as bear-leader on the occasion of visits of his friends from the provinces. Now, however, the reins are drawn very tight by orders "from headquarters." What should he do in the restaurants now, when he can no longer get his favorite dishes and selected dainties? The severe police look sharply after it that no one receives more than he ought, and find out all the secret cellars in which the great restaurants have concealed their smuggled supplies in order to be in a position to supply their customers with a frequent, but feeble, reminder of the former luxurious abundance. I once saw in a much frequented restaurant how an elderly gentleman was treated with striking obsequiousness by every one from the manager to the boy in buttons. We learnt that it was the chief of police himself, who was inspecting without having previously announced his visit.

Although the latest dispatches from the front and the prospects of peace are subjected to a thorough discussion on all sides, the question of bodily well-being occupies the front place in every one's thoughts. The question which is uppermost in all minds is whether the various cards—I believe there are twelve different kinds—will be sufficient for the needs of the people, and whether kohlrabi, the national winter dish, could not be prepared for table again in a somewhat different way for the fifth day of the week.

The Berlin women have grown slender owing to the scanty diet of the war, and the question "How much do you weigh now?" or "How much have you lost since I saw you last?" is often asked as the quite ordinary "How do you do?" People who still look rotund and well nourished are frequently to be pitied, for they are easily looked at somewhat askance, with the *arrière pensée*, "Their larder must be well filled," and the street urchins make fun of them, exclaiming "Look, there goes another Hamstertante!"—an untranslatable expression meaning "Auntie who gets food on the sly"—or similar amiabilities.

People are not always content with the universal distribution, and the Zentral Einkaufs Gesellschaft (Central Purchasing Company) and the municipal authorities are frequently roundly abused. In recent years the people have gradually accustomed themselves to privation, so that the complaints of the smaller quantities of provisions are not excessive. "We shan't starve in any case," with this comforting assurance the people endeavor to overcome everything.

The prohibition of export by the individual States, and, indeed, by the provinces, is maintained very strictly, and every traveler must reconcile himself to having his luggage examined. Naturally recourse is had to every device for smuggling. Once during a visit, when I expressed surprise that the rare delicacy of a piece of ham was presented to me, my host-

ess told me that she had received it in a very secret way. One day she received from a friend of hers living abroad a fat parcel of newspapers. She expected to find some specially interesting articles, but to her amazement she discovered, fixed in the newspapers, a small, flat packet filled with butter, and another containing ham. This manoeuvre succeeded a couple of times with cocoa and sugar also, but at last an ingenious post office official must have suspected the secret. The newspapers still arrive, but the most important news has always been cut out of them.

Yet with money you are able to open many a backdoor, and occasionally to buy a pound of butter for 20 marks (\$5), or get a bit more sugar, rice or similar delicacies. Any price asked is paid, in order to get extra food from a secret source of supply without a food card. Every opening naturally exists for food usury, and people have often complained to me that a secret male or female dealer has accepted a large sum of money from them without ever delivering the treasures promised in return.

On the whole money does not play a great part. There are large earnings, especially by the working classes and, indeed, mainly by the women. Workmen who do not belong to the army, and are capable of work, are naturally much sought after, and these are mainly employed in large concerns. The proprietress of the boarding house where I lived told me that

(Continued on Page 18)

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The Sacrament of Marriage

By a Morocco Correspondent

Except for the writer's house, half hidden in its gardens and woods, the valley was uninhabited. True that to east and west, on the crown of the hills, lie two Arab villages of thatch huts, with storks' nests perched on their ridge poles, and half hidden in thick hedges of castus. But in the valley itself the only inhabited dwelling was the house until the Spaniards, Antonia and her husband and her adopted son, came to the deserted cottage in an abandoned garden half a mile farther up the valley. It had evidently been an irrigated grove at one time, for the remains of its distorted olive trees, cruelly lopped for firewood, still stood gaunt and grotesque, and here and there was the trunk of an almost dead orange tree. The hedges of brambles and castus had grown out of all shape and form, and cattle had broken great openings where they had passed through to graze on the more fertile land within. In front lies the sea, edged with yellow sands that stretch unbroken, except for the outlet of the little river that flows down the valley, to the town of Tangier over three miles away to the west.

The cottage was the mere wreck of a hut. The door no longer boasted hinges, and there was no glass left in the windows. Many of the tiles of the roof had been blown off by the gales, and it would be difficult to imagine anything more inhospitable and sad.

In a few days the family were installed, with their miserably inadequate goods and chattels, and already the writer's native servants had been across to offer to help, and the ice had been broken. The reports were not very favorable. The man drank, and his wife Antonia—it was the only name they had discovered—evidently lived in terror of him. The adopted son was a deaf mute, and apparently wanting in the most ordinary intelligence. Their poverty was extreme. But the men, one and all, praised Antonia, her goodness, her cheerfulness and her patience. They had found out that she could sew, and the next day they brought her across to see the writer—a middle-aged, tired-looking woman, who had evidently known better days. Yes, she could sew. She had been lady's maid to a great Spanish lady before she married, and she would be pleased to come over and work in the mornings. So every morning she came and sat with the Arab servants in the kitchen and won their hearts. She told them of her marriage, of her childlessness, and of how she had found her adopted son, a tiny baby, by the roadside and had brought him home—and of how he had grown up deaf and dumb. Of her husband's cruelty, of his drunkenness, she said nothing, but the Arabs had heard her cries, as in his fury he had beaten her, or, what pained her still more, beaten the boy. They had found out that he had taken the little money she earned, and

that had it not been for what she ate at the writer's house, and what she took back for the youth, they would have starved.

The Arabs, in pity for her, waylaid her husband and threatened him, and for a time his behavior was better, but only for a little while. The clothes that had been given to the boy he took and sold, the fowls and pigs went one by one, and he seemed perpetually drunk; and then one day Antonia came to say that he had forbidden her to come again. He accused her of having told the story of her miseries, and what she suffered at his hands. It was not true, but she dared not come, so the Arabs took her food, and went and talked to her when the drunken husband was away. Even then she did not complain, but bore with him. Then he began to attack the boy—he was useless; now that there were no pigs and fowls for him to look after he ate their food, and he was accursed of God—a deaf mute and an idiot; but to her he was all the world, with his strange, plaintive face and dark eyes, well behaved and retiring, but without intelligence, except that he seemed to realize Antonia's love for him.

The writer was sorely troubled, for he feared for Antonia and the boy; so one day the great lady with whom she had been in service came to his house and Antonia was sent for and came. She was much changed, her look was pitiful and scared, her clothes were almost in rags, but clean and as neat as they could possibly be made to look. The great lady kissed her, and Antonia wept; and she told her she must come back to her, and live in her service again, and leave the man who ill-treated her. She should have protection against him; there was nought to fear. To Antonia the gate of heaven was opened. She closed it. In tears she spoke of the boy, she could not leave him. The writer said he would take him into his service to work in the garden—he could sleep with the grooms in the stable and would want for nothing. But still she refused. She was happy with her husband—and she tried to smile through her tears—yes, he drank, but so did so many men, and if he beat her probably she deserved it; women were often unconsciously very annoying. The great lady expostulated; she urged; she commanded, but with no effect. Antonia was obdurate. Then she took her by both hands and looked her straight in the face and said to her, "Antonia, you must tell me. Why will you not accept happiness for yourself and the boy?" For a moment they stood silent facing one another. Then Antonia shuddered a little, tried to speak and failed, and then whispered, "The sacrament of marriage!"

Argument was of no avail—Antonia closed the door of happiness. The recollection of the accumulated misery of all those years of married life, in fear of death always, beaten and bruised, her spirit broken, victim of abuse and cruelty—the sacrament of marriage overruled everything.

And Antonia returned to her hut.

At sunrise she came across, carrying a bundle of clothing. She was pale but quite calm, and a strange, indefinable beauty illumined her face.

"I have brought you back the things that remain of what you gave me," she said, and she opened the bundle—a towel or two, an old blanket, some clothes, pitiful sad things, but neatly folded.

"Why?"

"Because," she replied, "we have no need of them. The boy is dead. My husband came back from town last night. He had been drinking, and asked for money. He beat me because of the boy, because he had to be fed. Then he called the boy outside into the stable, and there he shot him. He is there now lying dead."

She was so calm, so gentle. "It is better so," she went on, "but I loved him with all my heart—and he is dead. Your men were so kind to me always—let them have these few things. It is so little, but it is all I have."

"And your husband?"

"I do not know. He did not come back into the house. He was drunk. Probably he went back into the town."

"And you, Antonia?"

"I," she asked, as if surprised; "I can die now. I could not die before, you know, because of the boy."

We went over to the hut. The boy lay face down, dead, upon the stable floor, with a terrible gunshot wound in his chest. The Spanish authorities were notified, but it was long before they came to take the body away, and when the writer got back to his house he found Antonia unconscious, talking a little to herself at times, but quite happily.

They took her to the Spanish hospital on a stretcher, and the Arabs walked beside her along the yellow sands. In the night she died. The great lady, who had been warned, went to see her, and told the writer afterwards that just before she died she seemed to regain consciousness, and said, "You see, I could not leave him—the sacrament of marriage."



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The Spectator

Heney's Big Political Pull

Presumably our statesmen in Washington have no time to think of anything but the war; so the most of us fancy, but in truth the mending of fences goes steadily on without interruption. From all the information I get from divers sources the ambitions of politicians whom we all know are never permitted to slumber. The energies these politicians spend in intrigue would seem to be sufficient to win the war if diverted to that end. But the war is of less interest to some men than the future career of—let us say, Hiram Johnson or, I might say, little Frank Heney. Here are two specimens of the really passionate politician who thinks first of himself and then of doings on the western front. In Washington, by the way, wholly disinterested politicians are keeping in touch with the Heney-Johnson contest. A correspondent has written me on the subject. "Heney has made his fight one of national importance," says my correspondent. "Of course," he adds, "there is no justification for the seriousness with which it is taken, but Frank has convinced the Administration that he has a tremendous following in California as evidenced by his run for the Senate. And so he has the Federal brigade behind him out your way, the proper tip having been sent out, as I am informed."

Phelan's Little Scare

"Perhaps it will astonish you," continues my correspondent, "to learn that for awhile Senator Phelan didn't like the way things were going. He didn't want to see Federal support going to Heney. He had an idea that Heney hoped to play Johnson's game—run for Governor and then for Senator, but the fears of James D. have been quieted. Which reminds me of a story I heard at one of the clubs the other night that Francis has promised never to trespass on Phelan's preserves. Some of the polities think that Heney hopes to be the young Lochinvar out of the West with an eye on the Vice-Presidency. But he will probably be satisfied to break down the Johnson machine. 'Anything to do up Johnson,' is Frank's game I'm told by one of his friends."

Johnson in Washington

From the same correspondent I learn that Senator Johnson is having a very hard time trying to be all things to all men in California. "Believe me, your eminent friend Hi is regarded as some prophet right in his own home," says my correspondent. "You know, the Senator is playing in with the gang in Washington nowadays. He's cultivating them and so you may know I'm getting some pretty straight tips about your State. They tell me that everybody with an eye on the Executive job in California wants Johnson's support. They all figure that the support of his machine is essential to the business of putting it over. Now of course, as he wants something for himself, he can't afford to antagonize potential supporters. Hence as I am told he is letting his lieutenants run where they will. Personally he hasn't much use for Stephens, but he figures that as the Governor is on the job he has a certain advantage; and above all it's a winner that Johnson wants. What headway he is making in his Presidential aspirations it is hard to say, but this much is true: he is

showing his associates in the Senate a great deal of deference and despite what George Harvey said of the betrayer of his party men of honor are associating with him. There is Knox for instance, the man from Pennsylvania who was in the Roosevelt Cabinet. I hear that he and Johnson are friends. Johnson, by the way, is at the Shoreham where he is following old Cicero's method of keeping informed about visitors. They are looked up before their arrival so that the Senator may know something about the man he is talking to. I hear, by the way, that the Senator's wife is a very wise woman and that she takes a very profound interest in her husband's political progress."

Doheny and the Toga

From Los Angeles I have received some interesting gossip on the shaping of District Attorney Woolwine's fight for the gubernatorial nomination. Here, by the way, is a new Richmond in the field whose presence will doubtless cause some uneasiness in the Heney camp; for according to rumor in Los Angeles Woolwine has the backing of Multimillionaire Doheny, the oil king who controls the oil fields of Mexico. Not even Jackling's sack is as tumid as Doheny's, and the gossips have it that Woolwine will be permitted to go as far as he likes. Whether it be merely idle gossip or well-founded rumor there is a story in circulation to the effect that Doheny is himself ambitious politically and that he figures on a machine to make it easy for his advent into the United States Senate. Nothing improbable about this. Suddenly acquired riches have impelled many a man to make Washington the goal of his ambition. Now Doheny has a taste for politics, and the Administration has a high opinion of him. Who knows but that the Federal brigade may receive orders to back up and start another offensive. At any rate in the circumstances Heney may deem it advisable to leave the fight to Woolwine.

Where the Money Went

It will readily be recalled that while this country was still neutral, the Germans and German-Americans of this city held a monster bazaar at the German House to raise funds for the German Red Cross, also for German prisoners and orphans. So successful was the drive that about \$90,000 was raised. This was part of a country-wide campaign conducted under the auspices of the National German-American Alliance of which Dr. Hexamer was president. It has come out in a Congressional investigation of the affairs of the Alliance that in all nearly \$900,000 was collected. Of this sum the major part was turned over to von Bernstorff, the rest to Dumba, the Austrian Ambassador. The files of the Alliance show that the receipt of \$200,000 was acknowledged from Germany. What became of the rest of the money von Bernstorff and Dumba could tell, if they would. It is strongly suspected that it was used in various pro-German activities of the sort directed by von Bernstorff and his capable assistants Boy-Ed and von Papen. In other words, local Germans who thought they were contributing to the Red Cross were probably helping the campaign of frightfulness about which we have learned so much since von Bernstorff went home.

John Masefield

There is so much hurly-burly these days that a distinguished visitor is apt to get much less attention than he deserves. If we were living in our normal world instead of on the outskirts of the hell of war, John Masefield would be welcomed to San Francisco in our old-time hearty and rather boisterous fashion. But the newspapers, right now, have little space for aught except the news from the slaughter pens about Bapaume, Peronne and Ham. Our thoughts are absorbed by the epic of civilization and cannot rest for long on a poet. Nevertheless, it would be too bad to overlook the fact that we have been entertaining a great man. John Masefield is destined to live beyond his allotted earthly span in the immortality of literature. Many who outlive him will boast some day of having taken him by the hand. "Virgilium tantum vidi," said the ancient. "And did you then see Shelley plain?" cried the modern in generous envy. The feeling is as old as human nature, and entirely creditable. Hero-worship is a good thing, provided one picks one's heroes with discrimination. The discriminating have not overlooked John Masefield.

His Greatest Poem

"What is Masefield's greatest poem?" I asked George Sterling, knowing that he would know.

"'The Story of a Round House,'" answered our poet. "That's my opinion, anyway," he added.

Masefield has done an astonishing amount of work, considering the high quality of all of it.

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He has several volumes of poems to his credit, as well as plays, a book of fore-castle stories and two works on the war. Among his poems is a sonnet sequence to which Edward Wheeler of Current Literature has given this high praise: "There is but one thing to compare it with and that is the Shakespeare Sonnets; and the comparison is not all in Shakespeare's favor either. There are sixty-one sonnets in the sequence, and they voice the highest thought and the deepest feeling any poet has given us since Tennyson wrote his 'In Memoriam.'" Now George Sterling is a judge of sonnets, if any man is. Yet he puts "The Story of a Round House" first among Masefield's poems. Obviously this is a poem one cannot afford to be unacquainted with.

"Dauber"

"The Story of a Round House" is the tragic tale of Dauber. It is the story of an English boy who breaks his farmer-father's heart by leaving home to be a painter. Consumed with the desire to paint ships and the sea, the lad goes as painter on a clipper ship for the voyage around the Horn. He is one of the "idlers" of the ship, as the members of the round-house mess—carpenter, cook, sailmaker, boat-swain, painter, etc.—are called. More than the other "idlers" he is held in contempt and treated with contumely because in all his spare time he is busy with palette and brush. A sensitive artist in the midst of the ruffians of the sea—that is Dauber. As an "idler" Dauber doesn't stand watch with the sailors in ordinary weather, but when the clipper begins her battle to round the Cape, even the "idlers" must lend a hand. Dauber goes aloft in the gale in mortal terror, and after his first experience feels that he must show the white feather. But he doesn't, and by the time the ship has won her way to the Pacific he has won his place in the respect of the entire crew. Then comes the tragic end—he falls from the shrouds to the deck and is killed. This bald outline omits the psychology of the metrical story. There is only one passion in Dauber's soul, and that is to paint the life of the sea as the sailor knows it. To achieve that he is willing to endure any mental or physical agony. When the test of his manhood comes he shrinks from the ordeal, but shows the stuff that is in him by facing the ordeal just the same. The thought that only so can he learn the life of the sea—feed the craving appetite of his art—nerves him. When he has proved himself a man and a sailor his mates think that now he will give up his silly painting and sketching. They do not understand Dauber; he is more determined than ever to pursue his career. But death intervenes. It is a powerful poem, the description of the storm at the Cape being, perhaps, the finest thing of its kind in English literature. On this side of his art, indeed, John Masefield is the Jack London of poetry. Make Masefield's visit the excuse for reading "The Story of a Round House." I think that if you take up this poem of some fifteen hundred lines you won't put it down till you have finished it.

Our Extravagance in Music

The Chronicle, I am pleased to see, has taken up the subject of municipal extravagance, in music to which attention has been called in these columns. Now let us have a grand jury investigation of the whole business. Surely the taxpayers whose treasury is looted for the benefit of our union musicians and others will appreciate an effort to let in the light on the

educational zeal of our Supervisors who for some mysterious reason think it worth while to employ an organist at \$10,000 a year to entertain a few hundred people in the big Auditorium. Our extravagance in the matter of music is about the toughest scandal that has been known in municipal politics for many years. The pretense that the enormous waste of money is really believed to be justified is so obviously ridiculous that surely no chairman of a Supervisors' committee will dare to assume responsibility for the annual cost of music.

Whiteside Promoted

From the New York dailies I get some interesting details of the battle between the Paulsboro and a monster U-boat of a new type which was sunk by the American tanker in the Atlantic on March 1. The battle was an exceptionally exciting affair, and all the New York dailies made out of their accounts of it a "first page story." This was the battle in which as I have related Jack Whiteside, the adventurous youngster from San Francisco played a part. It was Whiteside, third officer, who first sighted the big U-boat, and because of this Jack was featured in The Herald which printed a photograph of him. This lad has been on a number of ships that passed through the danger zone since we entered the war, and from a letter that he sent home as soon as the Paulsboro returned I learn that he was hardly off that battered vessel before he was on again—on another. He shipped two days later on the tanker De Soto, a Standard Oil ship, to the Gulf of Mexico, and though he has been studying navigation only a few months he was promoted to the position of second officer. This trip he is making only to fill in time while the Paulsboro is undergoing repairs, for Jack though but a few years ago a harum scarum youngster eager only for adventure and the romantic uncertainties of life is now an industrious young man who has found that Neptune's realm is the very place he was looking for. No more of the army for him. Sighting U-boats is to him the most fascinating of pastimes and, by the way, the binocular with which he sighted the one sunk by the Paulsboro is his own, he having purchased it while in London just before starting over the sea.

The Gallant Crew

Nearly all the crew of the Paulsboro were Americans, and it is therefore good to know of their good behaviour during the fight when this merchant ship was peppered with shot and shell for forty-five minutes. They went to their allotted tasks with shouts of glee. The men assigned to pass ammunition sang patriotic songs as they worked and when the fight was over they took off their hats to the gun crew who had stuck to their jobs like heroes, never seeming to notice the danger. Mate Lynch who tells the story says:

"The chief officer, while the battle was at its height, came down to the mess room to eat what he called his 'last supper on the old boat.' He said that Fritz would not take a meal away from him if he could help it, so he partook of another of Mr. Hoover's meals. Our chief gunner finally ordered the guns to extreme elevation and the shots began to fall around Fritz. It was then that it began to look good for us. The next morning most of us went looking for souvenirs. To our surprise there were about fifteen pieces of shrapnel left on deck for every man on the ship."

Unique Camouflage

The Paulsboro attracted a lot of attention in harbor because of her camouflage, which is said to be unique in ship decoration and quite helpful in bewildering the marksmanship of the submarine gunners. Her sides are painted sea color, with wave effects starting from the water line and ending about fifteen feet up. The superstructure, masts and funnel are bediamonded, spangled, triangled and otherwise geometrically treated in red, green, blue, black and yellow. Some of the paint was scraped off where the shrapnel struck, and in many places the pelting of the metal hail has improved the camouflage. A part of a rail and funnel were liberally punctured, but no damage was done near or below the waterline.

The Allies Were Prepared

The first shock we all felt when we read of the retirement of Haig's forces before the German onslaught was not much lessened by the official announcement that the British were falling back to prepared positions. One reason for this was that we had not been told much about these prepared positions. About a week before the German blow fell, G. H. Perris, a correspondent of the New York Times, had an opportunity to examine them, and his description of them was published in The Times of Sunday, March 17. He says of these new works:

They cannot be described precisely, but it would not be too much to say that in this period the defensive power of the French armies has been doubled. At the beginning of the war the Allies had no time, and in the middle period they had little inclination, to multiply defensive works. Any old ditch served before Ypres, and Verdun was saved not by any kind of fortification, ancient or modern, but by the unconquerable faithfulness of the poilu. Those trials at least are things of the past. Never again will it be necessary to defend the front trenches to the death because there are no others ready behind them. To-day the centre of France is plowed with trenches, bearded with wire. Fields, dotted with battery emplacements, all scientifically designed to give the



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most advantageous lines of fire. There is system behind system for a score of miles—I am not speaking figuratively behind the present front. I asked a very distinguished soldier the other day what he thought of the prospects of a great enemy attack. "Let us pray for it," he replied. There was nothing lighthearted in his tone; the general knew what he was saying. His men would say with him: "Let us pray for it." They know now the advantages of methods of defense compared with which the Hindenburg line, so far as we know it, was but a student's essay.

Sociology from an Apartment House

"Say, Tiv," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock to his friend Kreling, "what's all this talk about garbage at the Supervisors' meetings?"

"It looks to me," said Kreling, "as though somebody thinks there's a chance to make a little money out of the Apartment Houses. Somebody is demanding the use of two cans for garbage where one is thought to be enough."

"Is it?"

"I should say it's too much," Kreling answered. "During the debate the landlord of one house gave us some news of interest to Sociologists. He said that people who live in Apartment Houses have no garbage. What do you think of that?"

"I don't know what to think of it. What's the answer?"

"Listen. The landlord explained that people who live in Apartment Houses buy their food in delicatessen shops and when the meal is over they merely throw away the paper bag. The bottles—lots of 'em, they sell."

He Knew What He Was

Signaller Tom Skeyhill, the blind Anzac who has been lecturing here on the war, tells of an English soldier who through some oversight was permitted to remain on duty for many hours in a flooded trench. When he went to his post the water was knee-deep; when he was finally relieved it was up to his neck.

"I'm sorry, my boy," said the officer who found him. "This shouldn't have happened. I'm very sorry, my boy."

"I ain't your boy," answered Tommy. "I'll tell you wot I am. I'm a bloomin' bull-rush."

The Triumph of Free Lunch

A Hindenburg offensive was launched against saloon free lunch by the Waiters Union, some of our hotel proprietors and other exponents of "frightfulness," but with the aid of our gallant Supervisors the line holds firm from the foot-rail to the cracker bowl. Free lunch will not down—that is to say, it will not be beaten. It was a great triumph for a San Francisco institution which merits mention in the same breath with Lotta's Fountain, the fog, the sea gulls and that grand old landmark, the Man

Who Winds the Ferry Clock. Without free lunch San Francisco would be abridged in its liberties. So thought the Labor Council which went on record in favor of it—the delegate from the Waiters Union casting a dissenting vote—and so thought our Eighteen Immortals, or most of them, who like to pause in their supervisory duties now and then to hoist the sharp cool steam and munch the salty pretzel. The saloon sideboard, the booze-fighter's buffet, trembled on the edge of destruction for awhile, the votes of the Supervisors from week to week showing a certain characteristic lack of consistency. But in the end the ordinance which would banish food from our thirst emporiums was chucked into the waste paper basket. And all should rejoice. The right of a tavern keeper to give away bologna sausage and hard-shell crackers is a sacred one. We don't get much from the Supervisors, but free lunch is a little something.

McCarthy on the Job

Businessmen are great at the game of "Follow the Leader." The reason is that so many businessmen are individually timid and lacking in originality and resource. An intrepid, confident leader, however, can lead them to big accomplishments. It would seem that William H. McCarthy has developed into such a leader in San Francisco. The job of the moment is raising a fund to entertain the Associated Advertising Club of the World which meets here in annual convention during July. Raising money for such a purpose is a man-size job these days when everybody is giving all they can to the nation and its allies. When McCarthy was asked to assume the responsibility he took a day or so to think it over. After thinking it over he accepted. As chairman of the finance committee he has such assistants in his work as M. H. De Young, I. W. Hellman Jr., James J. Fagan, Herbert Fleishacker, William F. Humphrey, Dr. Giannini, Morris Meyerfeld, John H. Rosseter, Jesse Lilienthal Jr. and Phil Teller. At the first meeting called by the finance committee, fifty thousand dollars were subscribed, indicating that the committeemen had lost no time in getting busy under the leadership of their chairman.

The Coyotes Feed

How much do you know about coyotes? Until last Sunday mine was a tenderfoot's scanty knowledge. I had read George Sterling's "Father Coyote" wherein the interesting beast is shown lifting his midnight voice in

Reckless carolling, shrill and clear,
Terse and swift and valorous troll,
Ribald, rollicking, scornful, droll,
As one might say in coyotedom:
"Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum."

And my mind retains some lines from a poem by Madge Morris Wagner:

The shadowy gray coyote, born afraid,
Steals to some brackish spring, and laps, and prowls
Away, and howls, and howls, and howls, and howls.

Last Sunday, however, I went down to Salinas and I learned all about coyotes, particularly The Coyotes. The Coyotes of Salinas are what I consider a typical Northern California organization. They are the leading men of the Monterey county seat banded together for nothing except good-fellowship. The organization is only half a dozen years old, but considering the spirit which animates it, it might have been founded in the days of golden hospitality before the gringo came to the smiling Salinas Valley.

At the Alisal

Some six miles out of Salinas in a balmy fold of the Gabilan foothills there is a little natural park. It was probably known to the early Californians, but the celebrated Dr. Hartnell was its gringo discoverer. Nearby in an adobe building that still stands he housed the first school for Americans in California. That was in 1828. All the distinguished visitors to the Hartnell rancho knew this park at the Alisal. Dana was there while his vessel loaded hides in Monterey Bay. General Sherman enjoyed its hospitality. Gertrude Atherton has described it in "The Splendid Idle Forties." It is the only place in the shadow of Fremont's Peak where the azaleas bloom, and tradition has it that Dr. Hartnell planted them there. Here The Coyotes perpetuate the Salinas Valley traditions of hospitality. Here, several times a year, a bullock is barbecued and served with frijoles a la Mexicano and the wonderful salsa whose secret of preparation reposes in the breast of Don Pedro Zabala. Here too the sound claret of the country flows, and beer for the unsophisticated palate. Here, last Sunday, The Coyotes held their first gathering of the

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unfolding season. All the good fellows of Salinas were on hand, including Frank Sargent, the president of The Coyotes, W. J. Martin, their vice-president, Mine Host Lapierre of the Hotel Abbott, Claude Lacey, Bill Bryan of the Oakland Meat Company, Paul Parker of the Salinas Journal, J. M. Waterhouse of the Spreckels Sugar Company and, mentioned last that he may have due prominence, that boyish nonagenarian John Hebborn. There were many guests, from Monterey, from all the musically named places of the Salinas Valley—Soledad, San Lucas, San Ardo—and there was the renowned Stoney Mayock of Gilroy, raconteur of ten thousand stories. In all, a hundred good fellows gathered beneath the Alisal trees, and before the day was done I revised all my ideas on the subject of coyotes.

"Mike" Williams' Autobiography

An announcement of particular interest to us out here comes from the Macmillan Company, which promises among its earliest publications, "The Book of the High Romance," by Michael Williams who is well known here. He is a convert to the Catholic church from Socialism, and the book is the record of many adventures as a wandering newspaper and magazine writer, a literary radical, in many parts of the United States, Canada and Mexico, culminating in unusual experiences in occultism and psychic research, and final submission to the Catholic church. The book was begun twenty years ago, and was twice destroyed by fire, once in the earthquake of 1906—which is vividly related in the present narrative—and again in the disaster that swept away Upton Sinclair's coöperative Socialistic "Home Colony" at Helicon Hall. It is described as a "spiritual autobiography," and is frankly personal in tone, belonging to a type of literature familiar in Europe but rarely attempted in America. Many well known people figure in the chapters which deal with newspaper and magazine and radical circles in New York and Boston and San Francisco.

The Forthcoming Lantern

The Lantern will be on the news stands again in a few days, with another feast of literature for the cognoscenti. Theodore Bonnet contributes a very amusing comedy of one act entitled "The Mole." It is the sort of playlet Little Theatre managers are constantly on the look-out for. Edward F. O'Day concludes his study of the career and character of the celebrated courtesan-actress-poet Adah Isaacs Menken. In this second paper he deals with her poetry and with her dubious claim to fame as a modern Aspasia or courtesan-bluestocking. There is a remarkable ballad in this Lantern entitled "Alice Cleaver" by Horace B. Samuels; and there are other good things. Those who do not subscribe may order it through their news dealers.

Techau Tavern Knows How

As we turned off the street into the brilliantly lighted entrance to Techau Tavern—that enchanting cafe on the ground floor—the jazz orchestra was already calling the faithful to the dance floor. It was the dinner hour and a merchandise dance was in full swing. A merchandise dance, you must know, gets its name from the elaborate favors which are presented

to the ladies—costly silk articles, purchased from Livingston Bros. of Geary street and Grant Avenue—bloomers, blouses, sweaters, stockings, etc. Well, we dined and we danced and—decided to spend the evening. It was all very delightful. Every little while a dance—to that same perfect jazz music—and, every little while—singing by the show-girl revue corps—real singers, real beauties, gowned like multimillionairesses and singing like larks. They gave us ragtime and operatic arias, war songs and ballads, with equal ability. Then some more merchandise dances, more elegant favors, and home, happy and contented. They know how—at the Tavern.

President Buchanan's Love Affair

In his youth James Buchanan's heart was won by the charms of the beautiful Miss Anna C. Coleman, who, like himself, resided in Lancaster, Pa. They were soon betrothed and were counted the handsomest couple in all the country around. Some time after the engagement had been announced Mr. Buchanan was obliged to go out of town on a business trip. On his return he stopped in to see a Mrs. William Jenkins, who was entertaining a Miss Gracie Hubley, daughter of General Hubley, an officer of the Revolutionary War. A gossiping young woman told Miss Coleman of Mr. Buchanan's visit and thereby excited her jealousy. On the spur of the moment she penned an angry note and released him from his engagement. A short time after this incident a party was arranged to go to Philadelphia to attend an opera. Miss Coleman was included in the invitation, and on arriving at Philadelphia, on a plea of indisposition, remained at the hotel. On their return from the opera Miss Coleman was found in her room cold in death. The sad fate of Miss Coleman broke James Buchanan's heart and he never married and never loved another woman.

A poem written by James Buchanan, which has never been printed, was found on the person of Miss Coleman of Lancaster, on the 26th of August, 1819. James Buchanan wrote a note to the father of Miss Coleman, asking the privilege of attending the funeral. Here is the note, dated December 19, 1819:

I have lost the only earthly object of my affections, without whom life now presents to me a dreary blank. I have now one request to make, and for the love of God and of your dear departed daughter, whom I loved more than any other human being could love, deny me not.

This letter is signed James Buchanan, and is addressed to Robert Coleman. It was written to ask the privilege of gazing upon the form, then cold in death, of Anna C. Coleman. This privilege the father of Miss Coleman denied to James Buchanan. In fact, never answered his letter.

Let me read an unpublished poem by James Buchanan, found on the person of Miss Coleman, the night of her suicide in Philadelphia:

And is my dream of faith and hope
Forever gone into the past?
And will the God of mercy cope
With all my sunken hopes at last?

It can not be that I shall meet
No more those eyes of light divine;
It can not be your memory sweet
Can ever part from me and mine.

Some other day I hope and pray
The shadows of this desperate hour
Shall vanish in a brighter day,
And truth and trust shall vent their power.

Some other day not far away,
As God is truth and I am true,
These ugly doubts shall fly away
And show I am not false to you;
Until that hour, dear heart, be true,
For here I pledge my all to you.

From a speech by Congressman Sherwood of Ohio in the House, Feb. 21, 1918.

Birthday Greetings

To a Great Emperor Who Was Born on January 27

Te salutamus, atrox Imperator
Rector tyrannice, sanguinolente;
Carnifex maxime, rex laniorum,
Caedium auctor!

Vah! piratarum ferox gubernator,
Furum magister, ductorque latronum!
Flamen sublimis et numen serenum
Sicariorum!

Acer et fortis inermium victor,
Aedium raptor et monumentorum;
Cladium factor, dolorum creator,
Te celebramus!

Sanguinem fundis amantium pacis,
Exprimis omnia gentibus fractis,
Tollis altricibus saeviter vitam,
Vultur avare!

In servitutem tu das innocentes
Viros et feminas, liberos quoque.
Foedera frangis solemniter facta,
Punica fide!

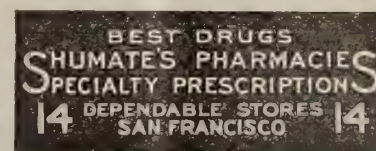
Virgines parvas prostituis multas
Tuis militibus libidinosas.
Inter decentes es prorsus infandus,
Princeps lenonum!

Crimina tua velis tenuare
Ista loquens famulos obiisse;
Facta per hos, ita lex bene scripta,
Facta sunt tua!

Fingis, hypocrita, flebilem vultum;
Non ita decipis quemquam scientem
Te, scelus, sumere morem solere
Crocodilorum!

Credimus admodum quandam Gehennam
Te coluisse; proinde putamus
Spiritus primum ibidem fuisse—
Satanam ipsum!

—Joseph M. Gazzam.



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The Midnight Mass

By Richard E. White
(1843-1918)

Of the mission church, San Carlos,
Built by Carmelo's Bay,
There remains an ivied ruin
That is crumbling fast away.
In its tower the owl finds shelter.
In its sanctuary grow
Rankest weeds above the earth-mounds,
And the dead find rest below.

Still, by peasants at Carmelo,
Tales are told and songs are sung
Of Junipero the Padre
In the sweet Castilian tongue;
Telling how each year he rises
From his grave the Mass to say,
In the midnight 'neath the ruins,
On the eve of Carlos' day.

And they tell, when aged and feeble,
Feeling that his end was nigh,
To the Mission of San Carlos
Padre Serra came to die;
And he lay upon a litter
That Franciscan friars bore,
And he bade them rest a moment
At the cloister's open door.

Then he gazed upon the landscape
That in beauty lay unrolled,
And he blessed the land of Francis,
Blessed Assisi's town of old;
And he spoke: "A hundred Masses
I will say that still may rest
God's kindest smile forever
On the land that I have blessed."

Ere a Mass was celebrated
Good Junipero had died,
And they laid him in the chancel,
On the altar's gospel side.
But each year the Padre rises
From his grave the Mass to say,
In the midnight, 'mid the ruins,
On the eve of Carlos' day.

Then the sad souls, long years buried,
From their lowly graves arise,
And, as if doom's trump had sounded,
Each assumes its mortal guise;
And they come from San Juan Mission,
From St. Francis by the bay,
From the Mission San Diego,
And the Mission San José.

And they come from Santa Clara,
And from Santa Cruz as well,
From the Mission of Sonoma,
And the Mission San Rafael.
From each Mission Campo Santo
They arise and swell the line
That along Camino Real
Journey to Carmelo's shrine.

With their gaudy painted banners,
And their flambeaux burning bright,
In a long procession come they
Through the darkness and the night;
Singing hymns and swinging censers,
Shadowy forms—they onward pass
To the ivy-covered ruins,
To be present at the Mass.

And the grandsire, and the grandame,
And their children march along,
And they know not one another
In that weird, unearthly throng.
And the youth and gentle maiden,
They who loved in days of yore,
Walk together now as strangers,
For the dead love nevermore.

In the church now all are gathered,
And not long have they to wait;
From his grave the Padre rises,
Midnight Mass to celebrate.
First he blesses all assembled,
Soldiers, Indians, acolytes;
Then he bows before the altar,
And begins the mystic rites.

When the Padre sings the Sanctus,
And the Host is raised on high,
Then the bells up in the belfry,
Swung by spirits, make reply;
And the drums roll, and the soldiers
In the air a volley fire,
While the Salutaris rises
Grandly from the phantom choir.

"Ite, Missa est," is spoken,
At the dawning of the day,
And the pageant strangely passes
From the ruins sere and gray;
And Junipero the Padre
Lying down, resumes his sleep,
And the tar-weeds, rank and noisome,
O'er his grave luxuriant creep.

And the lights upon the altar
And the torches cease to burn,
And the vestments and the banners
Into dust and ashes turn;
And the ghostly congregation
Cross themselves, and, one by one,
Into thin air swiftly vanish,
And the Midnight Mass is done.

ENVOY.

Ye who doubt what here is spoken,
And who would its truth gainsay,
Go and watch beside the ruins
On the eve of Carlos' day.
And the sad souls when you see them,
In a long procession pass,
Be my warrant of this legend
Of Carmelo's Midnight Mass.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Dancer Comes to Town

The other day a dancer came to town with a hula hula costume, a smile and a press agent. Owing to her ability or something she has received as much notice in the newspapers as the Hindenburg drive. All the sticky superlatives of adulation have been poured out on her, and Mayor Rolph has given her a plaque. To hear the newspaper ravers tell it this Doraldina darling has more inspiration than Pavlova, more technique than Gnee, more curves than Gertrude Hoffmann, more poetry of motion than Ruth St. Denis and more pulchritude than Kelleher, the dancing Irish tailor. It seems a little extreme, but it must all be so, because Mayor Rolph indorsed her and sent his court orator Supervisor Nelson to give her the freedom of the city and a bronze testimonial of our collective admiration. It was a splendid thing for the Mayor to do, and all the other press agents of all the other dancing marvels are gnashing their gums and biting their thumbs in envy of the coup. Yes, it was splendid of Mission Jim. Other great people have come to town without getting plaques, but then they were not Doraldinas. Just at present we have here T. P. O'Connor and John Masefield. No plaques for them, of course

—the chances are they don't know a high kick from a pas seul. Long may this Doraldina wave her legs in terpsichorean acrobatics. And if any stern moralist ever so far forgets art as to object to her hula hula, she can show her bronze plaque and say that Mayor Rolph gave it to her on behalf of the discerning people of San Francisco.

Where Did She Come From?

Whence sprang this latest dancer whose press agent would convince the town that she is the reincarnation of Salome, skillful enough to dance the head off a saint? She came originally from San Francisco where she used to ply the orange stick and scissors on the fingers of men too languid to bite their own nails. From our town she went to N'York in conquest of art. And she conquered it there in the cabarets by shedding all the clothes the law would let her and contorting her nakedness in the bulging eyes of trotteurs and trotteuses. Because she took a chance of arrest by stripping off a little more than the other dancers of the cabarets, she achieved celebrity among the frequenters of the bright night places and notoriety among other people. She arrived in N'York when the craze for Hawaiian music

and dances was beginning, and immediately blossomed forth as a hula hula wriggler of sensuous potency. We are told that she learned her art in Spain. I strongly suspect it was a castle in Spain. And I further suspect that her principal art is that of publicity.

Meeting John McCormack

Let me reinforce this latter suspicion with a story. A few days ago John McCormack was lunching quietly at the St. Francis with his accompanist. He was considerably surprised

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when a woman stepped kittenishly up to his table and exclaimed in a gushing voice:

"John McCormack!"

He looked up to see his unknown admirer beaming upon him.

"I'm Doraldina," she said.

This remark called for no reply, so John made none.

"May I ask who you are?" she continued, turning to the accompanist; and when he told her, she cooed:

"Ah yes, Mr. McCormack's accompanist. You lucky man!"

This too seemed to demand no response, but the silence was again broken by the dancer.

"When do you leave San Francisco, Mr. McCormack?"

"In an hour," said John, his tone implying that he'd like to leave in a minute.

"So you cannot see me dance," she cried. And then, with fervid admiration: "John McCormack!"

Whereupon, without warning she leaned forward and kissed John's defenseless cheek. The accompanist also received an unsolicited smack. And Doraldina tripped away. Was it not an honor for John to be kissed in public by the artist who was tertimonialized by our Mayor?

Sloss-Koshland

Two of our most prominent families were united Tuesday when Miss Margaret Helen Koshland became the bride of Louis Sloss. The marriage was performed in New York by the famous Rabbi Stephen S. Wise of the Free Synagogue (brother of Otto Irving Wise). The parents of the young people and a few friends witnessed the ceremony. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland of the "Petit Trianon," while the groom is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss. After the young people pass a brief honeymoon in New York the groom will report for aviation service at Atlanta. Both of the bride's brothers are in the army.

De Limur-Crocker

On Wednesday, also in New York, the marriage took place of Miss Mary Ethel Crocker and Count Andre de Limur. The bride is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, and is equally at home in Paris, New York and San Francisco society. The groom is a young officer of the French Flying Corps. He obtained a furlough which is long enough to permit of a brief honeymoon in California.

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Of course this too was a simple wedding, with only the parents and a few relatives of the bride present. Among the latter were Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and Miss Mary Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm B. Whitman, and Prince and Princess Andre Poniatowski.

An Evening of Literary California

A gathering quite different from the ordinary with entertainment of a distinctive sort will be that at the St. Francis Hotel on Wednesday evening, April 10. It is announced as an "Evening of Literary California," and all lovers of California literature are invited to attend. The programme will be literary and musical. Mrs. Ella Sterling Mighels, author of that invaluable handbook of our literature, "Story of the Files," is the inspiration of this gathering. It is hoped that before the evening is over Mrs. Mighels will make an announcement concerning the publication of her monumental work "Literary California," a sequel to the volume by which she earned the title of California's first literary historian. Among those who will take part in the literary entertainment are Miss Ethel Cotton, Mrs. Lesseman, Miss Joan London, Bram Nossen, Miss Bertha Clark, Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor, Judge John F. Davis, George Douglas, Milton J. Ferguson (State Librarian) and others.

The Servant Problem

"Why are house servants so hard to get?" I asked in agonized tones of Mrs. Halsted, housekeeper at the Hotel Whitcomb.

"Because they can make more money elsewhere," she answered. "Down in Monterey girls are making fifty and sixty dollars a week cutting fish in the packing houses. One of my maids has just taken a job at a fancy salary in a munition factory. And a lot of the former house servants are going to work in the big office buildings. The head janitors are putting women on as office-cleaners in place of the men they have been losing. These women start at \$42.50 a month, work seven hours a day and have their Sundays and holidays off."

Best's Latest Picture

Best's new picture, now on exhibition at Courvoisier's, is a refreshing example of the realistic school, showing an Indian encampment at the foot of the Funeral Range, with Death Valley stretching away in the distance. The picture depicts one of the braves bending over what appears to be wagon tracks, save that they have no impression of hoof prints. A creek winds by back of the camp, and the tracks go through the stream, showing, where they emerge on the opposite side, the indentations made by automobile tires. The brave shows by every sign that he is curiously examining the tracks and conjecturing what had made them. Another member of the tribe, standing nearby, has caught sight of the machine, now far up on the mountain side, and is pointing it out to his companion. The result is a picture different from modern exhibitions of technique.

At the Whitcomb

When Uncle Sam took over most of Holland's tonnage in American waters he gave a lot of Dutch merchant mariners an unexpected vacation. Forty-two of them—captains, chief engineers and other officers—are stopping at the Hotel Whitcomb. They are from the steamers Roepat, Arakan and Koningen der Nederlanden which were taken over in Pacific waters. The

stay of these gallant Dutch sailors is indefinite. . . . During its first year of business the Whitcomb has housed the officials of a good many big conventions. Just now the dignitaries of the Seventh Day Adventist church are at the Whitcomb. Many of those who have registered there are prominent in the missionary establishments which this church maintains in China, South America and the West Indies.

At the Cecil

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Spalding of Honolulu who have been stopping at the Cecil, returned to the Hawaiian Islands Tuesday. Mrs. P. C. Fauntleroy, wife of Captain Fauntleroy, is at the hotel. Prior to their departure for their home in Chicago, Mrs. L. T. Carlisle and her daughter Miss L. W. Carlisle gave a dinner Monday. Mr. and Mrs. William Tomlinson of Philadelphia are recent arrivals. Mr. and Mrs. Percy Cleghorn and Mrs. J. M. Henry of Stockton have joined Mrs. James Hough at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Galvin of Winnipeg are touring California. They will be at the hotel for about a fortnight. Mr. H. E. Anthony, a banker of San Diego, and his charming wife are guests. Mrs. Arthur Thane entertained informally at luncheon Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Graham Crothers were hosts at a dinner of ten covers Sunday. Mrs. Clyde Stevens of Denver has taken an attractive apartment. Messrs. Carl Webster and C. F. Carlisle entertained a group of friends at dinner Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Saunders will give a dinner Sunday. Mrs. Rowley was hostess at dinner Thursday.

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The Stage

Masefield as Lecturer

The other night I heard John Masefield lecture on the war in the Colonial ball room at the St. Francis. Not for news of the war did I go to hear him. War lecturers will be worth while in years to come. At present they are like a drug on the market. Besides they prolong the agony and ravish our emotions, and they no longer serve any good purpose since we are all patriotic and hate the Kaiser. But John Masefield is a personality aside from the war and the lecture platform whom one does not like to let go by when the opportunity presents itself of dropping in to see and hear him. After hearing him I feel that it would be more pleasing and more thrilling to read a new Masefield poem inspired by the war than to hear the poet and playwright lecture on the war. However, this is not to say that his lecture was wholly unsatisfactory. Rather, to the contrary; his spoken prose descriptive of the landscape of the war as he saw it was a little masterpiece that had something of the dramatic effect that one of his great pastoral tragedies has on the mere reader. Masefield by the bye is a great artist in landscape painting. He does this sort of painting through the medium of his characters. He did some of it in his lecture showing his audience many beauties that held them thrall. He painted a picture of desolation with a palpitant background in smoke of many colors, a picture that quickened the imagination just as poignantly as though it had been realized on canvas. Masefield lectures very much as he writes whether in prose or verse, in sentences that go straight to the heart, in images of facile but powerful appeal to the imagination. Masefield is of the opinion that the war is destined to make the world more democratic but for reasons quite different from President Wilson's. Though he had a long taste of democracy in this country, when he worked as a barkeeper in New York, his view as to the tendency of the war is derived from the effect it is having on the classes and the masses in Great Britain, so many are the menials who have risen to place above their masters. His war philosophy has remained as it was when he wrote his "Tragedy of Pompey the Great." He then made it clear that his ideal soldier was a man far from the Kaiser type, one whose military genius would exclude the butcher business from war along with the element of militarist caste insolence. The end of war is the making of a good lasting peace;—such is Masefield's philosophy and the more he has seen of the horrors of war at Gallipoli and elsewhere the firmer his convictions have become.

—Theodore F. Bonnet.

Mischa Elman in Two Recitals

During his coming visit which will be limited to two recitals at the Columbia under Selby C. Oppenheimer's manager, the great Mischa Elman will play two wonderful programmes. Works that are rarely heard here are intermingled with a series of generally played and popular numbers. On Sunday afternoon, April 14, the concerto by Vivaldi, arranged by Natchez, will be rendered. This old work offers many opportunities for violinistic achievement, and Elman assuredly will make the best of the opportunities. Lalo's favorite "Symphonie Espagnole" will be given in the Elman style, and works of his own composition and

of Sarasate, Albeniz, Brahms, Joachim and Paganini are included. At the second recital, Sunday afternoon, April 21, another old concerto, that of Nardini, arranged by Hauser, will be played as will the Saint-Saens Concerto in E minor. Scarlatti, Chopin, Wilhelmj, Beethoven, Sarasate and Elman's teacher, Leopold Auer, who is now in the United States, will make up the list to be played. Mail orders should now be directed to Manager Oppenheimer, in care of Sherman, Clay & Co. These should include ten per cent to cover war tax. The regular seat sale starts at the usual offices on Monday, April 8.

Cyril Maude in "Grumpy"

Cyril Maude, after eight months touring Australia and New Zealand, has returned to America and on Monday night will open at the Columbia where for the ensuing fortnight he will appear once more in the role of the irascible but lovable old "Grumpy." It is a year since this gifted English actor paid his first visit to San Francisco and played "Grumpy" at the Columbia for a fortnight. Probably no star nor play seen on the local stage in the past decade won as immediate, enthusiastic and lasting popularity as did this most fortunate combination of fine acting and brilliant comedy writing. Unfortunately for

thousands of theatregoers who waited until too late to obtain their seats, the actor was on the eve of his departure for the Antipodes and consequently was unable to extend his San Francisco booking and thereby accommodate all who desired to witness his performance. So insistent has been the public's demand for Mr. Maude's return that Messrs. Gottlob and Marx have arranged a four weeks' season for him, but positively only two weeks of this time has been allotted to "Grumpy," as the balance of the engagement will be devoted to other plays. Both Wednesday and Saturday matinees will be given.

Godowsky May Spend Summer Here

Piano students are much interested in the plan of Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer to bring Leopold Godowsky, the famous pianist and world's foremost teacher on the instrument, to California, to establish a "master class" for pianists in this city and one in Los Angeles in connection with L. E. Behymer. There has already been a considerable response in both cities, and the prospect of succeeding in this great musical achievement looks quite rosy indeed. Pianists recognize the superior advantage of a period of study with the great man. If the class is established, twenty master students only will be



BLOSSOM SEELEY

Next week at the Orpheum

admitted. These will form a class which will be given personal instruction by Godowsky. They will be shown the right and the wrong way of rendering a composition, will be used to illustrate to one another the methods of the great master, and will be given the fullest opportunity to develop along the lines of his great art. A series of recitals, lectures and lessons, approximating sixty hours of study, will be spread over a given number of weeks, and in this time a full course of study will be unfolded. For those who cannot enter the master class, a class of "listeners" will be formed. Members of this division will have the opportunity of being present at all "auditions," and will be permitted to hear all that is said and see all that is done and absorb the fullest information of the Godowsky method. While the master class will of necessity be limited, as it is desired to come as near individual instruction to them as possible, the list of "listeners" may be augmented to any number. The terms for both classes that Godowsky has authorized Oppenheimer to make are within everyone's reach. Full particulars, as to terms, time of the year, etc., can be had by applying to Manager Oppenheimer at his office, 101 Post street.

Blossom Seeley at the Orpheum

Blossom Seeley, known as "The Todolo Girl and High Potentate of Syncopated Melody," will head the Orpheum bill next week in an act which gives a new impetus to ragtime. In this skit she will have the assistance of Fields, Salisbury, Davis, Lopez and Thorpe, a quartet of young men who constitute the best jazz band before the public. "In the Dark" is an adroit combination of mystery, comedy and novelty. To say more would be to deprive the audience of the surprise. Vardon and

Perry present a singing and dancing review. "Color Gems" is a posing act in which five girls and two men figure. The Seasons are used as subjects, treated in a daring manner. Mlle. Lucille has a remarkable cockatoo which talks, gives an imitation of a cornet and dances. Bert Kalmar and Jessie Brown will appear in their charming fantasy "Nurseryland;" Marion Harris will sing new ragtime songs; and Fradkin, violin virtuoso, assisted by Miss Jean Tell, soprano, will change his act.

Mantell for a Fortnight

Robert B. Mantell, foremost classic tragedian, will open a two weeks' engagement at the Cort Sunday night. He will present nine of the great classic plays in the "grand manner." Complete and elaborate scenic productions are carried. During the first week at the Cort the order of plays will be: "Richelieu," Sunday night; "The Merchant of Venice," Monday night; "Hamlet," Tuesday night; "The Merchant of Venice," Wednesday afternoon; "Richelieu," Wednesday night; "King Lear," Thursday night; "Macbeth," Friday night; "Hamlet," Saturday afternoon, and "Richard II," Saturday night. The second week will open with "Louis XI," and will include, in addition to some plays repeated from the first week, "Romeo and Juliet" and "Othello." The definite arrangement for this final week has not yet been announced. Mantell's company is headed by Miss Genevieve Hamper and Fritz Leiber.

Tom—Well, darling, I have seen your father and he has given his consent.

Grace—He approves of love in a cottage, then?

Tom—No; but he says that a girl who spends as much time golfing and theatregoing as you do really has not much need of a home.



MISCHA ELMAN

The famous violinist who will appear in recital at the Columbia on the Sunday afternoons of April 14 and 21



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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LILLIAN REED JOHNS, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ALEXANDER McCULLOCH, Administrator of the estate of LILLIAN REED JOHNS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at the office of Tobin & Tobin, Hibernia Bank Building, Jones and McAllister Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LILLIAN REED JOHNS, deceased.

ALEXANDER McCULLOCH,

Administrator of the estate of Lillian Reed Johns, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, March 30, 1918.
TOBIN & TOBIN,

Attorneys for Administrator,
Hibernia Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

The Green Spot

By Morley Sharp

The Squadron-Commander leant over the office table, his finger on the map, while a frown puckered his forehead.

"Yes," he said to himself, "I think I've got it."

He raised himself from his stooping position and slowly took out his cigarette case. Then he walked to the window and looked out over the aerodrome.

It was a quiet evening; there was no breeze. The flag hung limply by its pole. The thunder of the guns had considerably lessened since noon. A couple of officers just landed, walked leisurely over to the mess, carrying their heavy pilots' coats on their arms. The C. O. looked at his wrist watch and, turning from the window, pressed an electric bell. An orderly entered:

"Tell Captain Briggs I want to see him."

"Ah, Briggs," said the C. O., "there's something here that wants attending to."

Captain Briggs came and leant over the table beside the C. O. while the latter traced on the map with his forefinger.

The two lines of opposing trenches stretched parallel across the middle. The point to which the C. O. directed attention, however, lay beyond them—some ten miles on the German side. It was a small wooded hollow, lying between the bare, undulating folds of ground, and watered by a narrow stream. It was round in shape and its diameter might have been a hundred meters. It lay not far from where four roads joined, four main roads which converged into one, the latter leading straight to the German lines.

The C. O., having pointed out the green spot on the map, next laid his finger on the junction of the roads, and looked at Captain Briggs.

"There's been a lot of activity on those roads today," said he, "everyone has reported something or other in the way of transport, and Parker reports a whole column standing just there, stationary, mind you," and he pointed to the portion of the road which was nearest the hollow. Captain Briggs nodded.

"They'll be shifting their heavies further back, I'm thinking," said the C. O., "since we knocked out that lot," and he indicated a line of pencil crosses, midway between the four cross-roads and the German trenches.

Captain Briggs rolled the cigarette round in his mouth with his eyes on the green spot.

"It's a fair-sized target, anyhow," said he.

"Eh?" said the C. O., "just so. It's a likely spot!"

He looked at his watch again and then out of the window at the sky.

Second Lieutenant Parker sat in his machine on the ground, his eyes on the "rev. counter," his hand on the switch. The C. O. and Captain Briggs had finished instructing him and had gone aside to escape the draught of the whirling propeller.

Lieutenant Parker's duty as well as his map was before him, and, "throttling down," he waved his hand to the mechanics, who promptly pulled the chocks away that held fast the aeroplane's wheels. Slowly the machine began to move, then its pace quickened until it tore across the ground, rose up over the trees and circled round the aerodrome.

Lieutenant Parker continued his circle until he had risen to a height at which the aerodrome appeared to him about the size of a postcard.

Then he made a bee-line for the green hollow, away beyond the enemy's lines.

It was not many minutes before the four roads, looking much the same on the ground to Lieutenant Parker as they appeared on his map, were directly under him, and, closing his throttle he looked with the bomb-sight, until he stretched out his hand and released a bomb. As he looked over the side of his aeroplane to watch the effect, he saw a German machine, not very far below, coming up to meet him.

The bomb burst on one of the roads, not very far from the green hollow, and Lieutenant Parker could see, far below, the hurried flight of men and transport along the four roads. He turned his machine and again took aim with the bomb sights. This time, as he released his bomb, he turned to his machine gun, to be prepared to combat his adversary, who was now almost on a level with him.

A hurried glance downwards showed him a bright yellow flame springing from the green hollow. At the same time, the concussion in the air jerked his aeroplane so much, that, had he not been securely strapped in, he must have been thrown out. A deafening roar down below shook the ground for miles around, and, at the aerodrome, the C. O. and Captain Briggs speculated much on the task done by their young subordinate.

But Lieutenant Parker's task was not yet over, for his aerial rival proved to be well-skilled in fighting. Round and round each other circled the two aeroplanes and the machine guns spat out hundreds of rounds. Lieutenant Parker had nearly come to the end of his ammunition. He could see his adversary preparing to fire. A couple of shots whizzed past him, close to his ear. He pulled the trigger of his gun, and the German pilot clapped his hand to his neck. He was hit. In a flash the German machine had dived earthwards. Lieutenant Parker dived after him firing his last few rounds. But he had put his opponent out of action, and he felt that his work was done. So he righted his machine and made back for the aerodrome, to receive, on landing, the promise from the C. O. that he would be recommended for the M. C.

And that was how "one airman successfully bombed a large enemy ammunition dump."

Madame, Do You Know That—

Jelly will not go mouldy if a piece of fresh butter is mixed with it when hot.

Equal parts of lard and mustard mixed together make a good ointment for chilblains.

When pouring hot fruit into a glass dish, place the latter on a wet cloth. This prevents any chance of the glass cracking.

When washing stone steps in frosty weather, add a handful of salt to the water. This will prevent the steps from becoming slippery.

After washing linoleum wipe it over with water to which a little thin glue has been added. This gives it a polish without making it slippery.

When washing chamois skins use warm water and plenty of soap, but do not rinse the soap out and the chamois will remain soft and almost like new.

When teeth have become brown or yellow a little lemon juice applied with a toothbrush is often effectual. It should, however, be rare-

ly used—and the mouth should be well rinsed afterwards, as acids are very injurious.

Hagiographical

It happened during the convention of a well known Catholic society. A gentleman named O'Sullivan, who was employed by the hotel in the capacity of a taxi driver, was deputed to attend to the wants of his co-religionists. On Sunday morning four of these appeared on the sidewalk and O'Sullivan awaited their orders. "St. Joseph's church, please," said one. "Take me to St. Patrick's," demanded another. "I'll go to St. Stephen's," said the third. "And I go to St. John's," declared the fourth. "Get in, gentlemen," said the affable chauffeur, holding open the door; and when his passengers were comfortably seated, the vehicle moved majestically down the street. Presently it stopped before an imposing stone edifice, and O'Sullivan said, blandly: "Here you are, gentlemen!" "What church is this? Which one of us leaves you here?" demanded the quartet. "All of yez," said O'Sullivan. "Begorra, this is All Saints' church!"

The Fount of Wisdom

"Say, pa."

"Yes, my son?"

"Are you too busy readin' to explain somethin' to me?"

"No, my son. Your father is never too busy to give his children the benefit of his information."

"Well, in this story it says 'the ship weighed anchor.' Why does a ship have to weigh its anchor before it starts out?"

"Ah, yes. To be sure. You've always noticed that in your reading, haven't you? Yes. Well, this is the reason. You see, when a ship stays a long time in a harbor it accumulates a lot of—er—binnacles. And these binnacles cling to the anchor in such numbers that they increase its weight. So they have to weigh it. Do you see?"

Th End of a Hoover Day

I have come to the end of a meatless day,
And peacefully lying in bed,
My thoughts revert in a musing way
To the food which today I've been fed.
When I think of the cheese and the beans
and fish
And oysters I've had to eat,
I've no regrets for the "good old days,"
I really didn't miss the meat!

I have come to the end of a wheatless day,
I have eaten no cookies or pie,
I have had no bread that was made with
wheat;
It was made out of corn or rye;
And I like it so well that when war is past
And a glorious victory won,
I'll keep on observing "wheatless" day
And I'll eat "corn pone" for fun!

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Why "Binks"

By Geoffrey Howard

One's name has a profound effect on one's character. This sounds nonsense, but it's true. It is one of those many things which can't be so, and, somehow, are so. Shakespeare, it is true, is of the contrary opinion; but in spite of this, he doesn't make the mistake of giving the dreaming prince of Denmark a name like Sir Toby Belch, or calling the object of Romeo's affections Mrs. Tearsheet; on the contrary he evidently thought that there was such a great deal in a name that he exercised the most consummate skill in choosing names to suit his characters. The names of his heroines, such as "Olivia," "Desdemona" or "Perdita," are plums and morsels of deliciousness that help to make his plays successful, just as giving a heroine the shockingly cacophonous appellation of "Sophonisba" no doubt, helped on the failure of James Thomson's tragedy of that name. Indeed, all Shakespeare's character names are well chosen. "Jacques" for a melancholy man; "Iago" for a villain; "Fortinbras" for a soldier, and man of action, to take a random dip out of the bag, are all what the literary men of America call "cracker-jack."

In some cases this is a mere trick and it is easy to see how the trick is done: the name is simply a word that describes one of the attributes of the owner. Thus "Florizel," the name of the shepherd prince in "The Winter's Tale," is suggestive of flowers. The point of giving Sir Toby his surname is obvious enough; and "Fortinbras" is no doubt an attempt at the French for the Puritan "Strong i' th' arm." The Greek dramatists did the same thing in their tragedies when they made puns about the man of wails (not George) or the man of foresight (Prometheus). We find the same, too, in the Restoration drama, when, for example, Wycherly calls the Plain Dealer "Tom Manly" or a jealous husband "Pinchwife." The farce writers of the forties were excellent at this sort of thing, and one can still laugh at names like "Tom Bolus" and "Taraxicum Twitters," if one has an unsophisticated mind. They seem at any rate to have amused Bernard Shaw, who continues to name his characters by the old "farce-names" long after dynamiting all the accepted stage traditions of his generation. Some of his names are clever, too. There is "Alfred Doolittle," the dust-man, General Boxer, and Lick-cheese, the rent collector. Some of these might almost have come from the game of "Happy Families," a game which is a superb and clinching argument in favor of the Christian Ages, and incidentally a far more amusing test of the intellect than bridge.

But this explanation does not begin to cover the whole subject. For there are names that mean nothing in themselves and yet convey definite implications. For two or three generations the public that reads those papers called "Colored Comics" has agreed to see something agonizingly funny in the name "Binks." One wonders why. There is nothing ugly in the sound itself. It is practically undistinguishable from the word "Pinks," an admittedly beautiful word for a beautiful flower. Yet "Binks" is amusing. It cannot be denied that Binks presents to the mind a picture of an undersized, an insignificant, a very foolish man. Why also should writers of comic stories for the maga-

zines feel confident at getting a laugh at the christian name Maria? Pronounced "Mar-ceah" as in the tenorial Ave Maria it has the most sacred associations. Yet anglicized, Maria is funny, and the combination Maria Binks irresistible.

No doubt the humor here is social in its origin: the names being typical of a class that the magazine readers have agreed to laugh at, and to which they mostly belong. A similar reason prompted Du Maurier to call his Nouveaux Riches, De Smythe, a combined patrician-plebeian name, such as Aristophanes laughed at more than two thousand years before him. But there are other names that fit their characters in a way more subtle and less easy to explain. No one who saw "His House in Order" will deny that the name Ridgeley was admirably chosen for a hard, bourgeois, pretentious and uncharitable family. Yet to explain why it was so suitable would be a difficult matter. In "Vice Versa" Anstey gave felicitous surnames to his school boys, and this raises a very curious question indeed. Why should "Coggs" be a typical name for a school boy? School boys grow up; presumably they have parents of the same name as themselves; yet names like Coggs crown the memories of our childhood.

It is clear that choosing good names for their characters is no small part of the work of a novelist or playwright. In this connection it is perhaps of interest to note that several plays have been written round names. Charles Lamb's first play was called "Mr. H." and was a great and deserved failure. Its plot is almost unbelievably stupid. The hero is a mysterious stranger who arrives at Bath and refuses to divulge his surname, preferring to be known to his friends merely as "Mr. H." He became a social success, a persona grata and ladies of title set their caps at him (or should it be their turbans?). At last, however, he lets it escape him that his name is actually Mr. Hogsflesh and he is instantly ostracised. Really one can't wonder. A good play was written this year by Mr. Milne about an eccentric legacy which is left subject to the condition that the legatee assume the name of Wurzel-Flummery. One can only hope that in real life our judges would be sensible enough to declare this clause to be against the public interest.

Women are more susceptible than men to the shades and nuances of Christian names and realize that after bringing a child into the world the first important step is to give it a name to live up to. Incidentally the feeling about "Ernest" expressed in Wilde's comedy is not universal and I know of one man at least to whom "Ernest," together with "Clarence," stands for all that is arrogant, donnish, intellectualist and ineffectual. About other Christian names, however, the world is pretty well agreed: and will be found to admit that John implies honesty, Sally good fellowship, Ann primness, Susan domesticity, Grace modesty, Madge passion, Ralph and Jaspar desperate wickedness, and Adolphus, Algy and Gustave effeminacy. These last examples show how unreliable any theory would be that suggested a historical basis for the characterization with which these names are colored. For Gustavus Adolphus, "the lion of the north and

the bulwark of the Protestant faith," was perhaps the least effeminate man that ever lived. The theory will not be found to work even in the case of an outstanding historical name like "Napoleon." "Napoleon" to my ear has a suggestion of cold priggishness which was certainly not a trait of the great Emperor. It seems more likely that just as colors suggest certain emotions, red for anger, yellow for jealousy, black for despair, and so on, so the mere sound of these names recalls in a subtle way certain features of the human character.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti (whose name, suggestive as it is of Dante, Rosettes and the Angel Gabriel, is the most crushing commentary on his poetry and painting) has a well known passage about:

Five handmaidens whose names are five sweet symphonies
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen, Marget and Rosalys.

So long as mothers continue so to christen their daughters we may be sure the "womanly woman" is a permanent institution. Unhappily these names have now a slightly old-fashioned sound, and it seems likely that the Rosetti name has joined the Rosetti face in its migration from Chelsea to the tea-shops in the Strand.

To ask how far the trait implied by any name actually affects, and helps to mould the character of the individual who bears it is to broach a very difficult question indeed. Some influence it must have. It is impossible not to believe, for instance, that constantly being called Rachel must tend to make a young girl feel plain before her time; and that a name like Jack Tempest would be a great help to heroism. Herrick is airy and typical; William Wordsworth suggests a grave homespun sort of style; John Milton is distinctly Miltonic; Sam Johnson breathes a sturdy independence; and it is significant that our greatest preacher of the gospel of normality in men and women should have been called Robert Browning. Nor can we doubt that two of our modern authors would have expressed themselves differently if Mr. De la Mare had been called "Chesterton" and Mr. Chesterton "De la Mare."

There is obviously room for a very wide study in this subject which must be left to heavier hands than those of the poet and light essayist. The Teuton mind is eminent above all others in the art of being ponderous over trifles. We can only hope that the German professors will take the matter up at the termination of these present distressing hostilities.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PEARLEY GLENN GARLICK, deceased.—
No. 23977; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of PEARLEY GLENN GARLICK, deceased, to all persons having claims against the said deceased, to, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, either file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers to me at the office of Edward M. Walsh, room No. 559 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which place the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

J. P. GARLICK,

Administrator of the estate of Pearley Glenn Garlick, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, March 9th, 1918.

PETER J. CROSBY,

Attorney for Administrator,
First Savings Bank Building,
Oakland, California.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Prices moved in a narrow range and there was no trend to the market until near the close of the week when the alarming news from the seat of war caused a violent selling movement that brought about a decline in the general list of from three to ten points in the most active stocks. The better class of stocks held up remarkably well, considering the news, and fortunately there was not a large public interest in the market, otherwise the break would have extended further. At the decline there was good buying of steels and Readings, which checked the selling movement and brought about a fair recovery although the tone of the market was nervous, and a good deal will depend upon the news from abroad as to the action of the market. Battles now last weeks and months, not days. There is a feeling that the Germans although they have outnumbered the English two and three to one, have not broken through their line in four days' fighting. They have bent it back, and that is the most they could say. No news counts for anything except news from the front, and everything in the way of earnings and money conditions count for nought. The next Liberty Loan should be benefited by the news in the past few days, as too many people have had an interest that was purely theoretical in the war, and from now on it should be more practical. The safeguarding feature of the market is its strong technical position, a speculative account which is almost at negligible minimum, and also the relatively extreme low level. No doubt there has been good buying at the decline by the banking interests who supported the market, and it will take some very large selling to force the market below the low prices made on the first break. While there may be some further selling if the news from abroad should come unfavorable, we believe that the same feature of buying will again be apparent on all weak spots. The decision of the Director General to pool financial resources of the railroads, as well as their equipment, will have a farreaching effect on the low-priced rails. Advantage of all declines brought about by unfavorable news, such as we have had in the past few days, should be taken by investors, as no matter what the first unfavorable news is, it is bound to be followed later by more reassuring news; then stocks will have already reflected the good news, and prices will be at a much higher level and they will not look so attractive.

Cotton—Cotton prices were influenced a good deal by the action of the stock market, which in turn reflected the news from the seat of war. Spot cotton did not show any weakness, and as a result the future market rallied

quickly from any decline brought about through liquidation of frightened holders. Prices for spot cotton in the South showed an advancing trend, notwithstanding the extreme high prices at which this staple is selling. The weekly statistical news was construed as bearish, as it showed an increase in stocks of cotton here, and exports for the week were considerably below the same period last year. The weather generally throughout the South was favorable, except there is still a lack of rainfall in Oklahoma and Texas. Crop preparations are progressing satisfactorily and there is talk of a large increase in acreage in some sections, while the news from other sections would indicate only the usual acreage. It is yet a little too early to forecast the acreage, but considering the price the farmer is getting for his last year's crop, an increase in acreage can be expected. Speculatively there is very little doing in cotton futures. The price is so high and the fluctuations are so rapid when it moves that the average trader is afraid of either side of the market. The mills continue to report a good demand for cotton goods, and as they are selling goods at a prices that would be equal to 60 cents per pound for the raw material, they have no hesitancy in buying the raw material at this level. There is a rumor that makes its appearance every time the market gets strong and higher, that the Government is going to fix the price of cotton futures, but the rumor never materializes and it only serves to bring about a temporary reaction in the market.

Everyday Life in Berlin

(Continued from Page 6)

she was only able with the very greatest difficulty to get a mechanic into the house to do the most indispensable repairs. Thus, for three weeks the bath could not be used because the tap required a small repair.

The lack of female domestic servants is also extraordinarily great. These girls have now opened up to them so many opportunities of employment at large salaries and in circumstances of freedom that only a relatively small number are still willing to remain in domestic service. In spite of the hard work, most of them prefer the munition factories, as there they receive very high pay, and are also fed at the central kitchen. Most housewives have now to do their own work, since they are not all able to pay the wages, which have increased threefold, for domestic help. Moreover, not every housewife can comply with the demands of her servant; for, before the latter accepts service, she asks the question, "Have you sup-

plies, ma'am, or do you live from what you get on the cards?" If the latter is the case, she rejects the place with great indignation.

Anyone who has a girl seeks to keep her by all possible means. Thus I heard of an old lady who promised her servant no small part of what she had to leave in her will on condition that she would not forsake her.

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DECEMBER 31, 1917

Assets	\$63,314,948.04
Deposits	60,079,197.54
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,235,750.50
Employees' Pension Fund	272,914.25
Number of Depositors	63,907

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 23988 N. S.; Department No. 10 Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ZERUAH J. DE HAVEN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the last will and testament of ZERUAH J. DE HAVEN, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix, at the office of their attorneys, Frank McGowan and Blaine McGowan, 715-717 Humboldt Bank Building, situated at No. 785 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all the matters connected with the said estate of ZERUAH J. DE HAVEN, deceased.

JOTHAM J. DE HAVEN, Executor, and
SARAH L. DE HAVEN, Executrix,
of the last will and testament of Zeruah J. De Haven, deceased.

Dated: March 2, 1918.

FRANK MCGOWAN and
BLAINE MCGOWAN,

Attorneys for Executor and Executrix,
715-717 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
785 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

3-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MAX AMBER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of MAX AMBER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of James M. Thomas, attorney for said Administrator, Nos. 1202-4 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MAX AMBER, deceased.

SIDNEY AMBER,

Administrator of the estate of Max Amber,
deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 23rd, 1918.

JAMES M. THOMAS,
Attorney for Administrator,

1202-4 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

3-23-5

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF CITY TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY OF San Francisco in the State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1917, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of California, pursuant to law.

Assets	
Mortgage and collateral loans	\$164,550.00
Bonds and stocks	7,050.00
Cash in company's office and banks	7,863.52
Premiums in course of collection	1,036.50
Bills receivable	2,277.00
Other ledger assets	130,494.29
Ledger assets	\$313,271.31
NON-LEDGER ASSETS:	
Total gross assets	\$313,271.31
Deduct assets not admitted	11,550.91
Total admitted assets	\$301,720.40
Liabilities	
All other liabilities	\$ 13,321.24
Total liabilities (except capital and surplus)	13,321.24
Capital	250,000.00
Surplus	38,399.16
Total liabilities, capital and surplus	\$301,720.40

H. W. DIMOND, President
J. H. HUMPHREY, Secretary.

3-9-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ABRAHAM HENRY KRAMER, also called ABRAHAM H. KRAMER, deceased.—No. 23957; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of ABRAHAM HENRY KRAMER, also called ABRAHAM H. KRAMER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said decedent, to file their said claims with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix with the will annexed at the office of her attorney, John J. O'Toole, Rooms 654 and 655 Mills Building in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said ABRAHAM HENRY KRAMER, also called ABRAHAM H. KRAMER, deceased.

ANNA KRAMER,

Administratrix with the will annexed of Abraham Henry Kramer, also called Abraham H. Kramer, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 2, 1918.

JOHN J. O'TOOLE,

Attorney for Administratrix with will annexed,
654-655 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

3-2-5

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL USING FICTITIOUS NAME

EDGAR JAMISON STEEL, CO.—No. 3586.

The undersigned, Edgar E. Jamison, residing in the City of Berkeley, County of Alameda, State of California, hereby gives notice and certifies that he is individually transacting business under the fictitious name and style of EDGAR JAMISON STEEL CO. That the principal place of business of said Edgar Jamison Steel Co. is situated at numbers 77-79 Natoma Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that his name in full is Edgar E. Jamison; that he is the sole owner of said business and that there is no other person or persons having any interest whatsoever therein.

Dated, February 15th, 1918.

EDGAR E. JAMISON.

State of California,

City and County of San Francisco.—ss

On the 15th day of February, in the year One Thousand and Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen, before me A. K. DAGGETT, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Edgar E. Jamison, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal)

A. K. DAGGETT,

Notary Public in and for the City and County of

San Francisco.

20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Endorsed: Filed Feb. 16, 1918.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 87158; Dept. No. 10.

ADELINE ISABELLE O'HEARN, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCES O'HEARN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: FRANCES O'HEARN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22nd day of January, A. D. 1918.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DAHLIN & JACKSON,

Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-16-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 86,476; Dept. No. 15.

FRANCESCA W. HATCH, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES ALFRED HATCH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CHARLES ALFRED HATCH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff and Defendant's wilful neglect of Plaintiff, also or general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of December, A. D. 1917.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

WM. M. SIMS,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

612-614 Crocker Bldg.,

San Francisco, Cal.

3-23-10

NOTICE OF REFEREE'S SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SUSAN M. HASSON, et. al., Plaintiffs, vs. DANIEL J. MURPHY, et. al., Defendants.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, C. G. MURRAY, a sole referee appointed by the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, on the 15th day of December, 1917, by an Interlocutory Decree of Partition made and entered in the above entitled action, that said referee will sell at private sale, for gold coin of the United States, to the highest bidder, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned, and subject to the confirmation of said Superior Court, on or after the 10th day of April, 1918, all the right, title, interest and estate of the plaintiffs and defendants in the above entitled action, in and to all the following described real property, the same being located in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Northwesterly line of Howard Street, distant thereon eighty (80) feet North-easterly from the corner formed by the intersection of said line of Howard Street with the Northeastly line of Third Street, thence running Northeastly along said line of Howard Street twenty (20) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly fifty-five (55) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly twenty (20) feet, and thence at right angles Southeasterly fifty-five (55) feet, to the point of commencement. Being a portion of One Hundred Vara Lot number Thirty-three (33).

TERMS OF SALE: Ten Per Cent. (10%) of the purchase price to be paid at the time of sale, balance on confirmation of sale, in cash. Bids or offers may be made at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale. Deed at expense of purchaser. All bids must be in writing and may be either left at the office of the undersigned, room 940 Merchants Exchange Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or delivered to the undersigned personally, or filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

Dated, San Francisco, California, March 18th, 1918.

C. G. MURRAY,

Sole referee in the above entitled action, Room
940 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, California.

F. A. BERLIN,

Attorney for Plaintiffs,
410 Central Bank Bldg.,
Oakland, California.

3-23-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MELODIE HOHWIESNER, deceased.—No. 23931; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of MELODIE HOHWIESNER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Chas. A. Gray, 493 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MELODIE HOHWIESNER, deceased.

FREDERICK HOHWIESNER,

Executor of the estate of Melodie Hohwiesner,
deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 9, 1918.

CHAS. A. GRAY,

Attorney for Executor,
493 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

3-9-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 87565.

CARRIE MARCUS, Plaintiff, vs. BERT ROLAND MARCUS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: BERT ROLAND MARCUS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of February, A. D. 1918.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALEXANDER McCULLOCH,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

Hibernia Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-23-10

MURAD

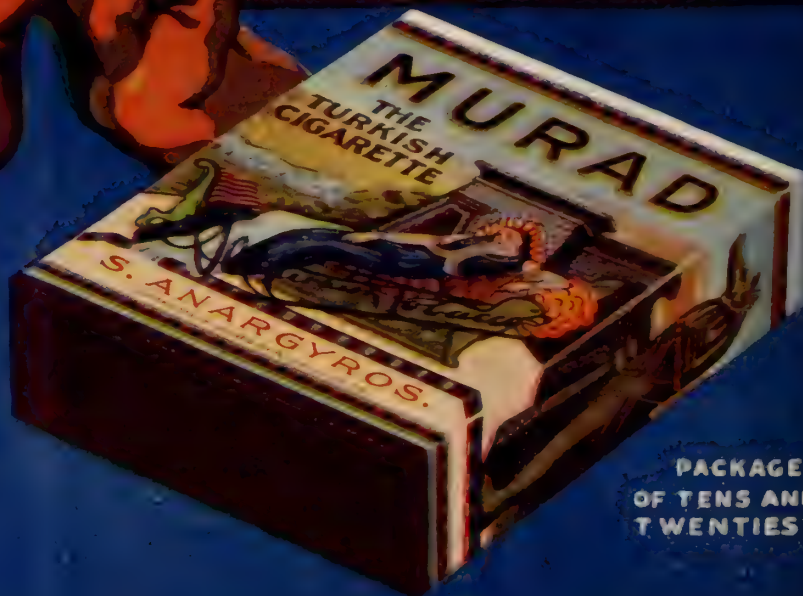
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THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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The Story in France

Briefly the story, as a whole, of the German grand offensive was one of a superior concentration made possible by the elimination of the Eastern front. With Russia exhausted and democratized Germany and her dependents had for the first time an active superiority over Western civilization, that is, France, Great Britain and Italy. The elimination of Russia gave the enemy a superiority in men and material and at the same time the war ceased to be a siege and became a duel. While the Eastern front stood the enemy was strategically under a state of siege, being confined in his fighting to a particular area, pounded on every side, but with the dissolution of what was once the Russian state the Central Empires were ready to be massed at the earliest opportunity against the West. Thus came the psychological moment for the great offensive, and the Kaiser hurried along the business in hand intent on availing himself of his advantage before the United States could become a dangerous factor on the battlefield. Unfortunately we were not able to muster in France at the call to arms the million farmers whom William J. Bryan thought we could safely rely upon in any emergency. To be sure Uncle Sam has been of great service to his allies since he made up his mind to enter the war, but is it not too bad that he was unable to place more military units in the field to share in the glory of the great adventure? But in war if democracy is slow it is not, let us hope, as autocracy has often said, so many-headed and many-stomached as not to possess the nerve and self-abnegation to carry through a long struggle to a successful finish.

How Germany Confessed Her Soul

It would be bad enough for a nation to

lose its own soul, but to confess its own soul in the case of a nation like Germany:—that would certainly be infinitely worse; as we have no confessional box for nations it would entail irreparable disaster. Yet this is what Germany has done, putting herself beyond the pale and making herself inaccessible to absolution. It was not a public confession that Germany made, but it was tantamount to that as it was made under her own signature in the correspondence of her diplomats. This correspondence is an everlasting record of infamy. It can never be gainsaid. It convicts Germany of a Punic faith more abhorrent than that which the old Romans experienced. Not the least of the most striking pieces of indisputable testimony against Germany is that to be found in the letters of Prince Lichnowsky, German Ambassador in London when the war broke out. Here is told the story of the eagerness of the German Government to seize upon the assassination of the Austrian Archduke to bring on a war. No wonder that the Prince was snubbed by the Kaiser on his return to Germany and deprived of his official position. Something more striking is the official despatch sent by the German Chancellor to the German Ambassador in Paris on July 31, 1914, which was omitted from the German White Book. We know it is true because the German Chancellor in his retirement is now trying to explain it. This is the despatch asking France to remain neutral and as pledges of her neutrality to surrender her fortresses of Toul and Verdun. Germany forgot to mention this little trap that she set until the evidence was found by the secret service men of France. She preferred to blame Russia for starting the war though the invasion of Belgium and Luxembourg was already under way when France was asked to pledge her neutrality. This is the most damaging of all the secret service documents of German diplomacy. It was thus that Germany surreptitiously confessed her soul.

The Infamy of Germany

In the light of Germany's confession how unfortunate that so many Germans in this country failed to see fit to disown her and vindicate their appreciation of their American citizenship! It is too bad they did not "stand from under" right after the treaty with Belgium was converted into a scrap of paper. But of course something is to be said in mitigation of their folly. How were they to know that their Gov-

ernment was to go the limit in Hunnishness and involve nearly all in the great catastrophe? They had reason to be proud of that Government that had raised them from third rateness and ineffectiveness to the first rank among the successful peoples of the world. They were proud of that Government, and they had unlimited confidence in its capacity to bestow even greater prestige on the sons of the Fatherland. But how dull of them to be insensible of the unnecessary risks their Government was running in making a record of extraordinary infamy. This record is bound to haunt Teutons generally for many years. Nay it may be cited for all time by authorities wishing to argue that the German is of a breed apart—that he is the same today as he was in the days of the Caesars, or rather that he is the logical offspring of the ancient German made more dishonorable and brutal by his Kultur. All things considered, not even the glory of a blood and iron triumph could ever compensate Germany.

The Rominger Bill

Not much is said nowadays of the Rominger bill. Apparently it is assumed that nothing need be said, since the mood of the times is receptive. Because strict sobriety in time of war has proved beneficial some folk fancy that the principle of prohibition is paramount, the principle of personal liberty of no consequence whatever. We are so busy with the war that we have no time to ponder what may be regarded as minor issues though as a matter of fact the principle of personal liberty is a very big issue, one that dwarfs the question of drink, as may be perceived if we consider that the question of drink is agitated by no large group of men anywhere but in this country while the issue of personal liberty is almost the whole issue of the war itself.

Compromising With the Demon

What enthusiasm there is behind the Rominger bill today is due chiefly to the apparent effect of prohibition on our new army. Few persons stop to consider that sobriety has been making progress many years not because of, but in despite, prohibition, which is only an industry whereby fanatics and professional advocates of the dry life increase their income. Now the insincerity of the leaders of this element is made obvious by this Rominger bill. Through the years they have been telling us what a terrible thing was al-

cohol in any form. They were tolerant of it only in drugs which were manufactured as insidious lures. There is more alcohol in Swamp Root and Peruna and kindred drugs than in many intoxicating liquors, but to these the rampagous prophets of reform have no objection. Thus arose the well-founded suspicion that they were representatives of the drug interests. Presently we found these same prophets backing a compromise measure called the Rominger bill and professing themselves reconciled to the manufacture of beer and light wines. Alcohol, then, is not the deadly poison we have been told about. In beer and light wines it is an honest liquid; at least in California—if we adopt the Rominger bill. And we are told it is better to get the Rominger bill than to get something more drastic. In our judgment it doesn't matter much what we get, since the professional advocates of the bill will continue their drive until the people are made thoroughly sick of the whole gang of hypocritical Puritans. Never will they be satisfied unless they succeed finally in abolishing laughter and making all forms of hilarity and relaxation a crime. Prohibition in their philosophy means something more than partial abstinence from stimulants of any kind. They are now hopeful of driving the cafes out of business, and they will soon raise a little money to campaign for that purpose. Only the other day they were protesting against permitting our soldiers in France to enjoy a pipe. People are more and more realizing that the Puritans of the prohibition industry include many forms of "purity" and "saintliness" in their propaganda for Swamp Root and those other vile alcoholic drugs against which, by the way, no pious preacher ever inveighs.

★ ★ ★

The Future of Albania

One of the side issues of the war is the question of the future of Albania. This reminds us of the aspirations of Greece and the claims she might have been expected to make in the general settlement

after the war if she had behaved herself. Nobody cares anything about the aspirations of Greece at this time. At the Balkan conference at Paris the Greeks were obliged to concede the rights of Italy in the Adriatic and Albania. This would seem to settle a long standing controversy between Italy and Greece and end a dispute that has long been the cause of unsettled conditions in the western Balkan region. A most desirable result may be the settlement of the Albanian question. No country of Europe has been more sadly neglected, none has presented a more curious and interesting social problem. The Albanians are representative of the oldest race in the Balkan region; they are one of the oldest Aryan peoples in Europe. They occupy one of the most beautiful lands of the continent. They were on the ancient land route from Rome to Athens and Constantinople, they were only a day's boat ride from Venice in the height of its glory, and they are scarcely more than two days' journey from London and Paris. While western Europe has progressed, they have remained practically as they were in mediæval times. Europe has placed the blame upon herself, upon her own neglect and quarrels. She made a faint effort just before the war to remedy conditions by attempting to organize the Albanians into a separate state and placing over them as a ruler a young German prince, William of Wied. He tried to govern these freedom loving mountain people by Prussian methods. He failed, and the world today through its enlightenment on Prussianism can readily understand the reason. But though the big problem seemed to be approaching solution at the Paris conference things have happened since that may result in new views. Of late Italy has weakened confidence in herself, and the problems that seemed easy of solution a few months ago are as embarrassing as ever.

★ ★ ★

Denial Made in Germany

German statesmen are indignant that they should be charged with acquiescence

in polygamy. They are also astonished that so intelligent a man as Robert Cecil should accept a "ridiculous and disgusting" story about Germany. Herr von Kuehlmann, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, says England is to be pitied since she is led by men "shockingly ignorant about their adversaries' mentality and habits." This may be a sound observation. But why speak only of Englishmen? The whole world was once ignorant of German capacity for bestiality and bestialness. Are the Germans too good to practice polygamy in order that they might assure the Government of sufficient man power for future war? Reading von Bernhardt one cannot imagine any practice that would be intolerable in Germany to the extent of preventing the Government from getting a place in the sun. Surely von Bernhardt justifies, nay, advocates much that is worse than polygamy. And in view of the things done in this war, things about which there is no question, who is so absurd as to regard any German war measure as incredible? Were it not for the world's ignorance of the Prussian character that has permeated Germany the war would have been over long ago, for much that has been done would have been anticipated; and great losses would have been averted because ordinary human beings would have known what to expect from brutes running amuck. The United States, for example, would have been spared the loss of the little children drowned on the Lusitania, and more of our munition plants would be running full blast. We have heard it unofficially denied that it was the custom of German soldiers to castrate Canadians, but we see no reason to discredit mere rumor regarding that practice. We know Germans murdered a nurse, and we have learned from an official source of worse atrocities in Belgium, and the Germans themselves have pronounced frightfulness one of the legitimate weapons of warfare. Then what fools we should be to doubt anything that merely imputes wrongdoing to the sons of Kultur?

A Peasant Love Song

By Hugh A. MacCartan

I met my love on the mountain
In the sweet of the dawn;
She walked with the grace of the willow,
The pride of the swan.

I spread out my heart's devotion
As a sward for her feet,
But she passed on her way unheeding,
Another to meet.

There is no place in the gloaming,
No joy in the morn
Since the Dark Rose of the valley
Left me forlorn.

I will go to the crowded city
Far from this glen,
And in places where men grow kindly
Drinking with men.

Maybe I will forget her
And this thorn in my side,
And maybe she'll cry in the darkness
For the love she denied.

For the ways of a woman are changeful
As the ways of the wind
Oh, God who art in Heaven
Bid her be kind!

Varied Types

372—WILLIAM H. CRANE

By Edward F. O'Day

A few years ago a man stepped up to William H. Crane in a Pullman smoking car.

"You don't remember me," he said; "I'm Henry Flagler of Standard Oil."

"Yes, I remember you," answered the great comedian. "I met you in '63 when I was on my way from Boston to Utica to go on the stage. You gave me a lecture on the importance of saving money. It was a good lecture, but of no help to me at that time. That's why I remember it. You see, I wasn't going to get any salary during that first engagement."

It is not quite correct to say that the celebrated associate of Stuart Robson made his first stage appearance at Utica. It is true he joined the Holman Opera Company of juvenile singers and actors at Cato's city, but he played with them once before near Boston in a State institution. Crane's very first histrionic bow was made on the stage of the Massachusetts State Lunatic Asylum where the Holmans gave a complimentary performance.

"Which reminds me," says Crane, "that when the Hooley Company was playing in Stockton, we gave a performance at the asylum there. I had a comic medley that was always good for considerable laughter. At the Stockton asylum there were a number of elderly women patients in the first row. My comic medley caused them to weep bitterly."

William H. Crane's father was against his going on the stage.

"But I was a mother's boy," he says, "and my mother persuaded my father to let me try it for a year. So I went to Utica for a year's apprenticeship without salary. I made my first appearance there on July 13, 1863, at the age of eighteen, so now you know how old I am. I was a big overgrown boy with no knowledge of music but a good ear for tone—I needed that years later when it came to imitating Robson's voice for 'The Comedy of Errors'—and a big buffo bass voice."

"My first part was the Notary in 'The Child of the Regiment.' I had one speech only—the usual notarial speech for an old-fashioned marriage scene. I studied it for thirty-six hours. Wait a minute—"

And Crane flicked the ash off his eternal cigar and repeated the speech without a stumble.

"It was fifty-five years ago that I learned that speech, and I needn't tell you I haven't played the part lately. If I've left out an 'if,' 'and' or 'but' I'll buy you a suit of clothes."

"Funny thing about memory," said Crane who likes to talk in parentheses and doesn't always close them. "The earlier in life you learn a thing the longer you seem to remember it. You may remember that I played 'She Stoops to Conquer' at the Greek Theatre just after the fire. I hadn't played Hardcastle since Robson and I did the Goldsmith comedy twenty years before. Yet the first time I picked up the book I handed it to my wife who gave me the cues, and I went through the part from beginning to end."

"But to return to that first night in Utica. My notary gown was too big for me and my notary wig too large. I was scared to death that I'd forget my lines, so I carried the book concealed in the legal papers that belonged to

the part. I got half way across the stage in safety. Then I stepped on my gown and stumbled. In recovering my balance I jolted the wig over my eyes and dropped the book on the stage. I staggered through my lines and walked off, tripping again as I went. And from the audience there came a long low 'Oooh!' When I was safely in the wings I shook my fist at that audience—for I was mad—and said: 'I'll make you laugh on the other side of your face one of these days.' And I did, too."

Crane spent eleven years in comic opera—seven with the Holmans, four with the Alice Oates Comic Opera Company. Then, after a year with the Hooley Company, he came to San Francisco in May, 1875, to join the magnificent company which opened the Baldwin Theatre. He stayed here exactly one year. After that he played through the East with Lotta Crabtree and others; then he met Stuart Robson.

"Henry E. Abbey engaged me to play the part of Gillipod in 'Our Boarding House' at his theatre in New York. Abbey and his associates Henry French and A. M. Palmer were on the verge of bankruptcy and hoped that 'Our Boarding House' would save them. It was by Leonard Grover and had been a success in San Francisco where it was first produced. Unknown to Abbey, French and Palmer had engaged Robson to play Gillipod. Robson had been touring in Bret Harte's 'Two Men of Sandy Bar' and had had a ruinous failure. There was a good deal of trouble as to which of us should play the principal part, but when I discovered that Robson had heard nothing about Abbey engaging me for Gillipod, Robson and I shook hands, he took Gillipod and I took the part of Colonel M. T. Elevator. The play was a tremendous success, running for twelve weeks to big business and saving Abbey from bankruptcy. After this engagement Robson and I offered Leonard Grover \$20,000 for the play, but he refused."

"Then John McCullough proposed that 'Rob' and I go to San Francisco for an engagement of four weeks, promising us that the trip wouldn't cost us a cent and that we'd get a liberal share of the receipts. We did a big business at the California Theatre, had all our expenses paid and returned to New York with \$2800 apiece net profit. That was the beginning of Robson and Crane."

"How did you get the idea of playing the two Dromios?" I asked.

"That's a funny story," answered Crane, "and it has never been told. 'Rob' and I were in New York. I was at the Union Square Hotel, and 'Rob' was at the St. James. One morning I was on my way to the St. James to see him when I met Hart Jackson, a saturnine iron-gray sort of man who adapted 'The Two Orphans' for the American stage."

"'Crane,' he said, 'if I had sufficient money, do you know what I'd do?'"

"'Jackson, I hate to think what you'd do.'"

"'Well, I don't blame you for that. But this is what I'd do. I'd star you and Robson as the two Dromios in The Comedy of Errors.'"

"'Are you crazy, Jackson? Robson and I are no more alike than you and I are.'"

"'You're enough alike to play the two

Dromios just the same. It would be a sensation.'"

"'I repeat, Jackson, you're crazy.'"

"Just the same the thing stuck in my craw. I could think of nothing else for twenty-four hours. I couldn't sleep for thinking of it. So I proposed it to Robson."

"'Are you serious?' he said."

"'Certainly,' I answered."

"'Neighbor,' he said, 'you're an ass.'"

"I thought that settled it, though I was deeply disappointed. But two weeks later Robson came to me in great excitement."

"'Neighbor,' he said, 'I have a great idea. But you mustn't tell anybody about it just yet.'"

"'What's the great idea?' I asked."

"'You and I,' he said, 'will play the two Dromios in The Comedy of Errors.'"

"'Are you serious?' I asked."

"'Certainly.'"

"'Why, I made that suggestion to you two weeks ago.'"

"'You're a liar,' said Robson."

"So we went ahead with our preparations. The first production was made at the California Theatre in '80 or '81 under John McCullough's management. We found the old costumes which J. C. Williamson and John T. Raymond had used at the California years before. Barton Hill and Fred Bock played the two Antipholi. Frank Mayo was in a box the first night, and after the performance he came back. I never saw a man so crazy with enthusiasm."

"'They'll never let you play anything else as long as you live,' he said."

"And we did play it off and on for years. Our New York production was the most elaborate ever made of The Comedy of Errors in the history of the stage."

"How long were you and Robson together?" I asked.

"For twelve years," said Crane. "And during all that time we never had a professional jealousy or a business dispute. One reason we got along so well was that we were so dissimilar. Robson used to say: 'Crane always looks as though he was on his way to the races, while I look as though as I was on my way to a Methodist Conference.'"

"What is your favorite part?" I asked.

"I think I like best of all the part of Lemuel Wentworth in 'Father and the Boys' which George Ade wrote for me. I have a revised version in my trunk right now."

"You get out to San Francisco with considerable regularity nowadays," I remarked.

"I won't come out again," said Crane.

"You won't?" I said.

"No, because I'm going to stay here and settle down."

"And leave the stage?"

"I'm getting too old to be making long tours, but nothing would suit me better than to play up and down the coast from Portland to San Diego."

There's a prospect for Pacific Coast theatre-goers! And there's a tip for some enterprising manager who wants to capitalize the invincible popularity of one of the greatest comedians on the English-speaking stage.

Perspective Impressions

Hindenburg was April-fooled.

If you're not in uniform, save wheat.

General Murray is to stay. Three cheers!

What ever became of the white slavery fad?

It's mighty seldom that a woman in a street car shows a silk-stockinged leg unconsciously.

None but La Follette and Victor Berger thought that Wisconsin was in the grip of disloyalty.

Eddie Grant's nose having healed from its Vallejo mishap, he is now poking it into San Francisco.

To whom does a candidate owe his election, to the politicians who claim for him or to the people who vote for him?

German soldiers were very confident at the outbreak of the war. Confidence is now on the other side.

Now comes the sex indicator. Aren't we able to solve the sex problem for all practical purposes soon enough?

The release of Mrs. Mooney reminds us that the Preparedness Day parade occurred as long ago as July, 1916.

There's nothing so easy to save as time—on the clock.

It's well to have plenty of meat to eat, but when the doctor excludes meat and prescribes chiefly cereals for his patient wheatless days give him some concern.

Some people can't be temperate, even when they economize.

"It appears the Germans are extremely proud of the bombardment of Paris," says a despatch from Geneva. Particularly, no doubt, of the Good Friday bombardment.

A plan has been worked out to prevent labor strife for the period of the war. May it work as well as the San Francisco plan during the Exposition.

The Los Angeles saloons are closed, and the town is more chemically pure than ever.

Senator Reed of Missouri is our idea of a minus quantity.

They're calling Franz Bopp an angel, but only in the theatrical sense.

Figure out right away how many bonds you can afford to buy and don't waste the Liberty Loan collector's time.

Before the Drive

What the Teutons Were Thinking and Saying

By ROBERT McTAVISH

It is interesting at this time to look into the public mind of the Central Empires as it was reflected in the press some weeks before the Kaiser started his big drive. One sees there much eagerness for peace and also much anxiety on the part of the rulers. It seems that the struggle between the militarists and the people was nearing the crisis. Doubtless the Kaiser and his War Lords felt that they had to do something desperate. In the so-called Patriotic Party there was clearly much dread of popular discontent which had been growing in Austria. The masses were giving unmistakable signs of their dislike of the military Patriots. In Berlin, in Frankfurt, in Mannheim, in Jena, meetings of the Patriotic Party were broken up in disorder. "Ladies and gentlemen, the German Patriotic Party" so the chairman began at Frankfurt, but he got no further. The audience, which numbered over three thousand, shouted "Down with the Patriotic Party: We want peace." That meeting was not held, and on the following day the G. O. C. in Frankfurt issued a notice in the tone of a schoolmaster chiding naughty pupils. Trusting in the political maturity of the populace, the authorities had allowed public meetings to be held even during the war. Never before had that privilege been abused. The proceedings on the previous day must have been exceptional. "But if I am mistaken, I shall be forced in the interests of public order to remove all possibility of a repetition of yesterday's scenes by prohibiting all public meetings."

It became clearer every day that the military Patriots had the support of people in high places. The Imperial Chancellor had informed the German public through the press that he was so overwhelmed with work that he had no time to receive deputations of bodies which favor and demand a peace by understanding. Yet he found time to confer with the head of the Patriotic Party not once but twice, and the party was able to assure its members that in the event of a peace with Russia the interests of Germany would be safeguarded.

The King of Saxony, replying to a telegram of the Patriots in Plauen, stated that he was convinced the majority of the German people desired a peace that would bring them security, that he was certain the Kaiser, "supported by the unbroken strength of our armies," would give his consent only to such a peace.

The Crown Prince assured a Patriotic Workingmen's Society that they need have no anxiety lest the peace that would come should deprive them of their livelihood and force them to emigrate. The peace would provide happy conditions for the German laboring classes and would allow of their developing their powers on German soil. The King of Bavaria was of the same opinion. "We have fought like lions and have been everywhere victorious. . . . We must go on fighting until our enemies come and beg for peace Not a foot of German soil shall be given up and everywhere we shall improve our frontiers."

King Ludwig of Bavaria uttered the new cry of the militarists. "Frontier securities" is the watchword, and the German people are beginning to realize that it is but a euphemism for forcible annexations. Even the Frankfurter Zeitung is alarmed. It writes:

"A Government which can only exist by the permission of the high military authorities and can be removed when their views take another direction, is only a caricature and a mockery in the eyes of its own people and of foreigners. The dangers which threaten us are innumerable. To reverse the policy of peace by agreement, in which our Allies are in accord, would endanger the wonderful unity of the Central Powers which has been displayed against the foe. One is horrified to think that at the moment when we appear to be nearing a victorious end, the ship may again be thrown amongst the breakers, and we may be exposed to perils for which a few coal mines or a few square miles of foreign territory would be hopelessly inadequate compensation."

In view of the statement of the Frankfurt journal it is of interest to observe the trend of feeling in Vienna and Budapest. The press in the Austrian capital is restive, fearing that

if Kühlmann were to be flung from office, he would be succeeded by an even fiercer reactionary. The Fremdenblatt, which is the semi-official organ of the Vienna Foreign Office, wrote bluntly that Kühlmann had "the full and unrestricted confidence of the Austro-Hungarian Government and people." The German papers were furious. The comment of Count Reventlow's journal may be regarded as typical: "The German nation has only one answer for the men behind the Fremdenblatt—namely, 'Hands off'—no matter to whom the hands belong."

And what of the people in Austria-Hungary? In Vienna the working classes were calling aloud for peace by understanding. In Budapest the United Suffragist Societies organized a peace meeting, but the police forbade it on the ground that "the Brest-Litovsk proceedings might be adversely affected in consequence." But the meeting was held after all under another name. The principal speaker made it quite plain that peace was uppermost in their minds. "If we had something to say at the peace deliberations . . . we should not allow certain people to talk about frontier rectifications. . . . No strategic precautions can secure permanent peace. For permanent peace there is only one security—the reconciliation of peoples."

The Patriots rage on, and a quasi-scientific journal like the Year Book for the Theory and Practice of Transport prints an article plead-

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Home Rule and Sinn Fein

(Speech delivered at a banquet in honor of T. P. O'Connor, at the Fairmont Hotel April 1, 1918, attended by two hundred and fifty San Franciscans of Irish birth or Irish descent.)

By Garret W. McEnerney

Parnell, Davitt, John E. Redmond, T. P. O'Connor and John Dillon have been the conspicuous leaders in Irish affairs in the last forty years. Of these five leaders, but two survive, and one of them is the distinguished guest of this evening.

Mr. O'Connor is in this country representing the Nationalist party, with the object of laying the condition of Irish affairs before the American public. As we know, the Parliamentary representation of Ireland is, say, 103 seats. Of these the Tories hold 18 seats—Ulster electing 16 members and Trinity College, Dublin, electing 2 members. The group headed by Mr. William O'Brien accounts for 9 seats. Four seats are difficult of classification, and the remaining 72 seats are divided: 68 seats held by the Nationalist party and 4 seats held by the Sinn Fein party.

Mr. O'Connor arrived in America in June last with one of his colleagues of the Nationalist party, and came at the publicly announced request of Mr. Redmond, then leader, whose desire in the matter was supplemented by the request of Mr. Dillon, who succeeded to the leadership of the Nationalist party upon the occasion of Mr. Redmond's recent death.

Mr. O'Connor is here, therefore, not representing any matter personal to himself but representing the Nationalist party, which has been the voice of Ireland for a time running back to and before Parnell.

It is hardly necessary, though of interest, to recall that Mr. O'Connor's parliamentary career has extended over a period of thirty-eight years; that he was elected first in 1880 for the constituency of Galway, and held that seat until 1885, when he was elected for both Galway and the Scotland Division of Liverpool. He then exercised his choice between these two constituencies by becoming the representative of Liverpool, and from that time to this—thirty-three years—Mr. O'Connor has been a member of Parliament representing that constituency, against a contest at every parliamentary election held in that third of a century. He holds the unique distinction of being the only member of the Nationalist party representing any constituency in England, Scotland or Wales; and I may add that his constituency contains more men of Irish origin than many of the constituencies in Ireland itself.

It is matter of interest that for the first thirty-four years of Mr. O'Connor's parliamentary career no salary was attached to the office, and that for the last four years the salary has been £500, or \$2500, per annum; and furthermore of interest that his constituency is known as the Scotland Division, Liverpool, for the reason that it is intersected or bounded by one of the great streets of Liverpool known as Scotland Road.

So much for Mr. O'Connor's parliamentary career.

For thirty-six years and without a contest, Mr. O'Connor has been the president of the United Irish League of Great Britain, having upwards of three hundred branches and an enrolled membership of more than two and a half million men of Irish birth or Irish origin.

This intimate connection with Irish affairs for so long a time should have insured Mr. O'Connor welcome and hospitality from men

of Irish origin everywhere, in total disregard of difference of opinion or wide separation in respect of economic, industrial and political questions which affect the future of Ireland.

In ordinary times and in ordinary circumstances it would have been a great pleasure to me to participate in a testimonial to Mr. O'Connor, in recognition of the great distinction which he has achieved in journalism in a career spread over fifty years, and in recognition of his loyal and disinterested service in support of justice for Ireland at the hands of the English Government, exemplified by a public career both in and out of Parliament spread over a period of nearly forty years.

I say that in ordinary times and in ordinary circumstances the fulfilment of so obvious an obligation of both gratitude and hospitality would have afforded me immeasurable pleasure. But, in the present circumstances, I have not been controlled by considerations of pleasure; I have assumed the responsibility of this occasion simply out of a sense of duty to my country, and because I am firmly persuaded that the safety of this country is being affected by conditions as they are being unfolded in a disquieting way in this country.

Let it be noted at the outset, and never forgotten, that our fundamental concern is the safety of our country, and anything that puts this safety in peril or renders it a matter of doubt is anathema with us.

Let it be also clearly understood that any support, moral or financial, given in America to any movement in Ireland, the object of which or the effect of which is to embarrass the full efficiency of the British fighting forces is now treasonable to the people and to the government of this country; and that any attack made in America upon any movement in Ireland because it seeks to maintain the British fighting force at its fullest possible efficiency, is likewise now treasonable to the people and to the government of this country.

Let me put these ideas a little more concretely.

The Sinn Fein party is now a physical-force movement, planned to take advantage of the perplexities and embarrassment of the English Government, with a view to the establishment of a new order in Ireland.

A part of the programme of the Sinn Fein party is to impair the fighting strength of the British on the western line, and, if it had it in its power to do so, it would crumple that line, to the peril or destruction of all the Allies, including our own country.

The Sinn Feiners wish the British to lose the western line, while we wish the British forces to hold that line. Our strong desire in this respect may be attributed to at least three motives: To our conviction, antedating our own entry in the war, that Germany, the outlaw of Europe, must be put down to preserve a civilization which is a part of the warp and woof of our lives; secondly, that now we are in the war in alliance with England the high obligation of national fidelity to our ally makes it a matter of honor that we should so desire; and, lastly, that a part of that line is or may be now held and the whole line reinforced by American troops.

It is at this point in the road that every loyal

American must part company with every Sinn Feiner, for no man can levy war upon our Allies without levying war upon us.

I have not overstated the programme of the Sinn Fein party.

Mr. de Valera, its official leader, has stated his position to be:

"England is in occupation of my country. Until she removes her troops, England and Ireland are in a state of war. While we are in a state of war England's enemies must be Ireland's friends."

Mr. Arthur Griffith, the founder and one of the leaders of the party, when asked whether, as a Sinn Feiner, he was in sympathy with the German cause, replied:

"I am not pro-German. But Germany is the enemy of England, and England is my enemy. You may draw your own conclusions."

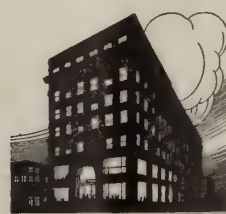
A conference of the Sinn Fein party opened at Dublin October 26th, with Mr. de Valera at its head. A provisional constitution, aiming at an Irish republic, was adopted; the convention drew up a secession programme; and the organization took steps to oppose exportation of food from Ireland to England.

In other words, the Sinn Feiners are not content to levy war upon England only in a military sense: They propose to destroy her by economic and industrial warfare.

It appeared clearly to the great Irish churchman Cardinal Logue that the Sinn Feiners were traveling the road of destruction, for he issued a pastoral in November, warning Ireland against an agitation for a republic; and the least that may be said about the programme of the Sinn Fein conference is that it is made up of objectives at the moment unattainable.

If it be said that the Sinn Fein leaders are idealists and poets and men of high character, possessed of an all-consuming love for Ireland, I make answer that they are levying war upon

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SAILS



(A poem read at the Bohemian Club luncheon in honor of John Masefield, the great English minstrel of the sea)

By George Sterling

In the growing haste of the world must this thing be:
The passing of sails forever from the sea?
Fewer always the sails go out to the West;
More and huger the steamers howl to the star—
 Trailing their smoke afar,
Staining the deep and the heavens' patient breast.
 Mighty are these we have tamed—
Giants electric, monsters of gas and of steam,
 Titans unknown tho named.
But oh! for a younger sea and the sails' glad gleam,
 And the clean horizon's call
And the Powers of the air man never shall tame at all!
 Was it not well with the world
 And well with the heart,
When ships went forth to lands untraced on a chart?—
 When the dauntless wings were furled
In wonderful havens, virgin then of a mast,
 At islands without a past,
Girt around with an alien ocean's foam,
 Over the world from home?

O mariners! Sea-lords on a stranger blue!
Kings of the planet's sapphire morning! You
 That had Mystery for loot!
Serfs of a sharp unrest that asked no curing
But that of golden and dragon-guarded fruit,
 Where, past the sky-line luring,
 The dim Hesperides
Echoed like purple shells the sired seas!
A vestige of your kingdom lies in light
Where a lone sail goes out against the night.
O path on which the fleets of the world were led—
Changing, changeless road of marvel and death,—
Of songless birds o'er meadows that none shall tread!
 Of empire gone in a breath
As the keels of the quick descend to the keels of the dead
 In havens lightless and blind!
In the hurry of things shall the sails depart from thee—
 They, kin to the clouds of the sea,
And driven even as clouds by the harborless wind?
 For I dream of the wonderful wings
 Of the old Phenician quest
Deeper and deeper into the mystical West;
 Of forgotten ocean-kings,
 When the galley wandered forth,
And the sail shone white on the cold horizon-line,
Like an iceberg's peak that lifted far in the North.
 For I dream of the purple brine
And the blazoned pomp of the saint on the galleon's van,
As, dark from the deep, the sails of Raleigh or Drake

On the gold of morning ran.
For I dream of battles entered for England's sake,
And Nelson's high war-frigates with canvas taut
Above the thunder of cannon, the world at stake,
And the world with death well-bought.

Splendid now on my dream
The snows of the clipper gleam,
Towers of marble, glorious, tall in the sun,—
Hurling south to the hurricanes of the Horn.
 O pinions, wrenched and torn
 By the north Atlantic's breath,
On homing whalers, three years' cruising done.
(Captain! captain! What of the seas of Death?)
O colored sails of the little fishing-boats,
From a thousand turquoise harbors venturing,
 Under the tropic day!
 Grey canvasses that bring
The shapely sealers to San Francisco Bay,
 Where the steel-walled cruiser floats.
 But I hear a naiad sing,
And softer now in my vision the vans of silk
Glimmer on eastern shallows, by dusk adrift
On waters of legend; and webs as white as milk
Are wafting a murdered queen to her island tomb,
 Where the cypress columns lift.
 And ghostly now on the gloom
The shrouded spars of the Flying Dutchman go
 To harbors that none shall know;
Foamless the ripples of her passing die
Across the dark, and then from the dark, a cry!

O light of the sea-solitude! O sails!
 Must you pass even so
To the realms of fantasy and the olden tales?
Ports of oblivion, hidden far from the sun,
At your anchorage shall every one be furled,
These wings of man's adventure around the world—
Like the old beauties dying, one by one?
Ever the clouds return; shall these come back
 On the wind's eternal track—
Braving again the deep's immortal wrath?
O wings of man's adventure in old years!
 Here at an ocean's brink
 Whence the great, increasing quest
 On the everlasting path
Draws yet the heart and the hand to the sea's frontiers
 And spaces scornful of rest,
Under the night's first star I watch you sink,
In the world's twilight fading, fading West.

The Spectator

President Wheeler and the Kaiser

The dismissal of two Hun professors from the faculty of the State university after an investigation by the regents of their attitude toward the United States reminds me that President Benjamin Ide Wheeler himself was at one time very pro-German. That was when the war broke out. By reason of his attitude during the intervening years there are some folk who are now urging that Mr. Wheeler himself, being in a very influential position, ought to be investigated on account of sentiments said to have been uttered at a recent date. In short there has been a great deal of talk on this subject in Berkeley and in club circles on this side of the bay and there has been much gossip of incidents in which Dr. Wheeler figured as a very warm friend of the Kaiser, and as a result several federal bureaus have been urged to make him the subject of official inquiry. This is a very unpleasant mess for Dr. Wheeler to be in, and it may be attributed in a measure to the Kaiser's idea of the Exchange Professorship which served him so well as a means of winning sympathy in academic circles when he went to war. Undoubtedly it won him the sympathy and warm friendship of Dr. Wheeler. Probably it was the reason why Dr. Wheeler became a contributor to that most vicious of all journals devoted to German propaganda, "The Fatherland." He appeared in it as early as November 18th, 1914, in an article entitled "Germany's Place in the Sun." Beneath the caption the editor printed the following: "Dr. Wheeler is one of the foremost educators of the day, and a scientist of international repute. He has a complete and comprehensive knowledge of conditions in Germany. His statement as it appears below is one of the most important contributions yet made by an American on the great conflict."

That Evening at Potsdam

Presumably Dr. Wheeler has changed his views since he wrote that article, especially since his son became a soldier, but it is still an interesting article to read. For instance: "But whoever it was and whatever it was (that started the war) and however the blame may be apportioned among various men and organizations of men this much must now be asserted beyond the shadow of a doubt: the war came about against the interests, against the desires and against the efforts of the German Kaiser." It was in this same article that Dr. Wheeler wrote of an evening that must have been one of ecstasy to him. Thus:

"A few days before the twenty-fifth anniversary of his (the Kaiser's) accession, early in June, 1913, I spent a memorable evening with him at Potsdam. After supper in the garden for two hours we walked up and down in the dark on the roadway behind the palace. He talked about many things, but most about

the experiences and fruits of the twenty-five years, and most about problems and apprehensions of the future. Of all the achievements of the reign he valued highest the maintenance of peace."

Presumably he made no reference to the rattling of the sabre at Algeiras or any of the other places where he sought a pretext.

His Pro-German Views

That speech makes amusing reading now in the light of what the Kaiser's former Ambassador to Great Britain has told us: that on his return from London he was told that in any case there would have been war in 1916 and that the Prussian militarists were bent on war which was essential to their interests. But of course Dr. Wheeler did not know. However, it is remarkable how firm and how long he remained in the conviction that the Kaiser was peaceful. And whatever may have been his general activities at Berkeley it is certain that his sympathies were pro-German right down to a very recent date. He may not have infected any of the student body with his views but what his views were many people knew in and around Berkeley. He was very much against war with Germany as one learns from what he said after we severed diplomatic relations. "We must not let ourselves be misled by false pride. . . . It seems terrible to go to war with a nation which does not want to go to war with us even if some of our ships do become victims of submarines. What is the loss of a few vessels compared with the sacrifice of men required by war? It is absolutely wrong to send our boys to be slaughtered just to avenge a few merchant ships that were operating for their own profit." Dr. Wheeler gave no thought whatever to the crews of those ships. He had forgotten all about the Lusitania. I regret that I have not a more complete record of Dr. Wheeler's sayings and doings but I am sure that in the event of an official inquiry much interesting

matter will be brought to light. It would certainly be interesting to learn the circumstances by which former Ambassador Girard had to speak at a high school rather than the Greek Theatre. In truth there are many interesting things that ought to be brought to light at this time, many very significant things that the regents of our great university ought to know.

The McEnerney Dinner

The dinner given by Mr. Garret McEnerney at the Fairmont Hotel Monday evening was a notable affair. It was also a fine and significant compliment to a great and distinguished Irishman of the old guard of Home Rule patriots. Mr. McEnerney's guests were invited to meet Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the veteran journalist and member of Parliament who has been fighting the controversial battles of Ireland for thirty-eight years. Two hundred odd Irishmen and descendants of Irish men and Irish women responded. They were the flower of the Irish race in San Francisco and they made it quite evident that the motif of the dinner thrilled them with enthusiasm. It was as though the occasion afforded them a golden opportunity which they seized with avidity. The reason of this may be obvious enough to all who are familiar with recent happenings in San Francisco. An effort has been made here by a small element of Irish agitators and busybody politicians to create the impression that Irishmen generally hereabout are in sympathy with the Sinn Fein, and though we are engaged in the war as an ally of England they have presumed in their hostility to England to represent the Irish people as disloyal to the country they are sworn to defend. Clearly they are traitors at heart to the country of their adoption. Naturally they have filled all loyal Americans with indignation, at the same time humiliating their sincere and distinguished countrymen who realize that the Sinn Fein movement is

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inimical to the best interests of Ireland as well as to the United States. These alien enemies, as they may be truthfully pronounced, have been especially active since Mr. T. P. O'Connor came to town to deliver to the Irish people of this country the message of his former leader John Redmond. They have subjected Mr. O'Connor to much vulgar abuse. It was certainly opportune therefore for some sympathizer of Home Rule to give the representative Irishmen of San Francisco an opportunity to give expression to their feelings. This was what Mr. Garret McEnerney did when he gave the dinner at the Fairmont Monday evening.

A Masterly Speech

Mr. McEnerney's introduction of the guest of honor was no perfunctory performance. It took the form of a reasoned narrative, powerful in its lucidity, of the events which have raised the perilous issue of Home Rule versus Sinn Fein. But first the host dwelt upon certain significant incidents in the life of T. P. O'Connor. He told how he was first elected an M. P. for Galway thirty-eight years ago, how a little later he was returned simultaneously by Galway and Liverpool, and how he chose to represent Liverpool, a difficult seat to keep, leaving the easier constituency of Galway to another Irishman. He told of the modest compensation T. P. O'Connor has received during part of his political career—he did not add, as he might have done with perfect truth, that Tay Pay is today a poor man. These and other things Mr. McEnerney told because the suppression of some of them and the distortion of others have been part of the lying campaign against the Irish visitor in San Francisco. Mr. McEnerney's exposition of Irish politics, his words for Home Rule and against Sinn Fein, may be read elsewhere in this issue of Town Talk. A delivery made forcible by sincerity and warmed to eloquence by copious applause drove home point after point of this speech. It was a battering-ram speech which demolished the defenses of Sinn Fein and exposed the Sinn Feiners in all their sinister disloyalty. It was orthodox doctrine for Americans and Irishmen alike.

Tay Pay's Address

In his opening remarks Mr. O'Connor sounded the personal note adroitly and effectively. Thirty-five years ago, he reminded his hearers, he had come to this city, and his coming had been unanimously approved by all San Franciscans of Irish blood. Thirty-five years ago, he said, he stood for exactly the same things he stands for today. Yet today he is welcomed only by a section of our Irish colony. He has not changed, but many of our Irishmen have. The nature of that change he proceeded to analyze, pointing out that in embracing the programme of Sinn Fein Irishmen, whether in Ireland or America, have embraced a system that is not only immoral but lacking in common sense. He pointed out that in throwing themselves into the arms of Germany the Sinn Feiners have taken sides against Alsace-Lorraine, against Armenia, against Belgium, Serbia and Montenegro—subjugated peoples with aspirations akin to those of Ireland. He pointed out that while every soldier the Allies can muster is helping to hold the western front against Hindenburg, the Sinn Feiners by threatening rebellion in Ireland are keeping there fifty thousand English and Irish troops sorely needed in France. He pointed out that the Sinn Feiners are pinning their hopes to a victorious Germany while almost the whole civilized world is determined that Germany shall not win. He did not mitigate British blunders in Ireland. He told how he had said in Parliament that unless England did justice to Ireland Germany, at the peace conference, might rightly and unanswerably accuse England of hypocrisy. But he expressed the belief that Ireland would get the full measure of Home Rule to which she is entitled, and that every man in Parliament believes so too, with the exception of a few Orangemen from Ulster. His speech made a deep impression. Mr. O'Connor has a way of speaking softly for a time and then suddenly letting out a sentence that stings like a whip. His biting reference to those "who use Ireland as a pawn in the game of American politics" registered with every hearer, for it was recognized as a palpable hit at many professional Irishmen who were conspicuous by their absence from the dinner.

Some Pleasantries

Archbishop Hanna was kept away from this important dinner by the marriage of Warren Spieker and Miss Edith Rucker at which he was the officiating clergyman, but he sent a letter expressing warm approval of the object of the gathering. So did Judge Jeremiah F. Sullivan who was likewise unable to attend. This letter contained a very flattering reference to the host of the occasion.

"Even without the splendid sentiments expressed in this letter," said Mr. McEnerney, turning to the guest of honor, "you could tell from the blarney that Judge Sullivan is a good Irishman."

A pleasant part of Tay Pay's address was his description of the exploit of Michael O'Leary and the London ceremonies attending his investiture with the Victoria Cross.

"I rode in the carriage with him to Whitehall," said Mr. O'Connor, "and observers said that judging from my air of consequence I must have thought I was going to get the V. C. instead of Michael O'Leary. You may be sure," he added, "that O'Leary is a good

Home Ruler or I shouldn't have been in that carriage."

Mr. O'Connor also said that he had come to America intending to remain three weeks, but that hostile Irishmen had kept him so busy here that his stay was already nine months long.

"As the result of my experience," he added, "I have an apophthegm to hand down to posterity: Cultivate your enemies; they keep you working."

The German Spy

So we are really going to impose the death penalty in cases of sedition and also on German spies who practice sabotage. Well, it

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is better late than never. We have certainly been lenient long enough. Our alien enemies in our midst have been permitted to go almost as far as they liked, or at least as far as was necessary to accomplish their many sinister purposes. And from evidence coming to light nearly every day one has reason to believe that there is a vast army of them. I heard a story the other day that came from police headquarters in New York from which it is clear that they occupy very confidential positions. Some blue prints were found in a carcass on board a Norwegian ship and secret service men traced the prints to an inventor in New York who was perfecting an aerial torpedo. This man had in his employ 150 men. He was amazed when he saw the prints, but he could hardly be made to believe that any of his employes were disloyal. Of his own loyalty there was not a shadow of doubt. Notwithstanding his faith in his own men the police proceeded to investigate with the result that they found that over 100 of the men were agents of the German Government. "We make the mistake," said my informant, who is familiar with spy conditions, "of confining our suspicions to suspicious characters. We should consider that it is the business of a spy to avoid suspicion. The man you least suspect may be the very man who directs the work of destroying munition plants."

The War and Finance

The monthly letter of the Anglo and London Paris National Bank is always worth reading. It never fails to direct attention to matters of interest to the man in the street as well as to well-informed financiers. For instance: "Profits in most lines of production are now large even after paying the heavy war taxes but so large a share of them is absorbed by war loans that there is a scarcity of funds for all other purposes. This has resulted in a decided stiffening in rates for money in all parts of the country. Speculation is reduced to a minimum. New investment is officially discouraged except when quite directly contributing to the prosecution of the war. Municipalities are ceasing to authorize new bond issues and finding it difficult to sell those already authorized. Wage earners are spending money freely but rapidly increasing prices are beginning to press hard on families of the smaller fixed incomes. That class is retrenching quite severely. The net result, however, is a rather active retail trade, and collections are good. Country banks continue to use borrowed money to an extent unusual at this season apparently owing partly to local requirements for producing crops and the larger sums required by merchants for financing a given volume of goods and partly because owing to the rigid policing of the profits of dealers producers are compelled to hold their products until consumptive demand calls for them. Crop prospects continue to improve and the fruit crops, especially, so far as can yet be estimated, give promise of great and perhaps embarrassing yields. Even under normal conditions we have fruit crops which it was difficult to harvest without loss for lack of sufficient labor. Nevertheless producers generally are confident and expect to be able to take care of whatever they may raise."

Empress Eugenie Heard From

The Empress Eugenie, widow of Napoleon III, lives quietly in England, an aged and feeble "monarch retired from business," as Dr. Doran would say. But she was heard from recently to very good effect. To offset the contention of Count Herling, the German Premier, that Alsace-Lorraine must remain part of the German Empire because these provinces are German lands, the Empress Eugenie recently transmitted to the French Government the original of a letter addressed to her from Versailles on October 26, 1870, by the grandfather of William II. This letter contains the following words:

After having made immense sacrifices for her defense, Germany wishes to be certain that the next war will find her better prepared to throw back the attack which she may expect as soon as France

year when Cyril Maude made his first appearance here in the famous "Grumpy" will never forget the thrill he gave them during his inimitable curtain speech when he told with a look of pride that he was a cousin of General Maude, the conqueror of Bagdad. Maude's victorious army had just crowned the successful Mesopotamian campaign by marching through the gates of the ancient capital of the caliphs. It was a triumph that seized our imagination almost as much as General Allenby's later conquest of Jerusalem, and to see before us a relative of the man who achieved it wrought powerfully upon our emotions. Well, Cyril Maude is here again, playing once more the greatest of his roles. And General Maude is dead, "the victim of his own courtesy," to quote Lloyd George. It was in the House of Commons that the Prime Minister of Great Britain



HARUKO ONUKI

Japanese prima donna next week at the Orpheum

has re-made her strength and acquired allies. It is this sorrowful motive alone, (cette triste consideration) and not the desire to aggrandize a country and territory which is big enough, which forces me to insist upon territorial cessions which have no other object but that of pushing farther back the starting point of the French armies which will come to attack us in future.

A Tribute to "Grumpy's" Cousin

Those who were present at the Columbia last

used the phrase. In his tribute to the great soldier he called him "the gentlest conqueror who had ever entered the gates of Bagdad." Also, he told for the first time the manner of the conqueror's death. "He showed," says the London Times, "how Sir Stanley Maude died a victim of the inbred courtesy of his fine character. He visited a plague-stricken area at the invitation of its inhabitants. They gave him

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a great welcome for the many kindnesses which he had displayed. They offered him a small act of hospitality, and though he knew the peril so well that he had forbidden any soldier in his escort to eat or drink while on that visit, he ran the risk himself rather than hurt the susceptibilities of the people. There was cholera in the cup, and he died in a few days."

Snowden Makes a Row

The day Lloyd George paid General Maude this tribute, the House of Commons voted his widow a grant of £25,000 "in recognition of the eminent services rendered by him while commanding the forces in Mesopotamia." In seconding the motion to this effect, Mr. McKenna expressed the hope that this last tribute to General Maude would be paid by a unanimous vote. But there was one protest. "Unhappily," says The Times, "Mr. Snowden intervened with a jarring note. He opposed the grant on the ground that it was a revival of the pernicious and discredited system of perpetual pensions. When members from all parts of the House warmly disputed his argument he took refuge in a calculation based on investment in War Loan. Mr. Chamberlain expressed the regret of the whole House at Mr. Snowden's speech, and declared that if it had been a house of soldiers they would have criticized the vote as being too small for the debt of gratitude which was owed to Sir Stanley Maude." It will be recalled, perhaps, that this Philip Snowden is the close personal friend of our old friend Dr. Aked. When Aked pontificated on any question

of local reform he was wont to quote as a clincher to his argument the words or writings of "my very dear friend Phil Snowden, one of the most brilliant men in Parliament." Snowden is as popular in Parliament as La Follette is in the United States Senate, and for much the same reason.

What Masefield Saw

"I should like to see Pacific street."

That was the first request John Masefield made of George Sterling when the American poet offered to show his English brother-in-law the sights of San Francisco. It was a very natural request, for Pacific or "Terrific" street is known to every deep-sea sailor in the world, and John Masefield ran away to sea when he was fifteen. Pacific is a changed street, Sterling explained to the distinguished visitor, but he took him there nevertheless and reconstructed by description the aspect of that narrow thoroughfare before reform hit it a knockout blow. Then Masefield wanted to see the waterfront and the Golden Gate, so the two poets traversed our docks from end to end and then hied them to the place where bay and ocean meet. Sterling also showed Masefield Golden Gate Park and Twin Peaks. Masefield is silent to reticence and radiates sadness, but an unwonted brightness shone in his tired eyes when Sterling concluded the sight-seeing excursion with a pilgrimage to the Stevenson Memorial in Portsmouth Square.

Our Poet Visitors

How many British poets have we entertained

in San Francisco? The question occurred to me in connection with Masefield's visit. Kipling was here while yet unknown to fame. Stevenson tarried some time in our midst, making two visits and writing imperishable literature here. Oscar Wilde came in the heyday of his esthetical notoriety. William Butler Yeats came in 1904, was tremendously lionized, and compared our sky to that of Greece. Rupert Brooke was here en route to the South Seas, but nobody in San Francisco knew he was a poet. At the University of California, however, there were men who had heard of his work,



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and he was entertained there. Precisely the same thing happened in the case of Alfred Noyes. Bliss Carman was here about twenty years ago, but Bliss though Canadian born has lived in our country for many years. What other British poets have been here?

Sterling's Forthcoming Book

George Sterling is busily engaged in putting the finishing touches to a dramatic poem called "Lilith" which A. M. Robertson will publish this fall. He describes this work as "an allegory of temptation." It is in four long acts of nineteen scenes. Needless to say, it is written for the closet not for the boards. It is not the Lilith who according to rabbinical lore was the first wife of Adam, that Sterling takes for his central character. His scene is laid in eastern France in medieval times, and his Lilith is the personification of seduction, the beautiful spirit of evil. Shelley has warned us of Lilith:

Beware of her fair hair, for she excels
All women in the magic of her locks;
And when she winds them round a young man's neck,
She will not ever set him free again.

But Sterling's Lilith is a more dangerous temptress. In the first act Sterling's hero is shown tempted by Lilith to betray his parents, and he falls. In the second he is tempted to betray his friend, and he falls. In the third he is tempted to betray his wife, and again he falls. In the fourth he is tempted to betray the integrity of his own soul, and here he resists and conquers. Sterling wrote the first act of "Lilith" fifteen years ago, and laid it aside. Some time ago he returned to the work and has now brought it close to completion. The first three acts are full of action, the fourth is philosophical. There is a good deal of preternatural machinery in the play. It is written in blank verse, and there are four or five lyrics interspersed. If I am not mistaken this work of Sterling's will make a literary sensation.

Setting Willis Right

A Hearst-Pathe camera man invaded the office of the only Willis Polk and asked for permission to photograph the glass-front building on Sutter street which Willis is just finishing for the University of California.

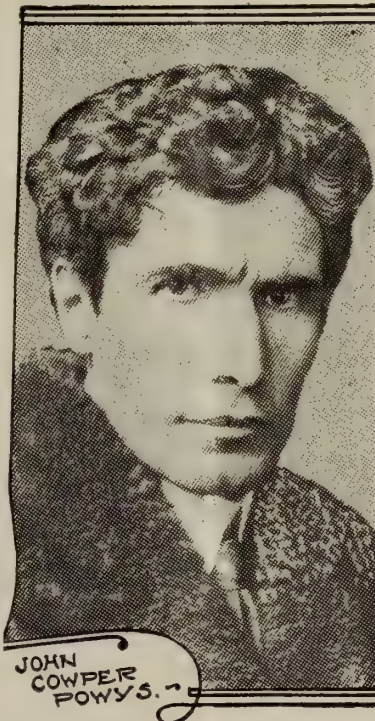
"How can you take a moving picture of a building which even an earthquake couldn't move?" demanded Polk.

"We don't want a moving picture," said the

operator. "That isn't the idea. You see, our company tries to be the first to get pictures of all sorts of freaks."

The Message of "Barney" Dougherty

"Barney" Dougherty is dead at the age of eighty-seven and a familiar figure of the mining stock exchange has disappeared. He died as he was entering the exchange Monday afternoon. It was not the place he would have chosen for his passing, but it was his battlefield for many, many years, so there was a certain appropriateness in his dying there. He was an eccentric character, like many others of the old speculators, most of whom preceded him. He had a favorite saying that was often on his tongue: "Borrowed money's not your



JOHN COWPER POWYS

The well known Englishman who will give a series of lectures under the direction of Paul Elder

own." Doubtless he learned the truth of that by bitter experience, and wanted to impress it upon others so that they might be warned. "Borrowed money's not your own" may be regarded as the message "Barney" Dougherty left behind him, and it is well worth pondering.

Balm for the Footsore

Another of Signaller Tom Skeyhill's stories: The blind Anzac poet says that one day his regiment had been marching for hot and weary hours over the Egyptian sands in the region of the pyramids. The commanding officer was an Australian who grazed the measuring rod at six feet seven inches. Owing to his gigantic proportions the favorite saying in the regiment was, "A little child shall lead them." On this particular day the commanding officer halted his worn-out men and announced that they might rest for half an hour.

"After that," he explained, "we'll do about ten miles more." He paused to let this unwelcome news sink in, then he added, "And a little child shall lead them—on horseback."

Misers we admire—Econo-misers.

Concerning Charlie: Is Charlie Chaplin really funny? I confess that whenever I see him a film comes before my eyes.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Spieker-Rucker Wedding

The event of the week in social circles was the wedding of Miss Edith Rucker and Warren Spieker. This marriage unites two well known families. The bride is the beautiful daughter of Mrs. J. T. Rucker, while the groom is the son of Mrs. J. Joseph Spieker and a brother of Mrs. John S. Drum (Miss Georgie Spieker). Miss Rucker's mother was a Bliss, a sister of Mrs. Jeremiah F. Sullivan and Mrs. George Hermann. In their belledom Mrs. Rucker, Mrs. Sullivan and Mrs. Hermann were known as "the Bliss beauties" on account of their remarkable blonde loveliness. Mrs. Hermann was frequently compared to Lilian Russell. So the bride inherits her unusual beauty. The ceremony was performed by Archbishop Hanna in the chapel at the Convent of the Helpers of Holy Souls. It was a fitting place for the marriage, because the nuns of that order are vowed to a life of work among the poor, and the families of both bride and groom have long been noted for their practical charities in the same milieu. It was a beautiful wedding, and was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's mother. The wedding music was played by Dr. Maurice O'Connell, an intimate friend of the happy couple.

What of Her Heart?

Friends of Miss Leontine De Sabla, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene De Sabla, will be pleased to learn that she has left Roosevelt Hospital, New York, after a successful operation for appendicitis. And they will be interested to hear that some of the metropolitan bavardes are talking of a romance between the convalescent and her surgeon. Miss De Sabla was operated on by Dr. William G. Lyle, described as "the popular bachelor surgeon." It seems that Dr. Lyle has for a long time been regarded as a very eligible man, but was adamant to the attacks of Cupid until he met Miss De Sabla. Now, say the bavardes, he is deeply smitten; but they fail to enlighten us as to the condition of Miss De Sabla's heart. Convalescence, we all know, is a period when the heart is peculiarly susceptible. Many a beautiful romance has begun in the sick room. Is this to be one of them? Perhaps we shall hear when Miss De Sabla is strong enough to come home.

At a New York Theatre

During a war benefit performance at a New York theatre recently the audience was treated to the spectacle of Clarence Mackay kneeling on a seat in a box with his back turned on the pit, and engaged in animated talk with two most attractive young ladies. Clarence Mackay is a pretty dignified man, so those who recognized him enjoyed his unusual attitude. It is interesting to know that the two young ladies

were the Misses Ethel and Helen Crocker, daughters of the Will Crockers. This was a few days before the marriage of Miss Ethel Crocker to Count Andre de Limur.

Crane in a New Role

"I've been called a number of things in my time, but this was about the limit."

Thus the genial William H. Crane who arrived here the other day with Mrs. Crane, coming from the East by way of Los Angeles.

It seems that in Los Angeles the great comedian and his wife—his inseparable companion—were entertained by Douglas Fairbanks who took them out to Movieville to initiate them into the very latest mysteries of the film world.

"And now," said Fairbanks, after he had shown Mrs. Crane many new devices of motion photography, "and now I am going to show you a camouflage."

"Don't bother," said Mrs. Crane quickly, "I married one."

Larry Getting Ready

Larry Harris is going to France to enter the American Red Cross service, and among those who will miss him are all the people of San Francisco. Larry had his physical examination the other day. It was made by a very serious young surgeon from Johns Hopkins in Baltimore. When he got to Larry's extremities the examiner said:

"Did you ever have any trouble with your feet?"

"Say," answered Larry, "do you think I'd be going to the war zone if there was anything wrong with my running gear?"

But the doctor didn't crack a smile, proving that they need a chair of humor at Johns Hopkins. When Larry went to the tailor to be fitted for his uniform, he was not much impressed with the figure he cut in military clothes.

"Don't you laugh when you fit us civilians for uniforms?" he asked the tailor.

"Not any more," replied the tailor. "You know, you can get used to anything."

The Irrepressible Addison

Addison Mizner, wittiest of a family in which wit is innate, has just recovered from an attack of pneumonia at Palm Beach. While stricken he was the guest of friends who have a home at the great resort. They are telling the story that on the night of the crisis in his illness, Addie's doctor said to the nurse:

"I'd like to get a bite to eat, but I'm afraid to leave Mr. Mizner. He may die any minute."

"Go and get your bite," answered Addie who overheard. "Do you think a Mizner is so ill-bred as to die at a house party and spoil all his host's plans?"

Guilty Consciences?

"Fly! All is discovered." We all know the story. The man who got the telegram didn't know what had been discovered, didn't know who had discovered it, didn't know who was warning him. But he flew. A case of guilty conscience. They have had something of the sort in Oakland. Some Anonyma with a freak sense of humor has been ringing up matrons in the Lakeside district and telling them she

vastly enjoyed the good times she had with their husbands. The wives have been furious, the husbands have been—well, not all of them have clear consciences. But publicity has relieved their worried minds a good deal. The police are looking for the joker.

The American Spirit at Techau's

The true American spirit is nowhere more in evidence than at Techau Tavern every evening in the week. We face our responsibilities cheerfully and do not wear our hearts upon our sleeves. And so, night after night, be the day's trials what they may, the crowds gather at the Tavern for a few hours of wholesome relaxation. Music is, just now, particularly welcome, and the show girl revue corps offer the best of vocal entertainment. Songs, ballads, arias, ragtime, all have their exponents among this group of artists. The celebrated jazz orchestra furnishes music which no dancer can resist. Twice each evening, at dinner and after the theatre, the merchandise dances hold the floor, with rich favors for the ladies—silk lingerie, silk blouses, silk sweaters, silk stockings—all presented without competition. And so, from dinner time to closing time, the Tavern hums with gaiety and the crowds go forth cheered and fortified for the burdens of the coming day.

At the Cecil

Mrs. A. M. Burns was hostess at a delightful luncheon Tuesday. It was in honor of her granddaughter Miss Olivia Long of Santa Barbara. This attractive girl is visiting her grandmother at the Cecil. All the guests at the luncheon were of the debutante set. Mr. and Mrs. George Erb and Miss Aileen Erb of Winnipeg, Canada, are guests. Mrs. John Charles Doyle gave a bridge luncheon in the private dining room Wednesday. Mrs. A. M. Van Dorns and Mrs. I. P. Van Dorns of Freehold, N. J., arrived this week and will be at the hotel until May. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Crothers entertained informally at dinner Thursday. Covers were arranged for ten. A luncheon and bridge was given by Mrs. M. B. McCreery Monday. A coterie of friends enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Stephenson at luncheon Tuesday. Mrs. T. H. Johnson of Buffalo, N. Y., is sojourning.

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The Stage

LINES

In Answer to a Child Who Asked, "What Does Grumpy Mean?"

(Reprinted by Request)

A Grumpy, my dear, is a terrible creature,
Snowy of head, wrinkled of feature;
An ancient who mumbles and grumbles and
mutters,
And snores in his sleep and tut-tutters and
sputters.
A Grumpy's a threatening, dangerous foggy
Who scares little children much worse than the
Bogie.
There are Humpies, my dear, that affright and
appal—
As for Frumpies, my dear, don't be in when
they call!
But a Grumpy—good gracious! he's the worst
of them all.

FURTHER LINES

To the Same Child Who Expressed Doubt as to the Accuracy of the Foregoing Answer

You doubt me, my child? Well, perhaps I am
wrong;
Come to think of it, dear, I did make it too
strong!
There's a Grumpy in town who is different by
far
From the terrible creatures that most Grumpies
are.
His heart's full of gold, his eyes full of light;
If you're good I may take you to see him
tonight.
But promise me this: if you like him, applaud;
And when you come home you must pray the
good Lord
To give us more Grumpies like dear Mr. Maude.
—Edward F. O'Day.

Mantell's Hamlet

Mantell's Hamlet comes so close on the heels of John E. Kellard's that comparisons may be instituted without fear that memory is playing one false. Mantell's Hamlet has everything that Kellard's lacks: rich stage furniture, beautiful costumes, cunning mechanical effects and a well balanced company. Mantell is known for his taste in luxurious settings and his opulence of costumery. His mastery of the tricks of lighting is greater every time we see him. The manipulation of lights in the scenes with the Ghost, for instance, have never been surpassed here. And where Kellard's company was merely competent, Mantell's is very capable. There remain for comparison the two Hamlets. I much prefer Kellard's. Mantell reads the lines fast, so fast at times that one cannot follow him. Kellard reads them deliberately, enunciating beautifully. Mantell reads them for their theatric effect, Kellard for their poetry. Both Mantell and Kellard are men of intellect who have studied Hamlet deeply, but it seems to me that the intellectual quality is more apparent in Kellard's performance than in Mantell's. Mantell is inclined to be extravagant in gesture and in declamation; Kellard has a restraint that suggests reserves of power. In the first scene with the Players one was conscious that Kellard was a prince; one almost felt that Mantell was a player too. Nevertheless Mantell's is a very good Hamlet. In some scenes or bits of scenes it is an excellent Hamlet. I noticed, by the way, that Mantell gave a new reading of that celebrated crux, "I know a hawk from a handsaw."

Mantell used to use the variant "hernshaw," meaning heron. Now he says "hern" or heron, and ends with an impatient "pshaw!"

—Edward F. O'Day.

Elman, Violinist and Composer

Mischa Elman, the famous Russian violinist who is to appear at the Columbia for two Sunday afternoon recitals on April 14 and 21, is rapidly acquiring reputation as a composer. One of the newest of his song compositions he calls "Key to My Heart," and he has dedicated it to his talented sister. Recently in New York Ann Swinburn, the well known light opera singer and newcomer in the concert field, sang it with unqualified success. Sophie Braslau, the famous contralto, sings a charming song of Elman's on all her recital programmes. It is called "To My Mother." So far Elman has confined himself to the smaller forms of composition, and he is wisely holding many of his manuscripts for further revision before having them published, believing that it is better to publish slowly and well rather than prolifically and with later regret. His compositions are, however, not confined to songs but include studies and arrangements for his own instrument as well. On the programme that Elman will play here are a number of his works. At his first recital, a week from tomorrow (Sunday), Elman will play the glorious old Vivaldi concerto in G minor. This fine work has been arranged for his violin by Natchez, and in it Elman finds ample scope for his talents. Lalo's popular "Symphonie Espagnole" will next be played, and then Elman's "Deep River" paraphrase, an Albaniz Tango arranged by Elman, Sarasate's arrangement of Chopin's Nocturne in E flat, and the Brahms-Joachim Hungarian dance No. 7. The concluding number will be the stirring "I Palpiti" of Paganini, one of Elman's finest achievements. Tickets for both concerts which are under the management of Selby C. Oppen-

heimer, will be placed on sale at the usual ticket offices Monday morning.

George Damerel at the Orpheum

George Damerel, famous as Prince Danilo in "The Merry Widow" who has for several seasons been one of the most successful musical comedy stars in vaudeville, will appear at the Orpheum next week in the new musical farce "The Little Liar." He will be assisted by Myrtle Vail, Edward Hume and a splendid cast and beauty chorus. Will M. Hough is responsible for the story. Haruko Onuki, the dainty little Japanese prima donna who scored such a success during her previous engagement at the Orpheum, will be heard in a repertoire of English and Japanese songs. Foster Ball will appear in the study "Since the Days of '61" in which as the reminiscent veteran he presents a fine bit of character acting. He will be assisted by Kernan Cripps Bert Wheeler and Tom Moran will present a "nut" act entitled "Me and Micky," a combination of song, dance and jokes. George W. Cooper and William Robinson, a clever and popular colored duo, will present a laughing number entitled "A Friend of Mine on the Wrong Street." The remaining numbers will be the mystery drama "In the Dark," and Blossom Seeley and company in Seeley's Syncopated Studio.

The Galli-Curci Concert

The sale of tickets for the concert at the Exposition Auditorium Sunday, May 12, of Madame Amelita Galli-Curci, by many conceded to be the greatest coloratura soprano of this or any generation, is progressing satisfactorily at the box offices of Sherman Clay and Kohler and Chase. While the supply of 75 cent tickets is exhausted, there are still to be sold 1140 tickets at \$2.50, 1375 at \$2.00, 1110 at \$1.50 and 740 at \$1. W. Olin Downes of the Boston Post paid the following tribute to



MISCHA ELMAN

Russian violinist whose two recitals at the Columbia on Sunday afternoons, April 14 and 21, will be the concluding events of Manager Selby Oppenheimer's concert series

Galli-Curci: "She was an unusual figure, and a charming one. There was that in her costume and her profile which suggested the days when our grandfathers and grandmothers admired Jenny Lind or the young Adelina Patti. If impressions of a single concert are to be relied on, Mme. Galli-Curci, an extremely talented artist, will eventually in all probability take her place among the greatest singers of this time."

The Paulist Choristers of Chicago

The Paulist Choristers of Chicago, America's greatest choral organization, which is under the leadership of Father William Joseph Finn, will soon make its first transcontinental tour. At present they are appearing in the larger Eastern cities, everywhere to tremendous gatherings. The choir will appear in San Francisco under direction of Frank W. Healy at the Exposition Auditorium Sunday afternoon, May 26. There are one hundred boys and solo singers. They have sung at the Vatican, and won the first prize in the international choral competition in Paris in 1912 when the judges were Camille Saint-Saens, Pietro Mascagni, Giacomo Puccini and other world famous composers. The choir was tendered a public reception by the President of France.

Powys to Lecture

The many friends of John Cowper Powys will be glad to know that he is recovered in health and will begin a three weeks' lecture engagement under direction of Paul Elder Monday evening at the St. Francis. Powys' visit last spring was a period of intellectual delight for his admirers, and there was keen disappointment when illness prevented his return last October. Three series of six lectures each are announced, the evening lectures on Mondays and Thursdays at the St. Francis, afternoon lectures Tuesdays and Fridays in the Paul Elder Gallery, morning lectures Wednesdays and Saturdays in the same place. The first lecture, Monday at the St. Francis, will be on "Shaw and Chesterton, the Puritan and the Catholic."

"Grumpy" Continues at Columbia

Cyril Maude, on his return to the Columbia with "Grumpy," has been warmly welcomed, and large audiences are greeting this delightful English actor at every performance. It is doubtful if a more exceptional character study than the one Maude has built up around "Grumpy" has ever been presented on a local stage. The performances of "Grumpy" will be continued during the ensuing week only, as on Monday, April 15, Mr. Maude will produce "General John Regan," a much talked about and admired comedy, humorously satirical in its treatment of Irish types, without once in its three acts offending the most loyal Irishman in the slightest degree. There will be "Grumpy" matinees on Wednesday and Saturday of the coming week.

Mantell in "Louis XI" and Others

A physical transformation will be witnessed at the Cort Sunday night when Robert B. Mantell enters upon the second and final week of his engagement with a performance of "Louis XI." In order to play the part of the impish Louis, Mantell has to shrink into a dwarfish monster scarcely more than five feet in height. "Louis XI" is the work of Casimer Delavigne, a contemporary of Alexander Dumas. Other new plays of the second week are "Romeo and Juliet" and "Othello." Miss Genevieve Hamper will play Juliet and Desdemona. The order of the plays for the con-

cluding week is: "Louis XI," Sunday night; "Othello," Monday night; "The Merchant of Venice," Tuesday night; "Romeo and Juliet," Wednesday afternoon; "Richard III," Wednesday night; "Louis XI," Thursday night; "King Lear," Friday night; "The Merchant of Venice," Saturday afternoon; and "Macbeth," Saturday night.

"Oh, Boy" Coming to Cort

Seats will be on sale at the box office of the Cort next Thursday morning for the engagement of "Oh, Boy," a highly successful musical comedy. The Chicago company will be headed by Joseph Santley who will be remembered for his charming work in "When Dreams Come True." He has in support Dorothy Maynard, Laurance Wheat, James Bradbury, Hugh Cameron, Josephine Harriman, Lenore Chippendale, Lillian Brennard, Henry Dornton, Wilbert Dunn, Billy Gould and forty others. "Oh, Boy" comes with the reputation of two years in New York, six months in Boston, and six months in Chicago. The engagement at the Cort begins Sunday evening, April 14.

All-Star Programme for Stage Women's Fund

Those who have in charge the arrangement of the monster benefit programme to be given in aid of the Stage Women's War Relief have brought together the greatest galaxy of stars ever seen here on a single programme. Cyril Maude, Robert Mantell, William H. Crane and Otis Skinner are a quartet of players whose names will emblazon the programme of stellar acts. Two of the best acts on the Orpheum programme will be included in the list and the Little Theatre company will contribute two of its most successful one-act plays, "The Price of Orchids" and "Big Kate." Evelyn Vaughn, Ruth Rose, leading lady of Otis Skinner's company, Mrs. Richard Reese, the singer, the big military band from the Presidio in a patriotic opening feature are among the many numbers to be seen. Owing to the great length of the programme the curtain will rise at one o'clock sharp on Tuesday afternoon, April 9. The stage will be in charge of that wizard director George Lask. The establishment of a local branch of the Stage Women's War Relief has been effected by Mrs. Otis Skinner, the president of the organization. Mrs. E. W. Crellin is chairman of the local branch. An immense number of tickets have already been sold and the big programme will be enjoyed by a full house.

The young man and the girl were standing outside the front door, having a final chat. He was leaning against the door-post, talking in low tones. Presently the young lady looked round to discover her father in the doorway, clad in a dressing-gown.

"Why, father, what in the world is the matter?" she inquired.

"John," said the father, addressing himself

to the young man, "you know I have never complained about your staying late, and I'm not going to complain of that now; but for goodness' sake stop leaning against the bell-push and let the rest of the family get some sleep."



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ROBERT B. MANTELL

Sunday, "Louis XI;" Monday, "Othello;" Tuesday, "Merchant of Venice;" Wednesday Matinee, "Romeo and Juliet;" Wednesday Evening, "Richard III;" Thursday, "Louis XI;" Friday, "King Lear;" Saturday Matinee, "Merchant of Venice;" Saturday Evening, "Macbeth."

Curtain at 8:15 and 2:15 Sharp. Nights, 50c to \$2; Saturday Matinee, 50c to \$1.50; Best Seats \$1 Wednesday Matinee. NOT Playing Oakland.

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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

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Home Rule and Sinn Fein

(Continued from Page 7.)

our ally, and in doing that they are levying war upon us.

An American has no other answer, and he needs none.

I pass now from the Sinn Fein party to its supporters in America.

In speaking to this point, I have no men in mind. I speak in a purely impersonal way. I have no disposition to precipitate a controversy; indeed, it would please me beyond measure to bring all controversies to a close so that Americans of Irish origin, to the very last man, might present the spectacle of a splendid union in an undivided and whole-hearted support of our country.

I put this matter before you, therefore, in no controversial spirit but as a matter of serious moment to the country and involving the good repute of Americans of Irish origin.

We know that the Sinn Feiners have supporters in America, and, considering the purposes of that party as I have outlined them to you, and considering that the party is in effect levying war upon us, it follows that any support given to that party in America amounts to disaffection, disloyalty and treason.

I know that in the overwhelming majority of cases neither disaffection nor disloyalty nor treason is intended, for many well-intentioned men, desiring to be loyal to the country, are led astray and are unconscious of the inexorable logic by which their disaffection, disloyalty and treason are made out.

It is to be hoped that, without controversies, without feuds, and upon reflection these men will realize that loyalty and devotion must be undivided and cannot exist to cross, and diametrically opposed, purposes.

I think that I have made this point clear, and, as it is a painful subject, I pass to another phase of the Irish situation affecting the safety of the country.

The public opinion of Ireland is in a condition bordering on madness, and in America and elsewhere throughout the world men of Irish origin are in a state of exasperation and fury, not without justification, in consequence of recent breakdowns in the power of the English Government respecting matters affecting Irish rights.

It will be remembered that within a very few years the unwritten British Constitution had to be amended in order to pass a Home Rule measure, inasmuch as the House of Lords stood the implacable foe of every measure of that nature.

Under a threat by the Liberal Government that, if the House of Lords did not yield and respect the will of the people when repeatedly expressed in the House of Commons, the Government would enlarge the membership of the House of Lords and thereby overthrow its then majority, a law came to be agreed upon, which was in effect an amendment of the unwritten British Constitution, by the terms of which a measure passed by the House of Commons in three different sessions would become a law without the concurrence of the House of Lords.

Just upon the eve of the war, the House of Commons passed the Home Rule bill for the third time, and it was about to come into operation as a law of the United Kingdom when the Ulster rebellion occurred.

The most conspicuous figure in that movement of nullification, treason and threatened civil war was Sir Edward Carson, through

whose activities an armed force, said to have amounted to one hundred thousand men, was enlisted to resist the enforcement of the Home Rule bill and to nullify that legislation for which the Nationalist party had conducted an orderly and constitutional agitation for thirty years in the just expectation that when the legislation was achieved, after having been long labored for and justly won, there would be that acquiescence which is essential to the maintenance of all governments in which majorities rule.

In fact, William James, in a memorable address, said of democracy that it depended upon two habits, and that one of them is the habit of trained and disciplined good temper towards the opposite party when it fairly wins its innings.

In the case of Home Rule, there was no good temper but armed resistance.

The Liberal Government was possessed of a sense of weakness; was conscious, or seemed to be conscious, of its inability to support the legislation with the force necessary to put it into operation. The Liberal Government temporized with the Ulster rebellion, and the war came on, and all the difficulties of division and controversy existing amongst groups of Englishmen made it necessary for the Liberal Government to create a coalition government and to divide its power with Sir Edward Carson, thereby putting a tremendous premium on lawlessness and treason.

In these circumstances, it is an obvious duty which England owes to all of her Allies, and to America in particular, to settle these Irish difficulties, and to settle them at once so that Ireland may be pacified and men of Irish origin throughout the world may be reconciled, and so it may not hereafter be said as heretofore that England is solicitous of the fortunes of small nations in the abstract but indifferent to them in the concrete.

If Americans of Irish origin are true to the obligations of fidelity which they owe to our country, and are also true to the incidental obligations which they owe to her Allies, we will be in a situation to make representations to our Government and to the President in line with these ideas.

I have not the slightest doubt that the President, with the clear vision of which he is possessed, with his strong love of liberty and justice, and with his set determination to reach the just objectives that he puts before himself, will, the season being propitious and the time ripe, make effective representations to England, and thus remove the menace that she has herself created in alienating so many of the people of Ireland and in impairing the sympathetic support of many men of Irish origin in all quarters of the earth.

These two matters of national concern and importance prompted me to ask Mr. O'Connor to be our guest of honor at this dinner; and I may say that I did so in the clear conviction that Irish affairs can be so ordered as to serve the cause of the Allies and secure recognition for the just claims of Ireland through the good offices of the Nationalist party, which has served in the affairs of England so long, so honorably and so disinterestedly.

With all these sentiments in mind, I have the greatest possible pleasure in presenting Mr. O'Connor to you, for himself but not for himself alone, but as well because he is the representative of the great Nationalist party of Ireland, which is our ally in the war.

Before the Drive

(Continued from Page 6)

ing passionately for the defeat of England:

"We must defeat England in order to remove a weight from the whole world.

"We must defeat England in order to be relieved of the great anxiety as to how after the war we shall obtain our food and raw materials.

"The hate which is preached against Germany, even by merchants, will disappear sooner than imagined.

"If we arrive at a temporary peace by understanding with England, she would make out that she had been victorious.

"Let us not forget one thing—that even after the war England will have a powerful army.

"It must be part of our victory over England to nip in the bud the growth of her military strength."

About this time a writer in the *Kölnische Zeitung* discovered yet another war aim. Annexations and indemnities ought not to satisfy Germany; she must insist on the restoration of her reputation and her honor in the world! The greatest crime of the Allies has been to sully the fair fame of Germany. So successful has their campaign been that the Germans are detested all over the world. And the German people are too kind-hearted to realize this great fact, despite the efforts of their newspapers to instruct them. It thus becomes one of the first and most serious demands of the German leaders at any peace negotiations that the German reputation in the world shall be restored to its pristine purity!

Perhaps the Allies are to be sued for libel. Anyway they are not worried about their honor. I find Herr Knatz writing as follows in the *Vossische Zeitung*: "The respect enjoyed by any nation in the world does not depend on its power or greatness, but on its unpretentiously being what it is, with its excellencies, its failings and its faults, all of which it acknowledges as a matter of course."

Herr Knatz instances the Dutch and their dignified bearing throughout the vicissitudes of their history, and the English who take for granted their virtues and their vices, who are what they are. The Germans, on the other hand, have always pretended to be what they are not:

"The Germans wanted to be men of the world, although they might have been much more. They spoke out threateningly when they ought to have expressed their will quietly. They flattered instead of cultivating friendship. They gave the impression of being satisfied when instead they ought to have been rude. They have been unjust when they should have been just, and more than just where they could have been unjust with a good conscience. They hurt other people's feelings by well-meaning zeal where dignified submission would have been gratefully accepted. In fine, the German people believed that they must appear different from what they really were."

If this be a true diagnosis of the German character, it is easy to understand the Kaiser's assurance to the Polish delegation which came to pay him their respects, that throughout the whole of his reign, a period of nearly thirty years, he had been "a pioneer and protector of the principles that made for human welfare and the peaceful coöperation of peoples!" And yet it stands on record that when war broke out the *Alldeutsche Blätter*, the organ of the Pan-Germans, wrote "The hour we longed for has now arrived. It is holy!"

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Routine market news has been entirely ignored the past week, due to the prominence given the military activity in Europe. With the inauguration of the German offensive it was but natural that more or less hesitancy should be shown about entering into any new commitments and therefore the moderate selling that was in evidence early in the week resulted in the establishment of lower prices. While the selling pressure seemed to be rather severe in some of the issues, there was sufficient demand to absorb the offerings in the general list, which prevented a serious decline. There is not enough public interest in the market at the present time to justify the expectation of any extensive liquidation. The result is the narrow markets which we have experienced lately. A few points up or down seems to be all that can be expected. The Government is busily engaged in the most gigantic undertaking in our history, preparing for the prosecution of the war on a scale that will make the past German preparations look like a peace basis in comparison. Financially our companies are sound, earnings are good, banking resources however are being conserved for Government uses. This tends to minimize stock market preparations, but with nothing disturbing financially in the way of news the market should gradually do better. Developments at this writing suggest that liquidation has been complete for the present. That which has been inspired by the third Liberty Loan preparations will be minimum, and as the fourth loan will not appear until next fall, good news from abroad may well find a road open to conservative improvement in securities. While of course the fortunes of war are seldom forcible, there is apparently a trend toward constructive effort and optimism, and the stock market is splendidly susceptible.

Cotton—There was some liquidation early in the week on the theory that the advance had been sufficient and that a reaction was due. The weather map showed showers from day to day in Texas and other portions of the belt where it was needed. The selling, however, was all absorbed, and the market turned strong and higher, with record prices for the year being established at the close of the week. There was little said about price fixing, but the general opinion seems to prevail now that there will be nothing done in this line. This has given encouragement to the bulls and they have been predicting all kinds of sensational prices for the old crop futures. Crop preparations are going on in a satisfactory way, and all reports would indicate an increase in acreage. Texas is still in need of more moisture, but this is not looked upon seriously, as showers

are falling in some parts of the State almost every day. Statistically, the news at the close of the week was rather bearish, but had no effect on prices. The into sight movement for the week was little in excess of the spinners' takings, but the demand for spot cotton was excellent at advancing prices, and holders were firm in their demands. Business in the cotton goods line is very good, and Government contracts are said to be very large. As long as the mills take all the spot cotton offered there can only be temporary reactions in the nearby options. The new crop options look very high, and we would confine operations to the October and December options, believing, as we do, that new crop cotton is too high at this level, and cotton should be sold on any advance for the long pull.

Dear Little Fellow!

A dashing young fellow was recently very attentive to a young lady who did not really favor his attentions, and who is blessed with an observing little brother of only a few summers' growth. The girl's admirer was visiting her a few days ago, when the little chap broke into their presence, and, mounting the dashing young man's knee, said:

"Have you got a fine room?"

"Oh, yes," proudly replied the dashing young fellow, whose vanity was quite evidently touched by the remark. Seeing, as he thought, in the circumstances an opportunity to make a favorable impression on the sister, he gave his mustache an extra twist, and reiterated his reply with emphasis.

"Oh, yes, a very fine room."

"I thought so," said the young hopeful musingly.

"But what made you think so?" asked the maiden's admirer, his curiosity by this time fully aroused.

"Because," was the crushing reply, "sister Maggie said she liked your room better than your company."

Private Jenkins, home on leave from France, was seated in the village inn one evening surrounded by a group of admirers.

"I suppose," said old Farmer Wurzel, "ye had some narrow escapes out yonder?"

"Well," answered the Tommy, "nothing to speak of much, but I remember one night I felt like a drink, so I goes down to the estaminet. I'd just got me 'and on the door knob, when just then old Fritz sent one of 'is big ones over right on the house, and, believe me, it knocked the 'ole bloomin' show down, and left me standing there, silly like, with the knob of the door in me 'and."

In a New England town a local celebrity was charged with stealing chickens. The prisoner was noted for never telling the truth when he could help it, and consequently there was general surprise when he pleaded guilty. It evidently staggered the justice. He rubbed his glasses and then scratched his head.

"I guess—I'm afraid—well, Hiram," said he, after a thoughtful pause, "I reckon I'll have to have more evidence before I sentence you."

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Deposits60,079,197.54
Reserve and Contingent Funds2,235,750.50
Employees' Pension Fund272,914.25
Number of Depositors.....63,907

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 87158; Dept. No. 10.

ADELINE ISABELLE O'HEARN, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCES O'HEARN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: FRANCES O'HEARN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22nd day of January, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DAHLIN & JACKSON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-16-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MAX AMBER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of MAX AMBER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of James M. Thomas, attorney for said Administrator, Nos. 1202-4 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MAX AMBER, deceased.

SIDNEY AMBER,

Administrator of the estate of Max Amber, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 23rd, 1918.

JAMES M. THOMAS,
Attorney for Administrator,
1202-4 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-23-5

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF CITY TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY OF San Francisco in the State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1917, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of California, pursuant to law.

Assets	
Mortgage and collateral loans	\$164,550.00
Bonds and stocks	7,050.00
Cash in company's office and banks	7,863.52
Premiums in course of collection	1,036.50
Bills receivable	2,277.00
Other ledger assets	130,494.29
Ledger assets	\$313,271.31

NON-LEDGER ASSETS:	
Total gross assets	\$313,271.31
Deduct assets not admitted	11,550.91
Total admitted assets	\$301,720.40

Liabilities	
All other liabilities	\$ 13,321.24
Total liabilities (except capital and surplus) ..	13,321.24
Capital	250,000.00
Surplus	38,399.16
Total liabilities, capital and surplus	\$301,720.40

H. W. DIMOND, President
J. H. HUMPHREY, Secretary. 3-9-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LILLIAN REED JOHNS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ALEXANDER McCULLOCH, Administrator of the estate of LILLIAN REED JOHNS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at the office of Tobin & Tobin, Hibernia Bank Building, Jones and McAllister Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LILLIAN REED JOHNS, deceased.

ALEXANDER McCULLOCH,

Administrator of the estate of Lillian Reed Johns, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, March 30, 1918.

TOBIN & TOBIN,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Hibernia Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-30-5

Madame, Do You Know That—

Kettles may be thoroughly cleaned by boiling a few potato-peelings in them.

Water in which two or three onions have been boiled will remove dirt from white paint.

All patients suffering from gout should discard alcohol and roast beef, and make free use of apples.

If a tablespoonful of paraffin is added to a pail of hot water when scrubbing tiles it will both cleanse and show up their colors to perfection.

It is said that windows washed in water to which a little blueing is added will show a fine brilliance and keep fresh longer than when washed in the usual manner.

Potassium permanganate of potash is excellent for cleansing dirty filters of all impurities. A solution should be passed through the filter until it comes out as pink as when it was poured in.

When once moths have got into a carpet neither camphor nor tobacco will stop them. The only way is to take a damp towel, spread it out upon the carpet, and iron it dry with a hot iron. Most ironing should be done in those portions of the carpet that do not take the chief wear of the room. The heat and steam will be found to destroy the worms and eggs.

By the way, the outcry against crime-films is quite justified. Nobody who upholds the law can contend that criminals should be screened.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PEARLEY GLENN GARLICK, deceased.—No. 23977; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of PEARLEY GLENN GARLICK, deceased, to all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers to me at the office of Edward M. Walsh, room No. 559 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which place the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate.

J. P. GARLICK,

Administrator of the estate of Pearley Glenn Garlick, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, March 9th, 1918.

PETER J. CROSBY,
Attorney for Administrator,
First Savings Bank Building,
Oakland, California. 3-9-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 86,476; Dept. No. 15.

FRANCESCA W. HATCH, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES ALFRED HATCH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CHARLES ALFRED HATCH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of Plaintiff and Defendant's willful neglect of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of December, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

WM. M. SIMS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
612-614 Crocker Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-23-10

NOTICE OF REFEREE'S SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SUSAN M. HASSON, et. al., Plaintiffs, vs. DANIEL J. MURPHY, et. al., Defendants.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, C. G. MURRAY, a sole referee appointed by the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, on the 15th day of December, 1917, by an Interlocutory Decree of Partition made and entered in the above entitled action, that said referee will sell at private sale, for gold coin of the United States, to the highest bidder, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned, and subject to the confirmation of said Superior Court, on or after the 10th day of April, 1918, all the right, title, interest and estate of the plaintiffs and defendants in the above entitled action, in and to all the following described real property, the same being located in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Northwestern line of Howard Street, distant thereon eighty (80) feet North-easterly from the corner formed by the intersection of said line of Howard Street with the Northeastly line of Third Street, thence running Northeastly along said line of Howard Street twenty (20) feet; thence at right angles Northwestly fifty-five (55) feet; thence at right angles Southwestly twenty (20) feet, and thence at right angles Southeastly fifty-five (55) feet, to the point of commencement. Being a portion of One Hundred Vara Lot number Thirty-three (33).

TERMS OF SALE: Ten Per Cent. (10%) of the purchase price to be paid at the time of sale, balance on confirmation of sale, in cash. Bids or offers may be made at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale. Deed at expense of purchaser. All bids must be in writing and may be either left at the office of the undersigned, room 940 Merchants Exchange Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or delivered to the undersigned personally, or filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

Dated, San Francisco, California, March 18th, 1918.

C. G. MURRAY,
Sole referee in the above entitled action, Room
940 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, California.

F. A. BERLIN,
Attorney for Plaintiffs,
410 Central Bank Bldg.,
Oakland, California. 3-23-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MELODILE HOHWIESNER, deceased.—No. 23931; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of MELODILE HOHWIESNER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Chas. A. Gray, 493 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MELODILE HOHWIESNER, deceased.

FREDERICK HOHWIESNER,

Executor of the estate of Melodile Hohwiesner, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 9, 1918.

CHAS. A. GRAY,
Attorney for Executor,
493 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-9-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 87565.

CARRIE MARCUS, Plaintiff, vs. BERT ROLAND MARCUS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: BERT ROLAND MARCUS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful neglect of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of February, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALEXANDER McCULLOCH,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Hibernia Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-23-10



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ESTABLISHED 1878

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Vol. XXXII. No. 1338

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, APRIL 13, 1918

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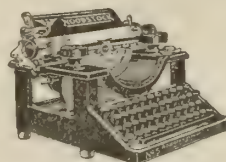
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXII

San Francisco-Oakland, April 13, 1918

No. 1338

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The Copa de Oro

Now that the poppy is carpeting our fields with gold, and now that the language of the Kaiser is in disfavor in our public schools, it occurs to us that this would be a good time to dissociate our beautiful State flower from a very ugly name. Let us not be suspected of merely hating a language because it is the language of somebody or some people we dislike. We have not lost taste for German opera. But think of our glorious opportunity! Think of the chance of uniting sense and sound. This is a chance certainly not to be lost. Eschscholtzia has come to mean a poppy. We learn from the interesting results of research which appear on another page that it came to mean that because a scientist wished to honor J. F. von Eschscholtz, a naturalist associated with the poppy's recognition in botanical lore. Now what an ugly name wherewith to associate a thing of beauty! It sounds like anything but the name of a flower. It is enough to affect the imagination and to inflict one with a bad odor in the midst of a field of poppies. Let us pay tribute to Eschscholtz if we will, but let us liberate the Copa de Oro, as the Spaniards called our poppy, from the horrible name that came from Germany. The Spaniards, who gave us so many names for the things of California, were at least poetical, and their words sing to us. Why abandon the beautiful name they gave to the poppy?

★ ★ ★

Business or Propaganda?

As was expected by all men who are familiar with the management of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company the threatened storm designed to overwhelm our local captains of a giant industry sub-

sided at the annual meeting. It turned out to be merely a wind storm with hardly enough wind to raise anybody's hat. The thunder was only of the stage variety. Nevertheless it was not strange that the thing was taken seriously in these parts; we were told that stockholders from the East were all "het up" on account of the extravagance of the company's officials, and it is so easy to command attention when anything Californian is to be attacked. But certainly the P. G. & E. never should have been exposed to the usual liability, for if there is one business organization in California of which the people of the State have reason to be proud it is the company over which Frank Drum presides. Here is a company that business men rank with the Standard Oil for efficiency of management. Yet because certain dividends were passed in war time on account of a high regard for the principles of safety and economy a few disgruntled stockholders were able to provoke a storm of gossip. To be sure they shook nobody's confidence, but what a commentary that they obtained a serious hearing in the press! The thing was so amazing as to give one pause in these days of German spies, poison gas and German propaganda. Who was really behind the Eastern stockholders? Was the little fuss business or propaganda?

★ ★ ★

Late but Catching Up

President Wilson in his Baltimore address called on his fellow countrymen to witness that at "no stage of this terrible business" had he judged of the purposes of Germany intemperately. In the opinion of his countrymen President Wilson has been the most temperate and the most patient of rulers. He need not have the slightest fear that he will ever be thought to have been at all rash in his judgment of the purpose of Germany. The only adverse criticism that he has incurred in this country regarding his attitude toward Germany is that he was too long tolerant of German insults. But with his earlier attitude we are no longer concerned. Enough that he is now sensible of the truth, that he is aware of the terrible fate that would befall us were Germany to carry out all her sinister purposes. Germany now stands unmasked before all the world, and nobody, not even the craziest pacifist, is in any doubt of what is to be expected in the event of the triumph of German arms. And so, if

because of the President's protracted patience we have been somewhat tardy in the role of a belligerent nation we have made up somewhat for lost time in sending much that was needed "over there" and in transforming our pacifist country into one that is now bristling with all the evidences of a determination to push the war to a desirable end.

★ ★ ★

Colonel Roosevelt's Criticism

Colonel Roosevelt in his address to the Republicans of Maine last week echoed the sentiments of many politicians hostile to the Administration. His only assertion that we might describe as Rooseveltian was that we drifted into the war "stern foremost." That we merely drifted into the war is in a measure true, but it is not to be forgotten that subsequent events have seemed to justify our manner of espousing the cause of civilization. Whether or not President Wilson had the right idea from the beginning, assuredly by his apparent reluctance he made it easier for himself to get the whole-hearted support of a nation that had been drugged by pacifism, sentimentality and piffle through a period of years. Now criticism of the conduct of the war that may serve to improve our methods or quicken our energies is not at all objectionable, but why rail against the Administration at this time for errors of judgment that long antedate the war? This sort of criticism is more like the stuff with which a political orator animates a campaign. It involves questions that will more properly engage the attention of historians; at this time it only makes people tired. We all know that President Wilson was slow in vindicating the dignity of the American people; we believe that as our leader he should have led us into war when the Lusitania was sunk, but we are interested now only in the manner of conducting the war.

★ ★ ★

Swatted by The Sun

Much more to the point than Colonel Roosevelt's criticism is that of the New York Sun. Commenting on General March's observation that "we must strip for action" *The Sun* says: "He is right. We must strip from the facts of the situation the camouflage of misstatement, unfounded assurance and baseless confidence that has been sedulously applied to them by persons more desirous of immediate applause for themselves than concern over the ultimate welfare of the country." Is it as

bad we wonder as *The Sun* would have us believe? Is our assurance unfounded, our confidence baseless? The assertion is incredible. Reading it one reflects that *The Sun* is a strong partisan paper and that during its long and brilliant career it has more than once somewhat unjustly attacked men in the Presidential office. However there are some wise suggestions in *The Sun*. For instance: "We must rid our minds of the notion that the pen with which the President signed the declaration of war against Germany was a magic wand that transformed notoriously inefficient job holders, whose only claim to place was their political slickness, into highly trained, superbly equipped specialists, capable of attacking successfully intricate problems of industry, transportation and strategy without further schooling or preparation." Perhaps *The Sun* means Secretary of War Baker, a gentleman who has a great deal of cocksureness that sometimes seems unwarranted.

★ ★ ★

Anti-Administration Criticism

But there is more than one man whom *The Sun* may have in mind. For instance there is George Creel, the reporter from magazines who used to celebrate the reformers of California and who spent much time vindicating his devotion to the so-called downtrodden of organized labor. Creel is one of the little men our President fell heir to by reason of his associations of other days. When he came to a parting of the ways with George Harvey he saw a new light, and in that light were many motes that have since had enormous growth. Indeed these motes have come to Cabinet size without losing their activity, and it is to them we must attribute much of the anti-Administration criticism of the day. The critics have never accepted Creel in a kindly spirit. They have regarded him as too small for the job to which he was elevated, first giving voice to their disapproval of him when they found out that he was the chap responsible for a certain ridiculous despatch celebrating the performance of an

American convoy that never took place. This was merely an instance of misapplied enthusiasm, and it only made the whole country grin. The President, preoccupied with the tragedy of war, observed the effect of Creel's blunder in silence. Creel held on to his job, but the politicians in Washington have had their eye on him ever since. They have given him many a bad quarter of an hour, and it appears from the despatches from Washington that the Republican leaders are intent on ridding public office of his presence. Last Tuesday he was held up to public execration as a traitor. Senators Johnson and Penrose denounced him as unfit for his position and Representative Longworth demanded his immediate removal. Are the sentiments of these men to be properly described as partisan hostility? We shall probably know later on.

★ ★ ★

Our Irish Agitation

Whatever else may be thought of the united Irish societies of San Francisco they stand for our Declaration of Independence and especially they approve the sentiment that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. But unfortunately for our Sinn Fein sympathizers, when we entered this war to "fight for the rights and liberties of small nations" we first committed ourselves to the main task of winning the war and making the world free for democracy. We did not avow an intention of taking up Ireland's case and getting a decision thereon. But we did ally ourselves with the British, the French and the Russians with a thorough understanding of their difficulties and embarrassments. So in short, as Mr. Garret McEnerney has said, the Irish problem has come to involve an American question, not an Irish question. We have not expressly assumed any obligation in behalf of Ireland the fulfilment of which anybody may reasonably demand before the end of the war. But impliedly and not in any other manner the people of Ireland are included among all peoples

who have rights to be officially recognized later on. In the circumstances is it not curious that the united Irish societies, though they applaud our President and affirm their patriotism, should sympathize at this time with the Sinn Fein? The Sinn Fein are trying to make it hard for the President's purpose to be carried out. At least they make it clear that they are not at all concerned with the main business of averting the German peril. They would prefer to revenge themselves on England or at least to get an Irish republic and apparently it does not matter to them if meanwhile the United States be crippled or crushed. This is not only lamentable, it is ungrateful; for this country has been very kind to Ireland, and the Irish are not generally known as ingrates, but what they will be known as after the war when the self-anointed agitators have exhausted their poison it is hard to say. To be sure there are more patriotic than disloyal Irishmen in San Francisco, but unfortunately people are prone to the error that Edmund Burke referred to once upon a time when he said that oftentimes a few crickets give the impression that they are the sole occupants of a great field whereas it abounds in big herds of fine cattle that are chewing their cud in silence. Our Irish agitators are very noisy and their followers also, but the vast majority of Irishmen have not been deluded. They understand the situation as it has been presented to them by Mr. McEnerney, who has made it plain that the question for patriots to consider is not the stupidity of England but the safety of the United States, and this fact becomes all the more striking when we reflect on the news from Ireland, the news that Ireland is drifting into anarchy and that lawlessness is threatening a form of Bolshevism. This may be amusing to a few fanatics and mischievous sapheads in San Francisco but it is alarming to the decent, intelligent people of Ireland where, by the way, the Sinn Fein organization is growing weaker every day.

The Theatre

By Samuel Hoffenstein

The roar of the smoking world, the rage of the bleeding year,
The reeking sin and sorrow—they do not enter here.
Here Peace still finds a temple to wait the dawning Truth,
Here still the Hour holds solace for unforgetting Youth.

Here Love still meets with Laughter to make the earth divine,
Here Harlequin, immortal, still finds his Colombine.
The dripping Death whose shadow lies red in every clime
Is here a sombre legend that haunts an ancient time.

Here Pierrot, still pursuing the glamorous Pierrette,
Bids those who dare, remember, and those who must, forget.
Here, while the hosts of Horror the lands incarnadine,
A deathless Art keeps burning the lamps at Beauty's shrine.

Copa de Oro, Not Eschscholtzia

By Edward F. O'Day

Why continue to call our State flower by its Teutonic name of Eschscholtzia when it has a poetical Spanish name? Why not at this time make a "drive" to restore to the California poppy its original designation, Copa de Oro? The man who named the poppy Eschscholtzia was not its original European discoverer. The naturalist of a Spanish expedition to California deserves that honor. All the more reason why the poppy should regain its beautiful Castilian name.

To tell the story of how our glorious Copa de Oro came to have the unpoetical, the unspellable and (to those not to the manner born) the unpronounceable name of Eschscholtzia, one must start with Otto von Kotzebue.

Otto was the son of the German novelist and playwright August Friedrich Ferdinand von Kotzebue who is remembered nowadays because he quarreled with Goethe. Otto's mother was not German, but Russian, and Otto was born at Reval, Russia, in 1787. He was educated for the Russian navy, and in 1815 was placed in command of an expedition, fitted out at the expense of the imperial Russian chancellor, Count Rumantsoff, in the brig "Rurick." In this vessel, with twenty-seven men, Otto von Kotzebue set out to find a passage across the Arctic Ocean and explore the less-known parts of Oceania. This voyage which lasted for three years, included a visit to the coast of California. Kotzebue described the expedition in a book entitled: A Voyage of Discovery into the South Sea and Beering's Straits for the Purpose of Exploring a North-East Passage, undertaken in the years 1815-1818.

There was a botanist on this expedition. His name was Adalbert von Chamisso. Chamisso was French by birth (he was born in Champagne), but German by adoption. Before making a name for himself as a botanist, he became rather famous as a German poet and story writer. His best known work is the imaginative narrative of Peter Schlemihl, the man who sold his shadow, which has been translated into most European languages. It was he who noticed the Copa de Oro in California and brought specimens of it back to Europe. In 1820 he published drawings and a description of it, classifying it in honor of his friend with the difficult name and of the country where he found it, Eschscholtzia Californica.

And now we come to this man for whom the Copa de Oro was given its Teutonic name. Johann Friedrich Eschscholtz is usually described as a German. I suppose he was a German. He was born in Russia, like Kotzebue, but of Teutonic parents and in a Teutonic community. Eschscholtz was born in the Livonian city of Dorpat (now Yuriev) in 1793, and died in the same city at the age of thirty-eight. He was appointed naturalist and physician to Kotzebue's expedition, and about his only other claim to fame is that Chamisso thought enough of him to name the botanical find in his honor.

Like so many other important discoveries, the Copa de Oro was not an exclusive find. Professor Luis Nee, the botanist, had visited California with Malaspina's expedition in 1791, some years before Kotzebue. Singularly enough, Professor Nee published a description of the Copa de Oro in Madrid in the same year that

Chamisso's description appeared—1820. But Chamisso had the ears of the scientists, and Nee had not. So Chamisso "got away" with his feat of naming our poppy the Eschscholtzia.

It doesn't seem right that a legendary flower of California should have a German name. Yes, the poppy is legendary. Says Prentiss Maslin in an article on our State Flower (so designated in 1903 by legislative enactment), written for the California Blue Book:

"The best and most authentic legend connected with this flower purports to be told in a verse or chant of the Indians of southern California of the time when there was a great drought and vegetation died, and pestilence and famine came upon the land, and intense cold existed, until all the Indians perished save two, Manona (man) and his young squaw Mahala (woman). In dire distress, they left the land of their forefathers and journeyed south in search of relief from their destitution, and of a land where vegetation grew and where they could exist; offering up, each night and morn, their devout prayers to the Great Spirit of the Red Man. These prayers were heard, and the Great Spirit sent the "Fire Flower" to drive away the evil spirit of the cold and frost, and to fill the land with warmth and plenty."

I must quote another sentence from Maslin's article: "No great poem has been written about this flower, and probably none ever will be, because it appeals to the artistic sense rather than to the poetic."

It is to be supposed that Maslin used the expression "great poem" in a meticulous sense. Great poems are rare. But some very good poems have been written about this flower, and to prove it I shall quote some of them, beginning with one by our Poet Laureate. Who so fit as our Poet Laureate to celebrate our State Flower?

COPA DE ORO

Thy satin vesture richer is than looms
Of Orient weave for raiment of her Kings!
Not dyes of olden Tyre, not precious things
Regathered from the long-forgotten tombs
Of buried empires, not the iris plumes
That wave upon the tropics' myriad wings,
Not all proud Sheba's queenly offerings,
Could match the golden marvel of thy blooms.
For thou art nurtured from the treasure-veins
Of this fair land: thy golden rootlets sup
Her sands of gold—of gold thy petals spun.
Her golden glory, thou—on hills and plains,
Lifting, exultant, every kingly cup
Brimmed with the golden vintage of the sun.

—Ina Coolbrith.

CALIFORNIA POPPIES

With dreams, and dust of dreaming, sweet and dim,
A hill all song—Great Pan had not disdained it;
Gold cups, with sunshine rippling o'er the rim,
And slender stems to break when you have drained it.
—Mary Carolyn Davies.

IN POPPY FIELDS

Here the poppy hosts assemble:
How they startle, how they tremble!
All their royal hoods unpinned
Blow out lightly in the wind.

Men that in the cities grind,
Come before the heart is blind.
Here is gold to labor for;
Here is pillage worth a war!

—Edwin Markham.

THE CALIFORNIA POPPY

With large and liberal largesse behold,
The gilded guerdon of a thousand rains.
The hills grow rich, and opulent the plains.
The fond, sweet miracle that Eden told
To universal Mother Earth of old,
A mellow melody of minor strains,
That runs with Springtime madness in her veins,
And blossoms from her breast in fairy gold.
Still the old miracle, forever new
With each new spring the golden cups are set,
To hold their brimming fill of morning dew,
And speak to man of God, lest he forget
The lights of Eden, and the trees that grew
Within the walls, where the four rivers met.

—Samuel J. Alexander.

THE CALIFORNIA ESCHSCHOLTZIA

The orange hue of the rainbow
Is not so deep as thine;
More rich than a golden goblet
Influsing with sun-lit wine.

On its calyx of pink thy corolla
Catches sheen from the passing sun,
As if powder of pearls were dusted
And gleamed thy soft gold upon.

Of a truth, the dainty fay-maidens
Must have crimped thine edge so thin
Alike to some fairy pattern,
On thy stamen for golden pin.

Deep down in the cup of thy petals
One spot of a purple stain,
Where the elves forgot in their revels
The last bright drop to drain.

As the scintillant dust of amber
In the sun does thy pollen shine;
Such powder Queen Mab might covet
To burnish her locks divine.

At dusk thou modestly closest
Thy petals with jealous fold;
All night thou cosily sleepest
In a tent of the cloth of gold.

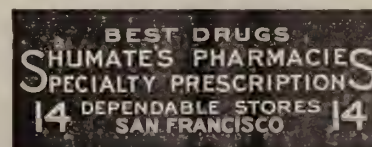
—Amelia Woodward Truesdell.

ESCHSCHOLTZIA CALIFORNICA

O the rose garden, the garden
Of the roses, of roses alone.
Fair is it, rare is it, yet in my garden
A daintier blossom has blown:
A flower of the South and of the Sun,
Sown upon limitless plains,
Fed by the death of the summer grasses,
Watered by winter rains.

When the wild spring streams are running,
She raises her head and cries,
"Blow off my emerald cap, good wind,
And the yellow hair out of my eyes!"
And a fair, fine lady she stands,
And nods to the dancing sea;
O the rose you trained is a lovely slave,
But the wild gold poppy is free!

—Mrs. M. F. C. Hall-Wood.



FOR MEN

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Perspective Impressions

Can you afford to save money? That's what buying a Liberty Bond means.

Nat Goodwin sued for divorce. Wonder who'll be his half-dozen wife?

We always feel sorry for the man who impersonates Lincoln in the parade.

Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver is going on the stump for Heney. Why not get Jane Addams too?

The great mystery with every married couple is how other married couples manage to get along.

We suspect that Hindenburg was boasting when he made that remark about reaching Paris on April first.

The trouble with a lot of local Irishmen is that they think nothing happened in Ireland between the Famine and the Easter Rebellion.

Even people who can't pronounce his name have confidence in General Foch.

Isn't it an insult to our flag to make a disloyalist kiss it?

How foolish of men to fear the most what they know the least.

It is easy to be happy and commonplace, yet so many people hope to be something else.

Once it was thought that the war could be ended by making it clear to Germany that war does not pay. But nothing has ever been made clear to Germany except by the Kaiser.

When a dispute arises between A. Paladini, the very successful fish merchant, and Market Director Weinstock touching a question involving the interests of the dear people who shall say on which side the truth is likely to be found.

Some German soldiers may affect to under-rate American fighters, but not the Germans in front of Toul.

"Each American farmer should raise a nut crop," says a newspaper. We know a lot of farmers who raise hicks.

At least Colonel Weinstock, the Market Director, knows the difference between a striped bass and a red herring.

As Republicans now seem eager to get together again the G. O. P. may yet feel that after all it should bless President Wilson for his partisanship.

In acknowledging a gift from the Mikado Mayor Rolph speaks of the "friendly relations that have always existed between his imperial majesty and myself as Mayor of San Francisco." Didn't know our Mayor had any relations with the throne at Tokio.

Morphine

By Hugh Pollard

The war had drawn together every type of man, with the result that the officers of the new army were often curious folk who could not correspond with the set ideas of what an officer should be and think about. In the old army brain was not a heresy, but speech showing that one could think of things beyond the scope of the average mess conversation was looked upon as bad form. An unconventional speculative idea, rashly uttered with intent to provoke argument, has been the secret bane of many a young officer's career. As a result, the old guard did not take over-kindly to the new blood, and many a reactionary old dug-out unconsciously served the Kaiser far better than he served his King.

The brigade had suffered heavy losses in that quelling misery, the winter of 1914, and by the first flush of the spring we had drafts of new blood with us. We were resting in billets in a Belgian town not too far back behind the line, and some of the new officers had been talking rather cleverly. Not epoch-making stuff, you understand, but moderately intellectual argument—the talk of keen young men of modern days awake to the impulse of great new things.

These youngsters and most of their stamp and generation now lie dead, broken in health, or maimed, serving but as an object lesson of the bitter futility of war. Sometimes I think that though we may have won, the cost we paid in these active young brains was heavier than our leaders ever dreamed.

The old guard was represented in the mess by the senior captain, a solid, thick-headed militia man and county gentleman, drawn from his Mendip Hills, and by the doctor. The doctor was the very type of old regular R. A. M. C. man, a capable administrator, an indifferent surgeon, and rigid as iron upon all points of discipline and etiquette. He presented a curious study in his mingling of the healer with the man-at-arms. He was not unsym-

pathetic to the suffering; indeed, he had an almost Irish air of geniality, but this was crossed by a fierce dogmatism and a brusque belief that everything except a gaping wound was probably malingering. His contempt for the young civilian surgeons now in khaki knew no bounds, and the traditions of the Boer War were his stand-by. He refused to recognize that trench warfare in Flanders needed a different treatment from the practice of the high karoo.

Venning was one of the younger men, the new set who had just arrived. He was a good officer, knew his duty and did it well, but did not limit all his thought to matters of the kind. I remember his queer, rough-hewn face, keen blue eyes and mobile mouth as he leant forward in the lithe circle of lamplight over the chequered red and white cloth of the cottage table.

"I don't admit your argument, Lane," he was saying; "you seem to confuse the faculties of perception with the existence of a separate individual consciousness after death. Look here, I will illustrate my point. These faculties, these mystic perceptions, are in us you admit; you claim them to be proof of divinity. Now do you see this?"

He produced from his tunic pocket a slender box and tumbled out upon the table two narrow tubes of amber glass containing serried tabloids set like peas within a pod.

"These are morphine, a wonderful and patent magic. Place two of these beneath your tongue—or, better still, a prick of a needle and a swift injection—and they will open to you a wide new world of beauty, fantasy and dream. Now there is no essence of divinity in these white drugs. I simply claim that it releases the faculties, the natural faculties inherent in you. You put no more spirituality into the body, but"—here his voice lowered to an almost reminiscent cadence—"you see a new side of life."

The doctor had been examining one of the tubes. "Have you ever taken morphine?" he asked abruptly.

Venning answered him as an aside, evidently wishing to press the point of his argument against his antagonist: "Poppies, mandragora and all the drowsy syrups of the world I know, and love their bitter savor."

Ever after that the doctor watched Venning as a cat watches a mouse. Was Venning's mood brilliant, the doctor put it down to drugs; was he depressed, it was the obvious reaction. I knew nothing of what was passing in the doctor's mind at the time. He was not a communicative man. Sometimes his nephew Eugene, also an officer of the new army, would come over from the rifle brigade to mess with his uncle, and he confided to me, as one of the old territorial officers who stood next to the regulars themselves in vested traditions, that his uncle was highly dubious of Kitchener's mob.

We went back into the line for a spell or so, and then the Staff thought the time meet and fit for a tentative push at the Boches' line. We went over the parapet and got about ten yards ahead of the Rifles, who were on our left flank. After a sharp bit of bayonet work we were through the first line and into the orchard, where we were all mixed up, Germans firing from everywhere. Our men and the Rifles did all they could, and by and by I was bowled over with a bullet in the leg. The men got me down to a dressing station, which was already full, and I found the doctor working like blazes amid the hell.

By and by Venning stalked in with a badly smashed shoulder. He was pretty far gone.

"They have pushed us out of the orchard again," he said. "Hello, doctor! Poor Eugene has got it bad."

"Eh? You have seen the boy?" said the doctor.

(Continued on Page 18)

The Practical Irish

By Marie Harrison

(An Englishwoman)

If you would find adventure, go to Ireland. It is a land of open sweetness, but of hidden treasure and of great discovery. Beneath the surface smiles or sorrows are unsuspected lights of character; little ways of thought and action which make you exclaim in bewilderment, "Is this really Irish?" The edge of your enjoyment is perpetually sharpened with the shock of the unfamiliar; and most surprising of all discoveries is to find that the Irish are not sentimental dreamers, but sincerely and insistently practical, blessed with a directness of outlook that the Englishman has come to associate exclusively with the American.

Ireland has suffered as much from hasty estimates of her mental fibre as from official bungling or the bitter injustice of dead years. In every club or drawing room you get extraordinarily diverse opinions of the Irish, but there is always one common point of criticism. Your Tory Englishman dislikes the Irish because they are "unpatriotic;" your student of letters believes that every Irishman talks like a character from Synge; your traveler appreciates the generous measure of Irish hospitality; your man of affairs gives praise to the gay Celtic wit. You hear that the Irish are charming or clever or disloyal or unstable or "temperamental." But practical? Of course not! Your critics make chorus in unison, raising loud voices in agreement that the Irish are idealists, essentially, above all; that here is no place for argument.

Idealists? I agree. It is just because they are idealists that the Irish are so intensely practical. Almost always it is the man of vision who is the great realist; he sees possibilities of action undreamed of by the unimpressible. From the proud loneliness of some aloof height of imagination his eye travels beyond the opportunities of the immediate day to the distant chances of the morrow. The Irishman dreams, but he also achieves. He responds to the appeal of the poetic, but it is the strong poetry of construction rather than the song of the unfulfilled that gives him inspiration. Because he is a greater idealist than the Englishman, he sees more fully; because more is seen, more also is done.

These are things which have come to me with an increasing clearness in moving about Ireland. Where I have expected to find men conquered by difficulties, I have discovered difficulties conquered by men. This is strikingly apparent in farming, and nothing needs greater concentration or perseverance. A nation of dreamers might shepherd sheep, singing the while in happy innocence, or persuade a productive soil to give food sufficient for the modest needs of their own people. But no nation of dreamers could have made their farming methods so scientific as to serve as a model for agricultural development in another country; no romantic visionaries could have built up one of the great export trades of the world. The Irish have done these things. Their coöperative creameries have been accepted in Denmark as the standard of excellence to be aimed at and accomplished; their exports of farm produce to England are equalled only by those of America; indeed, it is probable that in these days of war we actually get more

food from unpractical Ireland than from any other country.

The present prosperity in farming is not, however, the result of war-time conditions, so much as the gradual evolution of the years. There is the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, the one body in Ireland which is so infinitely wise in its working that it brings all classes and creeds together in proud, ambitious enterprise; there is the enlightened Department of Agriculture, with ample means at its disposal. Both these bodies have helped powerfully in the making of the new rural Ireland now rich and contented. Excepting the linen mills in Belfast and the breweries in Dublin, Ireland has practically no industrial life. She has put all her energy and enthusiasm and hard common sense into her agricultural life, and the result is surely very excellent.

But all Ireland is not like the golden valley of the South. Much of it is unpromising rock-land, making tillage a task of increasing toil. Is there a more savagely beautiful lovely stretch of country than Western Donegal? You would not hope to find it peopled; it is desolate, treeless, but for the coming of the autumn heather, which softens the damp bogfields in violet warmth, it is very comfortless and cold. Sea winds whistle round about the hills and beat against the white homesteads, and the beasts of the fields do not know where to turn for shelter. Yet it is not today an unhappy land, for rocks have been blasted out of the earth, potatoes put into the soil, and enough produce forced from the ground to give sustenance to the people for at least eight months of the year. Such a miracle you would not find in England. The Donegal peasant, untaught, often speaking no English, devout in his religion, saw in dreams the unpoetic vision of pigs and poultry and a tilled little garden, and those many years ago he resolved no further to seek adventure across the seas, but to make his beloved land yield nourishment in due season and in sufficiency.

So it has come about that in Western Donegal today you find a people not compelled to emigrate or unwillingly to allow their daughters to work in the Scotch potato fields. Coöperative methods, begun by a Donegal peasant himself, have changed the face of the countryside. These very small farmers are able to sell their pigs or poultry or eggs on the best possible terms, while in Dungloe, in an amazingly well-managed coöperative knitting factory, the girls of the scattered villages adjoining find happy, well-paid work. Whatever England may do for Ireland in the future, she can never do more than Ireland has already done for herself in Donegal.

Beyond the limited possibilities of their own country, the Irish have done superlatively well. Irish genius for organization and initiative has had the fullest possible play in the great romance of American commerce. I have heard Americans laughingly say, "We're governed by the Irish in New York." In almost any big movement in politics or social reform or administrative work you find Irishmen as leaders, clear-visioned, enthusiastic, but immensely practical. You cannot say this of the Latin races that go to the making of America. The Italian,

with all his warmth of temperament and susceptible emotions, is not an idealist in the sense that the Irishman is. The Italian feels rather than sees; he is more receptive than creative. The history of the Irish in America abundantly proves that Irish sentiment is clean and strong, like a great north wind, sweeping away the sultry airs of hothouse emotionalism, brave in vision, as equally brave in construction.

In a lesser degree the political wisdom of the Irish has been and is still quietly working in our dominions, building up nationhood as it could not be built up in their own country, suffering as it does most continually under the imposition of ideas manufactured in England.

And how would you find traces of unreal sentiment in a nation that produces the finest soldiers in the world? Swift to obey, with a delicate sense of precision in discipline, ready to follow a leader to the very gates of hell, always merry and cheerful, the Irish soldier is indeed a prince of fighting men. He has the initiative and reckless fearlessness of the colonial troops who have won honor immortal on our battlefields, but he possesses what is possibly even more valuable, and that is the unquestioning sense of obedience. In modern warfare it is harder, but it may be better soldiery to stand still than to dash forward; the Irish soldier can do both. No sudden glow of romantic enthusiasm makes him lose his head; he is not swept away by an impulsive but mistaken heroism, as were the Anzacs on an historic occasion in Gallipoli. Because he is practical he is a good workman, and a good workman, be he soldier or artisan, knows his job—and the job comes first. If it be true that the play is more than the player of the game, it is equally true that military strategy is more than the private soldier—and the Irishman knows it. He knows that wars are

(Continued on Page 16.)



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The Spectator

The Clockwinder Discusses the Irish

"Well, it's a great time we're having with our Irish friends," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock as he poured out a glass of Scotch whisky for himself in the pendulum room. He looked at his friend Tiv Kreling and found him scrutinizing the label on the bottle.

"When did you begin drinking Scotch whisky?" Kreling asked.

"The day the Shin Fayners started the row," the clockwinder replied. "I'm going to be on the right side this time," he added as with a broad grin he beamed on Mayor Rolph's law and order man. "I can see the finish of my Irish friends. Keep your eye on the Scotch."

"I don't get you," said Tiv as he poured out a little for himself.

"You're slow," said the clockwinder. "Listen. These are great days for the Scotch. McNab had them going but now they're gone. They're repeating here what they've always been doing in Ireland—fighting among themselves, and it's all off. For a long time we've had a McLaren running the park, but now it's a cinch that a McLeran, the Supervisor, will soon be running the whole city. He's the next man for Mayor. The Scotch are a small minority, but they can put it all over the Irish, especially when the Irish are fighting for home rule with clubs that they use on one another. This is what they call the Cheltick temperament I believe."

"I've heard of that thing," said Kreling. "What is it?"

"It's the thing that these fellows have who got in wrong in San Francisco. Judge Griffin seems to have it."

Griffin Gets from Under

"What's the matter with Judge Griffin?" Kreling asked.

"He's a little premature," said the clockwinder, "but I suppose he was misled into the disturbance. At any rate he had the grace to retire before the bricks began to come over the top. That was a real Irish trick they played on him."

"There's no doubt of my friend Griffin's patriotism, is there?" Kreling asked.

"Oh, no," said the clockwinder. "Merely he wasn't wise. You know, when a certain order of Irishmen in San Francisco start out to make a hit they pick out a judge of some kind for their representative. They have a parochial psychology that teaches them that the dear people dearly love a jurist. They don't care what kind he is so long as he is called "judge." It may be one like Judge Cooney who was the whole show in the days of Michael Davitt and the Land League cause, or it may be one like Judge Toohy who sen-

tenced Fat Jack for fifty years. This time they picked out Judge Griffin who figured in the dynamiters' case."

"Well, there's one thing about Griffin," Kreling observed, "he knows when to duck and let the other fellows hold the bag."

"Yes," said the clockwinder. "And I don't blame him in this instance. That was about all they could do—hold the bag."

The Treason of Ulster

If it were sane to argue that through two wrongs is the customary way of achieving what is right the spokesmen of the Sinn Fein hereabout might be able to claim respectable attention. For there is no doubt that the Ulsterites have done much wrong in Ireland. But with all their pig-headedness no Ulsterites have organized in this country to give their support to Carsonism. Nor have any local Ulsterites been misled into anything prejudicial to the interests of our men at the front. Now there are Carsonites in San Francisco. But they are content to let their Irish enemies make fools of themselves. They realize, if the stupid Sinn Feiners don't, that what the men who gathered at the O'Connor banquet are concerned about is an American question. In England right now are men who perceive that the question is one that concerns all the Allies and they are speaking very plainly on the subject as did a writer in the London Daily News the other day. Arguing for a settlement on colonial lines he says:

"What then is the obstacle? It is the old malignant influence of the Belfast ascendancy party which has poisoned the history of Ireland for generations, whose rebel movement carried out under the leadership of Sir Edward Carson is the source of all the tragedies of the past four years, and whose license for mischief even at this crisis in our affairs is still unchecked. It is Carsonism which is the root of all this miserable story of failure. It is Carsonism which brought back to Ireland the doctrine of physical force that Parnell a generation ago succeeded in uprooting. Orangism is the parent and true begetter of Sinn Fein, and as Mrs. Stopford Green shows in her pamphlet "Ourselves Alone—in Ulster," the policy of Ulster has been a mixture of selfishness and treason unsurpassed in our annals. There was no concealment in the traffic with the enemy of today. It was from them, from Germany, that the Carson rebels were armed. It was with the connivance of Germans that the weapons were brought to overawe Parliament, and make war on the majority in the country. It was to Germany that the preachers of rebellion turned in a multitude of speeches directed against the decisions of this nation and the Government of the King. Baron Kùhlemann was welcome in Ulster to see Sir Edward Carson's parades and preparations, and German journalists with mysterious unanimity discovered a call from Ulster and gave to the conspirators in Berlin comfortable tidings of the rod in pickle for Great Britain. Whether we write all this down as deliberate treason or reckless incendiarism, the result was equally disastrous. It was one of the great factors in plunging the world into war, and it is the sole cause of the unhappy history of Ireland during the war."

Dr. Wheeler's Tribute to France

With the eyes of loyal Californians turned toward the great University of California whence it has been necessary to expel enemy alien teachers, it is timely to pick up a pamphlet just published by the university and read Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler's tribute to France and the French people. This pamphlet records the ceremonies attendant on the dedication of the Library of French Thought presented to the university by France. This is the collection of books which was assembled for exhibition in the French Building at our World's Fair. The ceremonies at Berkeley included speeches by Porter Garnett, W. B. Bourn, Bruce Porter, Charles Mills Gayley, Henry Morse Stephens, Gilbert Chinard, J. C. Rowell, and Commissioner Edouard De Billy, representing France, as well as by Dr. Wheeler. The president of the university made a very brief speech. "These books," he said, "represent, by and large, what will always be here to speak for the artistic life-creations of a peculiar people in Western Europe." He told how the collection might be used: "Here one may sit, and, though he never can read widely into this mass, he may see it at a glance and know what it portends. He may think about it If they are weary a bit, they may come here and sit down and rest and pray. No one, I think, will drive them out." This may be described, not unjustly, as a rather strange exposition of the use to which a library should be put. Dr. Wheeler said nothing about the possibility that students might care to study deeply of

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this magnificent collection of French thought. For a moment Dr. Wheeler warmed a bit when he spoke of the French—this time without using the adjective “peculiar”—as being “gifted above all peoples that have been since the ancient Greeks of Athens, gifted above them all to adjust the arts of life to need and to hold on to the comeliness of life therewith.”

Larkspur Elects a Woman

There was great excitement in the little town of Larkspur, Marin County, last Monday. The populace, which is made up largely of summer visitors and ark dwellers who have taken possession early this year, was all agog over an election. The contest was viewed with as much interest as if the fate of the nation hung thereon. It was a novel election to the Larkspurites for a woman was running for office, and the men who were running were thoroughly disgusted. Some of them were so disgusted they said that if elected they'd resign if the lady too happened to get in. Get in she did, and now bets are even that nobody will resign. The lady is Miss Belle Brown, a pioneer resident of the town, and be it said to the credit of all that there is much rejoicing over Miss Brown's election. Why shouldn't she be elected? folk are asking. She has seen Larkspur grow up, and she has helped it grow from a few cottages on the side of Tamalpais to a village with a main street, a town hall, two churches and a library. A public-spirited citizen is Miss Belle Brown. She helped raise money to build the first church, she gathered the first books in the collection of twenty-five hundred that constitute the library, she catalogued the books and she gives her services without charge to the library. A woman of culture who has traveled over the world is Miss Belle Brown, and she minds her own business though her home is almost within a stone's throw of Escalle's where people from the city enjoy themselves in the dance on the Sabbath. Miss Brown is no reformer, but she is a woman of dignity and sense, and she has spent her life teaching the young idea of Marin County to sprout. Miss Brown received a majority of fifty odd and singularly enough the majority did not come from the Baltimore Park side of the Larkspur canyon where the more fashionable homes are located but from the heart of the town and over near Escalle's.

Escalle Elected Mayor

There was no wet and dry issue in the Larkspur political campaign, but as a result of the election our prohibition friends will sit up and take notice that here is a fine field for reform. On the day of Miss Belle Brown's election the people also elected Jean Escalle. They elected him chairman of the Board of Trustees, thus making him mayor of the town. Now ordinarily in times gone by his election would hardly occasion comment, but times have changed in California. We have become very good, and we regard it as very bad to make money by stimulating hilarity. Jean Escalle is the keeper of a resort where men and women dance and drink wine. He sells wine to the ark dwellers in Marin County, and his place has a reputation for merriment. A place like Escalle's in the neighborhood of Los Angeles would be absolutely impossible. But right over the bay in Marin County the old Frenchman whose place is famous is honored and respected. He is even elected to public office, the highest in the gift of the village. Perhaps the explanation is that the

people have lost sight of Escalle's business and have thought only of the man himself. They know him as a kind-hearted old man, and they remember that when the whole mountain was on fire he worked hard to save the personal belongings of friends and strangers. Perhaps they elected him as a public-spirited citizen.

Josephare Starts an Art Row

Lionel Josephare, author of “Turquoise and Iron” and “The Book of Suckers,” is on the warpath. His bayonet is pointed against J. Nilsen Laurvik. His casus belli is the management (mismanagement he calls it) of the Palace of Fine Arts. In an open letter to Laurvik the poet-turned-painter makes a number of statements not calculated or intended to please Laurvik or his associates. Josephare charges that the officials of the Art Association are favored in the matter of wall space at the present exhibition out in Maybeck's building. The jury, he claims, chose “large canvases painted by themselves and fellow members, and mostly small ones from San Franciscans at large.” He computes that “of a total of 369 pictures exhibited, 152 were painted by the jury of selection, the jury of awards, instructors at the Association school, officers of the Association, and four men of more or less official standing in San Francisco art centers.” Josephare says most San Franciscans do not yet know that the Palace of Fine Arts, “received from the Federal Government,” is controlled by the San Francisco Art Association which he calls “a little known art association.” Josephare, evidently, thinks that art in San Francisco is in the grip of junkers; he wants to make art safe for democracy.

The Hungarian Cult

This open letter is open in more senses than one, for it is frank to bluntness. Josephare smashes hard at the policy which keeps on the walls of the Palace of Fine Arts the exhibition of Hungarian paintings. He reminds Laurvik that the pictures in the Freak Annex—the so-called “O my God” section of the art exhibit at the Fair—incurred public censure, and ques-

tions the justice of giving several rooms for several years to Hungarians who “portray life as an inferno of discolored and dislocated monstrosity.” He goes further. He claims that this “confusionist” art is so popular with the powers-that-be that the sure way to please the jury is to forget your individuality and paint a “leering imitation” of the Hungarians. He claims that this condition has corrupted art in San Francisco. He could not be more severe with the Hungarians if they were Huns.

The Fair's Influence on Art

Josephare quotes Laurvik as saying that the 1918 exhibit “is the first definite exposition of the new point of view crystalized” by the P. I. E. If so, Josephare says in effect, the Lord help art in San Francisco. “All the novelties,” he says, “are in the direction of ugliness.” He says that our artists must have gone to “the madhouse or the dissecting table” for their new style. Their new pictures are “profuse with tones of blood and gangrene.” These are not Californian viewpoints, he says, and adds: “I am inclined to think that the viewpoints were pinched from the Hungarian purgatory where fourth-dimensional and lopsided humanity has been allowed to remain for years, and has been accepted by some artists as a tip for the readiest access to adjoining walls.” He says the pictures in the latest show “would give the impression that Californians in the year 1918 were polychromatic aborigines tangled in a landscape too small for their convenience.” Ugliness, he says, is the easiest thing to paint, and, “these Undifficultists have proven to themselves that infinite and eternal beauty is more of a vexation forever than a joy.” Also, “they denounce the eternal glory of the sky as old-fashioned.” It was because Maybeck's Palace was a “thing of classic beauty,” he says, that San Francisco was so eager to preserve it. But today he feels “a slight discrepancy between the within and without of it.” The influence of Exposition art shows itself only in “pathological puzzles.” This is the important part of Josephare's open letter, I think. His view is backed by “Humilitas” in a Safety Valve letter published in

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Tuesday's Chronicle. "Humilitas" wonders whether our artists have gone color-blind, but is inclined to think that total blindness is their trouble. After viewing the new show "Humilitas" advises our artists to "go into the fields and breathe the fresh air." All this is legitimate criticism. It is worthy an answer.

The Personal Equation

Toward the end of his open letter Josephare voices a personal complaint. He submitted a picture for the new show—it was rejected. However well meant criticism may be, it is always weakened in its effect by a circumstance of this sort—with some minds at least. Yet it must be remembered that some of the world's most important art movements have gained strength from the fighting spirit aroused by such rejections. In discussing the rejection of his picture Josephare makes another interesting point. His picture was inspired, he says, by the war "which has become the sun and the moon of the world's imagination." And he points out: "It is remarkable that in all your exhibition not one of the artists was stirred a little bit by emotions that have been in the wind of the world for nearly four years." This is a palpable hit, it seems to me. "Your artists," says Josephare, "like some inhabitants of central China, have not yet heard of the war." And he adds with calculated cruelty, "Or perhaps they have not yet made up their minds as to what technic they should emulate in painting it." Meanwhile, he says, they continue to do "portraits of bananas, majolica bowls, futurist flowers, funny twilights, dubious human beings, and landscapes that a real estate operator would rejoice to see on the advertising folders of his competitor."

Henry Poor Replies

So far I have seen no reply from Director Laurvik. But Henry V. Poor has replied to Josephare's open letter, signing himself "Member jury of selection, 1918 annual show." His reply, therefore, may be regarded as the voice of officialdom. What does Poor say? He says the Art Association "includes now the great majority of active artists in this community, which accounts for the fact that the great majority of pictures are by artists who are members of the association." Poor calls Josephare's frontal attack "ignorant criticism." He points out that Josephare may become a member of the Association provided he pays the dues of \$5 a year. He says the only reason any picture was rejected was "obvious incompetency." He invites Josephare to send his jury-rejected picture to the annual jury-free exhibition. "As for the questions of art involved," he says, "I must leave them unanswered." He makes it plain, however, that he regards Josephare's letter as merely sen-

sational, and even uses the word "slander." I am neutral in all this affair, but I cannot help calling the Poor reply a poor reply.

Let Us Have War

I call it a poor reply for two reasons: it is poor because it does not meet Josephare's letter front to front on the larger questions raised, and it is poor because it overlooks a strategic opening. Art thrives on fight. The more war between schools of art, the more interest in art. It is when local artists are at war that laymen take notice, go to shows, buy pictures. Josephare gave the Art Association a fine chance to stimulate general interest in pictures. Poor threw the chance away. Besides, Poor let himself get angry. That is apparent from his smash about "ignorant criticism," his impolite reference to "obvious incompetency." What's the use of mixing bad blood with paint? By all means let artists spatter one another's theories with turpentine and cut one another's dogmas with palette knives. But it is well to keep the peace as between individuals.

Laurvik Should Answer

I really think that Laurvik should take a hand in this controversy. He would, I believe, put the case for the Art Association on better terms than Poor did. Laurvik handles a skilled pen. Josephare's animadversions on the Hungarians and their baleful influence on our artists would receive authoritative answer from the author of "Is It Art?", a monograph on Post-Impressionism, Futurism and Cubism. And Josephare's condemnation of the way the Palace of Fine Arts is conducted would not daunt the man who edited the Catalogue of the Mrs. Phoebe Hearst Loan Collection, the most elaborate and the most informative catalogue on the dependent arts ever issued in San Francisco.

Stephens and Heney

So the friends of Governor Stephens are going to put Heney out of the running by voting for Woolwine at the primary. This would be a rather deft political trick, but wouldn't it be advisable for the Governor first to straighten out the affairs of his little political family? The Governor appears to be depending too much on the wisdom and support of his friend Hiram Johnson notwithstanding the fact that Hi has become a middle-of-the-roadster. Senator Johnson is not visibly doing anything to help the man who has been referred to by a certain distinguished California lady as the Taft of California. He is not even attempting to control his own lieutenants, one of whom is Jack Neylan, the man who started a row in the State Council of Defense. Now comes Leo C. Owen to stir

up more muck in the Council of Defense. Surely Governor Stephens needs a council of defense, one to protect himself while he goes gunning for Heney. Poor Stephens! He lost touch with up-to-date politics while he was in Washington, and he has no conception of the turns in the road that was cemented and asphalted in the days when Hi Johnson was camouflaging the dear people. The tricks of the game are now beyond his ken. He is like a Rip Van Winkle returned to his old haunts groping in the places that once he knew. Fancy Stephens chuckling over his plans to upset Heney's hot dog cart! Why Heney knows the game from A to Izzard. Before Stephens knows what's happening there'll probably be a dictaphone in his office.

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Assessment Districts

What is the general feeling in this city on the subject of assessment districts? Perhaps a general feeling doesn't exist. Perhaps those who are lucky enough to escape these localized assessments don't give a thought to the subject, while those whose property is included do all the complaining, their complaints being loud in proportion to their assessments. But isn't it about time to thresh out this question? to satisfy those who claim that the whole city should be taxed for big improvements, or else show them specifically and finally why they are wrong? You will hear many people whose good money helped build the Stockton street tunnel assert that it didn't do their particular property a penny's worth of good. You will hear the same thing said by property owners who were assessed for the Twin Peaks tunnel. And now another assessment district has been ruled off on the map to provide funds for a new link in the Twin Peaks boulevard system, and still another assessment district is talked of to provide funds for the extension of Market street from Seventeenth westward. These are desirable public improvements. It has never been demonstrated that all the public that owns property in the city and county should not share in the expense of such improvements. The demonstration may be feasible, but it has never been made. Can't we have a thorough ventilation of this matter?

Mayor Hylan Gets a Lesson

Like his friend W. R. Hearst, Mayor Hylan of New York doesn't like the street railway companies. It would seem that Mayor Hylan has as little use for the street railways of New York as Mayor Rolph and Matt Sullivan have for our own United Railroads. A few days ago Mayor Hylan thought he saw a chance to swat one of these companies, the B. R. T. It seems that somebody brought the Mayor a piece of material with the information that he had taken it from one of "the supposedly all-steel cars" of the B. R. T. The Mayor immediately forwarded it to Chairman Straus of the Public Service Commission. "I wish you would examine it," wrote the Mayor, "and let me know what you have to say about these cars being partly made of paper and pasteboard and not all steel, as the public are led to believe they are. The inclosure may be a new species of Public Service steel which I am not familiar with." A nice sarcastic letter! In reply Straus who is not very friendly with Mayor Hylan, wrote: "In the days of Augustus there was a poet whose fame and reputation have come down through the ages. His name was Horace, and many of the gems of his pen are even today pregnant with prophetic wisdom. Permit me to call your attention to one of these gems, which has been freely translated as follows:

The mountains groaned in pangs of birth,
Great expectations filled the earth,
And lo! a ridiculous mouse was born!

These lines would be a complete answer to the supposed find of the respectable citizen you refer to, as well as to your statement and insinuations, but I will give you the information you ask for, though it is not new." Whereupon Straus explained that the material

was "agasote," a heat insulation material such as is always used in all-steel cars.

Lenroot's Great Triumph

Irvine Lenroot, the victor in the Senatorial contest in Wisconsin, is one of Congressman Julius Kahn's warmest friends. He was here at the time of the banquet given in honor of Kahn by the citizens of the city, and Kahn was campaigning for Lenroot in Wisconsin some weeks ago. Kahn is credited with having done some fine work for Lenroot. Recognized himself as a man who had been loyal to the President in all that Mr. Wilson has asked Congress to do to help win the war, he assured the people wherever he spoke that he was never a bit more loyal than Lenroot. However, the Federal brigade was for Davies. Many prominent Democrats had urged Lenroot to withdraw, saying that in a three-cornered fight Victor Berger, the Socialist, might win. But the Republic leaders resented the attitude of the Democrats and said that as they (the Republicans) were determined to win with Lenroot it would be advisable for Davies to withdraw. Lenroot's victory is regarded as a very great Republican triumph that should be inspiring to the party everywhere.

A Jury in Portland

A bootlegger was tried in bone-dry Portland the other day. The evidence against him consisted of two quarts of whiskey, a quart of brandy and a pint of beer. When the jury retired they took the evidence with them. When they returned to court they brought a verdict of guilty, but no evidence. Or rather, the only evidence of the evidence was on the breaths of the jurors which showed that they had evidently been drinking. It being evident that they had swallowed the evidence, a new trial was demanded by the bootlegger's attorney on the ground that a tanglefoot jury wasn't competent to convict. But as there was no stomach pump handy the evidence could not be recovered. The jurors are being accused of ingratitude. To drink a man's booze and then find him guilty is considered harsh treatment. The jurors reply that if their critics had sampled that booze they would praise the jury for not demanding that the bootlegger be hanged.

Correcting Stevenson

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote the essays now gathered in that favorite volume "Virginibus Puerisque" for the Cornhill Magazine when Leslie Stephen was the editor. A correspondent of the London Times who had access to the manuscript of some of these essays has compared the text as published in the Cornhill with the text as it left Stevenson's hand. The result is the shedding of light on the curious way Leslie Stephen edited his distinguished contributor. Thus, R. L. S. wrote "men who turn," and Stephen changed it to "men who work with a turning-lathe." R. L. S. wrote "She is not to be bubbled by custom," and Stephen substituted "deceived" for the fine old word "bubbled." He changed "Midsummer humours" to "Midsummer spirit." Where Stevenson wrote "a few children who have retained some happy stamp from the fact

that they were gladly conceived," Stephen, apparently shocked, substituted "a few children who have retained some happy stamp from the disposition of their parents." I believe few American editors edit contributions in this fashion, outside of Boston.



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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Zealous Stage Women

The San Francisco branch of the Stage Women's War Relief is crystallizing at the psychological moment and Mrs. Otis Skinner is to be felicitated in having launched it during her short stay. Other visiting stage women have been enthusiasts about a San Francisco branch, but nothing was done. Indeed several former actresses now married and living here were so eager to help in the movement connected with their best beloved sphere that some were planning to communicate with Lillian Russell to arrange as individuals to ally themselves with the New York center. Mrs. Skinner, being a stranger here, of course knew nothing of this, so her success is all the more praiseworthy. Now that she has placed the energetic and popular Mrs. Crellin at the head of the San Francisco unit, doubtless other professional ladies will ably assist her. For the women of the stage have an enduring love for it. With them, it is "what never dies" and they enter into whatever concerns its best interests and activities with the whole-hearted zest of which Tuesday's big benefit was characteristic.

War Relief at the Columbia

The stage women organized for war relief work have reason to be proud of all they accomplished last Tuesday at the Columbia when in extending the work of their society they gave an exceptionally fine theatrical performance, the profits of which they will devote to war relief. They took in \$2200 at the box office and \$2200 more was added when Crane Wilbur auctioned the programme. The performance was directed by that clever producer George Lask who was ably assisted by Ralph Pincus. Mrs. E. W. Crellin, chairman of the affair, contributed one of the thrills of the occasion when she rose in a stage box and modestly bowed her thanks to the enthusiastic applause. Her warm Danish heart must have beaten for joy to see that she as Camille D'Arville is so fondly remembered in San Francisco where she charmed as Maid Marian with the Bostonians and on later occasions at the Tivoli and Orpheum. In a box also was Mrs. Otis Skinner, whence came her musical, well modulated voice in a brief address. William Farnum made his presence felt in an

address which he delivered in a stage whisper. He lost his voice in the movies. It didn't hold out when he toured the State last week spieling* for Liberty Bonds. Dear old William H. Crane was on hand with funny anecdotes. He was funnier than he meant to be when he described his visit to the work rooms of the Stage Women's War Relief Society in New York; for he told us that there he had beheld little chorus girls working side by side with great stars sorting socks and sweaters. He said it was beautifully democratic. It was, Mr. Crane, almost as democratic as the boys in the United States army and navy where the plow boy goes forth to battle shoulder to shoulder with the distinguished lawyer, civil engineer, merchant or artist, all being indifferent to social status and absorbed only in their common effort to get the Kaiser. In enumerating the women eligible to belong to the unit, Mr. Crane said that any woman whose living depends or had depended in any way upon the theatre might join in the work and he gravely included in the list the charwoman and the critic's wife.

Josselyn Makes a Speech

The unaccustomed cry of "Author! Author!" was heard in the Little Theatre of The Players Club on Monday night. It was started by none other than William H. Crane, the veteran actor, and was immediately taken up by the audience which included a number of notables from Burlingame and Woodside. Its purpose was to compel Charles Josselyn to appear before the curtain and acknowledge the plaudits which had acclaimed the first presentation of his thriller "The Prisoners of War." Before the evening's entertainment began Crane who is a dear friend of Josselyn's (and incidentally an honorary member of The Players Club) had openly declared that he intended to raise the cry, and Josselyn had openly declared that if Crane did, he would "beat it." But he was not permitted to "beat it." Skilful maneuvering kept him on hand, and there was nothing for him to do but face the audience and talk. His maiden speech as a playwright was brief, modest and appreciative. He gave all the credit for the play to his collaborator Clay Greene, thereby telling a white lie. Aside from his personal concern for the success of Josselyn's play, William H. Crane was deeply interested in the singing of the Offenbach operetta "The Rose of Auvergne."

"I sang in that piece forty-three years ago," he said.

An Artist Lecturer

On March 28, Evelyn Withrow gave a talk upon art at the Century Club of which she is an honorary member. Her discussion was one of the most entertaining I've heard at a woman's club for a long time. The subject matter was the externals of art in painting and drawing, or rather the mechanical process, the causes and effects of pigment, of light, of the artist's implements and an explanation of the studio "jargon," both from the standpoint of the artist and that of the critic. She explained lucidly the material methods by which artists "fix" their visions with oils, water colors, charcoal or acids upon canvas, paper, ivory,

metal, skin. Even she did not disdain china. The walls were hung with works from her own collection, many of her own creation, to which she referred to illustrate her lecture. Miss Withrow's manner was delightful. She was intimate and humorous and sincere, enthusiastic and sure of her subject. At times she was fired with the artist's imaginativeness and poetry, with something of the simplicity of Tolstoi in his "What Is Art?" I had never met Miss Withrow before, but could readily understand that it is because she is the fortunate possessor of indefinable "charm" that scores of her friends and admirers sing her praises.

"Lawrence Zenda" Day

Monday was "Lawrence Zenda" Day at the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association. "Lawrence Zenda," as you probably know, is a poet and the daughter of a poet. For "Lawrence Zenda" is the pseudonym of Mrs. W. Elgin Travis, the wife of our taxicab king, and the daughter of Anna Morrison Reed, the sweet singer of Mendocino County. Mrs. Travis is more than a poet, she is a musical composer. She has set her own sweet lyrics to sweet music. Besides, she has taken some of the most appealing of George Sterling's poems and given them the musical setting they deserve. The Pacific Coast Women's Press Association which delights to honor Californian achievement, made Mrs. Travis the motive of its entertainment Monday afternoon in the auditorium of the Sequoia Club. There were two parts to the "Lawrence Zenda" programme. One consisted of songs with words and music by Mrs. Travis, and these were sung by Mrs. Travis herself. It was her first appearance before a public audience, and the applause she received was the best evidence of the manner in which she acquitted herself. The other part consisted of songs by George Sterling for which Mrs. Travis wrote the music, and these were sung by Charles Bulotti whose "tenor note" needs no celebration here. The programme was rounded out with an interesting talk on early American newspapers by Mrs. E. M. North Whitcomb, and harp selections by James R. Gallett. Mrs. E. D. Donovan, president of the association, presided.

It Was Not Doralinda

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few are inclined to accept almost any kind that keeps them in the public eye. Among the very great artists of the stage are some who never take the trouble to question the accuracy of a piece of publicity. They relish all kinds, convinced no doubt that the more that is written the better. As a consequence newspaper writers are not always as cautious as they should be when accepting news of doings in the passing show. Here is myself, for instance, who saw no reason to question my authority when informed that Doraldina had kissed John McCormack in the dining room of the St. Francis. I have received a letter from Doraldina informing me that she never met John McCormack. I'm sorry, for I hate to be inaccurate and I don't like to hurt anybody's feelings. I judge I hurt the dancer's because she characterized the performance described by me as "disgusting." Incidentally she informs me that she tries to perform her dances along artistic and not suggestive lines and that she has the approval of the Hawaiian Promotion Committee for her Hawaiian dances. She is a pupil of Raphael Vega of Barcelona, Spain, and she has received much fine criticism for her work in this country where she has given much of the profits of her performances to charities.

Larry Has Gone

The Family wanted to give a big affair in honor of Larry Harris, its favorite member, before he departed for France and Red Cross service on the battle line. The Tuesday Club, that unique organization which lunches once a week at the St. Francis, was laying deep plots to dine him and speechify him and make him an elaborate gift. But Larry got the summons hurriedly, and left Tuesday, taking many a Godspeed with him, though disappointing the many friends who were eager for the opportunity to show him how much they thought of him. Tantalus adds his Godspeed and his "A Bientot" to the rest.

Harkness and His Yacht

Harry Harkness, brother of Mrs. King Macomber of San Francisco, Hollister and Newport, is quarreling with the Government about his yacht. As one of the heirs to the tremendously large estate left by his father, the Standard Oil multimillionaire, Harry Harkness inherited the steam yacht Wakiva II. This yacht was built in Scotland in 1907 at a cost, it is said by the Government, of \$259,000. It had passed to the ownership of Harry Harkness when war was declared and the Government commandeered six hundred yachts for war purposes. The Government appraised the yacht at \$265,000, but Harkness insists that it is worth \$600,000. Hence a row involving suit against the Government. Besides insisting that the yacht was built for \$259,000, the Government is prepared to prove, we are told, that Harkness twice filed affidavits in the courts of New York that the yacht was worth \$185,000. It is said that of the six hundred yacht owners whose pleasure boats were commandeered only two besides Harry Harkness have disputed the Government's appraisal.

Christening Party

A particularly enjoyable evening marked the celebration Friday of the baptismal ceremony of young James Allison Bollier at the residence of the young man's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul E. Bollier, 617 Tenth avenue. Unique favors and a handsomely served dinner with dancing and music made up a charming

affair. The guests: Messrs. and Mesdames R. J. Schrader, W. B. Sharp, James V. Gleason, Francis Viscia, Edward M. Masterson, Dr. Harry Soher, Henry Hellwig, Major Sydney Pinnigert, Messrs. Harry McKenzie, J. M. Bond, Mesdames M. J. Doerr, R. J. Walker, Miss Winnie Wreden.

Revised Rules for Dining

Owing to the Hooverization of the table as part of wartime economy, it has been necessary to revise some of the time-honored rules of dining. For instance, it is no longer necessary to murmur an apology or exude a nervously facetious remark when you take up a bone in your fingers to pick it. Some people still do this, but they are regarded as ultra-conventional. One no longer looks askance when one's neighbor at the table tips his or her soup plate to conserve the last drops. "Clean plates" is the rule nowadays, and obviously, one cannot leave a soup plate as Jack Spratt and his wife left the platter unless one tips it. Another thing: It is even permissible to absorb gravy with a bit of bread, a proceeding once accounted intolerably middle-class. But one is expected not to display too conscientious a thoroughness in this table operation; there is a happy medium between wasting the gravy and polishing the plate. On the other hand, Hoover has made no rule which makes it allowable to grow vocal in soup-sipping, and it is still downright bad manners to eat peas with a knife.

Sent to the Belgians

The Commission for Aid Civil and Military France and Belgium which conducts our well known Superfluity Shops, states that already this year it has sent \$6,984 in money to Queen Elizabeth of Belgium and Madame Poincare. It has also sent 77 cases of clothing, 1142 pieces of clothing and 25 packages of vegetable seed, besides donating 17 cases of clothing to the Red Cross for its drive. This is a remarkable showing, and speaks volumes for Mrs. A. B. Spreckels and her co-workers. The Commission repeats its appeal for superfluities of whatever kind. What cannot be sent to Belgium and France is sold for the cause. Those who have things to donate may phone Market 4960 and the articles will be called for.

At the Cecil

Miss Celia O'Connor gave a dinner Thursday in honor of Captain and Mrs. Miner. The setting for the pleasurable affair was at the Cecil where the Misses O'Connor make their home. Mrs. Frederick Betts and Miss Katherine Betts of Los Angeles are registered. After a delightful visit at Del Monte Mr. and Mrs. Howard Turner have returned to their quarters at the Cecil. Miss Waterman is visiting Miss Laura Lewis. Miss Marcella Monroe who has been making a tour of Canada and the Eastern States is again domiciled in her apartment. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Weed of St. Paul are sojourning. Mrs. McCollin gave an informal luncheon Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. McCollin are stopping at the hotel. The latter is a sister of Mrs. Frederick Funston. Another luncheon took place on Wednesday. Mrs. Fink was the hostess on this occasion. Benjamin Murphy, a wealthy mining man of Nogales who is staying at the hotel was host at a dinner of ten covers Monday. Miss Blanche Harcourt who has been visiting in the Orient for the past six months returned this week to the hotel. Mrs. N. W. Savage and her attractive daughter Miss B. Savage of Cambridge will

remain at the hotel for several months. Miss Peregrine and Mrs. H. L. Wood of Montclair, N. J., are being extensively entertained. The management gave an enjoyable bridge party Monday, followed by a chafing dish supper. The guests included General and Mrs. Edward McClermand, Mr. and Mrs. John Charles Doyle, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Wyche, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Evans, Dr. and Mrs. C. J. Kenyon, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Johnson, Mesdames B. R. Keith, J. C. Kirkpatrick, C. F. Graf, Mr. and Mrs. W. Jewell, E. V. Foote, W. S. Wood, E. G. Davis, I. E. May, L. A. Dinnis, J. Watson, Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, Mrs. M. M. Wiley.

"A Night in Egypt"

The San Francisco Club and Memorial Museum Endowment Committee will give its initial function at the St. Francis on the evening of Tuesday, April 23, under the alluring title of "A Night in Egypt." There will be moving pictures of Egypt, an exhibition of Egyptian dancing by the well known artist Mrs. Anita Peters Wright and a score of young girls as Ethiopian and Egyptian maids, and other numbers preceding a ball and supper. William H. McCarthy has charge of the evening, and is assisted by a reception committee composed of the lady members of the club, while the following will act as the floor committee: Messrs. Wm. H. Humphrey, James Woods, Paul T. Carroll, Sam Rucker, Warren Shannon, John Tait, John F. Cunningham, Thos. F. Delury, Ray Feely, James Brennan, Vincent S. Walsh, James Fennell, Joseph A. Watts, Oliver J. Olson, William F. Cashman, William Gutzkow, Chas. Penez, Louis C. Mullgardt, William A. Kelly, Harry I. Stafford, J. Frank Maroney, Angelo Rossi, Wm. J. Rudick, A. J. Griffith, J. J. O'Toole, Matt A. Harris, Dan J. Murphy, Dr. A. H. Giannini, Dr. B. F. McElroy, Hon. Franklin A. Griffin, Hon. Bernard J. Flood, Hon. T. I. Fitzpatrick.

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The Greene--Josselyn Thriller

By Edward F. O'Day

Not long ago Charles Josselyn of this city, author of "The True Napoleon," read a story by De Maupassant called "The Prisoners." It was one of De Maupassant's powerful stories of the Franco-Prussian war. Mr. Josselyn was struck by the fact that the story might easily be told of the present War of Wars. For the French heroism De Maupassant exalted, the Hun frightfulness he exposed, are more in evidence in 1918 than they were in 1870. Deeply interested as Mr. Josselyn was in the success of the Maitland Players at the St. Francis, he determined to have a one-act war drama out of that story. So he set to work with the energy and enthusiasm that inform all his activities, and it was not long before the De Maupassant story had yielded him the rough draft of a thriller. But Mr. Josselyn has the rare merit of being conscious of his limitations. He is one of the very few laymen living not convinced that they can turn out a finished article in dramaturgy. So he sent his rough draft to Clay M. Greene, at present domiciled in Los Angeles, with the request that Greene whip his notes of action and dialogue into finished dramatic form, provided the expert eye of Greene saw acting possibilities in the sketch. Clay Greene and Charles Josselyn have been friends since they skylarked together in the streets of San Francisco. But it was not a sentiment of mere friendship which caused Clay Greene to write to Mr. Josselyn that there was strong dramatic stuff in the sketch and that he would be delighted to round it into shape. The completed one-act play was accepted by Arthur Maitland for production in the St. Francis Little Theatre. However, a disagreement about a matter of

policy in the management of the St. Francis enterprise caused Mr. Josselyn to withdraw from the directorate and "The Prisoners of War" was not produced there. It was produced for the first time Monday night at the Little Theatre of The Players Club on Clay street. It was thrilling, it was absorbing, it was a success.

The scene of "The Prisoners of War" is laid in the French town of Rethel in the war zone. We are shown the interior of a cottage occupied by a peasant, his wife and daughter Berthine. Cannonading is heard, and the family is in mortal terror that the Boches are coming back. For the Boches have been in Rethel before, and all Rethel knows the meaning of Hun frightfulness. The peasant cottager is past military age, but in the emergency he is taken into the ranks of the French defenders of Rethel, leaving his wife and daughter alone. Alone but not without resource against the threatened inrush of the Germans. The peasant wife is stricken with fright, for she has the strong love of life so often seen in the old. The peasant daughter, a young wife with a husband at the front, girds her soul with resolution and hides a pistol in her waist. She is brave enough to resolve that her mother and herself must die by that pistol rather than submit to Hun outrage. From this point the action moves swiftly, breathlessly. Rethel is disputed by German and French fighters. A Hun lieutenant and two Hun soldiers force their way into the cottage and demand food. The beautiful daughter attracts the German officer and he forces his loathsome attentions on her. It looks as though the awful emergency she foresaw has come, that the

pistol will have to save her from dishonor. I am not going to spoil the play for those who have not seen it by revealing the outcome. Suffice it to say that the finale shows the courageous French girl triumphant over the bestial Huns, and the bestial Huns visited with the punishment they deserve.

This one-act thriller has the element of suspense. It keeps the audience guessing till the end. More than that, it keeps the audience on tenterhooks of almost painful anxiety. And the curtain closes on a scene which relieves emotions pleasurably. So it is in every way a most satisfactory little play. There seems to be no question that Clay Greene and Charles Josselyn have given us a war drama which would hold audiences anywhere. I look confidently to see it used on the professional stage.

The players of The Little Theatre performed it admirably, thanks to native ability and application to their roles under the experienced direction of Reginald Travers. The peasant daughter is splendidly played by Carolyn Caro, and the Hun lieutenant by Rafael Brunnetto. The other parts are done by Arnold Bowhay, Emily J. Parent, Sylvester Pearson, John Howard and William Rencher.

This bill at The Little Theatre is one of the best ever given there. The other attractions are "The Wedding Morn," one of the Anatol episodes by Schnitzler; "The Shoes That Danced" by that great American poet Anna Hempstead Branch; and Offenbach's operetta, once such a favorite with the patrons of the old Tivoli, "The Rose of Auvergne." All these are admirably presented.

The Stage

Mischa Elman at Columbia Sunday

Mischa Elman, the most famous Russian violinist, will give concerts at the Columbia tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon, and again a week from tomorrow, under the management of Selby C. Oppenheimer. Elman has made six tours of this country, and each has been a succession of glorious achievements. He has played in San Francisco on each of these trips and every appearance has more firmly established his position. Elman has arranged two brilliant programmes for his concerts here. He will be assisted by Philip Gordon, the splendid pianist and accompanist. Tomorrow's programme: Concerto, G minor, Vivaldi-Natchez; Symphonie Espagnole, Lalo; Deep River (paraphrase), Elman; Tango, Albaniz-Elman; Nocturne, E flat, Sarasate-Chopin; Hungarian Dance, No. 7, Brahms-Joachim; I Palpiti, Paganini. On his second programme will be found the Nardini concerto arranged by Hauser, Saint-Saens' lovely Concerto in E minor, two Scarlatti works arranged for Elman by the talented young Londoner Julius Harrison, a Chopin Nocturne in D major arranged by Wilhelmj, Beethoven's "Turkish March" from the "Ruins of Athens," and the Sarasate "Zigeunerweisen." Tickets for both concerts can be had at Sherman Clay, Kohler and Chase and the theatre.

Maude in "General John Regan"

On Monday night at the Columbia Cyril Maude will give his first performance in this country of a comedy which in its London pro-



MISCHA ELMAN
Great Russian violinist who will play at the Columbia this Sunday afternoon and a week from Sunday

duction won high favor, and one with which Maude found much success in his recent Australian tour. The play is "General John Regan," written by George A. Birmingham, away from the stage none other than Canon Hannay, Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. The comedy plays, in a pleasantly satirical manner, upon certain amiable weaknesses of the Irish character. Maude's character of O'Grady furnishes him with a role the exact opposite of 'Grumpy'—one which permits him to appear as a young, rollicking funmaker. Although the comedy is an entertainment in itself, its performance will be preceded by the famous screen scene from "The School for Scandal," with Maude as Sir Peter Teazle.

Leona La Mar at the Orpheum

The Orpheum bill next week will be headed by Leona La Mar who calls herself "The Girl with the Thousand Eyes." Leona is described as a phenomenon who sees all, knows all and tells all. The sensation she made on her previous appearance is still fresh in public memory. "In the Zone" is the most recent of the Washington Square Players' successes to find its way into vaudeville. It is the work of Eugene O'Neil and was staged by Edward Flammer. The scene is the forecastle of a British tramp in the danger zone

of submarines. "Exemption," a timely humorous satire on the draft by Samuel Shipman and Clara Lipman, will be presented with Edward Finley, Harry Frazer and a sterling company. The story tells of two young men who are courting the same girl. Thomas Dugan and Babette Raymond prove themselves delightful comedians in their skit "They Auto Know Better." For fifteen minutes they fool around in a clever and amusing manner. The Tasma Trio consists of two girls and a man who are human tops. Suspended from perches they spin with wonderful rapidity. Haruko Onuki, the Japanese prima donna, will be heard in new numbers. The other acts will be Wheeler and Moran in "Me and Micky," and George Damerel and company in the musical farce "The Little Liar."

"Oh, Boy" Coming to Cort

"Oh, Boy" with Joseph Santley, a smart, bright musical comedy by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse with a musical score by Jerome Kern and presented by Messrs. Comstock and Elliott direct from a run of two years in New York, six months in Boston and almost seven months in Chicago is the attraction booked at the Cort for a limited engagement beginning Sunday evening. "Oh, Boy" has a good book, catchy music, two score pretty girls wearing the smartest costumes, an all-star cast in which are Joseph Santley, Dorothy Maynard, Lavinia Winn (a San Francisco girl), Laurance Wheat, James Bradbury, Hugh Cameron, Henry Dornton, Lenore Chip-

pendale, Lillian Brennard, Doris Faithfull and Billy Gould. There will be the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

The Powys Lectures

John Cowper Powys who has returned to San Francisco to lecture under the management of Paul Elder, will deliver six lectures during the coming week. Monday evening at the Hotel St. Francis the insolence and wit of Oscar Wilde will be his subject. On Tuesday afternoon Powys will discuss George Meredith. This lecture will be given in the Paul Elder Gallery, as will that on Wednesday morning at 10:30 when Walter Pater will be his topic. Thursday evening at the St. Francis he will read "Romeo and Juliet." Friday afternoon in the Paul Elder Gallery there will be a rendering of "Othello." Friday evening he will lecture on "Democracy and Aristocracy" at the Oakland Auditorium. Saturday morning in the Paul Elder Gallery he will discuss "Germany, the Fatherland of Efficiency," the lecture to begin at 10:45.

Galli-Curci Coming

It is extremely doubtful if the records of music can show another instance of an artist being received by such unanimous approval as the critics of Chicago, New York and Boston gave to Amelita Galli-Curci, the gifted soprano. She will be heard here under direction of Frank W. Healy at the Exposition Auditorium Sunday afternoon, May 12, at 2:30 o'clock. Seats are on sale now at the box

offices of Sherman Clay and Kohler and Chase. Interest is very great in this important event.

Newell Dwight Hillis to Lecture

On Sunday, April 28, at 2:30 p. m. and at 8:30 p. m. at Scottish Rite Auditorium Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis will deliver his famous illustrated lecture on "German Atrocities, their Nature and Philosophy," under direction of Frank W. Healy. Dr. Hillis, successor of Henry Ward Beecher and one of the most powerful orators and preachers in the United States, made a tour covering eighteen States, twenty-two cities and nine thousand miles of travel for the American Bankers Association in the interest of the last Liberty Loan campaign. Dr. Hillis has recently returned from the French and Belgian battlefields where he saw the great devastated regions. He brought



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MR. CYRIL MAUDE

In the Rollicking Comedy of Modern Irish Life

"GENERAL JOHN REGAN"

To Be Preceded by the "Screen Scene" from
"The School for Scandal." (Mr. Maude as
Sir Peter Teazle)

April 22—MR. MAUDE in "CASTE"



BABETTE RAYMOND
Next week at the Orpheum

My grandmother had over a hundred photographs
of Maggie Mitchell.

Paulist Choristers

For those who may be uninformed concerning the celebrated organization, the Paulist Chorists, here will be found in San Francisco under the direction of Frank W. Healy, at the *Flower Garden* Sunday afternoon, May 26, it may be well to detail some facts. Early last fall the French Cabinet organized what is known as the French Restoration Commission with ex-President Loubet as its chairman, which was to undertake the rehabilitation of the towns and villages of the devastated area of France and Belgium. The United States Government appointed former President Taft and Chas. W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard, as American directors to work with this commission. The American directors have launched a campaign to secure funds in aid of the ruined towns and cities, and in this connection, the famous Paulist Choristers of Chicago have undertaken to raise \$10,000 in a six months' concert tour, embracing the larger cities of Canada and the United States. The choir is composed of a hundred men and boys and is reputed to be the finest church choir in America. The superb singing of the service at St. Mary's Church on South Wabash avenue, Chicago, by this choir has won for them an enviable fame, not only with Chicagoans, but with visitors who crowd the church at every service. Twice a year the choir is heard in concert, and on these occasions the largest auditoriums of their home city are filled to capacity. In the fall of 1912 the choir journeyed to Paris, where they participated in the International Musical Congress at which was gathered the most noted choirs of the world. The programme to be given here will be a masterpiece in nature.

Maggie Mitchell

To how many whose pates "wear the wreath of memory" the name of the actress of Maggie Mitchell was an awakener of old memories and passions. Let us not count too heavily the years that have passed since she left the glory that pertains of youth, or from purpler regions, one was privileged to look at a golden little figure, a perpetual and immortal presence, looking forever like a young girl. People in the forties and fifties vainly strove to kill the innocent illusion by quoting the calendar, as if Time was proof against the immortal gracefulness of Maggie Mitchell. "Why, I remember her in my first—some valley would say—'she must be at least'—never mind the fact that space, materiality, hell, through-ogers might choose to guess. There was no mist of gullibility, there was but a commitment to time-defying perpetual youth or its semblance, seemed eternally, not too much as Eugene O'Neill's "Desire" and "Exit" series in the *Chicago Daily News* in 1912 or 1913.

My grandmothers, years and years ago,
To think she lived was to think
That Maggie Mitchell's grace was
Not far from that which charmed him so

Her name has been long dead,
Her name has been long dead,
Her name has been long dead,
Her name has been long dead

Then, the year my father left the scene of running Maggie Mitchell's smiles. The grand-
mother, remembered, said to the actress, "Maggie,
When we found you, you were conquered."

And now my boy—of tender age—
Imitates a sunset to the east
Of this most fascinating girl
That ever romped the mimic stage.

In primitive or gilded state,
Of gilded state and gilded state,
By what good fortune had this state
The waters of eternal youth!

Many an oldster will find in Field's verses a pleasing addendum to recollections of an actress so long vivid, famous, juvenile. Maggie Mitchell was one of the cleverest women of the stage, and a shrewd and successful business woman as well. It seems that she was 81. In that fairy world of the theatre, where unspoiled, uncritical youth finds some of its most gracious hours, Maggie Mitchell remains immortal, a golden lass careless of the creeping feet of Time. Eighty-one! Some of those simple admirers of hers must be getting, shall we say, middle-aged?—N. Y. Times.

SEA GULLS AS SCAVENGERS

As a sea scavenger, the California gull is well known, but few people realize that this bird is an accomplished inland scavenger as well. Not only do gulls clean up refuse, garbage, dead fish and offal on land and water, but they also render important service to agriculturists by destroying insect and rodent pests. In 1914-15 they deserted their haunts on the Great Salt Lake to rid the Nevada alfalfa fields of field mice which threatened to destroy the crops. They lived in the alfalfa fields and in the adjoining fields until they had completed the work. Many years ago they rendered a like service to the State of Utah, through the destruction of grasshoppers which were laying waste the Utah grain fields. In remembrance of this service the people of Utah have erected a monument to the sea gulls, at a cost of \$40,000, in one of the parks of Salt Lake City.

Several years ago, when the Oakland city garbage was dumped in the ocean outside the heads, large quantities of this waste were washed ashore. Were it not for the gulls this would have caused a great nuisance along the beaches, but these efficient birds kept the beaches clean.

When the large suction dredgers began operations on the east bay shore near Oakland, in the reclamation of hundreds of acres of tide lands, large quantities of mussels and clams were brought up. The dredgers had hardly begun their work before sea gulls in large numbers appeared. How these birds learned of the new food supply that was being sucked up from the bottom of the bay, none can tell. They swarmed about the outlet pipe by hundreds, scrambling for the clams and mussels that were poured out with the mud, sand and water. Since the beaks of sea gulls are not designed for crushing purposes, they were unable to break the hard clam shell. The birds are very resourceful, however, and they were observed flying to a height of thirty or forty feet, dropping the clams on the rocks until the shells were broken. One bird was seen to thus drop a clam fifteen times before breaking the shell.

At the last Christmas bird census under the auspices of the National Audubon Society, local observers in San Francisco between the hours of 8:30 and 6:00 p. m. noted 15,000 gulls from Golden Gate Park to Lake Merced, a distance of less than three miles. This gives an indication of the large numbers of these scavengers on our coasts, and since ten of them are equal to a pig, according to William L. Finley, the Pacific Coast ornithologist, it is obvious that our beaches, waterfronts and bay

shores would be in filthy condition were it not for the gulls.

There is plenty of waste material for these birds, without resorting to the philanthropic work of feeding them from the ferry boats. Some people, in these days of food conservation, make a practice of filling their pockets with bread, which they throw to the gulls. It is enjoyable but wasteful.

There has been some discussion relative to the gathering of sea birds' eggs for the market, because of the high price of hen's eggs. While the eggs of sea birds are said to be palatable, to gather them for commercial purposes would undoubtedly result in the extermination of gulls.—State Board of Health Bulletin.

The Practical Irish

(Continued from Page 7)

won by men of action rather than by men of dreams; yet, when the moment comes, he is with the first in the glory of a great advance.

These revolutions in Ireland which have made Englishmen feel so uncomfortable from time to time have been proofs of the practical spirit. To the intensely English Englishman the idea of an Irish republic, whose independence should be guaranteed by America, seems wildly unreal and absurd. I do not think that such a thing will come to pass; devoutly I hope not. But I do know that the very details of this improbable sounding scheme have been worked out by the Sinn Fein politicians of the extreme type in an utterly businesslike way.

And I remember how in Ireland I was told by a Sinn Feiner that the revolution of Easter, 1916, was planned chiefly as a great advertisement. These ardent reformers felt that Ireland was getting a little too comfortable; there was too much of the Sunday after-dinner feeling in the land. Sinn Fein thought was not progressing as swiftly as they wished. The most practical awakening of national consciousness could come only through some great and stirring event—hence those mad, bad days of Easter, 1916.

Who will say that in this dreadful, pitiful revolution the Irish failed to show themselves as stern and savage realists?

Even in speech there is something utterly unsentimental about the Irish. If they think your eyes are like jewels in the crown of the Blessed Virgin they will tell you so, but in unashamed candor they would as readily comment on the coming of your gray hairs or the pallor of your complexion. If the Irish have won a reputation as insincere flatterers, it is simply because they have the happy anxiety to please, which is, after all, the characteristic of a child. Yet, living in their land for more than a few days, you find that, also in childlike fashion, the Irish are not conscious of impoliteness in criticizing little points you would be glad to have forgotten.

And if you wonder why, in these days when English politicians are holding out eagerly the hand of friendship across the narrow sea, the Irish do not immediately respond, it is because they are not sentimentalists. They have ever before them the flaming memory of the wrongs of the past years; they ask some practical proof of England's good will. They want something more than the opportunism of the politician. Soothing syrup will not assuage the hungry pangs of men asking for the real righting of real wrongs. And the Irish problem will not be solved until here in England we come to know the Irish, not as sentimentalists, but as realists, strong and uncompromising.

The Lame Dancer

From the Yiddish of Abraham Reisen

(Translated by Hannah Berman)

Liza was over twenty years old, but her small stature and smooth little face gave her the appearance of a girl of seventeen. Her black eyes, full of longing, were in expression naive and curious. And when she spoke she made grimaces like a child that is surprised at everything, and believes everything. She had a habit of emphasizing her statements by the words, "Yes! Certainly so! True!" And this served to heighten the illusion that she was still a child.

This does not mean that she was really a child. On the contrary, in the years since she had left her childhood she experienced many profound emotions. She was taken away, several times, by black-eyed, long-haired young men. She had been with a tramp. And even of him she used purely childish expressions.

"Yes, he is a very fine man. He will take me out West, on foot. He told me that there no one need work at all. I will go with him some day. It's better than being in the workshop. Yes! Certainly so! True!"

Her companions, of her own age, and often younger, used to warn her.

"Oh, Lizatchke, don't talk nonsense. A tramp is a tramp. Do not meet him any more. He will only mislead you."

At this she opened her eyes wide in fear, and repeated:

"Mislead me? How can he mislead me? He is so lovely! Yes! Certainly so! True! He is lovely!"

She used the word "lovely" not only in reference to appearance, but also to action and feeling.

The desire to go out West with the tramp did not last long. The tramp, whom she met accidentally, but frequently, in Union Square, went off somewhere. And she found a second young man, the exact opposite of the tramp. He was a handsome young student of Columbia College. She met him on Saturdays and Sundays, and spent the whole day with him, until midnight. He took her down Broadway to the better-class music halls. She was always charmed with the dancers. Each time one came out she whispered to the student:

"You know, I could have been a danseuse too."

The student looked at her with a smile, and warned her mildly. "It is an ugly profession."

Liza grew angry in a childish way, and replied:

"An ugly profession? It's a lie! I know it's a lie. The lame danseuse told me."

"What danseuse?" the student asked in surprise.

"The lame one—the lame one."

The student laughed. "A lame danseuse? How is it possible, you little fool?"

"Listen! It is certainly so. Once she was not lame. I got to know her when she was already lame. She told me everything. She told me that I have lovely feet, and I am small, and that is good. A big woman cannot be a danseuse. She also is small. But she once danced so rapidly that she twisted her foot. And since then she is lame."

"And she doesn't dance any more," laughed the student good-naturedly, looking into Liza's eyes.

"Of course she doesn't dance any more. But she danced for three years. She said it was so nice to be a danseuse. The first week one gets eighteen dollars, and afterwards one gets twice

as much. One dances only half-an-hour. Afterwards one is free."

"And what else did she tell you?" asked the student with a smile.

"Oh!" Liza blushed. "The lame danseuse told me lots of things. Certainly so! She knows. She says I am like born for it. She says I have lovely feet, and that I would have lots of admirers."

She said no more, because just then a new danseuse came on the stage, clanging two bells in her hands, which were coquettishly spread out. She whirled round in the short frock that barely reached to her knees, and threw herself into a picturesque pose inside of a golden wheel.

"That's the sort of dance the lame woman danced!" cried Liza enthralled. "For such dancing one gets a lot of money. Along with that—"

She ceased speaking abruptly. The student was curious.

"What else along with that?" And he smiled.

"I will not tell you," answered Liza, lowering her eyes.

"Are you ashamed?"

"Not. It is not ugly at all. But I don't want to tell you. You would not understand. But it is not ugly. Certainly not!" she added decidedly. "Is it a sin to enjoy oneself with nice people?"

"Aha!" cried the young student. "Aha!"

"You know now?" asked Liza.

"Certainly!"

"Yes! If you had heard the lame danseuse talking about it, you would say it is nice."

"It may be," admitted the student.

"Certainly it is nice!" And Liza grew bolder. "She says that the dancers live in a different world altogether, and forget about our world. She says that our world is ugly and lonely . . . A world of workshops and stores. Certainly so! She is surely right! I will become a danseuse too," she threatened. "You will see."

"Well, well," agreed the student. Then he asked, "Where is she now?"

"Who?"

"This lame danseuse of yours."

"I don't know. She disappeared as if she fell into the water. I am looking for her everywhere."

"What do you want her for?"

"Yes! I want her. She tells such lovely things. I love to hear her."

"Maybe she is dancing again?"

"He! he! he!" laughed Liza childishly. "How can she dance when she is lame?"

"But you could have danced," laughed the student.

"Oh, certainly," cried Liza, her spirits rising. "I am small, and I have lovely feet. She was sure of this. Surely she knows? She danced for three years. Three years is a long time. True! A very long time!"

The student was wrapt in thought. He murmured softly:

"Yes, a long long—a long time. But, afterwards, one gets lame."

"But for all that, she danced," repeated Liza with childish stubbornness.

The student was silent.

Dancing at Techau Tavern

Just to hear the jolly, witching strains of the Tavern's famous jazz orchestra is enough to lure anyone to the dance floor, to say nothing of the added attraction, for the ladies, of magnificent dance favors, bestowed without competition. And, surely, no favors could be better calculated to please the feminine heart. Such dainty articles of silk were never before acquired by such a delightful means as by merely dancing for them. Silk lingerie, silk blouses, silk sweaters, all purchased from the well known firm of Livingston Bros., of Geary street at Grant avenue. But the merchandise dances, which derive their name from these favors, and which occur at dinner time and after the theatre, are not the only dances which one may enjoy. All through the evening there are dances at short intervals and, that the interest may never for a moment flag, the show girl revue corps renders its wonderful repertoire between the dance periods, entertaining with songs and ballads, operatic selections and ragtime melodies, a varied and attractive performance.

The lank long-haired young man looked dreamily at the charming girl on whom he was endeavoring to make a favorable impression.

"Did you ever long for death?" he asked, in a low and moving tone.

"Whose?" inquired the charming but practical young person.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market seems to be in a waiting attitude, and prices, except for a specialty now and then, show very little life, with total sales in the standard stocks so small as to hardly move prices in either direction. So long as the world's attention is centered solely on the European battlefield, activity can hardly be looked for in the market. Recent happenings, however, have served one useful purpose, demonstrating conclusively that the market, so far as values are concerned, rests on a solid foundation. A time can hardly be recalled when a market was compelled to withstand such a number and variety of stocks. It looks as though we have discounted a condition just this side of disaster. Active operations excepting in specialties need hardly be looked for until the public can see clearly a definite prospect of victory. The motor stocks have been under pressure all week and there seemed to be a good class of liquidation going on in Studebaker. The stock pays five per cent on par but the action of the market would indicate that at the next dividend meeting the dividend will be cut or taken off entirely. Oil stocks showed a spurt of activity for a while due to the announcement by the fuel administration that there would be no price fixing, and they would do all in their power to further an increased production. Steel stocks remain firm, although inactive. The optimistic interview given out by Judge Gary on general business conditions, and especially the steel industry had a temporary effect on the market. Everybody's attention is taken up with the new Liberty Loan, and until that is out of the way, a slow scalping market will be in order.

Cotton—After selling up to new high levels early in the week the market turned lower, and at the close of the week prices were off about a hundred points from the extreme top. A slight let-up in the demand for spot cotton, as well as the bearish statistical week-end figures, were the principal factors. The weather too was an added factor that induced considerable selling. Rains were quite general throughout the belt, and especially so in Texas, where it has been urgently needed to give the crop a start. Farmers are doing their part to increase the production, and the acreage is estimated at from 8 to 10 per cent over last year. Fertilizer companies report increased sales of fertilizer, as compared with last year, and shipments now are about double last year's. Results from the use of fertilizer over the last several years have been highly profitable to farmers. It will not be possible for any company to supply the demand this year created by the high price of cotton. Land that ordinarily produces less than a half bale per acre will,

with proper use of fertilizer, produce as much as two bales. In addition, much land that was planted to corn will go into cotton, adding to the yield, as rotation in crops in the South is as profitable as elsewhere. The prospect now is that with an increase in acreage, we could very easily raise 16,000,000 bales of cotton as compared with 11,500,000 bales last year. And at the present writing it looks as if our statistical position at the beginning of the new crop season will show quite a carry-over of last year's crop, as exports have been falling off rapidly, compared with last year, and the spinners' takings for domestic uses are not up to last year's. With cotton selling above 30 cents, it looks altogether too high, when everything is taken into consideration, and could easily sell off five cents per pound and still be high, even if we had a short crop. We believe the distant futures of cotton should be sold on every rally.

Morphine

(Continued from Page 6.)

"Shell or something in the lower part of the body—poor devil! They daren't lift him without a stretcher."

"Blast it! I can't leave here."

"It's no good, I am afraid," said Venning softly; "it looked hopeless. I did what I could—gave him my morphine."

A torrent of curses from the doctor stopped him, and we all gazed amazed at the man, his face gray with emotion and his fingers tearing madly at a dressing. Quite suddenly he stopped. "There is nothing to be done, nothing at all," he said, and went on working.

We went back to hospital in England together, Venning and I, and I thought little more of the incident except to wonder how the boy's fate had moved the iron-disciplined old doc. It was months later that I found out from a man who had been his servant that he had played a trick on Venning, a harsh but well meant trick to save Venning from what he believed to be his vice.

"Yes, sir," said the man. "He changed Mr. Venning's morphia for something else like morphia—aper morphia, I think he said it was."

"Apo-morphia," I thought. Good God! the most powerful emetic that there is. Then the sheer horror of the moment broke upon me—poor young Eugene lying there, his body torn in agony, then apo-morphia given in all good faith by tender-hearted Venning, meaning to ease his pain. My God, what a death!

A party of tourists were examining the curios in a little shop in a certain European

city. The dealer, desirous of making a sale, picked up an ancient-looking sword, and said:

"You see, my friends, this most wonderful sword; this is the sword that Balaam killed the ass with."

"But," said one, "Balaam didn't kill the ass; he only wished for a sword that he might kill her."

"Well," said the dealer, "this is the one he wished for."

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 24230, N. S.; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the matter of the estate of JOHANNA HENNEBERY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned JOHN JOSEPH SHEERIN, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of JOHANNA HENNEBERY, deceased, to all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of said JOHANNA HENNEBERY, deceased, at the office of John J. Barrett, Esq., Room 1906 Hobart Building, No. 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said last named office the undersigned Executor selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHANNA HENNEBERY, deceased.

JOHN JOSEPH SHEERIN,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of
Johanna Hennebery, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, April 13th, 1918.
JOHN J. BARRETT,
Attorney for said Executor,
Room 1906 Hobart Bldg.,
No. 582 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-13-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 87158; Dept. No. 10.

ADLINE ISABELLE O'HEARN, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCES O'HEARN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: FRANCES O'HEARN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22nd day of January, A. D. 1918.

(Seal)
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
DAHLIN & JACKSON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-16-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MAX AMBER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of MAX AMBER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of James M. Thomas, attorney for said Administrator, Nos. 1202-4 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MAX AMBER, deceased.

SIDNEY AMBER,
Administrator of the estate of Max Amber,
deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 23rd, 1918.
JAMES M. THOMAS,
Attorney for Administrator,
1202-4 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LILLIAN REED JOHNS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ALEXANDER McCULLOCH, Administrator of the estate of LILLIAN REED JOHNS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at the office of Tobin & Tobin, Hibernia Bank Building, Jones and McAllister Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LILLIAN REED JOHNS, deceased.

ALEXANDER McCULLOCH,
Administrator of the estate of Lillian Reed Johns,
deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, March 30, 1918.
TOBIN & TOBIN,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Hibernia Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LORENZA MOTRONI, deceased.—No. 24155; Department No. Ten (10).

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of LORENZA MOTRONI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Joseph A. Brown, Room 912 Chronicle Building, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LORENZA MOTRONI, deceased.

SUSIE PARENTE,
Administratrix of the estate of Lorenza Motroni,
deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 13th, 1918.

JOSEPH A. BROWN,
Attorney for the Estate,
Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-13-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 86,476; Dept. No. 15.

FRANCESCA W. HATCH, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES ALFRED HATCH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CHARLES ALFRED HATCH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of Plaintiff and Defendant's willful neglect of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of December, A. D. 1917.

(Seal)
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
WM. M. SIMS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
612-614 Crocker Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-23-10

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

of Town Talk, published weekly at San Francisco, California, for April 1, 1918.

State of California

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared John J. Dwyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Town Talk, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are: Publisher, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; managing editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; business manager, John J. Dwyer, 88 First street, San Francisco.

2. That the owners are: Owner, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; stockholders, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stocks, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

JOHN J. DWYER,
Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of March, 1918.
(Seal)
JULIUS CALMANN.
(My commission expires May 29, 1921.)

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 88770. SHIGETOSHI SAIKI, Plaintiff, vs. KIYOE SAIKI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

D. K. SEIBERT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: KIYOE SAIKI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of April, A. D. 1918.

(Seal)
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

D. K. SEIBERT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-13-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 88832; Dept. No. 7.

IDA M. ESTES, Plaintiff, vs. EDWIN H. ESTES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: EDWIN H. ESTES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful neglect; also for general relief as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3rd day of April, A. D. 1918.

(Seal)
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

ALFRED B. LAWSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 87565. CARRIE MARCUS, Plaintiff, vs. BERT ROLAND MARCUS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: BERT ROLAND MARCUS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful neglect of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of February, A. D. 1918.

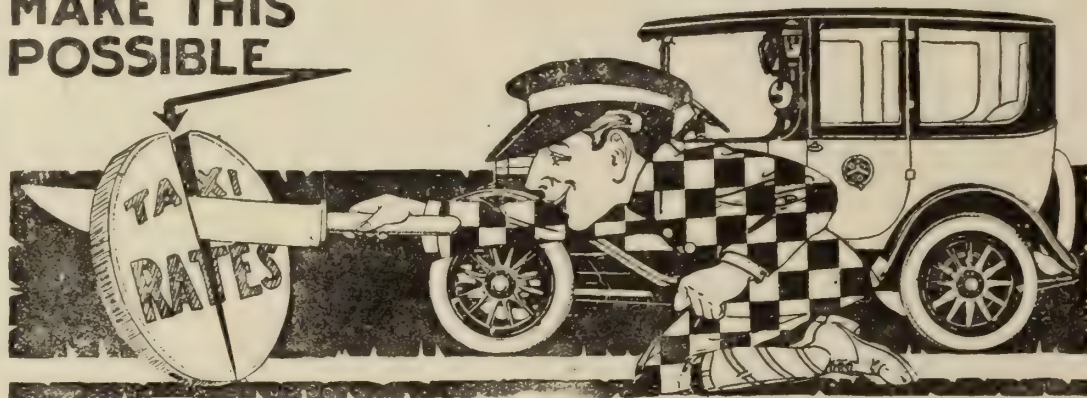
(Seal)
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

ALEXANDER McCULLOCH,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Hibernia Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-23-10

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TOWN TALK

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ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXII. No. 1339

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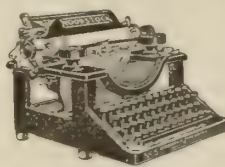
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Harmony in the G. O. P.

It is good to see the Republican party preparing for the next campaign in an amiable spirit. It is good to see Mr. Hays of the Indiana State Council of Defense breathing the spirit of peace and harmony as he goes along spreading the gospel of good will among men. The paramount business of the hour is a national business; it concerns all the people, and until that business is settled we shall have no patience with partisan politics that savors only of downright partisanship without reference to the welfare of the country. This is a sentiment that does not mean that we must all be Democrats in order to support the Administration. We know it is to our interest as a people to have organized opposition to the party in power, since without opposition power becomes tyranny and injustice is the consequence. The prosperity and success of our Republic through the years has been due chiefly to the maintenance of this opposition, and it is not the less desirable now that our differences have seemingly become more fundamental and pronounced. So the chairman of the Republican National Committee in his efforts to weld all the factions of the party that was split and shattered by Theodore Roosevelt is engaged in a really patriotic performance and deserving of the applause of all loyal Americans. A united Republican party, or at least a party that may be depended upon to give united opposition to the Administration will be very desirable at the next Presidential election no matter what may be the views of individuals respecting the history of the part the country has played in the Great War. After this war will come great problems to be solved. The questions of the past will be reduced to a lili-

putian insignificance. We shall have to deal with questions quite as important as those that embittered the debates of our forefathers when they were trying to reconcile differences arising from an imperfect sense of the structure of our federal government. To be prepared for coming political events we should get behind Mr. Hays with as much enthusiasm as we have shown in responding to President Wilson's calls to patriotism. We shall need the services of big men, of statesmen rather than politicians and as we have seen of late years the times are never so propitious for the small fry of politics as when factional disturbances facilitate the progress of unspeakable demagogues.

* * *

The Great Atlantic Ferry

How many soldiers have we in France and Flanders? This is a question everybody is asking and nobody seems able to answer. Of course somebody in Washington knows, but won't tell. Perhaps there is some good military reason for sequestering the truth in this instance, but with all due deference to the authorities who are keeping the matter in umbrage we venture to ask, What is the reason? We are not giving rein to idle curiosity. Nor are we desirous of complaining. Whatever the number of American troops in France we feel sure that Uncle Sam is doing his level best to supply the Allies with all the man power that he can ship across the Atlantic. Whatever the number we have no criticism to make, but as we are unable to imagine how it could imperil our interests to make public the strength of American forces now on the continent of Europe we would suggest the advisability of putting the desired news on the wire. We make the suggestion because we think it well that the people should know how much is reasonably expected of them. Eight tons of shipping for each soldier is the estimated requirement for all that the soldier eats, wears, fights with and rides upon. Let one ship take one thousand men abroad and thenceforth that ship or its equivalent must be kept busy carrying across bread and meat, uniforms and footwear, guns and ammunition, horses, motor cars and equipment for the same thousand. It is therefore well for us to realize that the more men we send the more zeal will be required on our part to keep the great ferry going. Hence we ask, What is the reason?

When Czernin Talks Peace

It was about time for Austria to drop Count Czernin. This statesman was very fond of discussing peace terms with his tongue in his cheek. It was he who welcomed President Wilson's message in January "as an appreciable approach to the Austro-Hungarian point of view." He said that the existing differences were "not so great that a conversation regarding them would not lead to enlightenment and a rapprochement." He went on to suggest a further "exchange of ideas" leading up to a personal conversation between all the States which are not yet negotiating. This was taken as a plain invitation to a preliminary Austro-American discussion to prepare for a great conference. The serious points of difference at the time were reduced to territorial questions and Count Hertling following Czernin said that as to Belgium "forcible annexation" formed no part of Germany's programme, but he declined to discuss it until the enemy accepted as a basis the territorial integrity of Germany and her Allies. As to France he disclaimed any intention of annexing French territory. At this very time that big gun for the bombardment of Paris was in course of manufacture. The Teutons regarded that gun as the last word in frightfulness, one that would scare the whole world into submission.

* * *

Germany Alarmed at the World's Hatred

This war is not going to last anywhere near as long as some folks at this moment think. This we say without any pretense to prophetic vision. We feel that the Great War is rapidly drawing to a close, not because of exhaustion, which is quite evident, or of world weariness or on account of the advantages gained on either side, but by reason of a spiritual awakening. Germany has been thought to be beyond the spiritual appeal. Bitten with materialism, seemingly beyond redemption, she has been regarded as hopelessly sodden with the vices of militarism, which her war lords have been cultivating as precious virtues for many years. Now one does not have to be an optimistic idealist to have faith in the supremacy of the spirit. Our President has had the faith from the outbreak of the war, and it is this that explains his conduct at times when people generally were impatient of his attitude toward the enemy. He was never convinced that the people of the Central Powers were absolutely unregenerate. With all their base

and vicious actions he retained his confidence in the dignity of human nature, and though the Teutons seemed to have lost their sense of morals he looked forward to the time when they would come to a realization of the infamy into which they had been plunged by their masters. He has always differentiated the people of the Central Empires from their unashamed military chiefs, and now there are indications that he extracted something of the truth from fundamental principles. Perhaps he ought to have been more practical at an earlier stage of the war; perhaps for the sake of all concerned he should have dealt more promptly with the situation as it was, but at any rate he had the right idea as to the eventuality. Reading between the lines of the German papers of Switzerland these days one perceives that the great weakness of Germany at this time is a moral weakness. There is unrest manifested by strikes; it is the unrest of a people who have at length come to admit that moral value is now one of the greatest factors in the war. Since the Russian negotiations Germany has for the first time paid great attention to neutral opinion and she is now trying to whitewash her blackened reputation. It is clear that her people realize that they need to recover much lost ground from the moral point of view. It is the consciousness of this fact that is causing more unrest in Germany, according to the Swiss press, than all the arguments hitherto made. Indeed, the present workings of the German mind are having the effect of a revolutionary force more potent, at this time, than the loss of foreign trade, the piled-up debt, the general financial dangers, economic stringencies and all the strain of a war-weary nation. When Russia collapsed the German people were promised peace before Easter. As it did not come the intensity of the reaction is incalculable, and it would be impossible to exaggerate the profound depression that has swept over the country. The wave of

unrest is difficult to appreciate without an intimate knowledge of Germany. It does not mean that Germans have lost confidence in their army or its leaders, or that they wish to change the form of government, or that chaos will disorganize the different German States. No German expects the defeat of the army, but on the other hand the nation has entirely lost faith in the promise of victory. No victory is in sight that can solve political problems, because it would not bring with it the esteem of the world. Here's the rub! Germany, as we said the other day has confessed her own soul and the people know it. Their spiritual nature has begun to supply a basis in politics for advocating a national morality. They are dissatisfied with what they call the weakest weapon in the German armory and their dissatisfaction is the basis of an unrest that will help put an end to the war.

* * *

The Beast and Our Bonds

The Germans are hardly to be thought to have timed their big drive in France to make it synchronize with the third Liberty Loan drive in the United States, but if we needed much urging to let go our money as desired certainly we are indebted to the enemy. By his fury in France he made the German peril obviously imminent even to the lackadaisical man in the street. Heretofore this somewhat listless individual has exhibited an almost philosophical calm. If not too proud to fight he was at least well pleased with the President for keeping us out of war, and when we got into war he was a long time learning what it was all about. He hated to shake off his neutrality, hated to exhibit anything like concern for the safety of his country. We were too far away, he thought, to get hurt and so he went about his affairs as of yore with a stolidity that was far from British; it was the stolidity of ignorance. He had no conception of the aims and

ambitions of the Prussian militarists. He gave ear to malign German propaganda and laughed at the idea of the arrogance of Kultur ruling the world. To him it was preposterous that the podgy waiters and bakers and drawers of beer whom he had known all his life should ever harbor the thought of controlling the destinies of mankind. It was all a mistake, this apprehensive attitude toward the mild mannered German, the man in the street thought, and but slowly he came to realize that on all sides of us were Huns at heart, the humblest of whom were more proud of their fighting qualities and the prestige of the Fatherland than of anything else. True the man in the street was quick to respond to the call of patriotism. He bought Liberty Bonds and contributed to Red Cross funds, but was he sensible of the significance of all that was taking place in Europe? Did he realize the drift of things when the Teutons were marching through the Balkans and overwhelming Russia with the arts of intrigue? Far from it. For the first time the light dawned on his senses when the Kaiser started his big drive. And even then, as it has since appeared, the observer out here was far from apprehending the power behind the drive or the objects of German strategy. Men were breathing a sigh of relief when the Kaiser was merely catching his second wind. It was not till he caught it that we were able to perceive that the big gun pointed at Paris was only a diversion and that it was the channel ports and the British army on which the great concentration would be made. Then came the great awakening, and people generally saw the beast in all his ugliness, and they shuddered, for it required but little imagination to catch the foul breath of him. In the circumstances what publicity do we need to stimulate the third Liberty loan? It is no longer merely the call of patriotism that we must heed. Every man's own selfish, individual interests are at stake.

God's World

By Edna St. Vincent Millay

O World, I cannot hold thee close enough!
 Thy winds, thy wide grey skies!
 Thy mists, that roll and rise!
 Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag
 And all but cry with color! That gaunt crag
 To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
 World, World, I cannot get thee close enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,
 But never knew I this;
 Here such a passion is
 As stretcheth me apart. Lord, I do fear
 Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year;
 My soul is all but out of me,—let fall
 No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call!

Varied Types

373—WILL H. HAYS

By Edward F. O'Day

One day not long ago Will H. Hays, cleaning out the drawers of an old desk in his law office in the town of Sullivan, Sullivan County, Indiana, came across a large, well filled envelope. It bore the label of the Planters Hotel, St. Louis. Will Hays remembered all about that envelope the minute he picked it up. It brought back vividly to his mind the year 1896 when he was a boy in short pants and his father took him to St. Louis and to the Planters Hotel for the great Republican convention which nominated McKinley for the Presidency. Without looking inside Will Hays knew just what was in that envelope. It was full of newspaper cuttings about the proceedings of the convention. On the envelope, in his father's hand, was this:

"To Willie Hays from his father, in the hope that he will grow up to take a citizen's interest in the politics of his country."

Within a month after Will Hays picked up that twenty-two year old envelope and read its superscription, the leaders of the Republican and Progressive parties, meeting in the same Planters Hotel, St. Louis, selected him for a task which is taxing all he has "of fortitude and delicacy"—the task of reconciling the Stand-patters and the Christian Soldiers, the task of inducing the Elephant and the Bull Moose to lie down together.

The day he was made chairman of the Republican National Committee, Will Hays was addressing a war meeting in a church in Indianapolis. Other speakers at that war meeting had commented on the circumstance that Will Hays was busily engaged in war work in Indiana on the day that a matter of such importance to himself was being decided in Missouri. So Will Hays mentioned the thing too. He said that his political position reminded him of a picture he had seen—the picture of a high-powered motor car tearing down a road at seventy miles an hour and a puppy standing in its path, barking at it. The title of the picture was: "He wants it. Let him have it. Let's see what he'll do with it."

"As a matter of fact," says Will Hays, "I didn't exactly want the position. But I had told them that if they'd really forget the past and uncross their fingers, I'd tackle the job."

It was pretty early Sunday morning that I met Will Hays in his sunny sitting room at the St. Francis. He had had a strenuous Saturday. All day long he had been meeting and conversing with politicians, Republican and Progressive. To meet and converse with just one politician is calculated to make some people tired, but Will Hays had gone through the ordeal with five hundred (the figure is his own guess), and it hadn't put him out. In the evening he had made a long speech at a banquet to which politicians are already referring as "an occasion fraught with historic significance." Yet here he was, Sunday morning, showing no sign of physical or mental fatigue.

"How much sleep do you need?" I asked him.

"I have never discovered," he answered with the winning smile which makes him good-looking. "But in law work and politics and war work I have noticed that I usually put the fat men to bed and beat them up. I've been getting three or four hours lately. I suppose

I'll have to pay some day, but so far I've never been tired in my life. I go along on vitality and nerves. I really think that if I ran on low gear I'd get fat."

A fat Will Hays is unthinkable. He's as skinny as they make Hoosiers, which is going some. Though he's thirty-eight years old, he weighs only one hundred and thirty pounds. "One hundred and thirty pounds of heart," he told me in one of those sentimental outbursts which Middle Westerners can manage without seeming the least bit ridiculous. If he were taller you might mistake him for George Ade, for in face he bears a remarkable resemblance to Aesop's Hoosier successor. Indeed, on questioning him, I found that he had often been taken for Ade.

In physical appearance he's the last man you'd pick for the big political job he fills. In ordinary times the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee is one of the biggest jobs in the country. In these extraordinary times when the Democratic party is entrenched in power, when the country is at war and when the Republican party is endeavoring to re-knit to itself the disjecta membra of Progressivism, it's an appallingly big job. Too big a job for Hays? Well, that's what a great many Californian politicians thought when they saw him rise to speak at the Palace banquet. One of those banqueters, a keen appraiser of men, told me of the thoughts that passed through his head when he got his first good look at Hays:

"I said to myself, He's another of those damned lecturers. He'll start off by quoting statistics from memory. In two minutes he'll be at sea and will have to refer to his paper. Then he'll read the rest of his speech. I expected him to begin, 'There are now twelve million four hundred and eighty-five thousand two hundred and sixty-three—' And then a little later, 'Multiplying this number by four—'. You know what I mean. I thought he was one of those fellows that are always multiplying in their speeches. But I was wrong. He had no notes. He wasn't a lecturer. He started well and he got better every minute. He held that crowd for nearly an hour. He's as quick as a whip. He's a live guy. He's there."

That seems to be the general impression. It's the impression I got from talking with him. Of course he has still to demonstrate his fitness for the position he is beginning to fill. But past performances inspire confidence in his ability.

"How did you get into politics?" I asked him.

"Oh, I don't know," he replied. "I seem to have been in it always. As a youngster I was a debater and always went to political meetings. I was admitted to the bar on my twenty-first birthday, though I had been practicing on sufferance for a year before, and on the same day I was made precinct committeeman."

"How did you make out as precinct committeeman?"

"Well, they made me district chairman the next year. Then county chairman, then State chairman."

And now National chairman—and he's only thirty-eight!

"Did you ever run for office?"

"Sullivan County is overwhelmingly Democratic. Running for office there on the Republican ticket is a perfunctory matter. Of course as a young lawyer I ran for Prosecutor to let them know I was around. I managed to reduce the normal Democratic majority from two thousand to fifty-three."

"Have you ever qualified for a seat in the Indiana school of literature?"

"No, I have not," he answered, "though I should like to. Most of the men of that school are my personal friends. I knew Riley. I loved him and revered him as we all do in Indiana. George Ade, Booth Tarkington and Meredith Nicholson—the first two, Republicans; the last, a Democrat—are my intimate friends. My life has been a life of activity, but I often think that I should like above everything else to sit and think and put my thoughts on paper—as they do, as you do. The nearest approach was when I wrote my thesis for the master's degree at Wabash College. It is in the library there. I think perhaps there is a book in it. It is a study of the negro question. I became interested in a black boy in the laboratory at college. Frank has been with me ever since, with the exception of two years he spent in the penitentiary—he got into a drunken row. Frank is in my home now. I spent some time in the Black Belt making personal investigations. I think I made a sympathetic study of the negro problem."

While we were chatting a tall, very dejected looking man knocked at the open door of Will Hays' sitting room. He announced himself as Mr. Naftzger. I am much mistaken if the scars of recent battle have not seared deeply into the Naftzger heart. He sat in silent patience until the end of our interview. But I am sure he must have been interested when Hays spoke of war work. For Hays is chairman of the Indiana Council of Defense, and had just obtained passports from Secretary Baker for a visit to the French front when the St. Louis meeting disarranged his plans. As an indication of how the Indiana Council of Defense does things the following story probably interested Mr. Naftzger as much as it interested me:

"Just before I left home we got a wire from Washington saying that Indiana was expected to furnish nine hundred telegraphers for the Army, but that they must not be taken from telegraph offices lest the service be handicapped. Of course it was impossible to furnish them. But I called together the presidents of all the colleges and technical schools in the State, and they immediately mapped out a three-months' course and organized classes for the intensive training of telegraphers. In ninety days we'll have the nine hundred telegraphers."

Then we talked about war, and it was easy to see that Will Hays is an American of the

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FOR MEN

**Herbert's Bachelor Hotel
and Grill**

151-159 POWELL STREET

Perspective Impressions

A matter of minus importance: Link Steffens is lecturing in this city.

Isn't it time to get the island of St. Helena ready for an imperial prisoner?

When the Germans advance a little they get very cocky. What would they be if victorious?

Some Michigan women tarred and feathered one of their sex. No men were present, as that would have been immodest.

So the Kaiser has raised two hundred millions to build merchant ships! Wonder where he expects to get business for them.

It's all very well to abolish German in the schools, but let's not forget that pro-Germanism talks English.

It would be interesting to know what the Kaiser thinks of the Austrian Emperor since the latter's Alsace-Lorraine letter was published.

In the national capital they've taken Frederick the Great apart and stored him in a cellar. Too bad he can't have the Kaiser for company.

We don't like to hear that Henry Watterson is ill. He's no longer a young man.

Have you noticed those Tom Sawyer-Huckleberry Finn comics? They're a sacrilege.

Does Josephus Daniels swallow praise from Hearst, or does he remember the Peace Ship Piffle?

The four-tracking of Market street is proceeding rapidly, and acting Coroner John Gallagher is wearing a worried look.

Wagers are in order as to whether the first accident due to the four tracks will happen at Fourth, Powell or Fifth. All are likely places.

Now that Japan "is ready to protect the Pacific from the foe" as the dailies tell us let us hope that the demagogic press of California will not object.

"I should be ashamed in the presence of affairs so grave, so fraught with the destinies of mankind throughout the world, to speak with truculence, to use the weak language of hatred or vindictive purpose," says President Wilson. A very opportune rebuke to the "patrioteers."

We used to take an interest in Nat Goodwin's love affairs, but Douglas Fairbanks has crowded him off the stage. Youth must be served.

A street preacher in San Pedro prayed for the Kaiser's soul and was jailed. But surely the Kaiser's soul needs praying for.

Albert Eckstein is our champion riveter. He may be of Teutonic extraction but he works like a loyal American doubling all previously known records.

Evidently the leaders of the G. O. P. who are now getting together with great enthusiasm are not of the opinion that the nation is very strong for war-time Democracy.

Senator Johnson has tried to enlarge our vocabulary by inventing the word "patrioteering." More accessible to his understanding is "politicoteering."

To speed up airplane construction piano and musical-instrument makers will curtail production thirty per cent in April and May. But this is not a case of Hooverizing, though the Allies are consuming a lot of hardwood and piano wire.

Why The War Must Go On

A Speech Made by Rudyard Kipling at Folkestone in Which He Pleaded for a Vigorous Prosecution of the War

At the present moment all the Powers of the world that have not been bullied or bribed to keep out of it have been forced to join in one International Department to make an end of German international Thuggee, for the reason that if it is not ended life on this planet becomes insupportable for human beings.

"Even now there are people in England who find it hard to realize that the Hun has been educated by the State from his birth to look upon assassination and robbery, embellished with every treachery and abomination that the mind of man can laboriously think out, as a perfectly legitimate means to the national ends of his country. He is not shocked by these things. He has been taught that it is business to perform them, his duty to support them, and his religion to justify them.

They are, and for a long time past they have been, as legitimate in his eyes as the ballot in ours. This, remember, was as true of the Germans in 1914 as it is now. People who have been brought up to make organized evil in every form their supreme good because they believe that evil will pay them are not going to change their belief till it is proved that evil does not pay. So far, the Hun believes that evil has paid him in the past, and will pay him better in the future. He has had a good start.

He is doing what is right in his own eyes. He thought out the hell he wished to create; he built it up seriously and scientifically with his best hands and brains; he breathed into it his own spirit that it might grow with his needs; and at the hour that he judged best, he let it loose on a world that till then had believed

there were limits beyond which men born of women dared not sin.

Nine-tenths of the atrocities Germany has committed have not been made public. I think this a mistake. But one gets hint of them here and there—Folkestone has had more than a hint. For instance, we were told the other day that more than 14,000 English noncombatants, men, women, and children, had been drowned, burned, or blown to pieces since the war began. But we have no conception—and till the veil is lifted after the war we shall have no conception—of the range and system of these atrocities. Least of all shall we realize, as they realize in Belgium and occupied France just across the water, the cold organized miseries which Germany has laid upon the populations that have fallen into her hands, that she might break their bodies and defile their souls. That is part of the German creed.

What understanding is possible with a breed that have worked for and brought about these things? And so long as the Germans are left with any excuse for thinking that such things pay can any peace be made with them in which men can trust? None. For it is the peculiar essence of German Kultur, which is the German religion, that it is Germany's moral duty to break every tie, every restriction, that binds man to fellow-man if she thinks it will pay. Therefore all mankind must be against her till she learns that no race can make its way or break its way outside the borders of humanity.

The more we have suffered in this war the more clearly do we see this necessity. Our hearts, our reason, every instinct in us that lifts us above the mere brute, shows us that the war must go on. Otherwise earth becomes a

hell without hope. The men, the ships, the munitions must go forward to the war, and behind them must come the money, without which nothing can move. Where our hearts are there must our treasure be also.

Our security for our loan is not only the whole of the British Empire, but also the whole of civilization, which has pooled its resources in men, money, and material to carry on this war to victory. Nothing else under Heaven matters to-day except that the war shall go on to that end.

What is the personal aspect of the case for you and me? We are fighting for our lives, the lives of every man, woman and child here and everywhere else. We are fighting that we may not be herded into actual slavery such as the Germans have established by force of their arms in large parts of Europe. We are fighting against eighteen hours a day forced labor under the lash or at the point of the bayonet, with a dog's death and a dog's burial at the end of it. We are fighting that men, women, and children may not be tortured, burned, and mutilated in the public streets, as has happened in this town and in hundreds of others. And we will go on fighting till the race who have done these things are in no position to continue or repeat their offense.

If for any reason whatever we fall short of victory—and there is no half-way house between victory and defeat—what happens to us? This. Every relation, every understanding, every decency upon which civilization has been so anxiously built up will go—will be washed out, because it will have been proved unable to endure. The whole idea of Democracy—which

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Ypres

By "P"

I know of no place that conveys to one such a sense of utter sadness and desolation and at the same time of grimness as does Ypres today. There is an atmosphere over the land where this fair city used to stand that is peculiar—all its own.

I have visited Yper, as it is called in Flemish, at various times—when it was hardly touched; when the shells were pouring in daily and doing their fiendish work of useless destruction; and I have seen it, as it now lies—a heap of rubble—a monument to a barbaric spite such as a savage race would shrink from in shame. The impression produced upon one is distinct, in that it brings to the mind this sense of terrible grimness. And why is this so?

The form of murder which was inflicted upon it was unlike that of other towns. Arras, though severely wounded and tortured throughout a prolonged period, still has a body that can be cured. Hope, hand in hand with Sadness, sits patiently awaiting her opportunity. Péronne, foully done to death, was cut down suddenly. Hope has fled, but the face of the sufferer wears no air of grimness. To Ypres death came by inches. Slow, but oh! so sure, and with such premeditation. Millions and millions of shells were hurled against her, to crush her bodily beauty for ever. Yet could no power of the barbarian destroy her spirit.

It is this feeling of grimness—that Vengeance will act in her own sure time—that catches hold of one, as the eye travels over the place where formerly was to be seen a gay and beautiful town, and one which has played its part in history. Famed for its cloth manufacture, which began in 1073, the town rose to its greatest fame in the middle of the thirteenth century, when the population was about 200,000. A hundred years later it suffered from a visitation of the plague, which seemed to commence the downfall of the place. A series of disasters befell the city, including its capture by the Gueux in 1578, and by Alexander Farnese six years later. Thus the population was reduced to 5,000. By this time the "Yperlinge"—the weavers of Ypres—had all emigrated, and many settled at Leyden in Holland. Nor were the troubles over yet, for during the seventeenth century the city was taken four times by the French. Yet it lived to flourish, and before the present war the population was over 17,000, Valenciennes lace being the chief industry.

And to-day? What is left? Of the Hotel de Ville and Nieuwerk, a pretty Renaissance

building of 1620, merely a wall here and there. Of the cathedral of St. Martin, which was being restored and had a very fine rose-window in the south transept, only the western arch. The rest lies a mountain of broken, shattered stone. Two facades of the famous Halle des Drapiers, begun by Count Baldwin IX of Flanders in 1200, alone remain to testify to the world the way of German Kultur. To stand in the Grande Place and to look up at this skeleton wall bordered by the lacerated remains of the square belfry is to me the saddest sight in Ypres. It stands as an emblem of ruined splendor. There is still sufficient left to give the mind a thrill of pleasure—to allow the imagination to fill in the supreme beauty, but how scarred and wounded! Truly does this single wall, battered and bruised, with the sky showing through the holes and window arches, cry aloud in its sorrow and forlornness.

And the other churches in Ypres? They have suffered as everything that is sacred must suffer at the hands of the German. The church of St. Nicholas in the Rue au Beurre stands roofless and desolate; that of St. Peter, begun in 1073, and with a Roman western porch, lies a ruin also. Two arches and one grey pillar alone stand for the interior. Outside against the northern wall is a Calvary. Christ upon the Cross remains untouched, though all around is pitted with the marks of shell and seemingly just behind the left arm is an enormous shell-hole through the wall; how it was made without carrying away the arm I cannot say. Of the five or six beautiful houses for which I searched, I found two—or at least a small portion of them.

Streets there are still in Ypres, if one can call a way without houses but with heaps of rubble, or at most a part of a single wall, a street. Near the Porte de Lille the "Maison de Bois," which had a Gothic timber facade, is non-existent; but nearer the Grande Place, part of No. 66, also Gothic of the fourteenth century, still stands. It is remarkable that the only two walls that I saw in Ypres remaining with their little blue and white number-plates were two—No. 66 Rue de Lille and No. 54 Rue de Dixmude, a gabled house of 1544—which were well known for their beauty. It is as if they kept some of their individuality, besides their fairness, in order that they might serve as witnesses to the world hereafter.

Once more—in places where shells have blown away the roadway and the vaulting, the waters of the Yperlee flow by open to the sky. Over the ruins hangs a soft, silver-white light, as though the spirit of the city, brooding, hovered ever near.

Just before sunset I was seated at the edge of an old shell-hole partly filled with green stagnant water about two kilometres from Ypres. On one side of me lies a crowded graveyard; the little crosses and mounds of earth, backed by some shattered tree-stumps, are thrown into sharp relief by the flashes of guns eastward. Stretching away to the west is a scene—a mixture of life and death. Mud, mud, mud everywhere, such mud that one has to pull one's foot up at every step; splintered trees; no habitations—a countryside torn by the claws of war. Near by is a four-cross-road—which receives constant attention from the Boche in the shape of high-explosive sharpnel—and along each road there is a continuous flow of life.

High up, silhouetted upon the darkening sky, come our aeroplanes homeward bound. And what a sight is now revealed towards the setting sun!

Over the bare waste of shell-marked ground, against a clearing sky in which little fluffy clouds are being painted red and orange, one can see the jagged fingers of the belfry pointing up to heaven. What eloquence does this picture possess! Does not its cry resound across the world? Does not it find an echo in the thousands of hearts that bear their suffering with silent resignation?

Ypres. This one small word contains an age of human suffering in every form, of mortal death, of heroism, divine endurance and of undying glory. To millions of homes this word is known, and will for ever be mentioned as a sacred word. From generation to generation will it be passed as a priceless heirloom, for here the greatest sacrifice was freely made, while to those who bear the hardest burden, of sitting and waiting in the home, and who probably will never see what this name stands for outwardly, it holds their very hearts. Ypres! What profound sorrow thou hast given to the world through death, yet what eternal joy dost thou bestow to heal and cure the soul of those who suffer now and have suffered in the past!

Now, below a lake of blue, part of a rainbow of lemon-green and pink appears and touches lightly this sacred spot—a symbol of hope, as the soul of Ypres, for ever guarding and watching over all, speaks of fairness that knows no death, of splendor which cannot be destroyed, of beauty that is immortal.

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The Spectator

Was Our University Pro-German?

Not by reason of the dismissal of two pro-German professors at the University of California has the storm blown over that was gathering round the head of President Wheeler. During the years when Dr. Wheeler's pro-German sympathies were the topic of gossip in the University town many incidents occurred that occasioned much bitter feeling among people who sympathized with the Allies. And now these incidents are the subject of review in circles where there is much hostility to the University Executive. Some folk are insisting that the matter should not be allowed to drop merely because two teachers were fired; that the whole subject should be investigated officially and that the inquiry should cover the whole period of the war right down to date with a view to establishing a case of disloyalty. From all that one hears one is likely to receive the impression that the University was a hotbed of pro-German sentiment and that many things occurred to enrage loyal Americans and to justify them in suspecting the loyalty of the University itself.

The Foxy Kaiser

It was to be sure very unfortunate that President Wheeler returned from Germany with a thorough misunderstanding of the Kaiser and of German Kultur. It is now clear that sitting at the Kaiser's feet in the atmosphere of Kultur he formed a quite erroneous conception of Prussian character. But this is not at all singular. Greater men than Wheeler were deceived by the professions of the men who spent much time in conciliating neutral sentiment against the day when friendship for Germany might be essential to the success of pan-Germanism. The Kaiser as we now know was training German propagandists in the days when he was thought to be doing nothing but spreading the light of German science and German efficiency. And the president of our University was in a sense a pro-German propagandist after he bade farewell to the Kaiser at Potsdam and returned to Berkeley to chant the praises of the man who had so long kept the peace of Europe. A pacifist himself, Dr. Wheeler naturally admired the great sovereign who had never drawn the sword

though he had rattled it habitually. The country abounded in pacifists, but how long did Dr. Wheeler persist in his pacifism and to what extent did he carry his sympathies with the great boss of all the war lords? These are the questions that some folk desire to have solved right now in the midst of war without regard to the unpleasantness that may be occasioned.

A Berkeley Toast to the Kaiser

Along with his admiration for the Kaiser our University president returned from Potsdam with admiration for the exponents of German Kultur. Having put many Germans on his staff he created something of a German atmosphere across the bay. This was especially true of the German Department at Berkeley. In this department, however, a professor with pro-Ally sympathies was employed—Professor Pascall—but it is said that on account of his sympathies he was disliked and that one night stones were thrown through his windows. Further, among the stories in circulation is one about the quaffing of a toast to the Kaiser. It is also related that in the Faculty Club papers were frequently mutilated by unknown persons who evidently objected to articles in criticism of the Kaiser and his policies. Nothing in stories of this kind however should in any way be thought worth while by way of testimony in an investigation, except perhaps by way of indicating the spread of a sentiment. More to the point but only gossip is the story that Wheeler thought it unwise for the Senior Class to take \$1,000 out of the treasury and invest it in Liberty bonds pointing out that if we lost the war, as we might, the investment would be condemned. It is stories of this kind that folks are discussing and that have been seized upon by persons who are unfriendly to Dr. Wheeler and who are very eager to have the gossip of the University town probed. Now most of this gossip as one may easily perceive had its origin in the circumstance of Dr. Wheeler's attitude toward the Kaiser long before we entered the war. Doubtless he was slow in changing his convictions and doubtless the Germans on his staff were uttering sentiments of which he never heard. But whatever the facts Dr. Wheeler is a storm-centre and the storm is not likely to subside before the war is over.

Alverson Called Off

From the office of the Board of Underwriters of the Pacific comes the news that a general reduction in insurance rates has been ordered on all policies issued since April 1st. The reduction will be from 5 to 15 per cent according to the risk, to be decided by the company interested. This is perhaps good news, but how good it is hard to say at this time. The Board of Underwriters may have deemed it wise to conciliate policy holders, but there is no apparent reason why they should reduce their exorbitant profits at this time. As a matter of fact they have a better cinch than ever on insurance buyers and whatever reduction they make must be attributed to their generosity. According to gossip on the street they have lately taken W. W. Alverson into camp, and Alverson was for many years the most powerful and successful non-board operator on the Coast. In the volume of his business he ranked eighth among the general agents, and he was

giving them opposition not merely in business but in politics. It was he that made the great fight in the last legislature to regulate rate-fixing and also the insurance brokerage business. With Wm. F. Humphrey as his attorney he gave the Underwriters the fight of their lives, and they had to do a lot of strategic lobbying to prevent our law-making body from giving insurance buyers a square deal. As a result of that fight many a politician was taken into the insurance business. Alverson was preparing to renew the fight at the next session, but now, the report is, this live wire has been shrewdly insulated. He has been called off by powerful influences and the general agents will no longer be molested; not at least until cinch bills come into vogue again or some wild-eyed reformer takes cognizance of the political capital to be made at Sacramento.

Fickert and the Mediation Men

As a pamphleteer District Attorney Fickert has told the story of the Mooney Case with clarity and with forcefulness. His reply to the findings of President Wilson's Mediation Commission on the celebrated case is far from being a rhetorical gem, but in this pamphlet the case is presented lucidly and with a simplicity and restraint that wins respectful attention. The pamphlet may not change the opinions of individuals regarding the District Attorney's attitude toward Mooney, but it will very likely convince the average man that the findings of the Mediation Commission should not be taken seriously. The conclusion is almost inevitable after reading the facts recited in the pamphlet that the findings of the Commission were made rather to please the anarchists and revolutionists of Russia than to have justice done in California. Of course it is to be assumed that Fickert has not been guilty of misrepresentation in his published reply to the Commission. When he tells us that Mooney asserted immediately after his arrest that his "only hope of escaping a conviction was to rely on public agitation" it is to be presumed that he has proof that the assertion was made even though the proof be not of vital importance at this time. The assertion, however, is interesting and significant when considered in connection with other assertions tending to reveal the sentiments of labor agitators and politicians who have figured in the Mooney case and in recent political activities.

Distorting the Truth

Dealing directly with the Money case Fickert takes up the findings of the Commission and points out that many of them are absolutely untrue and unsupported. In some instances the truth was omitted in order to facilitate the coloring of the story of the trial; in others the

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commissioners prevaricated, as when they said that though an anarchist Mooney's activities were limited to "labor controversies." There are certain letters over Mooney's own signature, says Fickert, that show him to be primarily an anarchist who engaged in labor disputes not to help Labor but to "bring his dream of anarchy nearer to realization." Referring to the Commission's eulogy of Mrs. Mooney, the District Attorney says that no mention is made of her passion for violence. He then tells the story of her attempt to induce a street car strike when her husband skulked away and when she "filled with rage and a desire to commit violence, even though deserted by her male companions leaped over the closed gate of a United Railroad's car and attacked the motorman filling the air with her oaths." Also we are reminded that on the afternoon of the Preparedness Day parade she remarked, "What a beautiful mess I could make of those marchers with a machine gun." The Commission by the way made no reference to the fact that three books on how to use dynamite were found in Mrs. Mooney's possession and that her library contained almost all known books on anarchy and revolution.

A Challenge and a Swat

Quoting the Commission to the effect that certain utilities undoubtedly tried "to get" Mooney, Fickert says that if the Commissioners have in their possession any evidence "pointing to the fact that any person or set of persons tried to fasten this crime upon any person except the perpetrator it is their duty as citizens to divulge said fact in order that the said persons may be prosecuted." He then proceeds to show the bias of the Commission as evidenced by its references to the detective employed in the district attorney's office, after which he discusses the testimony said to have been changed between the trials of Thomas and Rena Mooney and which he maintains has never been changed. Finally he charges the Commission with the "deliberate intention of ignoring or minimizing every bit of testimony that might tend to connect Mooney with the crime." Further he discusses much of the testimony (including Ox-

man's) about which there has been much dispute, and he points out that the defense employed perjured testimony and that it was far from consistent in its attitude toward the testimony of its own witnesses. "Any report having for its object the truth," says Fickert, "would have mentioned these matters. The Mediation Commission, however, discarded these facts in their report in the same manner as they did every fact which would serve to connect Thomas J. Mooney and his associates with the awful crime."

Patriots Ducking to Cover

There was a great scattering of Irish patriots last week after the dinner given by Mr. Garret W. McEnerney to T. P. O'Connor, M. P. They were rallied for a brief spell by the local leaders of the Sinn Fein who would justify themselves by denouncing Sir Edward Carson, but they were hardly willing to do more than "put in an appearance." After answering to their names on the call of the roll they had pressing business elsewhere. A day or two later many of them were called by telephone. The Chronicle wanted an interview. What did they think of the proposition to conscript Irishmen? What did they think? Nearly all of them, especially the politicians in public office had ceased to think about Irish questions. No, they were not to be interviewed about questions of which they were ignorant. So they begged to be excused, and they were. The Irish agitation in San Francisco could not be kept alive at this time. It is rapidly petering to extinction, and it will not be heard of much longer, so many young men of Irish origin are going into the army. It will be very hard to convince the parents of these young men, even with the logic of the schools, that the Sinn Fein are not helping to prolong the life of the Kaiser. They will not concern themselves much with the famine of '47 now that there is a possibility of another famine occurring in France.

The Art Controversy

Fair-minded men always hear both sides of a controversy before passing judgment. There are two sides to the controversy which Lionel Josephare precipitated anent the management of the Palace of Fine Arts, but so far we have heard Josephare's side, the unsympathetic side only. As I pointed out last week, Henry Poor's reply to Josephare's criticisms was inadequate. Judging from conversations I have had with artists, Director J. Nilsen Laurvik would have a large and attentive audience if he saw fit to present his side in propria persona. Perhaps he is going to do this. I for one hope so. The whole subject is most interesting; discussion of it will be beneficial. Is the Palace of Fine Arts conducted in the interests of a clique? Are our art officials committed to a program subversive of the art traditions of California? I ask the questions, but do not pretend to answer them. That is not a layman's province. Meanwhile, I have a letter from Josephare which I gladly print, as I think he makes additional points which should be considered before the controversy is decided against him. Josephare writes:

Editor Town Talk:

Many thanks for opening your columns to conditions at the Palace of Fine Arts. This matter has been a live topic for some time. Mr. Laurvik should reply, or select for the task some one minded to distinguished fact from opinion, denying or explaining the facts as related. I certainly do not enjoy being made an issue in the case, for, as you say, criticism is

always weakened by a circumstance of this sort—a personal grievance. On the other hand, it is likely that not one in a thousand of Town Talk's readers, upon sight of the exhibition, will consider the criticism unfounded.

If the Palace of Fine Arts is not being conducted in the interests of a few artists and a new art, wherefore not a single contribution from Van Sloun, McComas, Peters, Breuer, the Bests, Welsh, Gamble, Stanton, Sparks, Latimer, Gray, Del Mue, Mathews, Dickman, Wores? Are these men all in the camouflage? If so, custom and courtesy demand that means be taken to obtain canvases from representative painters when an important exhibition is held.

However, they are not all somewhere in France. It is unfortunate for local art that one set of painters should feel constrained to exhibit at one place, The Park Museum, and another at the Palace of Fine Arts, so that the part of the public that reads the "Chronicle" gets news of one set; and readers of the "Examiner" the other.

San Franciscans were made to believe that the Palace would be a public enterprise, and therefore expected a public-spirited management—not a diplomatic expulsion of those painters who refuse to be crystalized into a new art.

Faithfully yours,

—Lionel Josephare.

Taxes and Deficits

Sister's only a shoplifter,
Mother's only a dip,
Brother's just a burglar,
But father—he's in the City Hall.

The words are De Wolf Hopper's; the sentiment strikes a responsive chord in the breasts of our hard-pressed taxpayers who are trying just now to scrape together the amount of "the second installment." The second installment was always harder to pay than the first; in recent years, since our city fathers adopted the policy of taxing us till it hurt, the payment



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of the second half of one's impost has been pretty excruciating. The taxpayer has come to feel like a turnip from which the city was bent on extracting blood. Meanwhile the harried taxpayer sees no light ahead. Every department of the city government is determined to have more money, and the flat pocket of the ordinary citizen awakens no feeling of pity. Being wonderful financiers, our city fathers keep on till they create a deficit in the treasury—then they spend the deficit! Nature abhors a vacuum, but the tax-eater only abhors economy.

Hopeful Signs

Every once in a while it almost looks as if the taxpayer was about to rebel. Generally he doesn't. Being inarticulate himself and too busy making both ends meet to organize for self-protection he is usually content to utter a few cusswords and pay. He knows he has to pay, even if that involves putting a "plaster" on his property. So he kicks and comes through. Just now there are some of the hopeful signs that have so often in the past failed to herald better days. Here for instance is John Perrin of the Federal Reserve Bank writing to the supervisors to kick about the proposed extension of Market street. "The paving of the scenic boulevard around Twin Peaks will be a very delightful thing at the proper time," writes Mr. Perrin, "but there can be no justification for the work now at the cost of withholding men from the trenches, the shipyards or the farms, and of applying money that might be loaned to the Government." A just statement, but will it register with our omniscient city fathers. Experience has made me dubious. And here is our old friend T. P. Andrews who has a grand jury named after him, bringing suit against the Board of Public Works to recover \$32,975 which he claims was illegally paid by the city to the Ocean Shore Railroad during the street car strike. It will be recalled that this was for hauling workers to and from the Union Iron Works. Andrews claims that this money was paid without any semblance of right. He takes the position, I suppose, that if the city had given the United Railroads the protection it was entitled to during that strike, the street car company would have been quite capable of handling the traffic. It is a position not popular in municipal circles. That strike was called to break the U. R. R., and many people think that the city administration was in sympathy with this purpose. The hiring of Ocean Shore rolling stock by the city certainly aided the strikers, though they lost miserably in the end. How is Andrews' effort to test this matter received? Instead of examining the merits of his contention, our city fathers are trying to find out whom he represents! Perrin's letter and Andrews' suit are hopeful signs, as I have said. It is up to the taxpayer to encourage this sort

of thing. It is the only way to impress on the slow-moving intellects of our tax-eaters that the taxpayers are not made of money and that there is a limit to our capacity for coming through.

The Clockwinder Wants to Know

"Say Tiv," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, "give me the low-down on this musical debauch at the City Hall. Who's getting the rake-off?"

Sparks of indignation flashed from the bright eyes of the little sergeant-at-arms. "What do you mean?" he demanded. His manner startled the clockwinder who immediately assumed the tone of a pacifist.

"Oh, say," the waterfront philosopher began, "I didn't mean anything offensive. I just thought you might give me a little information."

"But you spoke of a rake-off. Let me tell you, sir, this is an honest Administration at the City Hall."

"Of course it is," said the clockwinder; I know that, but I thought perhaps somebody was collecting a fund for disabled soldiers or raising money to buy Liberty bonds or rounding up dollars to buy an Alms House for the poor taxpayers who are getting poorer every day."

"Nothing doing," said Kreling. "The Supervisors are giving the people music for therapeutic purpose in war time. The people need diversion. They shouldn't have their minds on the western front all the time."

"Oh," said the clockwinder, a light dawning on his intelligence, "I see. That explains why our patriotic officials hire Frederick Schiller, the alien enemy, to play Wagner. But why give Lemare ten thousand dollars a year to play the organ when we need money to buy Liberty Bonds? I suppose it's because being an Englishman he likes to play the Star Spangled Banner. But what a lot of dampfools the people are who stay at home and read about the war! Well, so long, I'm going down to the Hof Brau—I mean The States—to buy a glass of non-Berlin beer."

Willis Lucubrates

Having finished the glass building on Sutter street, and not having to devote all his time to the restoration of the Mission Dolores, Willis Polk has leisure for literary effort. In proof of which statement I submit the following signed lucubrations:

Exhibit A:

One man in a country in all times has always during his time dominated his country. Whether for good or for evil some one man has always at some time dominated some country. Whether such a man was a Caesar, a Napoleon, a Washington, or a Lincoln, his domination always prevailed; such domination may always prevail, but if in any country—and the world is now one country—such domination

must prevail, if it must remain a force either for good or for evil, if humanity must either prosper or suffer under such domination, if it must have a master, shall such a master be the Kaiser?

Exhibit B:

An able honest man, if poor, is a dampfool!
An able dishonest man, if "smart," is sometimes rich;

But while an able, honest man, if smart, should be rich,

An able crook, however rich, is nothing but a dampfool!

Van Loan Quite Well

Friends of Charles E. Van Loan in this city will be delighted to learn that he is quite recovered from the serious operation he underwent in Los Angeles some time ago. Van Loan's left forearm had given him trouble ever since it was smashed in a motor accident some years ago. The bone failed to knit properly. Finally the writer's surgeon decided on a very delicate operation. A piece of bone was removed from Van Loan's shin and put into the arm. Sufficient time has elapsed now to show that the operation was successful. Van Loan's arm is still in plaster, but it is not bothering him. "Van" is now at Del Monte, playing his celebrated game of one-handed golf. He learned the game after the motor accident, and has never used but one arm. He can drive as far as a professional two-handed player. Bayard Veiller, author of "Within the Law" is also at Del Monte, and the story writer and the playwright are much together.

Huskies in France

"Dogs are doing a whole lot to win this war," says C. E. Darling of Alaska. Mr. Darling is quite as fond of the huskies of Alaska as is his wife, who has won considerable celebrity by reason of the achievements of her dog teams. Both the Darlings are proud of their dogs, especially are they proud of the performances of their dogs "over there," for the huskies are rendering great help to the Allies. "It is not generally known," says Mr. Darling, "how valuable is the service that dogs are giving in France. There are ten thousand dogs of divers breeds attached to the army, and they are doing things that would have to be left undone



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were it not for them. There is for instance the case of the relief of a battalion at an outlying post in the Vosges. The distance to be traveled was four hundred miles through snow twelve feet deep. Fifty teams of fifteen huskies each were harnessed and sent on the trip with ninety tons of food and ammunition and they saved the battalion. These dogs have been presented with the cross of war, and their pictures have been painted and hung in the war museum." The Darlings sent four hundred and fifty huskies to France and they have multiplied so that they now number seventeen hundred.

The Doctor as Poet

Who is Dr. J. Liftchild of Shawmut, California? The only answer I can give is that in addition to being doctor of medicine he is priest of the Muses. This Tuolumne County medico has indited a poem to the hookworm which reaches me via the pages of the Bulletin of the California State Board of Health for April. It is excellent foolery, and worth quoting:

ODE TO THE ANKYLOSTOMA DUODENALE

Lo, the poor Hookworm! whose untutored mind
Intestinal canals essays to find;
Of whose evolvings savants show the mode,
From egg to larva, then to nematode.
Its soul, proud science, never sought to stray
Far as the solar walk; in slime it lay;
Trusting that fate would soon the favor grant
To reach the genus homo's sewage plant.
Once through a pore or down the fauces passed,
Its homing instinct finds the goal, at last;
And staking out a claim inside the lumen
Or ileum or convolute jejunum,
It yields to Cupid's dart, seeks out its mate,
And joyfully proceeds to propagate.
There, safely clinging to sustaining villi,
It feasts and fattens, hoping willy-nilly,
That no dread oil of chenopodium,
Whose presence fills its breast with odium,
Will be ingested by its long-suffering host
And straightway force him to give up the ghost;
And later, fixed to microscopic slide,
Be rubbed at in posture as he died.

Defaming Our Soldiers

It was to be expected that when our soldiers got away from the United States our Puritans would be frightfully distressed at the thought of the temptations that could not be overcome. And the expected has happened. Most people are worrying these days not about our soldiers' morals but about the physical sufferings they will have to endure. Not so the Puritans; the moral scars that come from immoral diversions is what concerns them. And it is remarkable how closely they keep in touch with our soldiers' doings when off duty. Most men and women are very anxious regarding the things that are happening to Pershing's men in the forefront of battle, yet they get very little news to satisfy their curiosity, but our Puritans know all about the contamination of our soldiers on the other side especially in places where the Demon is at large and impurities of all kinds are to be absorbed. They have talked so much about these things that Lord Dobernorn, chairman of the Liquor Control Board of the United Kingdom has taken occasion to pronounce their assertions absolutely untrue.

A Denial From England

In an interview the other day Lord Dobernorn said:

"With regard to American soldiers and sailors

here all reports agree that their conduct has been exemplary. If there is any apprehension among American fathers and mothers regarding danger to their sons from the very restricted conditions which obtain in this country respecting drink, they can rest assured that we are in close touch with the American authorities and that any special action that they or the American Government might consider necessary will be cheerfully considered and will be adopted if possible. Personally, however, I regard any apprehensions on this score as groundless and as being an aspersion upon the self control of the American troops in this country which they are very far indeed from deserving."

Continuing Lord Dobernorn pointed out that the people of the United Kingdom have been more successful in diminishing intemperance than the people of the United States with all their crazy prohibition legislation. The people of the United Kingdom, as he says, while restricting the times during which sales of liquor are permitted also provide safeguards against excessive drinking and reduce the alcoholic strength of beers and liquor. As a result, he says with considerable significance, we have not created "a public tendency to the use of drugs and other alternatives." Lord Dobernorn evidently knows what the effect of prohibition is in the United States. He has probably been reading the statistics which show that our prohibitionists are converting many people of the United States into drug fiends while posing as custodians of morals.

"Alice" Annotated

A bright genius by the name of William J. Long has made a school book of "Alice in Wonderland." And he has annotated "Alice"! Can you imagine Lewis Carroll's classic with notes? The notes are humorous, or supposed to be so. Here is a specimen:

A hookah is a kind of machine or thingamajig which the Turks use for smoking. . . . Like most wild sea birds, the dodo was quite tame. Still, he was never, as you might say, a domestic bird. . . . They call one creature a tortoise because he has crooked feet, and another creature they call a porpoise because he looks something like a porcus or hog. And sailors twist the twisted tortoise till he becomes turtle, but they can't twist the untwisted porpoise till he becomes purple. . . .

Language is queer; there's no telling what some words really mean. . . . It's just a fashion of speaking, with no sense to it. . . . If a child ate too many [comfits,] there might come fits. Hence the name, to scare you properly. But you will not find any such reasonable explanation in the dictionary. If you bother with such books, you may have to learn that "to comfit" means to preserve. . . . Nowadays, in proper schools, he [the Mouse] would read five or six history books, all different, and not learn anything in particular; which is, you see, the great advantage of modern education.

Long ought to be bound hand and foot and exposed to be devoured by the Jabberwock.

Swinburne Praises a Swimmer

When Captain Webb achieved the feat of swimming across the English Channel, none was more vociferous in praise than Algernon Charles Swinburne. The poet of passion was

himself a strong and an enthusiastic swimmer, like Byron before him. When Webb swam the Channel, Swinburne wrote: "I consider it the greatest glory that has befallen England since—" Since what, do you suppose? Since Byron swam the Hellespont? No. You could never guess. "Since the publication of Shelley's greatest poem." It would be hard to fashion more emphatic praise than that. What was Shelley's greatest poem? Swinburne did not say. Indeed, it seems that Swinburne did not know, for he added to what I have quoted above, "which-ever that may be." The sentence is found in a volume of Swinburne's letters, just published.

Powys Talks to Booksellers

John Cowper Powys, formerly staff lecturer on literature and art at Oxford, Cambridge and American University Extension societies, was the speaker and guest of honor at the monthly meeting of the Bay Counties Booksellers' Association held at the Hotel Plaza. Mr. Powys emphasized the importance of intelligent book distribution in supplementing the work of the daily press in keeping the public alive to war needs and emergencies.

A Magazine to Boost

Pan Pacific, a "Magazine of International Commerce" to be published monthly in San Francisco by the Pan Pacific Corporation, has made its appearance. It is bright, newsy and up-to-date, with timely articles on foreign trade subjects by well-known authorities of this city, coast and nation. The illustrations are copious. B. F. Heastand, president of the 100 per cent Club, is president of the Pan Pacific Corporation, and William E. Hague, secretary of the Foreign Trade Club, is secretary. The directors are local business men who are desirous of helping San Francisco to a commanding place in world trade. R. R. Hiestand, formerly managing editor of the Call, is the editor.

An Omitted Detail

Colonel John K. Hendrick, former Congressman from the First District of Kentucky, has an attribute common among the citizens of his own State—he greatly admires a good trotting horse.

One fine spring morning he visited the driving track near the town where he resides, to spend a happy hour watching various owners and trainers exercising their stock. A tobacco raiser from the back of the county swung down the home stretch behind a bony, awkward, skittish, weird-looking animal. The trap in which the farmer sat was the best that money could buy, and as shiny as paint and varnish could make it; the harness was new, ornate and elaborate. He halted in front of Colonel Hendrick.

"Hey, John!" he called. "Whut do you think of the outfit?"

"Fine, Jeff; fine!" stated Colonel Hendrick. "Perfectly splendid! I congratulate you. There is only thing more needed to make it absolutely complete."

"Whut's that?" demanded the surprised countryman.

"A hoss!" said the colonel.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Professor and the Lady

A professor of the University of Chicago by the name of Thomas was arrested in a Windy City hotel the other night in company with a Mrs. Granger. They had registered under an assumed name. The professor is a bald-headed married man, fifty-five years old, with grown children. In highbrow circles he is considered an expert on sex relations. Mrs. Granger is the wife of an army officer who is now in France. She has a girl three years old. She is not known in highbrow circles, either as an expert on sex relations or anything else. The papers don't even say that she's pretty. Although exposed to the whole country in the midst of a flagrant delict, the professor and the lady have not shown signs of shame or repentance. "I love her and don't care if the whole world knows it," quoth the prof. And he added, as is usual in such cases, "My arrest is a tremendous injustice." Mrs. Granger admits worry and vexation. She is worried about friend husband. "He'll come home and shoot me," she says. She is vexed over her own and the professor's carelessness. "What makes me so darned mad," she says, "is that we did not know any better than to get caught." It must be apparent to all that the prof. and the lady are advanced thinkers.

The Sex Expert

That Professor Thomas is an expert on sex the reporters prove by citing sentences from his teachings, such as:

"Women are better off for having had their fling as men do. Dissipated women often make excellent wives."

This is the single standard of morals with the reverse English on it. I suppose it is permissible to call Mrs. Granger a dissipated woman, since she has had her fling with the prof. But what does her husband in France think about the professor's effort to make her an excellent wife via the fling route? I'd like to wager that Mrs. Granger's soldier husband isn't a bit advanced in his thinking on sex relations. Here is another of the professor's sentences:

"Any girl, mentally mature, has the right to have children and the right to limit their number."

The first half of this dictum is said to be prevalent in advanced circles in Germany just now. The second half was cribbed from Margaret Sanger. Another gem from the professor's treasury:

"Matrimony is often an arrangement by which

the woman trades her irreproachable conduct for irreproachable gowns."

It sounds clever. But what does it mean? For the life of me I can't make out.

The Professor's Charm

We have been initiated pretty thoroughly into the story of the professor's liaison. It seems that he was in New York, gathering material for a book—not on sex relations, but on Poland—when he met Mrs. Granger. They met also at Philadelphia and at Washington where the professor is said to have done "special investigation" for Colonel House. Whether they met at hotels under assumed names in those cities as they did in Chicago is not mentioned. At any rate, the professor was not too engrossed in Poland and his investigations for Colonel House to pay attentions to Mrs. Granger. Says that lady:

"He showed me the little attentions married women seldom get from their husbands. (Query: Is hotel registration under assumed names included in these?) He told me soon after we met that I was just a tiny little girl (Mrs. Granger is twenty-four and a mother), and he hugged me and held me up for a while, and I kissed him. I knew it was wrong, but I just thought of how much fun is taken to the graveyard and I did not care."

And then Mrs. Granger paid the prof this flattering tribute:

"He's my daddy. He's a bald-headed old dear."

The professor, it seems to me, does not appear here in a very dignified light. His conduct resembles what we have read of the conduct of men never acclaimed as experts in sex relations, but just regarded as ordinary lady-killers or Lotharios. I am inclined to revise Mrs. Granger's estimate by saying that to me the prof seems to be a bald-headed old lecher.

The Professor's Wife

This story of vulgar intrigue has a more arresting side. The professor's wife, it seems, was one of Henry Ford's peace apostles and made the famous trip on the Oscar Two. I take it she is a well meaning woman. But she is said to have defended the prof whenever his teachings on sex relations were attacked. That was a mistake. When the professor began disseminating those views of his about dissipated women and the right of mature girls to have children, she should have slapped him on the bald pate and sent him to bed without his supper. Then he might not have become so frisky. The first thing the professor's wife did after the expose was to take Mrs. Granger into her home. That is all very well, provided she keeps an eye on the professor. But more than that, she has defended her professorial but erring spouse. Listen:

"The only thing I can't forgive is the utter stupidity and the absurd childishness of the professor doing such a thing."

That is carrying magnanimity a little too far, I think. In trying to be highminded, the prof's wife has overshot the mark. In condoning hubby she forgets her own self-respect, she forgets that the professor wronged the husband

and father who is fighting in France, and she forgets that the professor has humiliated, disgraced his own grown children.

A Few Moral Remarks

Why is it that professors who go in for advanced teachings along sex lines so often go in for adultery? The question is a valid one. We have had cases like this of the professor and the Granger woman right here in San Francisco, and not so long ago either. Does too much thinking about sex arouse sexual passions? Does dwelling on sex relations lead to illicit dalliance? It would seem that when so-called "advanced thinking" breaks down decent reserves of language it breaks down respect for two very important commandments of the Decalogue as well. Let us not get too close to home, but consider certain European writers who have made themselves notoriously famous by their writings on sex. Rightly or wrongly, some of them are charged with evil practices. So perhaps it is just as well not to devote too much study to sexual subjects. They are not very healthy themes. Centuries of experience have caused mankind to build up barriers around them. Let the barriers stand. The old Adam is strong enough in all of us without pseudo-scientific excitation. When the Chicago professor comes to his senses, if he ever does, he will probably admit as much. Meanwhile, see the damage he has done.

"Life-Saving Pearls"

There is being assembled in London, pearl by pearl, a necklace which will probably put in the shade that wonderful diamond necklace which involved Marie Antoinette in such a maze of trouble. Pearls for this necklace are being contributed by British women all over the world, and those who have no pearls to send or whose pearls are heirlooms—"entailed" pearls, as it were—are sending large sums of money with which pearls will be bought to add to the string. When completed this great necklace will be auctioned at Christie's, London's famous auction rooms, and the money devoted to the British Red Cross. This is one of the most picturesque schemes for raising Red Cross funds thus far attempted, and it seems likely that the idea will be borrowed in our country.

From All Over the World

Women of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, of the United States and South America, of China, Japan and the South Seas are sending pearls to London for this Red Cross "life-saving" necklace. It is announced that the completed rope will be the handsomest in the world, and that it will bring such a large sum at auction that each single pearl will be sufficient to allay a year's suffer-

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ing of many wounded men. Those who have not pearls to sell are giving other priceless treasures which will be sold at auction and the money turned into pearls. Great ladies have been overhauling their collections with the result that many articles of great antique value and historic association are making their appearance from the most unexpected quarters. The first pearl of all was donated by Queen Mary, and the Princesses Victoria and Maud followed with others. The favorite way is for a contributor to select the finest pearl from her necklace and give it to the cause.

Other Treasures

The treasures aside from pearls which are being contributed are of the greatest interest as well as of the highest value in their particular line. Lady Milford Haven has presented a gold and enamel vinaigrette which was given by Catherine II of Russia—"Big Kate"—to one of her British physicians. The Duchess of Argyll gave a wash drawing by Paolo Veronese. A fine diamond necklace was presented anonymously. And there are books and manuscripts of great value. Gerald du Maurier, the actor, took a pre-war British army list from his library, labelled it "The Old Contemptibles" in allusion to the Kaiser's remark about French's army, and sent it to Lord French and Sir William Robertson for autograph signature. Pleased at the idea they signed the book, and it is hoped to have King George's signature too, to make this item more attractive at the auction. In the cellar of the defunct publishing house of Smith, Elder was found the manuscript of Hardy's "Far from the Madding Crowd." It has been bound with an autograph letter from Hardy. Other manuscripts to be sold are from the pens of Walt Whitman, Matthew Arnold, Henley, Galsworthy, Chesterton, Maurice Hewlett, Barrie, Rupert Brooke, Mrs. Meynell, Austin Dobson, Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light" and innumerable letters.

A See for Dean Gresham

San Francisco's loss is Manila's gain. We shall miss Dean J. Wilmer Gresham, but we cannot help rejoicing in his elevation to the episcopacy. As Episcopal Bishop of the Philippines, Dean Gresham will have a large field to labor in, but he is equal to his responsibilities. The Rev. J. Wilmer Gresham came to San Francisco from San Jose eight years ago, and was not long in making himself one of the best liked Episcopal clergymen in Bishop Nichols' diocese. He belongs to a family that has given several distinguished clergymen to the Episcopal church in America, and is worthy of his family's best traditions. Among his other gifts is that of eloquence. Those who have heard him read the services can never forget the purity of his tones and the appeal of his devout elocution. The good wishes of all San Francisco go with him to his island see.

Miss De Sabla Engaged

Two weeks ago I mentioned that it was being said in New York that Miss Leontine De Sabla had lost her heart to her doctor. Now comes the announcement of the engagement. Miss De Sabla, just after completing her course at a New York finishing school, was stricken with appendicitis. At Roosevelt Hospital Dr. Lyle operated successfully. The doctor is described as an eligible bachelor. He was thought to be proof against the tender sentiment till he met his charming young patient from San Francisco. But of course, not even the most

careful surgeon is proof against the contagion of romance. The news was received here with a great deal of pleasure.

Mrs. Mighels' Evening

Mrs. Mighels' "Evening of Literary California" at the St. Francis was a most enjoyable affair. It was made memorable by the announcement that plans had been perfected for the publication of Mrs. Mighels' "Literary California," a sequel to the well known "Story of the Files." The enterprise will be undertaken by Harr Wagner, the publisher of Joaquin Miller's collected poems, and the work will start immediately. This is good news for all lovers of our literature. It was an evening of music, poetry and prose gems that Mrs. Mighels gave her large audience. One of the most interesting numbers was a reading from Jack London by his daughter Joan London. Judge John F. Davis read Gabriel Furlong Butler's poem "California"; Gilbert Weigle read Jack London's only poem "The Way of War"; Dr. Taylor read two of his own sonnets; and there were many other interesting numbers. As a representative of the State Library, Miss Garrouite paid a fine tribute to Mrs. Mighels' literary achievements. But overshadowing all else was the announcement that Mrs. Mighels' latest work is to be published, and it was easy to see that the author was a very, very happy woman.

Bill Lange's Toes

I am in receipt of the following letter:

Dear Tantalus: Bill Lange was laid up for a few days, and the story got around that his surgeon had been compelled to amputate a few tango toes, thereby unfitting Bill for dancing. Please deny this story in its totality. Bill's toes are all there and will continue to tow Bill through the mazes of the dance every time they hear jazz to-nality. Bill still has five toes to each tootsie-woots, and all his toes are topographically correct. Make it plain that wherever Bill goes he totes sound toes with him. It will be many years before Bill's toes hit the to-boggan. Every Lange toe is as strong as a To-ledo blade. The time has not come to toll the bell for Bill's tony toes. The slander was probably invented by some toper, and should not be allowed to get a toe-hold on public credence. When the guilty party is discovered he should be hanged to a totem pole. Yours, Toby Tobin of Tocaloma.

"A Night in Egypt"

"A Night in Egypt" to be given by the San Francisco Club and Memorial Museum Endowment Committee next Tuesday evening at the St. Francis is attracting considerable attention and promises to be one of the largest affairs of the season. The program preceding the ball is an attractive one. The entire mezzanine floor has been engaged for the occasion.

At the Cecil

Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Harden, U. S. A., are sojourning. Mrs. Harden was Miss Hermenia Lathrop, one of the most popular society girls of this city and Palo Alto where her mother has a beautiful country seat. Dr. and Mrs. Boeger were hosts at an informal luncheon Wednesday. Mrs. W. L. Clapp and Mrs. G. J. Henry of Memphis, Tenn., are receiving a cordial welcome from their San Francisco friends. They will spend the remainder of the spring and summer at the Cecil. Mrs. W. D. Vinton and Miss H. Vinton of Los Angeles are enjoying their visit. Accompanied by her daughter Miss

Marianne Coleman, Mrs. Arthur Coleman arrived this week from her home in Toronto. Mrs. B. R. Keith gave a luncheon and bridge Wednesday. Charles Walker has joined his wife at the Cecil. Mrs. H. A. Carr and her attractive young daughter Miss Alice Carr and son W. D. Carr are making their home at the Cecil. Mrs. H. M. Beall who has been in one of the local hospitals returned this week to her apartment.

The Ladies' Cafe

Techau Tavern is the ladies' cafe par excellence. The management is always doing some thoughtful and pleasing thing with the special object of proving its appreciation of feminine patronage. Of course the Tavern owes much of its vogue among the fair sex to that atmosphere of refinement and respectability which has always been such a marked characteristic of this famous old cafe. Against this substantial background, however, little special traits of thoughtfulness and thoroughness stand out. Just now it is the Merchandise Dances which especially appeal to the ladies. These dances take place at the dinner hour and after the theatre and their delightful feature lies in the charming and expensive favors which are presented to the ladies without competition. These favors include silk lingerie, silk blouses, sweaters and stockings. They are all purchased from Livingston Bros. Of course the program is not confined to these Merchandise Dances, for all through the evening the Tavern's celebrated Jazz Orchestra provides the music for many more dances, and at intervals there is really fine singing by the vocal artists of the Show Girl Revue Corps who render operatic arias, rag-time and ballads.

A Quaker had got himself into trouble with the authorities, and a constable called to escort him to the lock-up.

"Is your husband in?" he inquired of the good wife who came to the door.

"My husband will see thee," she replied. "Come in."

The officer entered, was bidden to make himself at home, and was hospitably entertained for half an hour, but no husband appeared. At last he grew impatient.

"Look here," said he, "I thought you said your husband would see me."

"He has seen thee," was the calm reply, "but he did not like thy look, and so he's gone another way."

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The Stage

"General John Regan"

Canon Hannay of Dublin who writes under the name of George A. Birmingham, is admittedly familiar with the minds and hearts of his countrymen. In all his stories the Irish character is presented truly, sympathetically. And in the book from which this play was made, as in his other books, good humor is always to the fore. There are few humorists in the world of letters today, but unquestionably Canon Hannay is one of them. He is to Ireland what James M. Barrie is to Scotland. "General John Regan" belongs in the same class as "The Little Minister" and "What Every Woman Knows." Of course Irish humor is more rollicking than Scots humor, and this is a most rollicking play. Dr. Lucius O'Grady, the central character, is a preposterous joker. He has a nimble mind, an indefatigable tongue tipped with blarney, and a heart full of roguery. Father Proutt would have loved Dr. O'Grady, and Charles Lever would have recognized him as a blood relation of Frank Webber and other practical jokers who enliven the pages of "Charles O'Malley," "Harry Lorrequer" and "Jack Hinton." Cyril Maude plays Dr. O'Grady imitatively, unflaggingly. Throughout three acts the doctor is almost continuously in evidence, talking all the time and indefatigably building up the structure of his ridiculously funny hoax. Cyril Maude never lets down for a minute. He carries the play forward with a rush, the audience keeping pace with him in a gale of laughter. He must be an exhausted Cyril Maude at the end, but he doesn't show it. Canon Hannay surrounded Dr. O'Grady with true Irishmen and women. There isn't what we call "a stage Irishman" in the lot. Doyle the canny boniface, Golligher the fiery editor, Father McCormack the diplomatic parish priest, Mary Ellen the taciturn maid servant, Sergeant Colgan the sentimental constable—all these characters are not peculiar to Ballymoy in Connaught, but may be found in any village in any of the four provinces. How well they are all played! Particularly good are the irascible and spouting editor as played by Rae Berger, and the hotel keeper as played by Robert Ayrton. "General John Regan" could not have been presented at a more opportune time. Irish affairs have led us into acrimonious debate recently, and this play should help to restore good humor. Mr. T. P. O'Connor sat in the first row Monday night, and I am sure he must have enjoyed himself. Too bad a rule of the diocese forbids the attendance of the Catholic clergy. This play might help to relax the strain of controversy for Father Yorke and others.

The screen scene from "The School for Scandal" was splendidly played. Maude's Sir Peter had the house convulsed with laughter, but the sudden climax when the screen was pulled away stilled the audience in a second—merriment gave place to a tense silence. This was a tribute to the excellence of the players as well as to the technical skill of Sheridan. If Maude would only give us the whole of this great play!

—Edward F. O'Day.

The Playing of Micha Elman

Mischa Elman, a crowned king of violinists, played to an enraptured audience Sunday at the Columbia. He has the joyous youthfulness to which his years (twenty-seven the program says) entitle him. Like Josef Hofman, his countryman, he was an infant prodigy reared in a

propitious atmosphere. Like the great Pole, Paderewski, he plays "with that passionate precision to which error must be impossible"; whence may come the "Elman tone" which an enchanted world listens to and acclaims. His performances, like those of Paderewski and Hofman, are a stream of vital emotion rushing from a composer's soul. The preponderance of men in the Elman audiences may be attributed to the fact that the violin is a masculine instrument; but Elman's is the power, like that of other Russian musicians, to intoxicate the mixed multitude and so affect even the unmusical as to transport them into a living glory of sound. I was inclined immediately after hearing this artist, to paraphrase a distinguished English musical authority and say, "There is no such thing as music; there is only Russian music." Which one of the old masters was it who was noted at once for his love of dancing and his inability to keep in step with the music? Somebody suggested that it was because he was always listening to a marvelous orchestra in his own soul. When I heard Elman play his own entrancing setting of the Albaniz "Tango" and watched the exquisite flexibility of his wrist, the perfect, yet unobtrusive balance of his body, it did not require a great play of imagination to see him floating about a mystically-lighted ball room with some nymph

"Fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

His program Sunday was composed with the prodigality of one who breathes as incense the atmosphere of his own impeccable interpretations.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

Mind Reading at the Orpheum

It is remarkable what a lot of people go to the Orpheum just before departing somewhere on a long or short journey. Equally remarkable is the doubt these people seem to have as to whether they will really make the journey. There must be an awful lot of haphazard travelers in this city. Tuesday night there was one lady who was going to China the very next day, and yet she wanted to be assured that she would really make the voyage. There was a man who was equally at sea regarding a trip to Indiana. And there were many others. Another remarkable thing about the Orpheum audience is the number of women who are worried about the pains in their mothers' backs. Female Orpheumites, it would almost seem, all have mothers who suffer from pains in their backs. And another strange thing: A lot of people who go to the Orpheum have just been robbed of money or jewelry, and most of them seem to suspect their intimate friends of the crime. These things I discovered through the work of Leona La Mar, a mind reader. Leona told the worried ones all about their journeys, relieved anxiety as to the pain in mother's back, and confirmed or allayed suspicion as to the thieving propensities of best friends. She told several soldiers that they would go to France and come back safely. For the benefit of one soldier boy she revealed that he would "get" eight Huns. She announced that the Cyclops was really and truly lost, not captured by Germans. Her greatest individual hit was scored with a man in the loge who wanted to know what to do about his trouble with his wife.

Leona told him to put his foot down and wifey would behave. He smiled with satisfaction, nodded approvingly and gave Leona a hand. Leona's act is a very good one.

There is a Washington Square play in this bill which stands out for its excellence. It is called "In the Zone" and is by Eugene G. O'Neill. The scene is on a British freighter loaded with explosives. The crew suspect one of their number of being a spy—suspect him falsely, as it turns out. It is a gripping little play which puts the audience into a state of tense excitement and then melts them with emotion. It is very well played.

—Edward F. O'Day.

"Oh, Boy" at the Cort

Now comes to the Cort, the musical comedy, "Oh, Boy" which, from all accounts has had a wonderful success in New York. It has "caught on" in San Francisco, which has a taste of its own in musical comedies. There is a bit of lively plot in "Oh, Boy" and there are songs with a lilt that charms, songs that have become more or less popular. The company is a painstaking one that makes it possible for us to realize the winning qualities of the original production. The show abounds in pretty dances executed by a fine flock of girls arrayed in many picturesque frocks of artistic design. Even the men go in for frequent and striking changes of costume. On the whole it is a show to be applauded for acquainting us with the latest modes on Broadway. To be sure styles have a provoking way of changing over night in the big metropolis, but there is his to be said of the "Oh, Boy" costumes—they all look as fresh and blooming as Spring, a virtue in stage clothes which is not characteristic of traveling companies. Joseph Santley, Lawrence Wheat and Henry Dornton share the honors of the fascinating performance with Lavinia Winn and Dorothy Maynard.

—The First Nighter.

Maude in Robertson's "Caste"

On Monday night Cyril Maude will enter upon the fourth and final week of his stay at the Columbia. For the concluding eight performances, with the exception of Thursday night, the actor will give a revival of that delightful comedy classic of the English school, "Caste." Since its original production by Squire Bancroft and Marie Wilton in London in the middle sixties, the Tom Robertson comedy has been revived time and time again, but San Francisco has seldom, in the past score of years, been privileged to witness a performance. Mr. Maude plays the part of the bibulous and garrulous "Eccles," one that he has done with great success, in London. On Thursday night Mr. Maude will interrupt his "Caste" performances to play "Grumpy" for the last time in this city. Altogether the appearances that Maude has made in this part amount to nearly 1300 and cover a period of five seasons; therefore he has decided that the "Grumpy" tour which takes him east from the Pacific Coast shall be positively his farewell in the part. Therefore all local theatregoers who have as yet failed to witness the actor's wonderful impersonation of age should take advantage of the last remaining opportunity. The popular matinee of Wednesday and the regular afternoon performance of Saturday will both be devoted to "Caste."

Elman's Final Concert

Mischa Elman will give his second and last recital for this season at the Columbia to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon, starting at two-thirty. The great artist will play a program of the finest works in his vast repertoire. First he will play the delightful old Nardini concerto in E minor, which has been arranged by Hauser, a work of the old school filled with the soft loveliness of the Italian masters. Saint-Saens' wonderful creation, the concerto in B minor, will come next. Then come two Scarlatti numbers, specially arranged for Elman by the young London composer, Julius Harrison, a "Pastorale" and a "Capriccio." He will play another Chopin nocturne, the one in D major, arranged for the violin by Wilhelmj. The "Turkish March" from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" comes next. This arrangement has been made by Leopold Auer, Elman's veteran teacher, who is now visiting America for the first time. The final number will be the "Gypsy Dance" (Zigeunerweisen) of Sarasate, in which Elman's great technical skill will be displayed. Philip Gordon, the splendid pianist whose success last week renewed his position as a San Francisco favorite, will again preside at the piano. Tickets may be had at Sherman, Clay, Kohler and Chase or the theater.

Last Week of Powys

John Cowper Powys will begin his third and last week of lectures next Monday evening at the St. Francis. The schedule of lectures is given below. The "Shaw and Chesterton" is to be delivered as an extra lecture on Tuesday evening, owing to popular demand. Monday evening, St. Francis, 8:15: "Wells and Galsworthy"; Tuesday afternoon, Paul Elder Gallery, 3:30: "Thomas Hardy"; Tuesday evening, Paul Elder Gallery, 8:15: "Shaw and Chesterton"; Wednesday morning, Paul Elder Gallery, 10:45: "Ibsen and Strindberg"; Thursday evening, Oakland Auditorium, 8:15: "Walt Whitman"; Friday evening, St. Francis, 8:15: "King Lear"; Saturday morning, Paul Elder Gallery, 10:45: "Russia and the New Soul of Europe."

Coming Plays

The Columbia has booked a number of notable attractions for the near future. Among them will be the farcical success, "Mary's Ankle"; Maude Adams in "A Kiss for Cinderella"; Richard Bennett in "The Very Idea"; Lou Tellegen in "Blind Youth."

Morgan Dancers at Orpheum

The Greater Morgan Dancers, fresh from a New York triumph, will be next week's headline attraction at the Orpheum. They are the outgrowth of Marion Morgan's Art Dancers and the representative American choreographic ballet. Marion Morgan has made descriptive pantomimic dancing her life study and brings to it a thorough knowledge of calisthenics. Her Roman ballet is in three episodes, the first being a living replica of Tadema's famous painting "The Spears." The second is an idea of her own based on an old Roman legend. The final episode which is the piece de resistance is a mythological story made into pantomime and set to music. The scenic investiture is so elaborate that twenty-three people are carried with the company. There are sixteen dancers. Tarzan is a marvelous chimpanzee cleverly trained. William Macart and Ethlynne Bradford will appear in a comedy "Love, Honor and Obey." Count Perrone is described as a member of the Italian nobility invalidated from the army and compelled to earn a livelihood. He has a fine

baritone voice. He is assisted by Miss Trix Oliver, a mezzo soprano. The Three Natalie Sisters are musical and attractive girls. Claire is a pianist, Ethel a 'cellist and Lily a violinist. Burley and Burley in their skit "The Dude and the Scot" sing, dance and perform acrobatic stunts. The only holdovers will be the Washington Square Players' success "In the Zone," and Leona La Mar, "The Girl with the Thousand Eyes."

Second Week of "Oh, Boy"

"Oh, Boy" with Joseph Santley and the original Chicago company will start its second big week at the Cort Sunday night. "Oh, Boy" is here for a limited engagement only. Supporting Joseph Santley are Laurance Wheat, Dorothy Maynard, James Bradbury, Hugh Cameron, Henry Dornon, Lenore Chippendale, Lillian Brennard, Billy Gould, Mabel Grete, Estelle Barry, Lola Frink and others.

The Hess Recital

A very interesting song recital is promised by Dorothy Churchill Hess, lyric soprano, in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis, Tuesday evening, April 30. After studying in San Francisco Mrs. Hess, then Dorothy Churchill, went to Paris, where she studied under Mme. Regina de Sales and Miss Bessie Bowie. She made a special study of musical diction in France and Italy and then took a course with Miss Clara Munger, one of the most famous old school teachers in Boston, of whom Philip

Hale writes that she is the greatest teacher now living. Her range extends from F above high C down to G below C in the middle register, a very unusual compass. Her coloratura work comes easily, the volume of her voice is not great but she has a good carrying quality, with clear pianissimo tones and a good legato. Her songs will include groups of French, Italian and English works, as well as "The Query" by Dorothy Crawford, the rising young San Francisco composer who is making a name for herself in New York. Mrs. Hess will be accompanied by Miss Marian Prevost, a sympathetic and intelligent young pianist, and society is taking a keen interest in the recital. Seats may be obtained at Sherman, Clay and at the St. Francis.

Dr. Hillis to Lecture

Newell Dwight Hillis, for nineteen years pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, succeeding Henry Ward Beecher, will lecture at Scottish Rite Auditorium Sunday afternoon at 2:30 and Sunday evening at 8:30, April 28, under direction of Frank W. Healy. In this lecture Dr. Hillis tells what he saw in the great devastated region from which the Germans had been expelled. Dr. Hillis presents evidence of German atrocities. Theodore Roosevelt is quoted as saying, "I wish everyone in this nation could hear this indictment by Newell Dwight Hillis. Doctor Hillis is one of the most high-minded men in this country; he possesses a singularly



ETHLYNNE BRADFORD

Next week at the Orpheum.

accurate mind, and the conditions thus described by an unimpeachable witness should awaken every man and woman in America." Seats now on sale at Sherman, Clay and Kohler and Chase.

Galli-Curci Ticket Sale

While the sale of tickets for the concert of Galli-Curci at the Exposition Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, May 12, at 2:30 o'clock, under the local direction of Frank W. Healy, is progressing very satisfactorily and there is every indication that hers will be a record making audience, there are still thousands of good seats to be had at from \$1 to \$2.50. The supply of 75 cents tickets has been exhausted. The ticket sales are being held at Sherman, Clay and Kohler and Chase. Madame Galli-Curci is now on her transcontinental tour, and everywhere she is a great success.

Musicales at Fine Arts Palace

The second concert of the second series of Half Hour Musicales, given in the Palace of Fine Arts, was rendered last Sunday in the Lec-

ture Room. A most interesting program of instrumental and vocal music by modern and classic composers was arranged by Mme. Emilia Tojetti. These concerts are free to the public and are given every Sunday afternoon. Sunday's concert will be an international program of works by Russian, Finnish, English, and Norwegian composers. The Fairmont Quintet under the direction of the well known violinist Rudolf Seiger in collaboration with Paul Whitman, viola, Bruno Coletti, 'cello, H. Seiger, bass viol, and J. Smith, piano, will open the program with "Valse Triste" by Sibelius and excerpts from Tchaikowski. Mrs. Joseph B. Keenan, soprano, will render Italian songs, accompanied by Miss Beatrice Becker at the piano. Mrs. Keenan will be followed by the Quintet who will render "The Deep River" by Coleridge-Taylor. The program will close with two very beautiful numbers by Grieg and Rubinstein. The quintet numbers have been especially arranged for this concert by Mr. Rudolf Seiger.

A youngster had been permitted to visit a boy friend on the strict condition that he was

to leave at five o'clock. He did not arrive home till seven o'clock, and his mother was very angry. The youngster insisted, however, that he had obeyed her orders and had not lingered unnecessarily on the way.

"Do you expect me to believe," said his mother, "that it took you two hours to walk a quarter of a mile?" She reached for the whip. "Now, sir, will you tell me the truth?"

"Ye-es, mamma," sobbed the boy. "Charlie Wilson gave me a tortoise and I was afraid to carry it—so I led it home."

GERMAN ATROCITIES

Dramatic Illustrated Lecture by

Dr. Newell Dwight

HILLIS

of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.
Successor to Henry Ward Beecher

SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM

SUNDAY, APRIL 28th

2:30 and 8:30

Tickets 50c, \$1, \$1.50. War Tax 10% extra. On sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

Management FRANK W. HEALY.



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THE GREATER MORGAN DANCERS in a Historical Roman Ballet in Three Episodes; TARZAN, the Marvelous Chimpanzee; W. H. MACART & ETHLYNNE BRADFORD in W. H. Cacart's Farce "Love, Honor and Obey"; COUNT PERRONE, assisted by MISS TRIX OLIVER, Soprano; THREE NATALIE SISTERS, Young American Artists; BURLEY & BURLEY, "The Dude and the Scot"; "IN THE ZONE," the Washington Square Players Success; LEONA LA MAR, "The Girl with the Thousand Eyes."

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

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Coming—"MARY'S ANKLE"



FATHER WM. J. FINN

Conductor of the Paulist Choristers, world's greatest choir, at the Exposition Auditorium Sunday, May 26th.

VARIED TYPES

(Continued from Page 5)

highest ideals, but no dreamer. He has a sound idea of the importance of political activity, and a lofty conception of the duties of the Republican National Committee.

"Here is something I just noted down for use in my Los Angeles speech," he said, and handed me the following:

"The province of a political committee is to elect the candidates, not select them. The duty of the party's membership always, and this year above all other times, is to look to the quality of our candidates. These men will be trusted with the solution of problems of war and of reconstruction absolutely immeasurable in their magnitude and complexity, and they must be worthy.

"First of all, our candidates must be men who are supremely pro-American, men who will give our all for the most vigorous prosecution of the war, and who will stand irrevocably for a peace by victory and never a peace by compromise bargaining.

"Next, our candidates must be men of the highest ideals, with vision of the country's mission, and with the highest sense of justice for all men, and with a knowledge of affairs and with experience commensurate with their responsibilities. We are as unprepared for peace as we were for war, and our candidates must be forward stepping as well as forward looking men, with their eyes ever ahead and their feet ever on solid ground."

But that is for the near future. In the immediate present Will Hays is a healer of political wounds. He uses none of the old discredited nostrums. He has no panacea. He is not a political patent medicine faker. Bunkum is not in his line. He is meeting men, he expects men to meet him, as he says, "with fingers uncrossed." And he is tackling the hardest case first.

"When I started out on this trip," he told me, "I was advised to keep away from California, that California was too hard a nut to crack just yet. That's why I came here."

Why The War Must Go On

(Continued from Page 6.)

at bottom is what the Hun fights against—will be dismissed from men's minds, because it will have been shown incapable of maintaining itself against the Hun. It will die; and it will die discredited, together with every belief and practice that is based on it.

The Hun ideal, the Hun's root-notions of life will take its place throughout the world. Under that dispensation man will become once more the natural prey, body and goods, of his better-armed neighbor. Women will be the mere instrument for continuing the breed; the vessel of man's lust and man's cruelty; and labor will become a thing to be knocked on the head if it dares to give trouble, and worked to death if it does not. And from this order of life there will be no appeal, no possibility of any escape.

This is what the Hun means when he says he intends to impose German Kultur—which is TWO—Why the War Must Go On—the German religion—upon the world. This is precisely what the world has banded itself together to resist. It will take every ounce in us; it will try us out to the naked soul. Our trial will not be made less by the earnest advice and suggestions that we should accept some sort of compromise, which means defeat, put forward by Hun agents and confederates

among us. They are busy in that direction already. But be sure of this:

Nothing—nothing we may have to endure now will weigh one feather-weight compared with what we shall most certainly have to suffer if for any cause we fail of victory.

Letters

"The Tree of Heaven"

May Sinclair's new novel "The Tree of Heaven" is more satisfactory on the whole than its predecessor "The Belfry," which also touched upon the great conflict and its effect on the non-combatant portion of the English population. The Harrisons, with whom the story is principally concerned, are a prosperous upper-middle class family, and when the narrative begins there are father and mother and four young children of marked individuality. The parents are, naturally, more concerned with their own private affairs than those of the nation, and Mrs. Harrison, in particular, scarcely gives a thought to anything beyond her own family concerns. Mr. Harrison rather looks forward to some day having his sons in business with himself and Mrs. Harrison, typical British matron to the extent of caring far more for her boys than for her only girl, would yet like a sweet, womanly daughter who would marry betimes and become in her turn a mother of sons. One can hardly say they are doomed to disappointment, though they were not to see their desires fulfilled, for Michael, the elder son, self-centered and rather cold, devoted himself to literary pursuits and especially to decadent poetry. Nicky, decidedly the most engaging of the children, doomed to be victimized by his good heartedness, took more kindly to engineering and mechanics and Dorothy, the one daughter, developed into a rampant suffragette. There was an addition to the family in the person of a rather uncanny little girl, nominally the son of Mr. Harrison's brother, and decidedly a superfluity in the household of her own mother. Through Veronica there is introduced an element of spiritism which is said to be manifesting itself in various forms in Great Britain since the war began. These Barty Harrisons were, to say the least a queer lot, and the broad-mindedness which tolerated "Mrs. Barty" with her successive "masters" and her

bohemian associates in a family of growing young people who were under no delusions as to relationships, oversteps the bounds of licence. On Mrs. Harrison's side of the family there is another queer lot. Her mother, Mrs. Fleming, is a widow with three elderly and unmarried daughters and a most dissipated son. They are all dependent on Mr. Harrison, and not one of the five is capable of any kind of useful employment for themselves or others. The women are all of the variety of superfluous females, and the man is unemployable. Now, whether or not Miss Sinclair had it in mind, the effect of her book is to leave an impression that the war has been a godsend to these people and their friends, and though the sons and the young men generally are drawn into the firing line and killed, with few exceptions they are acting in a more manly spirit than they would be if left in peace. The world may have more need for soldiers, even unwilling ones than it has for decadent poets and ornamental artists of minus morals. Daughter Dorothy, eager to be doing something spectacular, is at least as well employed in breeches and putties, guiding Belgian refugees as she was in breaking windows and going to jail, and Grannie Fleming, knitting assiduously, though every stitch she takes must be unravelled later to conserve the yarn, is, at least, not jeering at her spinster daughters because they have not succeeded in attaching husbands, while the three elderly women, hitherto on the verge of hysteria or melancholia, are now at least nominally useful in rolling crooked bandages, making lop-sided dressings and practicing first-aid on one another. If the conditions that surround the Harrison household are approximately typical of any great portion of England, there certainly was need of a war or an earthquake or something to cause a readjustment of morale. The young generation simply ignored the elder one in most matters and went its own way. The mere fact is nothing, for the same thing takes place in our own country, but when Young America strikes out on a new line, he and she alike do so on their own responsibility. American fathers do not give sons and daughters of independent majority an income on which to cut capers unless they happen to be in the millionaire class. Miss Sinclair is one of the few English novelists who is producing fiction now. From the Macmillan Company.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 24230, N. S.; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the matter of the estate of JOHANNA HENNEBERY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned JOHN JOSEPH SHEERIN, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of JOHANNA HENNEBERY, deceased, to all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of said JOHANNA HENNEBERY, deceased, at the office of John J. Barrett, Esq., Room 1906 Hobart Building, No. 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said last named office the undersigned Executor selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHANNA HENNEBERY, deceased.

JOHN JOSEPH SHEERIN,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of
Johanna Hennebery, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 13th, 1918.
JOHN J. BARRETT,
Attorney for said Executor,
Room 1906 Hobart Bldg.,
No. 582 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-13-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 87158; Dept. No. 10.

ADELIN ISABELLE O'HEARN, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCES O'HEARN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: FRANCES O'HEARN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22nd day of January, A. D. 1918.

(Seal)
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

DAHLIN & JACKSON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-16-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MAX AMBER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of MAX AMBER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of James M. Thomas, Attorney for said Administrator, Nos. 1202-4 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MAX AMBER, deceased.

SIDNEY AMBER,

Administrator of the estate of Max Amber, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 23rd, 1918.

JAMES M. THOMAS,
Attorney for Administrator,
1202-4 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LILLIAN REED JOHNS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ALEXANDER McCULLOCH, Administrator of the estate of LILLIAN REED JOHNS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at the office of Tobin & Tobin, Hibernia Bank Building, Jones and McAllister Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LILLIAN REED JOHNS, deceased.

ALEXANDER McCULLOCH,

Administrator of the estate of Lillian Reed Johns, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, March 30, 1918.

TOBIN & TOBIN,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Hibernia Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LORENZA MOTRONI, deceased.—No. 24155; Department No. Ten (10).

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of LORENZA MOTRONI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Joseph A. Brown, Room 912 Chronicle Building, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LORENZA MOTRONI, deceased.

SUSIE PARENTE,

Administratrix of the estate of Lorenza Motroni, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 13th, 1918.

JOSEPH A. BROWN,
Attorney for the Estate,
Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-13-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 86,476; Dept. No. 15.

FRANCESCA W. HATCH, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES ALFRED HATCH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CHARLES ALFRED HATCH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff and Defendant's wilful neglect of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of December, A. D. 1917.

(Seal)
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

WM. M. SIMS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
612-614 Crocker Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-23-10

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

of Town Talk, published weekly at San Francisco, California, for April 1, 1918.

State of California

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared John J. Dwyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Town Talk, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are: Publisher, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; managing editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; business manager, John J. Dwyer, 88 First street, San Francisco.

2. That the owners are: Owner, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; stockholders, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stocks, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

JOHN J. DWYER,

Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of March, 1918.

(Seal)
JULIUS CALMANN,
(My commission expires May 29, 1921.)

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 88770. SHIGETOSHI SAIKI, Plaintiff, vs. KIYOE SAIKI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

D. K. SEIBERT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: KIYOE SAIKI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of April, A. D. 1918.

(Seal)
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

D. K. SEIBERT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-13-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 88832; Dept. No. 7.

IDA M. ESTES, Plaintiff, vs. EDWIN H. ESTES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: EDWIN H. ESTES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3rd day of April, A. D. 1918.

(Seal)
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

ALFRED B. LAWSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 87565. CARRIE MARCUS, Plaintiff, vs. BERT ROLAND MARCUS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: BERT ROLAND MARCUS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of February, A. D. 1918.

(Seal)
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

ALEXANDER McCULLOCH,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Hibernia Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-23-10

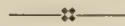
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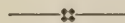
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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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ESTABLISHED 1878

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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, APRIL, 27, 1918

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88 First St., Cor. Mission, San Francisco

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXII

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The Pride of Achievement

After all, the best answer to much of the unpleasant criticism that comes from the Atlantic seaboard is found in achievements that may be and are discussed in language not to be described as "glittering generalities." We have been slow, to be sure. Democracy always is. It took President Lincoln a long time to get his army into condition to lick Stonewall Jackson's men. It has taken the Wilson Administration a pretty long time to get all the elements of our war machine onto the western front, but we have made progress. We have raised and drilled a big army, we have transported that army across perilous seas, and while provisioning the army we are also provisioning our Allies. In a thousand and one ways we are greatly helping civilization and earning the profound gratitude of Europe. Surely we have reason to do a little boasting even if we have been dilatory. Considering that we, a peaceful people, are perfecting ourselves in a strange, new art of war and contending the while with German spies intent on blowing up our munition plants we are assuredly performing a big task pretty well. The unpleasant comments to be made are obvious enough: we kept out of war too long, and if there has been too much partisanship in advancing some men and sidetracking others, so also has there been a little too much partisan criticism.

★ ★ ★

Our Little World of Unrest

As the war is occupying our attention to the exclusion of nearly everything else the public mind is unaware of things of tremendous importance that are occurring right before the eyes of everybody here in our own country. We seem to have closed our eyes to the eternal substance of things

while acquiescing in the principle of expediency which is the rule of our politics in this sad day and generation. While the world is writhing in agony the People of the United States has been seized with a certain apathy which must be very alarming to men who think and who are sensible of the industrial gangrene which has its roots and taproot in Washington, D. C. We seem to be drifting to an abyss of Sansculottic Jacobinism. Some time ago our Federal Supreme Court in the case affecting the rights of railroad workers laid down the principle of compulsory arbitration. That principle has been forgotten in these war days. Men are going on strike or threatening to strike whenever they please, and there is much interference with production of essential war materials. All the while we are trying to pacify Labor, and our politicians are playing to the Labor gallery. At the same time we hear of the liberation of anarchists from jail, and of the doings of so-called Mediation commissioners whose sentiments give us pause and cause us to wonder whether Bolshevik ideals are spreading over the world with the approval of American statesmen in high place. We may be unduly alarmed, but assuredly there are signs in these war times of a coming crisis in our domestic affairs. There is a little world of unrest right here where some very curious political ideas are catching like cholera or smallpox. The infection is conveyed by men who not long ago were spreading their subtle poison in sophomoric circles and who now enjoy the prestige of official position. Indeed they are so entrenched that it is a difficult matter to combat the folly of their philosophy, which they are clothing in moral maxims and lofty phrases. However, perhaps we should contemplate the passing fever with equanimity and calmly await the return of that better health which politicians call reaction.

★ ★ ★

The Germans in the East

The Germans are now behaving in the East in the same manner in which they incurred the indignation of the world when spreading frightfulness in Belgium. Having compelled Russia to accept a shameful peace Germany is now exploiting the country or at any rate the greater part of those historic regions that have come under her rule. She is enjoying one of those successes which bring shame alike to victor, vanquished and spectator. It

is a success that reminds us of some old-world fray of the Huns. Apparently as many of the Czar's former dominions as may be possible are to be brought into a political and economic dependence upon Germany to whom the inhabitants are to be indebted for the restoration of civic harmony, or, in other words, the establishment of a new servitude. It is a gigantic undertaking, but the Kaiser sees no reason why he should not carry out his original purpose of dominating Europe. Meanwhile the moral revolt goes on in Austria and echoes of it are to be heard in Germany. "I see the day coming when revolution will reach Germany," said Herr Cohn in the Reichstag a month and a week ago. He added, "And the people confronting princes will take their fate in their own hands." Count Westarp uttered himself thus: "Herr Cohn apparently dares impudently to assert that the war was hatched in Germany." "Yes, I dare," said Herr Cohn, provoking storms of indignation; yet the moral revolt is spreading and the Kaiser is trying to combat it with literature made by the court philosophers.

★ ★ ★

A Preacher of the Gospel

In the midst of war what has become of our fashionable pulpитеers? Where are the church orators who but yesterday were talking the new Sociology and lamenting the minimum wage and all its menacing consequences? Aked is somewhere down South in California, sojourning in our new Middle West with no message to deliver, not even a telegram to William J. Bryan. Paul Smith is probably peddling his movies of the tenderloin. The people who used to listen to these pulpитеers are not screaming for them to come back. All are more or less absorbed in the war. Some may be taking note of the fact that religious feeling has returned to Europe without the aid of sensational pulpитеers who have seen all that is imperfect in Christianity, all that implies good intentions in Socialism and Bolshevik idealism. Of all this we have been reminded by Dr. Jowett who is closing his pastorate in New York to return to England. His audiences have not deserted the preacher of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, but he is eager to get back home where there is much suffering and much need of the consolation of religion. Dr. Jowett was

never merely a sensational or fashionable preacher. But people went to hear him expound Gospel truths. Crowds thronged his church every Sunday. The evidence is clear that he acquired a great hold on those who regularly attended his services. He seemed to restore the popularity of preaching in New York, though he was in no sense a great pulpit orator; neither in presence, voice, nor magnetic quality. He was not born to sway multitudes, like Billy Sunday, but he had a genius for preaching and he made no effort at splendid rhetoric or perfervid eloquence. What is the explanation of his success in this day when so many of us are talking of the decline of the pulpit? Perhaps it is to be found in the words of a popular preacher of a conservative sect of other days: "It is neither the vote nor the laying on of hands that gives men the right to preach. One's own heart is authority. If he cannot preach to edification, he is not authorized, though all the ministers of Christendom ordain him." Dr. Jowett was a preacher pure and simple. He concentrated himself on the work of the pulpit and he spoke with great sincerity and obvious intention of conviction. He was above all things a preacher.

Stocks Remain Firm

Folk who keep an eye on the stock market believing it to be more reliable with respect to conditions generally than a weather chart were pleased to see what happened during the greatest battle in history that was raging on the western front. The situation was hardly conducive to the broadening of speculative enthusiasm but prices remained firm during successive days of terrific fighting. Yet no other week of the European war period witnessed greater tension. Developments at times were very disquieting, but the market was not disturbed by heavy selling, not even in the highly speculative issues. On the contrary, as time went on stocks went up. This composure reflected an abiding belief in the ultimate triumph of the Allies. Also it reflected greater confidence in the Administration which had called Charles M. Schwab to a seat among the mighty. It is not usual for a democracy to recognize the worth of its big men, and too often in this great war it has seemed that idealists were preferable to practical business men, but as we look around we perceive that the hard headed man of business is taking hold and helping out. Naturally we feel better and upheavals are not occurring in the stock market.

A Eulogy of John Burroughs

A New York writer has been singing the praises of John Burroughs off the key and in a falsetto voice. He portrays the beloved octogenarian as an untrammelled, pioneering American with scant respect for the Constitution and the Supreme Court and accepted tradition in literature, a man who will always frame his own code of ethics. This sort of thing is very much like what might be expected from an academic expert in sociology like Lincoln Steffens or Mr. Frankfurter of the President's Mediation Commission. It is in tune with the advanced thought of the little philosophers who admire the Bolsheviks for an idealism which is hard to distinguish from downright treachery and treason. It is great to be untrammelled so that a man may justify his own code of ethics, like the Chicago sociologist who ran away from his wife to violate the Mann law. It is fine to laugh at the Constitution as Colonel Roosevelt did before he got angry at Germany on account of that scrap of paper incident. It is "bully" to ridicule the Supreme Court when one is campaigning for a job and intent on catching the public ear, but how unjust to old John Burroughs to attribute to him the cheap philosophy of an avid office-chaser.

Dreams

By Prof. Thomas F. Meagher

A lock of dear dark hair,
I loose its folded waves,
And twine it round;
And sunshine glistens there,
And music fills the caves
With faery-sound.

I wanton with its rings,
And from its strands
Make fancy-forms
Of faery-things,
In far-off faery-lands
Beyond life's storms.

Perspective Impressions

If words were guns some congressmen would be whole parks of artillery.

Charley Dryden is responsible for a lot. He was the first man to write baseball slang.

It looks as though Hearst's "Deutsches Journal" beat 'em to it.

American boys fighting in the Joan of Arc region! It's an inspiring thought.

Hindenburg's victories are of the Pyrrhic variety.

Some men would rather talk politics than read war.

Nothing feels better in the breast pocket than a Liberty bond.

"Let the farmer have his price so long as he delivers his goods," says a contemporary. What? Is the poor farmer in trouble again?

The Kaiser has the will to power but we have the will to win.

Will Los Angeles blame the quake on Arizona?

It is a fine thing for a man to be true to his inspiration.

Great souls never admit failure but always look forward to success.

Should we thank the Kaiser for deciding to protect all diplomatic and consular property? Or would it be advisable to wait until he proved himself deserving of our gratitude?

The Germans say they are going to demand economic and financial indemnities which are needed for their economic development. Doubtless the Hun will fight all the harder thinking of the plunder coming to him at the windup. Nothing like Kultur to keep him going.

Borah says the spy bill is too drastic. Yet we are about to build a powder plant for \$75,000,000. What would a spy take to blow it up? Are there not Huns who would be glad to do the job for nothing?

Is the Rev. Joshua Sykes of "The Church of the Living God" a relative of Bill or did he come from the ruins of Jericho?

Not so long ago Bristow of Kansas was a little tin god. Now his own people won't let him hire a hall. He hasn't stood the test.

Varied Types

374-SHERIFF TOM FINN

By Edward F. O'Day

Reader, meet Tom Finn, our municipal boniface. Don't be alarmed—meet him socially, not professionally. To meet him in his business capacity you've got to take life or property that doesn't belong to you, get drunk and disorderly, or be guilty of some other faux pas that's not vogue in our set. Meet Tom without handcuffs and I think you'll like him.

Mine Host Finn is a hotel keeper on a large scale. Just at present business is very good. He's entertaining some eight hundred and fifty guests. There are three hundred enemy aliens on his register, yet his patriotism is not under suspicion.

Boniface Finn has two hostleries, one downtown, the other in the suburbs. For those who have certain engagements with the law the downtown caravansary is very convenient. It is located in the Hall of Justice, a lockstep or two from the courts. This saves time, and yet the guests are not particular about saving time: they have nothing to do but time.

The suburban hotel is located in Ingleside, an easy ride from San Francisco. Black Marias are provided free of charge. They are high-power cars and make the trip swiftly, but guests need have no fear of the speed cops. A quaint custom provides the joyriders, whether men or women, with bracelets of a snappy pattern.

In both of these hostleries life is confining. But it has its compensations. There are no waiters to tip, no hatboys, no lounge lizards. There are plenty of bars, and lots of bartenders, better known as turnkeys. Yet both hotels are bone dry; even the guest rooms are dry cells.

Mine Host Finn has more hotel runners than Mr. Linnard of the Fairmont. These comprise all the coppers from Gus White down to Draper Hand. Their successful efforts to get business for the two hotels are backed up by many judges and juries. When these boosters decide to give Finn a patron they won't take no for an answer, even from the patron's lawyer. For they are set in their ways and have a code of their own—the Penal Code. Reluctant patrons consider the judges and juries unsympathetic, but they often find the coppers clubby.

It is remarkable how unwilling Finn's guests are to accept his hospitality. Any hotel in town, from the St. Francis to the What Cheer House, would suit them better. They register under protest and check out with joy. While in they earn no salary except the wages of sin which are not legal tender, so they pay no bills, though they are in on true ones. You can't make money in these hotels, even if you're a counterfeiter, but that doesn't bother the guests because the high cost of living means nothing to them. Despite this advantage the guests never recommend these hotels to their friends. Nevertheless the guests sometimes stay for a year, and come back again and again. Such is the strength of habit.

Finn is the only hotel keeper who isn't pleased when his house count shows he's crowded. Perhaps that is why he never advertises, except in police circulars. Yet his guests keep coming. And he expects them to keep coming till the millennium. You see, the entrance requirements are easy. All you need is a conviction and a sentence. You don't have to believe in your own conviction, or have the

courage of it. As for the sentence, any sentence from the Book of Days will do. The shorter it is the better the guest likes it. The suspended sentence is the most popular of all.

In a sense Finn's hotels are sanatoria. All the guests are under treatment. They all have to take their medicine. The regimen is strict but not always effective. Sometimes guests are not cured; in that case they generally return for another course. The most important feature of the treatment is rest. The patients spend a great deal of time in their rooms. If their eyes are bad they rest them by looking at the walls. If their limbs are tired they rest them by doing a stretch. At intervals the guests leave their rooms for exercise, work or meals. The meals are taken in a refectory, as at boarding school. A good plain table d'hôte is served. Of course the guests kick about it—all hotel guests do. But they don't kick at meals, for silence is enforced. The only noise heard in the dining room is during the soup course.

Exercise is taken in the yard. The guests are expert in all games from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter, but they don't admit it. Some games are very popular, but not Prisoner's Base. There is a good deal of horseplay, but no polo. When Fred Eggers kept the suburban resort a lot of guests used to climb the fence and make a sneak in the general direction of the Ingleside Course. They are supposed to have been golfers. But Mine Host Finn has introduced a few extra hazards, and no golfer has done an Arnold Winkelreid in thirty months.

The work provided for guests is like Cleopatra, of infinite variety. You do what is best suited to your talents. If you're a forger you work in the forge. If you carved somebody you work in the butcher shop. If you're a 'green goods man you wash vegetables. If you're a cracksman you crack rock. If you broke the Mann Act you take care of the chickens. If you're a panhandler you work in the pantry. If you're headstrong you work in the scullery. The only trade they discourage is that of locksmith.

Finn doesn't keep bachelor hotels. Some of his guests are married men. That's why some of them are there. And there are women guests too. Not many, but always a score or two. They are kept separate from the men, so there are no romances as at other resorts. Sheriff Finn is not a puritan, but he has strict ideas about the separation of the sexes. Even with a marriage certificate a woman can't be with her husband in these hotels. But most of Finn's female patrons have no wedding rings. The fact is, Finn is not particular: most of his women guests come from the tenderloin. Still, they have to behave while under his roof. He may not be particular about his guests, but he runs respectable hotels. He even has a chaplain who performs all sort of religious rites except marriages and baptisms.

All facetiousness aside, you can't realize how much Sheriff Tom Finn has improved the condition of our jails unless you make a personal inspection, a thing any citizen is welcome to do. Spotless cleanliness is the unbroken rule. Sanitary conditions—always a hard problem in jail—are as near ideal as it is possible to make

them. The food is good, of reasonable variety and well cooked. The discipline is rigid but not harsh. One of the first things Sheriff Finn saw his way clear to doing was to abolish the dark cells. These were dungeons for prisoners who broke the rules. Finn has let the light and air into them and converted them into barber shops. Unruly prisoners are punished now by the revocation of their privileges, a much more satisfactory system. Mattresses have given place to canvas and blankets. This change had two good effects. In the first place, it made for cleanliness and rid the jails of that sickening smell one always associates with imprisonment. In the second place, it makes it harder for prisoners to conceal saws, weapons, liquor or drugs. In the old days, when a general search was necessary, every mattress had to be ripped open. Sheriff Finn is rightly proud of his improvements, particularly of those he has made at the old Ingleside jail.

"I've made a new jail of it," he says with truth, "and if it is kept up as at present, a new building won't be needed for years. If I had to do three months myself, I'd prefer to do it here."

The enormous number of enemy aliens arrested by the Federal authorities since we went to war has vastly increased Finn's work. He has three hundred Federal prisoners charged with every sort of illegal activity. For the most part they have not been troublesome prisoners.

"But when Hindenburg started his drive," says Finn, "I had to segregate them as much as possible from American prisoners. There were fights."

These German prisoners are a source of income to the City and County. The Government allows fifty cents per head for their keep, and Sheriff Finn has turned in to the City Treasury nearly twenty-five thousand dollars since the war started. He wishes he could have this money to improve the jails. As it is, he keeps his eyes and ears open and when he sees or hears of any equipment not needed by other city institutions, he begs it for the jails. He will show you a discarded mangle from the Relief Home, blankets from the dismantled Sailors Home and any number of other things which would ordinarily go to waste. He has so many mechanics among his prisoners that he can put anything into shape, from a pair of old shoes to a motor.

If there is one thing above all others that Sheriff Finn is proud of, it's his potato patch. Years ago all the land around the Ingleside jail belonged to the jail. But the city took it from the jail and dedicated it to park purposes. Some time ago Sheriff Finn borrowed a lot of this land from John McLaren, had it plowed and planted it to potatoes. McLaren was not at all willing to let it go, but Tom Finn has an ingratiating manner and he was sincerely trying to save the city money, so old John finally relented. All that rich land is today green with symmetrical potato plants. Finn's potato bill is a very big item, and he's going to save most of it.

"I'll get three thousand sacks of potatoes the first crop," says Sheriff Finn.

How is that for a little wartime gardening?

An Innocent

By Vincent McNabb

(The author of this sketch is attracting a great deal of attention in London where he has won distinction as one of the brilliant contributors to G. K. Chesterton's weekly The New Witness. This sketch is taken from one of McNabb's recent books, "The Wayside," published in this country by Benziger Bros. of New York.)

His name was Patrick Glennon. He was born within stonethrow of Lough Erne, some five and forty years ago. A part of his boyhood he spent at school, a part was spent about the little holding, a great part was—may the Lord forgive me the word!—misspent in the whinny hillocks that here and there paint patches of shadow on the bosom of the lake.

He came "across the water" for work. Let me say that no man has ever given us even approximate statistics of the thousands of miles men travel every year in search of work. It is not a month since I met a London-bred lad of seventeen years, who had walked from Stepney to Spalding in the hope of getting a few weeks' "fruitin' or taterin'." Not being a gentleman of independent means, and not having the stomach of a camel, which can exist for a week on one good meal, he had to beg a little food. He asked for bread and they gave him—two weeks' hard. I found him picking oakum; and doing it very badly, as he had never known the mercy of the law before. This is called the scientific method of deterrent punishment. Dear reader, do you not find the polysyllables consoling?

I reflected, "A hundred and fifty miles' walk for work—and two weeks' hard. The lad from Stepney will, no doubt, find this a fit deterrent—from work. What wonder if his sense of proportion becomes a little entangled."

Patrick Glennon carried bricks and mortar, shoveled earth, trundled barrows, and did all that noble handwork which villains with brains can convert into a fat banking account.

Then the romantic strain in him, which had been growing whilst he misspent his days on the whinny hillocks by Lough Erne, was fired by a bright-eyed damsel from Court A, Granby Gate.

He forswore the God of his native hills and wed her before the State official. It was a small thing in the eyes of Court A, who did not share his theological opinions. But Mrs. Bridget Concannon, who is now a great-grandmother and says her prayers in Gaelic, as if that tongue alone was current in Heaven, has been heard to say: "The poor lad! Shure, the devil sould him that day for a mess of porridge." (Her knowledge of Old Testament history is varied rather than accurate.) She used to say that the day of his marriage before the Registrar began his damnation.

There were ten years of wedded life with its accompaniment of work, six, and sometimes seven days a week—a drop of drink now and again as befits a gentleman, especially at christenings—desperate encounters with hunger when he was on short time, and daily worsening bickerings with Mrs. Glennon, whose bright eyes were but the sparkle and outward sign visible of an inward flaming temper.

The cause of all the struggles round the hearth was unveiled when one autumn evening Patrick Glennon came home to find the fire cold on the hearth and his wife gone, with a man from the West End.

That night Patrick Glennon was brought home to Court A, furiously drunk, praying prayers to the Holy Mother of God.

I first met him when he was known as A4, 22, in His Majesty's Prison. A day or two before he had been up to his old trick of lying down in front of a tram—furiously drunk. The police who tried to arrest him were rather the worse for his laborer's fist.

But he was as gentle as a lamb when he caught sight of me and what I was. I had to reflect a little before I could reassure myself. Before me stood a home-bred Vulcan. In his case the lines of life were not lines of beauty. His limbs swerved and curved like a warped strut. I had too much experience to mistake them for the limbs of weakness. Upon these warped pedestals rested the heavy framework of his trunk. His chest gave me the impression of straining even the ample width of the prison clothes. Upon this colossal trunk rested a bullet of a head, pierced with the usual human organs—none of which were quite normal. I can imagine many a stranger terrified at first sight of this being poised on the twisted pillars of his limbs. His mouth was as a rent in sackcloth. His nose reminded me of nothing so much as a dirk that had seen service. His little rabbit eyes peered out from two hedges of hard, black hair that had become parted from the parent forests on the chin and head.

But in the grey-blue eyes there was some light that forbade all fear. It may have been but a stain they had taken when, as the eyes of a boy, they looked out from the hillocks of gorse down into the blue dark waters of Lough Erne, or into the grey mist-filmed sky of his beloved land. Again, it may have been the light of mysticism or of madness. What befell the owner of these grey-blue eyes later on leaves these theories unsolved.

Many a wise thing he said to me in cell A4, 22, of His Majesty's Prison. He would speak of those who had sent him to prison, the police and the Bench.

"Shure, they won't listen to me. But I forgive them. They're paid for it.

"They'll say anything agin me. But I forgive them. They be to get on.

"Them magistrates! I pity them. They know no better. Shure, I pity them. I bear them no grudge at all."

Once he said a brilliant thing of his own land: "St. Patrick druv the serpents out of Ireland. I do be saying to St. Patrick at times: 'Shure, fat's the use of driving out the serpents, if you lave behind you men that are worse than serpents.'"

Once, when he was in delirium tremens, I saw him in the padded room. I suppose I may see the like again, if Dante takes me through his Inferno. I kept close to the door, glad that the warders were at hand. From time to time I thought the thing within him would rend me. But it would curl and then break like a spent wave at my feet.

When a few days' luxurious prison fare had drained the alcohol from the higher plateaus of his consciousness, his mind would turn back to the bright-eyed girl, for whose love he had forsworn his people and the God of his people.

He would tell me how she had gone off with another man. "I didn't think it was in her to do it," he would say, as if bewildered. But though I, to whom he was always a lamb, would not have trusted "the other man" to him for a minute, yet never were his eyes lit by anything but unutterable forgiveness for the heartless shrew whom he had wed.

"Bewildered" have I called his look when he spoke of her. Her going away was to him a blinding, withering apocalypse of negation. It was as if the moon and stars had suddenly begun to fight with him; or as if a movement of his had brought the sun about his head. His little kingdom of heaven on earth over which she ruled, a goddess absolute, with a rod of iron, was in one night torn asunder by a revolution. Not one of the few slender ideals that he had set up in his narrow soul was left standing when the wife of Patrick Glennon went away with a man who was not her husband.

Yet the man who was her husband forgave her, for he still loved her.

But he never forgave himself; and strong drink, whereby a man drowns for a time the conscience of past sin, became the successor in his soul to a love that had been betrayed.

I was talking with Patrick Glennon's successor in A4, 22.

"You knew Patrick Glennon, I suppose," he said.

"Yes! What of him?" I answered, in dread.

"He died last month." Then A4, 22, shifted himself uneasily on his feet. I noticed a quiet flood filling his eyes.

"Died?" I asked.

"In the workhouse—"

We kept silence, as if before the presence of a great law. I was relieved when A4, 22, began the panegyric of the dead.

"He was a good one, was Pat. Never heard him say a wrong word of anyone. He was one of the best. He was—you know what I mean—holy!"

An uncontrollable "Amen" nearly rose up in my throat.

And now, ye Eugenic folk, whose great concern is to prepare a new heaven on earth for supermen, whenever you speak your damnable proposals to me—I see before me the old A4, 22, radiant and forgiving—and may God Almighty help me to the heights of his splendid charity.

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The Decisiveness of Wars

By An Englishman

One of the questions we discuss more often in the freedom of private converse than under the restraint of publicity is whether the war will end in an inconclusive peace. The problem has not been absent from the German mind, and the Kaiser has referred to the possibility of a conclusion which would be inconclusive to the extent of not securing German aims but would give Germany respite to prepare for their prosecution under more favorable conditions at some future date. Such a peace would ex hypothesi be more dangerous to the Allies than the continuance of war. But there are not wanting pessimists who say in their hearts that the balance of forces points decisively towards an indecisive peace. There have, it is true, been wars that were drawn, and treaties of peace which divided the honors and spoils and losses of war. But these have been comparatively few; and even when there has been an apparently equal compromise, a number of issues, some of which have not proved subordinate, have commonly been decided. A treaty of peace in 1918 might restore the territorial status quo ante bellum, but there are many things which it could not guarantee. It could not, for instance, destroy the experience of war acquired by millions of Britons, or level Great Britain's munition-producing capacity to its former state. Still less could it recall the isolation and the military impotence of the United States, restore autocracy in Russia, or guarantee the readiness of German democracy to perpetuate its sacrifices in the cause of Prussian militarism, or that of Austria to stake her existence on a Balkan quarrel. However inconclusive the peace might be, it would not put back the hands of the clock to July, 1914.

War has, as a matter of fact, generally decided the issue on which it was fought, and a good many other issues, which it has incidentally raised, as well. The Peloponnesian war was conclusive of the Athenian ambition to found an empire. Alexander's campaigns put an end to the prospects of Persian conquest, and spread a permanent Hellenistic influence over the East. The wars of Rome stamped an ineradicable Roman impress on the civilization of the world; while the barbarian invasions decided that that impress should not take the form of a world-empire, or crush the varied life of nationality. The Crusades were decisive in their failure to rescue Eastern Christendom from the domination of the Moslem and the Turk; and the Hundred Years' War was no less decisive of the claim of English kings to govern France. The Wars of Religion established the right of national States to determine their own religion independent of the Catholic Church. The Seven Years' War decided the future of Canada and of India, the War of American Independence that of the thirteen colonies, and the American Civil War the questions of slavery and of the unity of the republic; and, however indecisive other wars of the last four centuries may have appeared, they have collectively determined at least one general principle.

Wars have often established the independence or unification of States; but no war has been successful in wiping out an independent national State in Europe, with the solitary exception of Poland. France, Holland, Portugal,

Spain, the United States, the South American States, the Balkan Powers, Germany, and Italy, have all had their successful wars of national independence. States which were not national, such as the Bourbon kingdom of Naples, the Papal States, Hanover, the Duchy of Lorraine, have, indeed, disappeared; and there have been political unions by consent, such as that between England and Scotland, the federation of German kingdoms in the German Empire, and the personal union of the kingdoms of Hungary and Bohemia with the Archduchy of Austria. But no national State which emerged from the Middle Ages has been permanently conquered, save Poland. Early in the present war a German historian, Professor Hans Delbrück, ventured to remark that the day of world-empires was passed. He was promptly reminded by the un-historical militarists of Berlin that the terms of peace would be settled by soldiers and not by professors of history. It remains to be seen whether this war will repeal the verdict of history and establish a new world-empire. So far the German General Staff has been more fertile in starting new campaigns than fortunate in clinching them; and it may be that the factors which have determined the course of modern history and defeated Napoleon will prove too strong even for German generals.

Carlyle was fond of representing Napoleon as ever incurring fresh debts to Nature and piling up an account which he would some day have to settle. It is a soothing picture of Nature, and one would like to regard German hankering after world-empire as a like pursuit of bankruptcy in Nature's court; but one cannot be so sure before the event as Carlyle was after it about Nature's methods of keeping accounts. Nature, according to him, was indebted to Frederick the Great for the seizure of Silesia; will she not be equally indebted to the Kaiser for the conquest of Belgium? We may persuade ourselves that Frederick's act was not infringement of Nature because Silesia was a land more akin to Prussia than to Austria, and more likely to thrive under Berlin than under Vienna. But to Bernhardt and his school the virtue and the naturalness of the acquisition of Silesia consist in the fact that it was seized by might and not accorded by justice. We may suspect that, had Napoleon died on the way to Moscow, Carlyle would have failed to discover his debt to Nature or to differentiate so clearly between the morality of his and Frederick's conduct. Nature as the arbiter of success in war is a complicated deity.

Nevertheless, there is some truth at the bottom of Carlyle's well, though he does not clarify the waters, and the truth is not defined by calling it Nature. There is a reason why Frederick's wars were decisive in one direction and Napoleon's in the other, though one cannot say that it lies in any marked distinction between the morality of their methods. For if Carlyle's belief in the morality of his Nature leads him to turn a blind eye to Frederick's crimes, Bernhardt's faith in offensive war as the sovereign method of empire-building makes him wondrously shy of St. Helena. Frederick, like Bismarck, knew when to stop; he was on the side of Herr Delbrück, and did not believe in world-empires. Napoleon did, and he did not know where to stop. It would be truer, perhaps, to say that he could not have stopped

had he wished. Militarist government can subsist only on military success; and, in the long run, militarism is found to be but a slow form of political suicide. Napoleon could give permanent peace to France only at the price of gradually relaxing his military autocracy. That no militarist is ever prepared to do; and the Prussians made war in 1914 because the foundations of their government were dissolving during peace. So they cannot make peace even with impotent Russia, because the militarist appetite demands a satisfaction which no people, however abject, can permanently make.

Napoleon was bound to be defeated in the end, because he would have gone on until he was. To judge from Germany's programme, she is in a similar frame of mind. In 1915 the Germans prudently forswore any wild-cat scheme in Russia like Napoleon's advance on Moscow. Today they are advertising their advance on Kieff and Petrograd as well. They may reach all three, but, like Napoleon, they will find it much more difficult to get away; and, like him, they will find it impossible to stay. Napoleon's trumpeting in the *Moniteur* as he advanced across Russia, driving the enemy like chaff before him, make useful reading today, as also do our ancestors' gibes at the chaotic and cowardly state of Jacobin France on the eve of Valmy, Jemappes, and Fleurus. The German programme is one the like of which has never succeeded since national States developed in Europe, though defeat has often been delayed by the treachery, cowardice, and supineness of the despot's dupes and victims. German princes abetted Louis XIV, and contributed to Napoleon's power against which they had eventually to fight. So there are States today prepared to help Germany to a dictatorship, against which, if she were successful, they would have to struggle in the end. But, sooner or later, wars for and against domination in Europe have always been decisive, and they have always ended in the defeat of domination.

Polish history, indeed, provides an exception, for despots destroyed the Polish State. But there is much to be said for the view that the fate of Poland has been the Nemesis of Europe. Had Prussia, Austria, and Russia not been so engrossed in their Polish enterprise, the French Republic would not have been permitted to develop its military preponderance during the Revolution. Had Napoleon restored the Polish kingdom, his own fall might have been averted. Joint complicity in the suppression of Polish liberties delayed the growth of liberty in Prussia, Austria, and Russia, and played into the hands of Prussian junkerdom. Had there been a national Polish State, this war might have been avoided, and certainly would have taken a different course in the Eastern sphere of operations. Had the Grand Duke's proclamation of August, 1914, been carried out, Warsaw might not have been lost nor Galicia recovered by Austria. It was called an epoch-making document, but documents do not make epochs; they may mark them, but only if their promise leads to performance.

War for domination does not succeed, and does not end in stalemate. There might, indeed, be a truce or a treaty this year or next like that of Amiens in 1902. But it would not be stalemate, because it would not end the game;

(Continued on Page 17)

A Flag Raising Address

Delivered by John J. Barrett, April 21, 1918, on the Occasion of Flag-Raising Exercises at St. Mary's (Paulist) Church

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We plant the stars and stripes today at the threshold of the church that none may enter the house of God in this fateful hour of our country's fortunes but him who is willing with head uncovered to pass under the flag. It is an imposing public profession of allegiance by the Paulist priests and their congregation, and it stirs the soul of every one of us to a fresh consecration to the American Republic and added reverence for the Catholic Church. Pass under the flag,—say the Paulist fathers to all who would enter the sacred precincts of this temple of the Lord;—Pass under the flag, for none is fit to participate in divine worship with us of the Catholic faith, in this land of our allegiance, whose loyalty is not upright or whose patriotism is not pure.

The ceremony is symbolic too. It is symbolic of a capital doctrine of the Catholic Church through all the ages; for fealty to the land of one's allegiance is and always has been a fundamental principle in her teaching and her preaching. She teaches it to the child in his catechism. She preaches it to the full grown man and woman. She inculcates it not as a mere sentiment. She exalts it to the dignity of a sovereign duty of the citizen, and compels it as a solemn obligation in the forum of conscience. No man can pass through her tribunal of penance to the altar of her central sacrament who admits the faintest taint of disloyalty to his country in his heart. And she holds him a blasphemer who is irreverent to his flag. This is the ancient doctrine, ever old and ever new, of the Catholic Church. Pass under the flag,—she says and she has ever said to all who claim communion with her faith.

The ceremony is symbolic also of the attitude of the Catholic Church throughout this country towards the war. Her voice has been loud and of one accord throughout the land in her command to all who wear her livery to render their fullest and most generous allegiance to our government and our flag. Her American cardinals have issued the mandate *ex cathedra*. Her pulpits have thundered the message. Our own Archbishop Hanna has made himself a leader of the people without regard to creed in support of our government and in promotion of its policies. Her sons have enlisted in numbers beyond all due proportions and are shoulder to shoulder, at this very hour, with their gallant allies, in sublime endurance, along that swaying line that holds our country's fate for ages in its keeping. And because they and the patriotic sons of every other creed in this great republic are "over there," and because the stars and stripes are "over there,"—that flag that never was raised but in a noble cause, and that never came down in defeat, because angels' hands fashioned it and angels forever flutter round and guard it,—because those boys and that flag are "over there" we have no fear but that the great, good Genius of Liberty, who has the keeping of this nation's destiny under God in his care, rides up and down in his imperial chariot above that trembling line, that his will be the final word upon the issue of the conflict, and that his magic hand will snatch that banner at the crucial moment and carry it to victory over the broken and scattered forces of the foe.

Pass under the flag,—says the Catholic Church of America to every man who would cross her portals in this beloved republic of the United States.

Yonder, above that church, rises the cross,—the symbol of our faith. Here, close beside it, we raise today the flag,—the symbol of our country. Until this bitter day is over they will hold together here their kindred vigil. The morning breeze will bend that starry banner in reverent salutation to its fit companion yonder; and the setting sun will entwine their shadows in close embrace.

Belonging side by side in every crisis, there never was an hour since our state began when the flag belonged so near the cross and the cross so near the flag as now. For this war against that flag is a war against the cross, as well, in its highest and holiest signification. It is a war against fundamentals that the cross stands for. It is a war against elementary things that the cross symbolizes. It is a war against the very throne of God;—and the events that dragged us in,—unwilling and resisting,—were only incidents of the impious and sacrilegious enterprise. Emblazoned on the banner of the aggressor are such pagan shibboleths as these: "There is no moral law"; "Might is right"; "There is no right or wrong"; "There is no higher law"; "Virtue, chastity, truth, religion,—all these are shadows; The State is the only reality and substance"; "Man is made to serve the state and has no higher destiny"; "There are no principles of civilization"; "There is no international law"; "Neither in the heavens above, nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth, is there aught that you shall serve but me."

And even for all that we did not go to war,—it came to us. Our participation in it has the soundest justification. Though it challenged our civilization, taunted our honor, and threatened our existence, we shrank from it till our forbearance looked like cowardice and our patience like fear; and we entered the bloody battlefield only when that was our only exodus.

They belong together, therefore, in this solemn hour and in this real crusade,—the cross, the emblem of the kingdom of God, and the flag of a republic that stands for all the fundamentals of Christian civilization. Pass under the flag,—says God himself to every citizen of this favored land who would be a true disciple of His cross.

For all those reasons we rejoice at this patriotic ceremonial, and we register the hope that it may be multiplied before every Catholic Church in the land. For, besides those great and over-shadowing considerations, we Catholics are indebted deeply to this republic. We are the recipient of boundless benefactions at her hands. In no other land the wide world round has any institution received the welcome and hospitality that the church has received here. It is free and unhampered in this republic as nowhere else, and it has flourished in unmatched growth and development to the wonder of its disciples in every other land. The Catholic Church in America has splendidly reciprocated this good-will, and she never waited to be called upon to furnish proofs of where she stood at any hour of our country's need. And she is not called upon to do so now, for

the signs of her single-hearted fealty to the stars and stripes are more than abundant. But the calumny is sometimes whispered against her that she is an alien institution, so fettered by allegiance to a foreign head as to be incapacitated for genuine loyalty to our flag in its day of stress. And although you and I know that the charge was never true; and although our fellow-citizens of other faiths are well and almost universally convinced that the charge was never true; and although the church's record has stood the acid test of time, and the history of our country has recorded in glowing terms its verdict of vindication of Catholic loyalty to the United States;—it yet behooves us at such a time and in such a crisis to arrest the attention of the American people to our fervid fealty by such bold and striking patriotic demonstrations, by such public and conspicuous manifestations of the intensity of our loyalty, as this ceremony here today. The most destructive war that ever devastated the earth is raging at the hour. Our country is in the thick of it. Everything we have and everything we hope for, as a nation and as individuals, are in the balance. It is eminently a time not only to feel patriotic and to be patriotic, but also to display our patriotism in every way at our command. We know the deep and abiding loyalty of the Catholic Church in this hour; and we know what she is doing for the cause; but let us proclaim it from the house-tops and the church-towers; let us publicly and with ostentation identify her with the fortunes of our country in the present crisis by every means and with every device. Let us bring home her loyalty to every man in the land; and then when the awful night is over, when victory has been achieved and the record is made up, the title of the church to the good-will of this republic will be unassailable for generations.



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The Spectator

President Wheeler's Loyalty

So pro-Germanism is no longer to be tolerated at the University of California, the regents having determined to put an end to the sedition that was more or less evident in the faculty and student body. This is good news. Nothing was said of the pro-Germanism of President Wheeler, but he was instructed to dismiss all professors who were not in sympathy with the aims of the country. Doubtless we shall hear no more of pro-Germanism in Berkeley, though perhaps the wits may be heard occasionally making allusion to President Bengerman Ide Wheeler. The regents, I believe, are not inclined to take the pro-Germanism of the President seriously. They are sensible of the fact that like many other American pedagogues whose friendship was warmly cultivated by the Kulturists of the German empire, President Wheeler's sympathies were for a time hard to alienate. German Kultur was with him an obsession, and it effected members of his family as well as members of the faculty, but he is a good American and his sympathies now are with his own country. He will carry out the instructions of the regents to the letter and the spirit of them too will influence his future conduct. It was well of course that Town Talk took cognizance of the drift of sentiment at Berkeley.

Irish Conscription

In an associated press despatch from London last Saturday appeared the following:

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"Particular emphasis is laid on the decision of the Roman Catholic hierarchy to throw in its lot with the Sinn Feiners who have openly proclaimed Germany as their ally."

The news in this paragraph was in reference to the proposition to conscript Ireland. It was somewhat significant that as soon as the despatch was received here the "live" city editor of the Bulletin sent a reporter to interview Walter McGovern, first vice-president of the United Irish Societies, the same gentleman who resented a speech made at the reception at the Fairmont to Mr. T. P. O'Connor. "The statement that the Sinn Feiners have openly proclaimed Germany as their ally," said McGovern, "is Tory propaganda." He added, "We American sympathizers of an independent Ireland know that the Irish progressives are not allies of Germany." Apparently it has not occurred to Mr. McGovern that it doesn't matter what he knows or thinks he knows. He may know what propaganda is Tory propaganda and what is not; he may know the source of all propaganda, may be able to conjecture right at first glance, but actions speak louder than words, and here in America the people are judging actions. They are not splitting a hair 'twixt south and southwest side or reviewing Irish history for the sake of a syllogism. Are you with us or against us? is the question Americans are asking. And they are deciding that if you are against us you are an ally of Germany. This is the position into which local Irishmen have been manoeuvred by our Irish societies, a position that men of Irish origin resented who attended the O'Connor banquet.

Religion and Home Rule

The issues of this war are somewhat bewildering; so much so indeed that it is easy to be misled. Irishmen and Irish sympathizers and non-sympathizers have been misled. Such was the case in this matter discussed by Mr. McGovern, a matter likely to be misunderstood by all persons who consider the question involved only as an American question. Now the despatch from London may well be taken as Tory propaganda, but when read as a whole it may be perceived to be something quite different. According to that despatch we are not only informed that the Catholic hierarchy has thrown in its lot with the Sinn Feiners; we are also told that "Nationalist Ireland, united as never before to resist conscription has aroused deep interest throughout Great Britain." In short this is not a Catholic question, nor is conscription opposed only by the Sinn Fein. Nearly all Ireland is opposed to conscription and some of the opposition, as Mr. McEnerney said in one of his telegrams to Senator Phelan, probably comes from some of the people who feel that conscription might follow a home rule settlement. In truth this is not a religious question though some bigots in Ulster would like to have it appear so, and they are Tories. Nobody thought of suggesting that it was a religious question when Australia voted against conscription. However, there is a religious question involved in the Ulster opposition to home rule, and it is a religious question in England as well as in Ireland and it has embittered the conscription question because of the attitude of Protestant officials toward the Dublin rioters. These officials became rebels rather than put

down the Ulster rebellion, but they had no hesitation in shooting the Catholics of Dublin. It is a religious question and also a commercial question, Sir Edward Carson being more interested in certain commercial interests in Ulster than in any religious issue.

The Pope and Luther

This war is too big an affair to be judged or discussed on religious lines. Men of all religions are fighting on all sides in this war. No church controls, but there are narrow-minded bigots who would stir up religious prejudices to intensify feelings. They were first heard from in France, which was quite natural in view of the bitter religious controversy that preceded the war in that country. In England, where Puritans are almost as troublesome as in America, many efforts were made to give the impression that the Pope was on the side of Germany and all the while Cardinal Mercier of Belgium was denouncing the atrocities of the Hun. For a time he was under arrest for his activities, so enraged against him were the Germans. Today he is regarded as one of the most gallant figures of the war. And now philosophers are everywhere attributing the war to the teachings of Martin Luther who is regarded as worse than Treitschke. Moreover we are told that it is now evident that the great war would never have occurred had it not been for the materialism of atheistic Prussia.

State Politics

The third Liberty Loan drive has put the quietus on State politics and for the present there is a suspension of activities all along the line. Meanwhile politicians are quietly quizzing Mayor Rolph's close-up friends hoping to find out what our "Jeems" purposes doing. "Jeems" himself is as mum as the proverbial oyster, but Matt. Sullivan, his mentor, is advising the insiders to stand part. "Don't make any combinations" is the advice to men who are eager to negotiate. Men of the machine are eager for Rolph to run, and they are growing more impatient every day because they fear he will stick to his private business and leave them out in the cold. Some folks are advising him to quit politics and let Heney take the job, and quit is what he will be very likely to do if Johnson does not agree to join hands again with Matt. Sullivan, the State boss. But Johnson is very reluctant. He is making no enemies at present. He is taking tips from his Republican friends of Pennsylvania who are of the opinion that Heney will get the full strength of the Administration but nothing more, and in their philosophy the G. O. P. is coming back strong.

Bone-Dry Stephens

In the opinion of wise politicians Governor Stephens was a little premature in coming out for a bone-dry State. But the Governor, as his friends say, is an impetuous cuss and he is not to be held back when impulse seizes him. Besides he is from Los Angeles and the atmosphere down there is extra dry. But are we going to elect a Los Angeles Executive who gives promise of proving himself to the manner born? This is a question politicians are asking, especially Republican politicians who

point out that the G. O. P. abhors fads and fancies. Their judgment is that we need a man who will temper zeal with camouflage. We might as well have Heney as a Republican prohibitionist, folks are saying. However Stephens is impulsive and besides he is believed to be taking tips from Johnson who was a wonder at putting impossible things over.

Hayes a Conservative

As a result of Governor Stephens' announcement of his policy on the liquor question J. O. Hayes was given an opportunity which he was quick to seize. He came out with a short statement of his position by which he made quite a hit. Evidently he was not to be swept off his feet by Governor Stephens. Politicians are saying that he took a dignified stand and that the average man will applaud his sentiments. He made it clear that he is no wild-eyed reformer, that indeed he is a man of conservative temperament opposed to innovations of too pronounced a character. He spoke like a man who realized that the liquor question is not one to be calmly and wisely discussed in the midst of war when there is a drive on to crush the demon and all his works. Perhaps he has an eye to the future, especially to the aftermath of the war when people will be averse to increased taxation. At any rate there is so much sobriety in the Hayes statement that it is worth quoting:

"Two questions effecting the liquor issue are now before the people, the National Prohibition Amendment, and the Rominger Act. The National Prohibition Amendment is a bone-dry measure. The Rominger Act, in effect, prohibits the manufacture and sale of whisky, brandy, rum and gin, and closes the saloons, but permits the sale of light wines and beers under certain restrictions and limitations.

"The National Prohibition Amendment, if adopted, will prevent the manufacture of all liquors. In its local application it will kill the grape and wine industry of California. The people of this State have maintained a Viticultural Commission for years and the State has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to induce our citizens to engage in grape growing and wine making. As a result, \$150,000,000.00 have been invested in this State in this industry. A very large part of this investment will be destroyed by the adoption of this National Prohibition Amendment.

"The Rominger Act will remove the greatest evil of the liquor business and at the same time afford the grape growers a measure of protection until they can adjust themselves to the changing condition effecting this industry. There is no way in which these grape growers can be compensated for their loss in case the National Prohibition Amendment, which provides for total prohibition, is adopted, and to hold out

any such hope would be a deception. These grape growers must either face destruction of their vineyards or they must be given time to protect themselves by changing their vineyards into orchards, or to put their lands to other profitable uses. I favor the Rominger Act for the reasons above stated, and for the additional reason that I believe it will best promote temperance at this time.

"For the same reasons I do not favor the national bone-dry amendment for California, but if the National Prohibition Amendment is ratified, and I am elected Governor, I will see that the law is rigidly enforced."

Copa de Oro, Not Eschscholtzia

Town Talk's suggestion that California abandon the ugly name of Eschscholtzia and call its State flower by the old Spanish name of Copa de Oro, is being favorably received. Many lovers of our distinctive poppy have indorsed the proposal, including Miss Ina Coolbrith, the Poet Laureate of California. There is a possibility that Copa de Oro Parlor, N. D. G. W., of Hollister, will take the matter up. In the Chronicle's "Safety Valve" last Sunday the following appeared:

Call It "Cup of Gold"

Editor The Chronicle—Sir: On page 224 of the 1907 edition of the California Blue Book you will find that our golden poppy was called "Eschscholtzia Californica" in honor of Johann Frederick Eschscholtz, a surgeon who was born in Dorpat, Germany, in 1793. He was a member of an exploring party financed by a Russian Count, whose ship reached California in 1815. A naturalist with the party, named De Chamisso, noted the poppy and named it in honor of the surgeon. Yet Professor Luis Nee, a Spanish botanist, saw it in 1791, before the arrival of Eschscholtz, and in 1820, in Madrid, published a treatise on it. This was the year that the description and drawings of Eschscholtz appeared. The State of California, through its Legislature, adopted the poppy as the State flower and it now would seem that a better, more beautiful and simpler name for it would be what the Spaniards called it—Copa de Oro (cup of gold). If priority of "discovery" is to be recognized, the honor of bestowing the name surely must be placed with the Spanish.

—Native Son.

A Suggestion from Sterling

"Why not go back to the original Spanish name of the California poppy?" George Sterling suggests. "I remember Mary Austin telling me that the Spaniards originally called it 'Dormidera,' the sleeper. As for Eschscholtzia, I agree with Ambrose Bierce who said the word 'should be pronounced with a mouthful of mush, not otherwise.'"

I asked Sterling whether he had ever written a poem about our State flower.

"Ina Coolbrith put the Copa de Oro into poetry once and for all," Sterling answered. "She left nothing to be said. She wrote the one and only poem about it. Why should anyone else make the attempt?"

Harmony in Los Angeles

We saw some very striking instances of political harmony in San Francisco during Will Hays's visit, but none of them can hold a candle to what happened in Los Angeles. When Hays arrived there, heralded as the reconciler of Republicans and Progressives, E. T. Earl rang up Harry Chandler and proposed that they go together to make a call on Hays at his hotel. And what's more, the proposal had a sympathetic reception from Chandler. He told Earl that another engagement would prevent him from going to the Alexandria in Earl's company, but that he would meet him there and call on Hays. So Los Angeles was denied the astounding spectacle of Earl and Chandler walking down Spring street arm in arm, but the two editors made the harmony call together just the same. When it is considered that the Los Angeles Express and the Los Angeles Times have waged the bitterest kind of war on each other years out of mind, the sudden reconciliation must be described as sensational. I don't think it could have happened if General Otis were alive, but his son-in-law Chandler is less implacable. It is surmised in Los Angeles that the General turned over in his grave when Chandler accepted Earl's peace overture.

The Dry California Club

The stoppage of the sale of hard liquor in Los Angeles has hit the big California Club an awful whack. According to Frank Hatch of New York who was in Los Angeles for a few days on his way here, receipts in all departments of the fashionable club have fallen off thirty-three per cent. "Even the barber shop has suffered," says this well known Lamb-Bohemian, "and as for the bar—well, men simply will not shake the dice for buttermilk." The California is the Pacific-Union of Los Angeles, and must find itself in a parlous financial condition. I suppose the same straits are pinching



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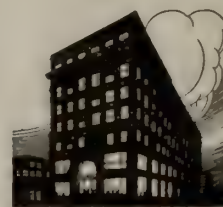
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the Jonathan, the Athletic and other Los Angeles clubs. Meanwhile Baron Long is reaping a harvest at Vernon. Vernon is just over the Los Angeles city limits, and is as wet as a dripping sponge. At his Vernon establishment Long has twenty mixologists going day and night and finding it hard to keep up with the orders of the merrymakers and joyriders who have a Los Angeles thirst to quench. The Baron also does a big business in quarts and flasks, besides filling thermos bottles with cocktails, for his guests don't like to leave his place without preparing themselves for the arid stretches.

The Vice Club

Superior Judge Mogan threw a bomb into the "Baker Street Vice Club" the other day when he made his charge to the Grand Jury urging a prompt and vigorous prosecution. Several members of this coterie are men of some prominence in club circles who were probably of the opinion that they could frighten the prosecution by "whispering" men of greater influence than themselves. As a consequence there developed a campaign of defamation to which considerable impetus was given by malicious lovers of gossip who appeared to regard it as a joke to spread calumny. Nobody was safe from defamation. Judge Mogan's charge to the jury was therefore timely as well as forceful, and doubtless it will be promptly acted upon. In the course of his instructions Judge Mogan said:

Prosecution and heavy sentences will show criminals of this stripe that San Francisco is an unhealthy place to commit their crimes.

Right here I wish to add that I have received numerous complaints from reputable citizens to the effect that their names have been whispered about by their enemies; starting sometimes in jest and at other times for the purpose of revenge. Anonymous letter writers have also an opportunity to make their craven and contemptible attacks. If any person, male or female, devoid of principle, wishes to revenge himself or herself on another, all that is necessary is to whisper one's name and the wind does the rest.

In that way innocent people who know absolutely nothing of these criminals or their revolting crimes are made the victims of most unjust and horrible slander.

It is unfortunate that there is no penal statute under which these slanderers can be apprehended and arrested.

I am informed by Lieutenant Goff that he has arrested every one connected with the Baker street cases against whom there was an iota of evidence.

One more suggestion: owing to the fact that some of these defendants are persons of means, as I stated heretofore, it is possible they may disappear, forfeit their bail and avoid trial thereby. I therefore suggest to the district attorney to move the trial court upon arraignment that bail be raised to the highest possible amount that the law will allow, in order to lessen the chances of escaping trial.

General Henri Pétain

Not much is heard these days of General Pétain, the victor of Verdun, who, some folks thought, would be the victor of the world's war. Well General Henri Philippe Pétain is doubtless

playing his part and glad to play it under the command of General Foch. One never hears of jealousies among the strategists of France. Heart and soul each of them is for victory over the Boche and all of them are working together. It is well to know that they are not working single handed, that each of these skilled strategists may be depended on in an emergency. General Pétain, one of the greatest of them all, is a man with a brilliant career who obtained most of his fine successes in the Great War. Born in 1856 near Béthune he entered the School of St. Cyr in 1876, when France was still bleeding from the wound inflicted upon her by the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine. Some years later he received his commission as lieutenant in the infantry—to which he has ever since remained faithful. He remained seven years lieutenant in a regiment of Chasseurs Alpins, and became captain of the same regiment in 1890. It is interesting to note that his chiefs hardly appreciated his remarkable aptitudes, for they deliberately did their best to retard him in every way. It cannot be said of Pétain that he benefited in any way by favoritism: he was made captain only when his turn came, and when his chiefs could no longer find any reason for delaying his advancement. In 1902 he became professor at the Superior Artillery School at Chalons, where he definitely liberated himself from the official teaching of old, which the present war has so often proved defective. He defended with such convictions his views as to the necessity of intense artillery preparation before attempting any infantry attacks that his superiors, who were generally in favor of the traditional methods of warfare, seized the earliest opportunity of sending away from their midst so embarrassing and convincing an opponent of their theories.

His Rise in the War

War found Pétain stationed at Arras, on the point of retiring with the grade of colonel. But now the wheel of Fortune revolved rapidly, and in a few months' time General Pétain acquired the highest rank in the military hierarchy. Promoted Brigadier at the beginning of hostilities, he took part at once in the most severe fighting. He was at Charleroi, and a few weeks later, having been placed in command of the Division of Infantry, he succeeded in restoring discipline, energy, and optimism to those men who, having been through the fighting at Charleroi and at Guise, were absolutely demoralized when he took them in hand. In the different attacks which he led during the Marne battle he applied his long-cherished theory as to the necessity of an intense artillery preparation, and in more than one case, seeing his men hesitate, he gave them the example of courage, placing himself unhesitatingly at their head, under the most terrific shell fire, when he saw them lagging or falling back. Is it surprising that the "poilus" should respect and love so intrepid a chief? They never fail to recognize his superiority and are proud to proclaim their confidence in him on every possible occasion. In recognition of the invaluable services he rendered during this first phase of the war the French Government named him Commander of the Legion of Honor. He was mentioned in the official dispatches in the following terms: "Organized with remarkable method the attack

on the German position and directed the same with extreme energy, obtaining a magnificent effort from the troops placed under his orders." His successes in Artois will be remembered in the annals of the war. Under his extraordinarily thorough and competent direction, the 33rd Army Corps captured all the reputed impregnable German lines and made ten thousand prisoners. Pétain became Major-General and was named Commander-in-Chief of the 11th Army. He then prepared the Champagne offensive of October, 1915, and the fine success which resulted from the practical application of his theories designated him the defender of Verdun, where he had at last full opportunity to reveal his unique qualities both as a tactician and organizer. When he took command of the army of Verdun at the request of General de Castelnau, the enemy held the village of Douaumont. Pétain immediately realized all the measures necessary to protect the fort and Verdun: he set to building a lacework of roads and trenches, innumerable stations and depots, which, by assuring and facilitating communications, contributed greatly to help the men in their heroic defense of the valiant city. For several months General Pétain was the very soul of the resistance of Verdun. Thanks to inconceivable sacrifices in men and in material the Crown Prince succeeded in gaining an advance which momentarily threatened the security of the front. Pétain never lost courage, however, and from the very first he was confident in the success of his colossal enterprise. He called up all the artillery he could dispose of, and it is said that he placed cannon-wheel against cannon-wheel, thus forming a perfect barricade of shell-fire and steel, which the surging tide of German infantry was powerless to break. Then he uttered the now famous words which electrified his troops, "Ils ne passeront pas." They did not pass.

Miss Coolbrith's Correction

The California Literature Society held its usual monthly meeting last Sunday at the home of Miss Ina Coolbrith on Russian Hill. Among the speakers was Charles Turrill, the well known collector and historical investigator. He was speaking of the publication of a book by Charles Nordhoff.

"That," he said, "was at a time when California was on the selvage edge of the universe."

"You mean," corrected Miss Coolbrith, "when the universe was on the selvage edge of California."

Maude's Latest Stories

The Columbia audience generally insists on a speech from Cyril Maude, knowing that it is sure to be happy in phrase and rich in a new story or two. The first nighters at "Caste" remained in their seats after the fall of the last curtain and clapped until Maude consented to talk. He told two stories. One was about Nat Goodwin at the funeral of that great actress Mrs. Gilbert, in the Little Church Around the Corner. Maude was there, sitting near Charles Frohman, Forbes Robertson, George Alexander and Nat Goodwin. In the course of the services Frohman leaned forward in his pew and covered his eyes with his hand. Then Forbes Robertson leaned forward and covered his eyes

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with his hands. And then George Alexander States District Attorney Preston said that the did the same.

"And Nat Goodwin," said Maude, "looking about him with a rather liquid eye, leaned forward in his pew and covered his face with his hand, muttering as he did so, 'Hell! I'm in this too!'"

The other concerned the inebriate from whom Maude borrowed the makeup for old Eccles in "Caste."

"I saw him," said Maude, "in a bus in the Strand. He lurched in and sank into a corner seat. Across the way was a woman of large proportions. The disreputable old rascal waved his hand at her flirtatiously. 'I don't know you,' she said. He waved his hand at her again. 'I don't know you,' she said. 'Then how do you know it's me?' said the old fellow."

His Suspicion Confirmed

Among the well known railroad men of this city who have lost their jobs in consequence of Director General McAdoo's order abolishing off-line offices is Jack English, the veteran freight solicitor for the Union Pacific. Jack went to work for the U. P. thirty-eight years ago, and has been with the company ever since.

"I'm not surprised," said Jack, when McAdoo's order dropped like a bombshell in Railroad Row. "When I took the job I had a hunch it wouldn't be permanent."

How About This?

In his final argument in the Hindu case United

States District Attorney Preston said that the success of the prosecution was due to the work of the United States and British secret service. But he did not mention John R. Rathom, the editor of the Providence Journal, whose staff uncovered so much German intrigue in this country. In a speech which Rathom delivered in Chicago in January of this year (and which was published later in Town Talk), I find this statement:

"We were able to secure an immense lot of data, including the entire story of the Hindu revolutionary plot; which only a few weeks later was the direct means of causing the arrest of fifteen men in San Francisco and three or four in New York City for crimes in connection with the revolution in India. Among this list was a letter from the German consul in Manila giving the cost of several thousand rifles which he had purchased and which he was about to ship to various ports in India. One of these letters was a most interesting one, which gave a very vivid declaration as to the progress of the Indian revolution from one George L. Hervey, a renegade scoundrel from the British army, where he had been a sergeant major—the aforesaid George L. Hervey, as we found out to our satisfaction later, having become a traitor upon orders from the British secret service."

Why is Rathom given no credit for his work, and why was his story of the Providence Journal achievements suddenly discontinued without explanation by the World's Work?

What Is Walter's Voice?

What is Walter Anthony's voice, a tenor or a baritone? That is the question of the hour in musical circles. There are contradictory authorities. Barnett Franklin, press agent of the Cort, says of Walter's singing in the Press Club show:

"His booming baritone paled memories of Werrenrath into insipid insignificance."

Whereas, Gerald Dillon, press agent of the Orpheum, says:

"He is the possessor of a tenor voice of light agreeable quality."

So far, nobody has accused the dramatic critic of the Chronicle of singing basso.

Polk Excogitates Two More

Willis Polk follows his communications of last week by two burning thoughts which may be lettered as

Exhibit C.

In the great game the wisest and most courageous man wins. The trouble is that most able men are timid. The impetuous fool nearly always loses, but the over-conservative and partially wise man may as well always miss, he seldom wins, is never pleased, but is always contented if pointed to as an example of safety.

Exhibit D.

Give a good workman dull tools,

He cannot do good work—

Give a poor workman sharp tools,

He cannot do good work;

But give a good workman sharp tools,

He must do good work or lose his job!

Shortridge Goes on Record

Samuel M. Shortridge was trying a case before Judge Graham. In the course of an argument he drew a mass of papers from his breast pocket.

"Is that the celebrated Rolph telegram to Hays?" asked Judge Graham facetiously.

"This is not a communication from the gentle-

man who went a-profiteering to Eureka," replied Shortridge with acerbity. And before proceeding with his case, Shortridge added:

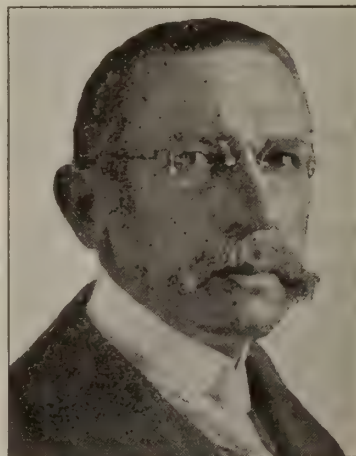
"Too bad, Your Honor, that the Western Union wire had to be burdened with the flub-dub of our Mayor!"

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Hays Hammond's First Job

John Hays Hammond was telling the other day how he got his first job after completing his engineering studies abroad.

"I applied," he said, "to Senator Hearst, then the most prosperous mine owner in the West. The Senator, being of a practical turn of mind, said: 'The only objection I have to you is that you have had your head filled with a lot of fool theories abroad.' I answered: 'If you promise not to tell my father I will tell you something. I did not learn a single thing at Freiberg.' Senator Hearst said: 'Come around and start work tomorrow.' And I did."

Wasting Time in the Senate

How many people look at the Congressional Record? Not many, I suppose. It is not lively reading, but it is worth while to keep in touch with its contents, if only to acquaint oneself with the way the lawmakers who gave us the daylight saving law waste precious time. A few days ago Senator Overman of North Carolina read from the Bible the passage about Aaron and Hur holding up the hands of Moses while Joshua fought all day with the Amalekites. Then followed this colloquy:

Mr. REED. I simply wanted to inquire how the Senator had discovered that quotation.

Mr. OVERMAN. Does the Senator intimate that I do not read the Bible? I will say to him I read my Bible every day.

Mr. REED. Oh, no; not at all. I was asking for information.

Mr. OVERMAN. I think, Mr. President—

Mr. CUMMINS. The Senator from North Carolina is evidently attempting to establish a parallel. May I ask between whom the parallel is to be drawn?

Mr. OVERMAN. If the Republicans, on that side, will hold up the President's left hand and the Democrats, on this side, will hold up his right hand, we shall win the war.

Mr. CUMMINS. I am very glad to have that explanation. I had supposed the Senator was attempting to establish a similarity between Moses and the President of the United States.

Mr. OVERMAN. No, Mr. President; the Senator knew better than that, because I said that I wanted that side to hold up one hand and this side to hold up the other hand and help win the war—both sides without any partisanship—and I am sure the Senator from Iowa agrees with that.

Mr. CUMMINS. Yes; but I was thinking it would be an unfortunate comparison, because, as I remember it, Moses was not permitted to enter the Promised Land.

Mr. OVERMAN. No; but I do not know why that should apply to this case; for do you think the President is not going to win the war? Are you going to hinder him from winning it? Are you going to stand

here and deny him what he asks in order to keep him from getting into the promised land? Is that the Senator's position?

Mr. CUMMINS. No; that is not my position; but I was regretting that the Senator from North Carolina had instilled any such thought into the minds of Senators or into the minds of the people; because I hope that the President will enter the promised land, although I fail to see any striking resemblance between the two famous characters.

Mr. OVERMAN. The Senator would compare the President to Moses in entering the promised land. I did not refer to the holding up of his hands as an illustration or a parallel as to Moses and the President; and the Senator knew it. I do not like to hear such talk as that when we have kept out of partisanship so far. I do not like to hear the Senator say that we are not going to reach the promised land.

Mr. CUMMINS. I have not said any such thing as that.

Mr. OVERMAN. That is what the Senator suggested, as I understood.

Mr. CUMMINS. I was wondering if that was in the Senator's mind.

Mr. OVERMAN. Did not the Senator hear me say that I wanted one side to hold up one hand and the other side to hold up the other hand?

Mr. CUMMINS. Which hand?

Mr. OVERMAN. You hold up the right hand and we will hold up the left hand, or you hold up the left hand and we will hold up the right hand.

This sort of piffling is going on in the Senate all the time. It helps to explain why the country has lost respect for its national legislators.

Billingsgate in the House

But the Senate is not the only place where they waste time. Far from it. The House of Representatives has its offenders as well. A few days ago Heflin of Alabama attacked Mason of Illinois. The next day Mason replied. His speech compels us to revise our notions as to what constitutes parliamentary language. I quote some gems from Mason's speech:

Cheap peanut politics! I purpose now to answer him if I have to get down onto his intellectual level to do it.

Every time this man from Alabama gets up in the morning and gets his trousers on he thinks that this country is about half-dressed.

He goes tilting down Pennsylvania Avenue, usually in a long frock coat, with a white vest, with perfectly manicured eyebrows, and wonders that Pennsylvania Avenue does not tip to one side because he is all on that side. Then when he comes into the House and walks down the aisle and casts his eye upon the ladies gallery, a hero, an Adonis, and then comes down here and bellows how patriotic he is and how traitorous you are, even without a megaphone he shakes the walls of Berlin, and that gentleman feels that God and he have a monopoly on all the good things and have the world by the short hair. Those on the front seats without umbrellas usually move back a little to avoid the perspiration and the saliva.

Why, when my friend Burnett asked him why he did not enlist, his knees knocked together. He has the most patriotic mouth and the most cowardly pair of legs ever put on a human being.

He does not know the difference between a heart and liver and bacon.

Pigeons at the Front

I think it was on . . . that I paid a visit to one of the pigeon lofts in our area. The pigeons are part of my flock. They live—some 60 of them—in a London motor-omnibus from Piccadilly. The outside top part of the omnibus is roofed in to form a cage, while the men occupy the inside—or, rather, three-quarters of the inside, because the front part of the inside is also part of the cage, which is entered by a door from the men's room, and also by a door at the top of the back staircase.

There is an opening in the front of the cage, cleverly arranged, so that the birds can enter when they return from their flights, but cannot fly out when they are inside. A board is deftly poised just inside the opening, so that when a bird steps on it an electric bell rings inside the omnibus to tell the men that a pigeon has

come home. Two arrived while I was there; they had come from the trenches five miles away in 12 minutes. The pigeons are taken out in baskets to the trenches, to bring messages back in case the wire communications should be cut by the enemy's fire. If not wanted for this purpose, they are sent flying back after 24 hours with some message just for practice. Each pigeon has a ring put on its leg when quite young, and is known by the number on the ring.

As soon as the bird arrives at the loft, a man creeps into the cage, catches it, reads the message, writes it down in duplicate, and sends an orderly at once with a copy to the signal officer, whence it is sent forth like an ordinary telegram to wherever it ought to go. Birds are always sent in couples, each with the same message, in case one should be shot by the enemy. Two males—or two females—are sent together, never a male and a female, lest they loiter by the way, or Eve tempt Adam to wander from the path of duty!

Truly, they were a beautiful set of birds which I saw—quite a sight to behold, in such perfect condition, and with all the marks of high breeding. Their dignified bearing seemed to show that they realized the importance of their work! It is a wonderful instinct which makes these birds fly back to their homes as soon as possible. The men get devoted to them, and make them love their clean and comfortable homes, where they are well fed and cared for in every way.—A British Chaplain in France.

They were on their honeymoon. He had bought a boat and had taken her out to show her how well he could handle it, putting her to tend the sheet. A puff of wind came, and he shouted in no uncertain tone, "Let go the sheet!" No response. Then again, "Let go that sheet, quick!" Still no movement. A few minutes after, when both were clinging to the bottom of the upturned boat, he said:

"Why didn't you let go that sheet when I told you to, dear?"

"I would have," sobbed the bride, "if you had not been so rough about it. You ought to speak more kindly to your wife."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

News from Washington

From the Washington correspondent of one of the local bavardes I have gleaned some important items of news in the national capital. Thus I learn that "despite McAdoo's public statement that he is wearing half-soled shoes and proud of it," most of Washington society is still finicky about its clothes. I read that Mrs. Josephus Daniels has "a new and very becoming gown of sand-colored taffeta and chiffon." Also that Miss Lucy Burleson, daughter of the Postmaster General, has a yecowoman's uniform "made by one of Washington's most exclusive ladies' tailors." And "speaking of capes, Mrs. Edward Beale McLean is wearing one of the smartest of the season." Again, speaking of these same pieces of apparel, "Mrs. Mahlon Pitney, wife of Justice Pitney, is wearing a cape and hat to match." And so on, and so on. I should like to know how many of our women in these days of war are interested in chatter of this kind. Certainly, our women who have boys in the army are not. Nor are our women who are raising funds for war charities. We still have some frivolous women, and I suppose news of this sort continues to appeal to them.

Secretary McAdoo's Pride

The statement just quoted to the effect that the Secretary of the Treasury is proud of wearing half-soled shoes interests me. I have been turning it over in my mind, trying to find out just why Mr. McAdoo is proud. A lot of us have been wearing half-soled shoes off and on during many years, but we never thought of being proud of it any more than we dreamed of being ashamed of it. Sending one's shoes to the cobbler has never been considered a matter for pride or any other emotion. One does it as a matter of course. There are only two kinds of people who do not wear half-soled shoes: the extravagant and those who give their worn shoes to the poor. Does Mr. McAdoo mean that he used to be extravagant, but is proud to announce that he has become economical? I'm sure he doesn't mean that whereas before the war he gave his worn shoes to the poor, he now has them half-soled and is proud to think that he now wears what used to be worn by some poor man. I can't quite make out what the Secretary of the Treasury was driving at.

Descended from Alfred the Great

From the tables published by a New York genealogical expert I discover that we have in San Francisco a family descended from Alfred the Great. This family which traces its generations to the great monarch who burned the griddle cakes is the Willis family. The thirty-third generation is represented here by Mrs. Ambrose Madison Willis, and the thirty-fourth by Mr. and Mrs. David Madison Willis. Mrs. David M. Willis was Miss Klotho Magee. Not only the blood of Anglo-Saxon royalty, but also that of the Plantagenets flows in the Willis veins, according to my authority. Some of the other ancestors tabulated are Queen Margaret of Scotland (wife of Malcolm III), Queen Matilda of England (wife of Henry I), Maude whose first husband was Emperor Henry V. of Germany and whose second husband was Geoffrey Plantagenet, Henry II, King John, Henry III and Edward I, all of England. There are

in addition any number of earls, barons and knights in the list. I take it that the Willises are somehow related to Isabella de Vermandois who, according to David Starr Jordan, was the eugenic parent of most of our good families.

Fine Arts Prizes

The prizes offered in the current Annual Exhibition of contemporary American artists, now being held in the Palace of Fine Arts, have been awarded to the following artists by the Jury of Awards composed of Leo Lentelli, E. Spencer Macky, Gottardo Piazzoni and Hermann Rosse. The \$300.00 Emanuel Walter Purchase Prize was awarded to Henry V. Poor for his painting entitled "Winter Landscape," which thereby becomes the property of the Emanuel Walter Collection; the Charles Templeton Crocker prize of \$100.00 was awarded to Clark Hobart for his "Portrait of Mrs. Francis Young"; while the gold medal awarded in painting was won by Joseph Raphael for his beautiful landscape entitled "The Willow Pond." The silver medal for painting was awarded to Armin Hansen for his painting entitled "The Noon Hour," and the bronze medal in the same class was awarded "The Lacquer Screen" by Anne M. Bremer. In the water color class the silver medal has been awarded Godfrey Fletcher for his landscape entitled "Moss Landing." In the graphic section the silver medal was awarded Armin Hansen for his drawing of a shipyard entitled "War Baby." In the sculpture class the gold medal was won by Ralph Stackpole for his beautiful crouching "Figure for a Fountain."

Flower Festival at San Jose

California's fourth annual wild flower festival will be held in San Jose from May 10 to 15. In keeping with the spirit of the times, the show will assume a distinctly patriotic nature. Conservation will be the keynote. Economic features will predominate. Among the notable men and women of the State who will help to make the occasion memorable by addresses on patriotic, economic and scientific subjects, will be Ralph Merritt, Federal Food Commissioner for California, George Wharton James of Pasadena, Theodore Payne of Los Angeles, Dr. P. D. Kennedy and Professor George Albert Coleman of the University of California, and Mrs. D. W. Devere. The State Board of Forestry and the Tamalpais Conservation Club will also furnish speakers. The flower fete is under the direction of Mrs. Bertha M. Rice.

The Art Sale

An Art Sale in aid of the families of French and Belgian artists will be held in the Borgia room of the St. Francis Hotel from May 13 to May 28. Pictures and bronzes have been donated by well known artists and collectors. The committee in charge includes Consuls General Neltner and Drion, Bishop Nichols, Archdeacon Emery, Senator Phelan, Governor Stephens, Mayor Rolph, Major General Murray, Rear Admiral Gove, Colonel Febiger, President Ray Lyman Wilbur, President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, J. Nilsen Laurvik, Professor Fairclough, Professor Gayley, Judge Morrow, W. H. Crocker, Mrs. Hugh Eglinton Montgomery, William Ordway Partridge and President Aurelia Rheinhardt.

At the Cecil

Miss Josephine Blanche came up from Del Monte Monday and will spend several weeks at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. Jewell gave a dinner of ten covers Sunday. Mrs. A. J. Carmany and her two attractive daughters Misses Florence and Ida Carmany will make an indefinite visit. Miss Agnes McIntyre arrived from Honolulu this week. Mr. and Mrs. J. McK. Stephen were hosts at dinner Wednesday. Mrs. Louis Long who has been visiting her mother Mrs. A. M. Burns returned yesterday to her home in Santa Barbara. Miss M. M. Tarpay of Los Comos Ranch is stopping at the hotel. W. H. Evans of Sacramento is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Evans.

Tavern's All-the-Evening Program

"Where do we go from here?" Well, unless you are already at Techau Tavern, the advice is to hie you there with all possible celerity. If you are there, and it is evening, the question won't be asked at all because you will stay so late that the obvious answer would be "home." You see, the Tavern is easy enough to go to, but a mighty hard place to tear yourself away from. Either you want one more dance, or you want to hear one more song by the Show Girl Revue Corps, or the lady who is with you just can't resist the attraction of the favors given at the Merchandise Dances. And when the last Merchandise Dance ends the cafe closes. So, if you are wise you begin at the beginning, which is dinner, and you end when the lights go out. The Merchandise Dances begin at the dinner hour and they have them again to please the after-theatre crowds. At both times there are favors for the ladies, and mighty fine ones. Silk things, you know, like sweaters and lingerie. And the ladies don't compete for them. Bless you, no. There're presented without anything of that kind. Well, of course, you go on dancing all the evening. You simply have to, whenever the Tavern's famous Jazz Orchestra gets busy. Occasionally the musicians have to rest, even if you don't want to. But you're not a bit sorry, for the Show Girl Revue Corps won't let you. They have mighty good voices.

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ST. FRANCIS PRIVATE SCHOOL—Primary; grammar grades; public school curriculum; open-air rooms; kindergarten; training school for teachers; French and folk-dancing daily in all departments; clay modeling featured. Friday dancing classes, 2-4. Open to public. Hotel Oakland Private School—Office Room 103.

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The Stage

To Old Eccles

As portrayed in "Caste" by the inimitable
Cyril Maude

Blowsy, drooling, greasy, bleary;
Ragged, whisky-soaked and beery;
Blotchy face and rheumy eye;
Grimed like porker in a sty;
Drunk on heel-taps and on dregs;
Teetering on gin-warped legs;
Collapsing in a sodden heap;
Sternorous in uneasy sleep;
Human Beer Can, living Still;
Tossing drams your only skill,
Wheedling pennies with a sob
Of maudlin grief, your only job;
Rotten lump of filthy clay,
Your very soul smells of decay!
A parasite, a thieving bum;
A worthless thing preserved in rum;
A shambling senile self-accursed
To serve till death a hopeless thirst;
Feebly raging when refused
The pence that keep your belly boozed.
You're not a pretty sight, old boy!
No thing of beauty,—yet a joy.
Though alcohol has killed your heart,
You live by grace of perfect art.
You're drowned within the flowing bowl,
But Cyril Maude preserves your soul.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Mantell at the Greek Theatre

Since the opening of the Greek Theatre in 1903 it has been the desire of those in charge to have appear on its stage the leading actors of America who presented plays at all adapted for presentation there; and Wm. H. Crane, Sothorn and Marlowe, Miss Adams, Miss O'Neill, and Miss Anglin have contributed brilliant chapters to its history. Naturally the one whom "the most authoritative of all American reviewers in the field of classic acting," the veteran William Winter, termed "the leading tragedian of the American stage" was not overlooked, and years ago Robert B. Mantell was invited to make a Shakespearean production there. He expressed his gratification at the invitation and his desire to accept it, but heretofore his visits to San Francisco have been at a time when performances in the open air were impracticable. When it was learned that this year he would appear in April the invitation was renewed, and by a rearrangement of engagements elsewhere he was able to accept. That the danger of discomfort to the audience on account of inclement weather might be lessened, however, he proposed a somewhat later date than that suggested, agreeing to stop over en route from Los Angeles to Portland for this single performance. This proposal was gladly accepted, and it is with special pleasure that the Musical and Dramatic Committee of the University announces that Mr. Mantell will appear in the Greek Theatre on the evening of Monday, May 6. As he leaves for Portland immediately after the performance, this will be the last opportunity of seeing him in this vicinity for a considerable time. Naturally the play selected for production is "King Lear," which has been pronounced, "taken all in all, his masterpiece." His first appearance in this in New York in 1905, was termed by Winter the one important production of "King Lear" in America since Booth last acted it in 1891, and resulted in "an amazing triumph." With it Mantell captured

Boston, which had previously been indifferent or positively hostile to him, receiving such an ovation as neither Booth nor Irving had ever inspired there. During his recent season in San Francisco it proved the most attractive of the nine plays in his repertoire, hundreds being unable to obtain admittance to the Cort on the evening of its last presentation and the audience being wildly enthusiastic. Owing to the demands it makes upon the actor's physique as well as mentality, Lear is probably the most difficult of all Shakespearean roles—Charles Lamb pronounced the tragedy unactable—and hence is comparatively seldom essayed, Mantell being the only prominent exponent of the role in America today. The production in the Greek Theatre will be much more elaborate than could be given on an ordinary stage, and the regular company will be augmented by a large number of supernumeraries drawn from the talented amateurs of the University. Reginald Travers, the Director of the Players Club of San Francisco, into which Mr. Mantell was duly inducted as an honorary member at a special midnight performance, has kindly volunteered his assistance.

Edwin Arden at the Orpheum

Edwin Arden, the noted actor who will be remembered by Orpheumites as having appeared

in "Close Quarters," will present his latest triumph "Trapped" at the Orpheum next week. Thrilling and replete with dramatic situations "Trapped" is a war playlet of the secret service. Mr. Arden has one of those dramatic opportunities he delights to exhaust. He is admirably supported by a cast of three. Elizabeth M. Murray who shares the headline honors, has long been one of the popular artists on the vaudeville stage. She is a dialect comedienne and has a fund of good stories. The spontaneity with which Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin deliver their patter is positively refreshing. They introduce singing, dancing and light comedy which they style a "1918 Songology." The Four Haley Sisters, a singing quartette, will be heard in popular melodies. Loney Haskell, the celebrated monologue comedian, will be welcomed by all who enjoy a hearty laugh. Count Perrone will be heard in new numbers and his accompanist Miss Trix Oliver will also sing new songs. Tarzan, the marvelous Chimpanzee, will repeat his performance. The Greater Morgan Dancers will appear in their Roman Ballet.

"Mary's Ankle" at Columbia

Cyril Maude will close his engagement at the Columbia this Saturday night with his production of the Tom Robertson comedy "Caste." There is a Saturday matinee. The Columbia



EDWIN ARDEN

Next week at the Orpheum.

will be dark for one week commencing Monday. "Mary's Ankle," a lively farce fresh from Broadway, is to be the attraction for two weeks commencing Monday, May 6. A. H. Woods is sending the farce to this city, and this gives promise of a capable performance and a complete production. "Mary's Ankle" was on view in New York for many weeks and is credited with being one of the best laugh-makers of the season. Seats go on sale next Thursday.

Galli-Curci Coming

Galli-Curci will be heard at the Exposition Auditorium Sunday afternoon, May 12, at 2:30 sharp. Tickets are on sale at the usual places. When she sang in New York she took her place in the long list of popular idols which began with Jenny Lind.

Paulist Choristers Coming

The Paulist Choristers of Chicago which under the leadership of Father Wm. J. Finn is touring America to raise a fund for the immediate aid of France, will be heard in a concert at the Exposition Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, May 26, at 2:30. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay and Kohler and Chase. Everywhere the Paulist Choristers are received by crowded audiences. With the possible exception of the great symphony orchestras, no other musical organization gets the unstinted praise that the Paulist Choristers do.

Dr. Hillis to Lecture

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, one of the most powerful orators, preachers and lecturers in the United States, will give his illustrated lecture, "German Atrocities," at Scottish Rite Auditorium next Sunday afternoon at 2:30 and Sunday night at 8:15. Dr. Hillis has been pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. He will have as

an added feature Ada Louise Armstrong, a beautiful and talented San Francisco girl, who will sing songs of the Allies. Miss Armstrong who has but recently returned was a leading mezzo-soprano on the Eastern tour of Max Rabinoff's Boston Opera Company. Tickets at Sherman, Clay and Kohler and Chase.

"Oh, Boy" Continues

"Oh, Boy" with Joseph Santley will start the last two weeks of its engagement at the Cort Sunday. It is quite the smartest and brightest musical comedy seen in San Francisco for many a day and has lived up to expectations. It is produced by Comstock and Elliott, direct from a run of almost two years at the Princess, New York, six months in Boston and seven in Chicago. Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse are authors of "Oh, Boy." Jerome Kern composed one of the most delightful scores heard in years. The popularity of half a dozen of the songs has survived two years of whistling and singing.

Recital by Mrs. Hess

Society and musical circles are looking forward with keen interest to the song recital to be given in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis by Dorothy Churchill Hess next Tuesday evening, April 30. Mrs. Hess possesses a lyric soprano voice of sweetness and cultivation, and the many years she spent abroad and in the East, studying under eminent masters, were utilized to the greatest advantage. She has a host of friends in San Francisco and the bay cities and her audience promises to be large and cultured. She will be accompanied by Miss Marian Prevost, a capable and sympathetic accompanist, and her songs will include works in French, Italian and English. A number of particular interest will be "The Query," a man-

uscript song by Dorothy Crawford, a rising young San Francisco composer, now in New York. Seats may be obtained at Sherman, Clay.

"Was it your craving for drink that brought you here?" asked the sympathetic visitor at the jail.

"Great Scot, ma'am! Do you think I'm fool enough to mistake a prison for a public house?"

The little town was all excitement. Boncini's Magnificent Circus had arrived. The chief attraction of the circus was the cage in which the lion lay down with the lamb. An old gentleman started asking the proprietor questions.

"Do these two never quarrel?" he asked.

"Well," admitted the proprietor, "they are not always peaceful. Sometimes they have a bit of a scrap."

"And then?"

"Oh, then," said the proprietor, "we generally 'as to buy another lamb."

Colonial Ballroom, St. Francis Hotel

TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 30

SONG RECITAL

by

DOROTHY CHURCHILL HESS

Lyric Soprano

MISS MARIAN PREVOST, Accompanist

Seats, including War Tax, \$1.50 and \$1, at Sherman, Clay & Company's and the St. Francis Hotel.

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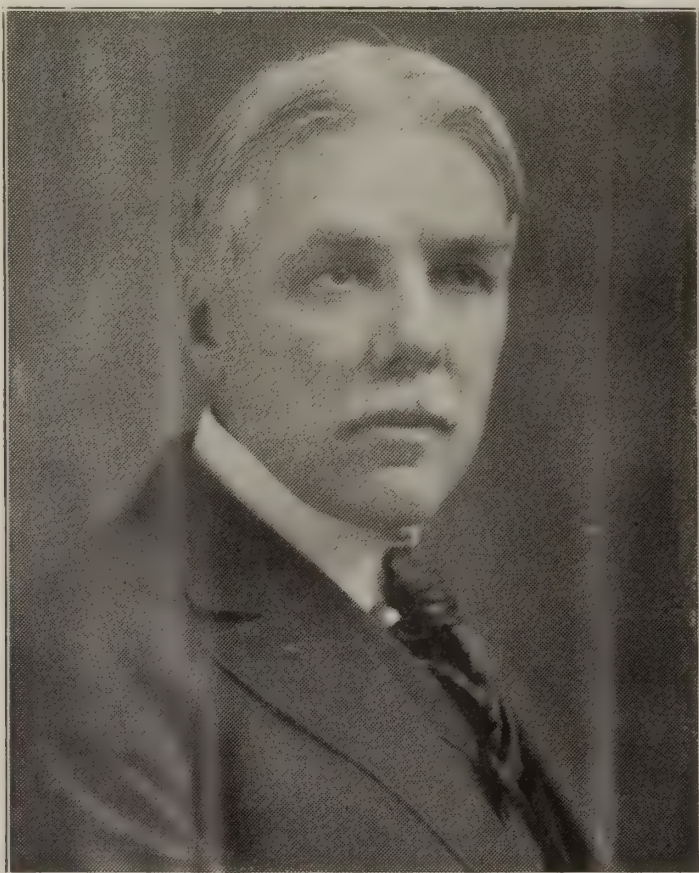
Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON

MATINEE EVERY DAY

EDWIN ARDEN & CO. in a tense and timely play entitled "Trapped"; ELIZABETH M. MURRAY in Songs and Stories; PERCY BRONSON & WINNIE BALDWIN in "A 1918 Songology"; FOUR HALEY SISTERS in Popular Melodies; LONEY HASKELL, Monologue Comedian; COUNT PERRONE, assisted by Miss Trix Oliver; TARZAN, the Marvelous Chimpanzee; THE GREATER MORGAN DANCERS in an Historical Roman Ballet.

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays):
10c, 25c, 50c.



DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

Pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and successor of Henry Ward Beecher who will lecture on "German Atrocities" at the Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon and night.

The Decisiveness of Wars

(Continued from Page 7)

and we are brought up against the limitations of our metaphor. A game of chess is an affair of extremely limited liability and restricted issues. It is complete in itself; the pieces are swept off the board, and the matter ends. There is no such conclusion, as there is no such beginning, to war; the pieces have a past and a future as well as a present. Their past determines their place on the board and their effective strength, and this game will not end their existence; it will merely determine their position and strength in a game that never ends on a board that is never swept. Nor will the kings always be kings, and the pawns may come to their own. The pieces live as well as move and have their being, and they are variant, not constant, powers. The tragedy of the game of war is that the pieces depend for their welfare, not upon one another's destruction, but upon their survival. To make a desert and to call it peace is the logical outcome of Treitschke's maxim that war is political science par excellence; but the vogue of that philosophy is the crowning proof of Germany's apostasy from civilization and treason to mankind. Germany herself owes less today to the brutality of her triumph over France in 1870 than to the wise restraint which Bismarck, in defiance of his generals, exercised towards Austria after the victory of Sadowa. Peace may end the clash of arms, but it opens another chapter in human relations. You cannot behead or banish a people, and the nations will have to inhabit the earth on some terms of mutual understanding. They cannot remain on the board like pieces paralysed to stalemate. The value of the settlement will depend upon its adaptability to their future relations with one another.

There are, indeed, limits to the decisiveness of wars. It is safe to say that this war will not extirpate a single European State, though no one knows how many new ones it may create; and, considering its destructive methods, it is singular how creative are the effects of war. Some wars, it is true, are merely obstructive, waged to delay or destroy the operation of indestructible forces; such have been the wars waged in defence of a dying Turkish Empire. But Turkey, not being a national State, is an exception to the rule of modern history; and the indestructibility of the national State makes nonsense of the German talk of biological decisions as applied to States, or even to parties in a civil war. There are missing links in natural, but not in national, history; for nations are not killed or eliminated in a process of evolution. We have tried it ourselves in Ireland for long enough; and though the Eastern autocracies destroyed the body of Poland, they could not destroy its soul. Its disembodied spirit gave them no peace, and the problem of its reincarnation is not the least of the troubles which harass them today.

Peace consequent upon a German victory would contain within itself the seeds of future wars as surely as would have done a Hapsburg triumph in 1648 or a peace dictated by George III in 1783. The peace of Westphalia was only decisive because it decided that States might determine their own religion, and that of Versailles in 1783 because it decided that the American Colonies should manage their own affairs. Before this war there were Germans wise enough to admit that their treatment of Alsace-Lorraine was a mistake. That does not prevent more foolish Germans from wanting

to repeat it on a greater scale in Belgium. There were Austrian statesmen, and the Archduke Ferdinand was among them, who saw that Magyar coercion of the Southern Slavs was a danger to the Dual Monarchy. A German pacification of Europe involving the annexation of Belgium and parts of France, German control of Holland, the subjugation of Serbia, and the repression of tens of millions of Slavs, with the Turk as assistant policeman, would decide nothing except that Europe would become for a generation a scene of turmoil and seething discontent with another world-wide conflict at the end. Those who think such a decision possible have fed on the husks of history, missing its moral kernel. Prussians who glory, with justice, in their Seven Years' War and in the moral effect it had on the Prussian people forget that it was for them a war of defense, and that the nearest parallel to the Prussia of 1756-63, girdled with mighty foes, is today to be found in Serbia or Rumania. A decisive peace demands more than military success, and empires which rest on the sword are wont to perish by it. Napoleon dictated a dozen treaties of peace at the point of the sword, but the peace that was decisive was one that sent him to St. Helena. It was only stalemate in the sense that he could not move.

The phrase "stalemate in war" is one which we use to supply the poverty of our language or to conceal the obscurity of our thought. It involves an analogy between the game of chess and the game of war which is inexact. The rules which govern the two have little in common. Stalemate in chess is the success of the vanquished party in avoiding defeat, but he owes it to mere convention. Each player must play in turn, and stalemate only arises when the player whose turn it is to move is unable to do so. In war that circumstance involves defeat and not a drawn game. Nor is there in war any rule that your enemy cannot move a second time until you have had your turn; he may move many times before you get a turn at all. Probably very few people know what they mean when they talk of stalemate in war. They may mean a drawn game, which need not be stalemate at all in chess. A drawn game in war generally means a peace based on the territorial status quo ante bellum, but a real status quo is an elusive will o' the wisp. The Crimean War was fought to maintain the status quo, and the peace which followed sought to ratify it. In effect that war ushered in a series of wars which radically changed the conditions of Europe; and we are still suffering from the folly of having backed the wrong horse.

The true criterion of wars and treaties of peace consists in their relation to forces and ideas which are stronger than the sword and more important than territory. It is a feeble faith in the principles of nationality and freedom which is daunted by the brandishing of mailed fists. Even in Germany, whatever the designs of the General Staff earlier in the war, the conviction that nerves the people is that they are fighting in self-defense; and the difficulties of the Allies arise largely from their inadequate recognition in the past of the principle of nationality. Bulgaria's intervention was directly due to the Treaty of Bukarest; and want of effective coöperation in the southeast of Europe is due, not to the denial of nationality, but to the conflicting claims of nationalities. It is a temporary alliance and a short-sighted policy which links aspiring nationalities with the Prussians and the Turks, who stand for the subjection of nationality to the State; and its

triumphs will be short-lived and barren. For the future does not depend entirely on Europe, and potential as well as actual power must be included in the reckoning. The Great Republic across the water, the great States growing up with the British Empire, South America, and Japan cannot be ignored in the ultimate balance of power between "Kultur" and national freedom. A German victory would not decide the issue; in the long stretch of Time and the wide span of mankind it would be a transient and a local retrogression, and the keystone of the arch of the world would still be the British Navy.

Barring the destruction of British sea-power, a German victory would be hollow as well as transient. It is to British wealth alone that Germany looks to repair her financial losses during the war, and even British wealth could not repair her waste of human material. She will not achieve success with less than the loss of a third of her males of military age and fitness; the birth-rate in Germany decreases and the civilian death-rate increases progressively as the war goes on. There were three million more women than men in Germany before the war; there will be six before it ends, and it has already been suggested that "Kultur" will become polygamous for the sake of perpetuity. France has never recovered the European position it held before the drafts Napoleon made on its virility, and, inasmuch as the population of Germany and her Allies is far less than the population of her enemies, she suffers in proportion. National strength has always its limits; the welfare of a State depends upon the accuracy with which it measures its ambitions by the strength at its disposal. An orgy of expansion like that of France under Napoleon cannot be indulged in with impunity. Ordered growth gives better guarantees of permanence.

So, too, the German genius for organization is not without its dangers. There is a limit to the strength and endurance of all materials, and perfect organization may mean merely that failure in any part of the machine is postponed until the whole collapses. There was nothing more perfectly constructed than Oliver Wendell Holmes' wonderful "One-Hoss Shay," and its appearance in its hundredth year was wonderfully deceptive. Our pessimism at home is largely due to the fact that, while we see England from the inside, we can only see Germany from the outside, and the outside of a shell looks much the same whether it is full or empty. It is the condition of the contents which will determine whether the issue of the war will be decisive or not, and that condition it is the business of the German censor to conceal. It may be possible for Germany so to balance and organize her forces that none of her means shall fail before the others, but she cannot so arrange the powers of the world. Unless the contending forces are miraculously balanced, there will be a resounding decision one way or the other; and there is no convention in war whereby the loser can convert disaster into stalemate.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—A certain element in Wall Street have made up their minds because the market has held during all the adverse foreign news, that we are in for a bull market, no matter what war conditions are, and they are preparing themselves for an advance in stocks. They argue, and rightly so, that business conditions are the best in years; that the government is in accord with big business; is in accord with labor; corporations are earning the biggest money in their history and they are stronger in a cash position than ever before; that good dividends are assured and that the country is adjusting itself to a long war. If the latter is true, we can have a considerable rise in prices. The country is more alive to its responsibility than it ever has been. Securities are well held. Every condition, except that of the war, makes for higher prices, but that one condition is so vital that it keeps most of the former active trading element out of the market. The buying we spoke of in Steel a week ago is showing its effect. The improvement in Leather stocks is due to the great change in trade conditions. Hides have been selling at an extremely low price, and the companies have been able to adjust themselves and still maintain good earnings, and a strong cash position. This group looks especially attractive. Copper shares were in good demand, with Inspiration copper taking the lead. This class of stocks is selling too low considering the dividends being paid, and on any favorable news regarding higher prices for the metal, this class of stocks should sell much higher. Steel stocks were strong, led by the big corporation. The general feeling seems to be that U. S. Steel Common will pay their regular dividend and the usual \$3 extra for this quarter. Oil stocks were higher, and as the shortage of oil is becoming acute, more favorable legislation is expected that will increase the production. Railroad shares are dull and inactive with the exception of Reading. Every little while rumor has it that this company is on the verge of distributing some of its assets acquired from its coal holdings, to its stockholders. The market acts very well all things considered, and with the Liberty Loan out of the way, money rates will ease up, and this will be a factor in making for higher prices.

Cotton—Trading Cotton the past week was on a large scale, and prices fluctuated within a range of about \$15 per bale. Selling was fast and furious at times, and sales were made at wide differences in price. At the decline trade interests would come in the market as buyers, and bring about sharp recoveries, which were immediately followed by large selling orders from the old bull party who were said to be

liquidating. The market zig-zagged for a time, but finally recovered half of its decline on private advices from the New England Mills that they would book further large orders from the Government next week, but the advance did not last, and another wave of selling took place on news that a price fixing conference would be held soon. It would not appear unreasonable that the Government should want to limit what it must pay for cotton goods. The market for manufactured cotton goods has developed into a runaway affair. There appears to be no top to it, which naturally would provoke adverse comment in Government circles, as Uncle Sam will require vastly more cotton goods to fill army requirements. Just at present the margin of profit on Cotton goods must be large, for the market is far above parity with raw cotton, in spite of the recent rise of the latter. It is natural to suppose that a fixed price on cloth would tend to check the advance in spots, but it would not necessarily mean that the price of this too would be fixed. The South is unanimously opposed to fixing the price of the raw Cotton. General rains in all sections of the Cotton belt has put the ground in excellent condition, and reports of an increase in acreage seem to bear out the early prediction made by one of the private statisticians, of a ten per cent. increase in acreage. We can see no good in trying to bull cotton from this level, under present conditions, as it will be some time before we will have to contend with the crop killer, and in the meantime it will take constant buying to hold prices above the 25 cent level for the new crop futures.

Vain Regrets

"Where have you been tonight?" she asked bitterly, as he sauntered in about eleven o'clock. "Was it business again this evening?"

He made no reply but sat down to the cold supper that was on the table.

"Ah, the difference in a short time!" she went on. "I have been trying to solace myself tonight by reading some of your love letters. Here is one," holding it up, "that you wrote one month before we were married; in this you say that you feel as if you could eat me. Oh, the affection, the passionate love expressed by those words! It is one month after marriage," she continued, beginning to weep pearly tears and to sob like the throb of a steamboat engine, "only one month after marriage, and now—"

"I wish to goodness I had!" mumbled the unfeeling brute, with his mouth full of ham.

A wounded Scotch ambulance driver had the misfortune to have his right arm blown off by a shell, which killed two of his mates on the same wagon. An old lady visited him in hospital and, in expressing sympathy, was met with the stoic retort: "It micht hae been waur, mum."

"Might have been worse, my poor, dear man! What could be worse than losing your good right hand—and your arm?"

"Oh, I micht hae had my wages in my hand!" replied the Scotsman.

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DECEMBER 31, 1917

Assets	\$63,314,948.04
Deposits	60,079,197.54
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,235,750.50
Employees' Pension Fund	272,914.25
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PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

A phrenologist, visiting a village, offered to examine anyone's bumps for a small sum. A burly blacksmith's helper said he would have his bumps examined, and, as he took his place, another man whispered in the phrenologist's ear:

"He's very fond of veal."

At this hint the phrenologist nodded gratefully. He then read the blacksmith's bumps, crediting him with all sorts of virtues, and finally he said in a loud positive voice:

"Now I come to your diet. Gents, if there is one thing in the world our subject dotes on it is veal. Why—"

But the sentence was never finished. The blacksmith rose suddenly and knocked the phrenologist down.

"What's it to do with you if I did steal a calf?" he cried.

Old Crusty—You ask for my daughter? Why, young man, at your present salary you could not even dress her.

Suitor—Oh, yes, sir; I could keep her in gloves.

Old Crusty—Gloves! What do you mean by that?

Suitor—Pardon me, sir; I only asked for her hand.

NOTICE OF SALE AT PUBLIC AUCTION

The Acme Hotel, 819 Mission street, San Francisco, will sell on the premises at Public Auction on May 17, 1918, commencing at 2 p. m., to the highest bidder, the following baggage to satisfy the indebtedness of the following named persons to the Acme Hotel:

Kleinert, G.,	Suitcase	Ellis, J. T.,	"
Long, W. F.,	"	Bolander, F.,	"
Hardy, E. J.,	"	Wilson, J. S.,	"
Erickson, J.,	2 Suitcases	Corlett, Y.,	"
Brand, J.,	Suitcase	Mastedict, S.,	"
Jackson, C.,	"	Cobb, Mrs.,	"
Brady, J.,	"	Hussey, E.,	"
Chatham, T.,	"	Mullen, H.,	"
Tuttle, H.,	"	Chase, M.,	"
Mackey, W.,	"	Potter, R.,	"
Austeman, P.,	"	Collins, E. C.,	"
Murphy, H.,	"	Lanagan, P.,	"
Budue, W.,	"	Walsh, H.,	"
Donohoe, H.,	"	Summerville, F.,	"
Muldoon, S.,	"	Baier, T.,	"
Collins, H.,	"	Fighey, T. A.,	"
Harris, W. J.,	"	Kane, H.,	"
Darling, G.,	"	Linehan, W. E.,	"
Corbell, J.,	"	Ward, J. B.,	"
Swan, C.,	"	Cello, R.,	"
Walsh, G.,	"		
Kirby, H.,	"	Sisson, C. E.,	Trunk
Schreits, F.,	"	Wright, B. H.,	"
Martin, S.,	"	Jackson, J. A.,	"
Dormer, T.,	"	Donnelly, G.,	"
Lyman, P.,	"	Corlett, H.,	"
Cochran, T.,	"	Hussey, E.,	"
Devitt, T.,	"	Mullen, H.,	"
Jackson, I. C.,	"	McDonald, W. S.,	"
Linehan, W.,	"	Collins, J. F.,	"
Huber, C.,	"	Kramer, Miss,	"
Cregin, H.,	"	Robinson, R.,	"
Noyes, S.,	"	Wimberley, H.,	"
Langfinberg, V.,	"	Madden, F.,	"
O'Connell, T.,	"	Andrews, C.,	"
Dayton, G.,	"	Thomas, F.,	"
Daley, F.,	"	Agard, H.,	"
Dunn, T.,	"	Sweet, F.,	"
Hart, W. T.,	"	Gunsen, S.,	"
Race, E. E.,	"	Miller, F.,	"
Reimer, H.,	"	Woods, Jas.,	"

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 24230, N. S.; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the matter of the estate of JOHANNA HENNEBERY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned JOHN JOSEPH SHEERIN, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of JOHANNA HENNEBERY, deceased, to all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of said JOHANNA HENNEBERY, deceased, at the office of John J. Barrett, Esq., Room 1906 Hobart Building, No. 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said last named office the undersigned Executor selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHANNA HENNEBERY, deceased.

JOHN JOSEPH SHEERIN,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of
Johanna Hennebery, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, April 13th, 1918.
JOHN J. BARRETT,
Attorney for said Executor,
Room 1906 Hobart Bldg.,
No. 582 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LORENZA MOTRONI, deceased.—No. 24155; Department No. Ten (10).

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of LORENZA MOTRONI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Joseph A. Brown, Room 912 Chronicle Building, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LORENZA MOTRONI, deceased.

SUSIE PARENTE,

Administratrix of the estate of Lorenza Motroni, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 13th, 1918.

JOSEPH A. BROWN,
Attorney for the Estate,
Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-13-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 86,476; Dept. No. 15.

FRANCESCA W. HATCH, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES ALFRED HATCH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CHARLES ALFRED HATCH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of Plaintiff and Defendant's willful neglect of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of December, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
WM. M. SIMS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
612-614 Crocker Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 24285, Dept. No. 9.

Estate of MARIA LARRE', deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of MARIA LARRE', deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARIE LARRE', deceased.

MADELEINE LABARTHE,
Administratrix of the Estate of MARIA LARRE', deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 27, A. D. 1918.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, California. 4-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LILLIAN REED JOHNS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ALEXANDER McCULLOCH, Administrator of the estate of LILLIAN REED JOHNS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at the office of Tobin & Tobin, Hibernia Bank Building, Jones and McAllister Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LILLIAN REED JOHNS, deceased.

ALEXANDER McCULLOCH,
Administrator of the estate of Lillian Reed Johns, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, March 30, 1918.
TOBIN & TOBIN,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Hibernia Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-30-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 88770, SHIGETOSHI SAIKI, Plaintiff, vs. KIYOE SAIKI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

D. K. SEIBERT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: KIYOE SAIKI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of April, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

D. K. SEIBERT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-13-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 88832; Dept. No. 7.

IDA M. ESTES, Plaintiff, vs. EDWIN H. ESTES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: EDWIN H. ESTES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful neglect; also for general relief as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3rd day of April, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
ALFRED B. LAWSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 87565, CARRIE MARCUS, Plaintiff, vs. BERT ROLAND MARCUS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: BERT ROLAND MARCUS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful neglect of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of February, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
ALEXANDER McCULLOCH,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Hibernia Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-23-10

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—A certain element in Wall Street have made up their minds because the market has held during all the adverse foreign news, that we are in for a bull market, no matter what war conditions are, and they are preparing themselves for an advance in stocks. They argue, and rightly so, that business conditions are the best in years; that the government is in accord with big business; is in accord with labor; corporations are earning the biggest money in their history and they are stronger in a cash position than ever before; that good dividends are assured and that the country is adjusting itself to a long war. If the latter is true, we can have a considerable rise in prices. The country is more alive to its responsibility than it ever has been. Securities are well held. Every condition, except that of the war, makes for higher prices, but that one condition is so vital that it keeps most of the former active trading element out of the market. The buying we spoke of in Steel a week ago is showing its effect. The improvement in Leather stocks is due to the great change in trade conditions. Hides have been selling at an extremely low price, and the companies have been able to adjust themselves and still maintain good earnings, and a strong cash position. This group looks especially attractive. Copper shares were in good demand, with Inspiration copper taking the lead. This class of stocks is selling too low considering the dividends being paid, and on any favorable news regarding higher prices for the metal, this class of stocks should sell much higher. Steel stocks were strong, led by the big corporation. The general feeling seems to be that U. S. Steel Common will pay their regular dividend and the usual \$3 extra for this quarter. Oil stocks were higher, and as the shortage of oil is becoming acute, more favorable legislation is expected that will increase the production. Railroad shares are dull and inactive with the exception of Reading. Every little while rumor has it that this company is on the verge of distributing some of its assets acquired from its coal holdings, to its stockholders. The market acts very well all things considered, and with the Liberty Loan out of the way, money rates will ease up, and this will be a factor in making for higher prices.

Cotton—Trading Cotton the past week was on a large scale, and prices fluctuated within a range of about \$15 per bale. Selling was fast and furious at times, and sales were made at wide differences in price. At the decline trade interests would come in the market as buyers, and bring about sharp recoveries, which were immediately followed by large selling orders from the old bull party who were said to be

liquidating. The market zig-zagged for a time, but finally recovered half of its decline on private advices from the New England Mills that they would book further large orders from the Government next week, but the advance did not last, and another wave of selling took place on news that a price fixing conference would be held soon. It would not appear unreasonable that the Government should want to limit what it must pay for cotton goods. The market for manufactured cotton goods has developed into a runaway affair. There appears to be no top to it, which naturally would provoke adverse comment in Government circles, as Uncle Sam will require vastly more cotton goods to fill army requirements. Just at present the margin of profit on Cotton goods must be large, for the market is far above parity with raw cotton, in spite of the recent rise of the latter. It is natural to suppose that a fixed price on cloth would tend to check the advance in spots, but it would not necessarily mean that the price of this too would be fixed. The South is unanimously opposed to fixing the price of the raw Cotton. General rains in all sections of the Cotton belt has put the ground in excellent condition, and reports of an increase in acreage seem to bear out the early prediction made by one of the private statisticians, of a ten per cent. increase in acreage. We can see no good in trying to bull cotton from this level, under present conditions, as it will be some time before we will have to contend with the crop killer, and in the meantime it will take constant buying to hold prices above the 25 cent level for the new crop futures.

Vain Regrets

"Where have you been tonight?" she asked bitterly, as he sauntered in about eleven o'clock. "Was it business again this evening?"

He made no reply but sat down to the cold supper that was on the table.

"Ah, the difference in a short time!" she went on. "I have been trying to solace myself tonight by reading some of your love letters. Here is one," holding it up, "that you wrote one month before we were married; in this you say that you feel as if you could eat me. Oh, the affection, the passionate love expressed by those words! It is one month after marriage," she continued, beginning to weep pearly tears and to sob like the throb of a steamboat engine, "only one month after marriage, and now—"

"I wish to goodness I had!" mumbled the unfeeling brute, with his mouth full of ham.

A wounded Scotch ambulance driver had the misfortune to have his right arm blown off by a shell, which killed two of his mates on the same wagon. An old lady visited him in hospital and, in expressing sympathy, was met with the stoic retort: "It micht hae been waur, mum."

"Might have been worse, my poor, dear man! What could be worse than losing your good right hand—and your arm?"

"Oh, I micht hae had my wages in my hand!" replied the Scotsman.

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Commercial
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OVER \$10,000,000.00



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(THE GERMAN BANK)

Savings Incorporated 1868 Commercial
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Member of the Associated Savings Banks
of San Francisco

The following Branches for Receipt and Payment of Deposits only:

MISSION BRANCH
S. E. Corner of Mission and Twenty-first Streets
RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH
S. W. Corner Clement and Seventh Avenue
HAIGHT STREET BRANCH
S. W. Corner Haight and Belvedere

DECEMBER 31, 1917

Assets	\$63,314,948.04
Deposits	60,079,197.54
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,235,750.50
Employees' Pension Fund	272,914.25
Number of Depositors	63,907

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.

For the six months ending December 31, 1917, a dividend to depositors of 4% per annum was declared.



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UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

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LOS ANGELES

PASADENA

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PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

A phrenologist, visiting a village, offered to examine anyone's bumps for a small sum. A burly blacksmith's helper said he would have his bumps examined, and, as he took his place, another man whispered in the phrenologist's ear:

"He's very fond of veal."

At this hint the phrenologist nodded gratefully. He then read the blacksmith's bumps, crediting him with all sorts of virtues, and finally he said in a loud positive voice:

"Now I come to your diet. Gents, if there is one thing in the world our subject dotes on it is veal. Why—"

But the sentence was never finished. The blacksmith rose suddenly and knocked the phrenologist down.

"What's it to do with you if I did steal a calf?" he cried.

Old Crusty—You ask for my daughter? Why, young man, at your present salary you could not even dress her.

Suitor—Oh, yes, sir; I could keep her in gloves.

Old Crusty—Gloves! What do you mean by that?

Suitor—Pardon me, sir; I only asked for her hand.

NOTICE OF SALE AT PUBLIC AUCTION

The Acme Hotel, 819 Mission street, San Francisco, will sell on the premises at Public Auction on May 17, 1918, commencing at 2 p. m., to the highest bidder, the following baggage to satisfy the indebtedness of the following named persons to the Acme Hotel:

Kleinert, G.,	Suitcase	Ellis, J. T.,	"
Long, W. F.	"	Bolander, F.,	"
Hardy, E. J.,	"	Wilson, J. S.,	"
Erickson, J.,	2 Suitcases	Corlett, Y.,	"
Brand, J.,	Suitcase	Mastedict, S.,	"
Jackson, C.,	"	Cobb, Mrs.,	"
Brady, J.,	"	Hussey, E.,	"
Chatham, T.,	"	Mullen, H.,	"
Tuttle, H.,	"	Chase, M.,	"
Mackey, W.,	"	Potter, R.,	"
Austeman, P.,	"	Collins, E. C.,	"
Murphy, H.,	"	Lanagan, P.,	"
Budue, W.,	"	Walsh, H.,	"
Donohoe, H.,	"	Summerville, F.,	"
Muldoon, S.,	"	Baier, T.,	"
Collins, H.,	"	Fighey, T. A.,	"
Harris, W. J.,	"	Kane, H.,	"
Darling, G.,	"	Linchan, W. E.,	"
Corbell, J.,	"	Ward, J. B.,	"
Swan, C.,	"	Crello, R.,	"
Walsh, G.,	"		
Kirby, H.,	"	Sisson, C. E.,	Trunk
Schreifs, F.,	"	Wright, B. H.,	"
Martin, S.,	"	Jackson, J. A.,	"
Dormer, T.,	"	Donnelly, G.,	"
Lyman, P.,	"	Corlett, H.,	"
Cochran, T.,	"	Hussey, E.,	"
Devitt, T.,	"	Mullen, H.,	"
Jackson, I. C.,	"	McDonald, W. S.,	"
Linehan, W.,	"	Collins, J. F.,	"
Huber, C.,	"	Kramer, Miss,	"
Cregin, H.,	"	Robinson, R.,	"
Noyes, S.,	"	Wimberley, H.,	"
Langfinberg, V.,	"	Madden, F.,	"
O'Connell, T.,	"	Andrews, C.,	"
Dayton, G.,	"	Thomas, F.,	"
Daley, F.,	"	Agard, H.,	"
Dunn, T.,	"	Sweet, F.,	"
Hart, W. T.,	"	Gunsen, S.,	"
Race, E. E.,	"	Miller, F.,	"
Reimer, H.,	"	Woods, Jas.,	"

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 24230, N. S.; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the matter of the estate of JOHANNA HENNEBERY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned JOHN JOSEPH SHEERIN, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of JOHANNA HENNEBERY, deceased, to all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of said JOHANNA HENNEBERY, deceased, at the office of John J. Barrett, Esq., Room 1906 Hobart Building, No. 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said last named office the undersigned Executor selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHANNA HENNEBERY, deceased.

JOHN JOSEPH SHEERIN,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of
Johanna Hennebery, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, April 13th, 1918.
JOHN J. BARRETT,
Attorney for said Executor,
Room 1906 Hobart Bldg.,
No. 582 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LORENZA MOTRONI, deceased.—No. 24155; Department No. Ten (10).

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of LORENZA MOTRONI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Joseph A. Brown, Room 912 Chronicle Building, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LORENZA MOTRONI, deceased.

SUSIE PARENTE,
Administratrix of the estate of Lorenza Motroni,
deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 13th, 1918.

JOSEPH A. BROWN,
Attorney for the Estate,
Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-13-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 86,476; Dept. No. 15.

FRANCESCA W. HATCH, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES ALFRED HATCH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CHARLES ALFRED HATCH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of Plaintiff and Defendant's willful neglect of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of December, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
WM. M. SIMS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
612-614 Crocker Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 24285, Dept. No. 9.

Estate of MARIA LARRE', deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of MARIA LARRE', deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARIE LARRE', deceased.

MADELEINE LABARTHE,
Administratrix of the Estate of MARIA LARRE',
deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 27, A. D. 1918.
A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, California. 4-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LILLIAN REED JOHNS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned ALEXANDER McCULLOCH, Administrator of the estate of LILLIAN REED JOHNS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at the office of Tobin & Tobin, Hibernia Bank Building, Jones and McAllister Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LILLIAN REED JOHNS, deceased.

ALEXANDER McCULLOCH,
Administrator of the estate of Lillian Reed Johns,
deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, March 30, 1918.
TOBIN & TOBIN,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Hibernia Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-30-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 88770. SHIGETOSHI SAIKI, Plaintiff, vs. KIYOE SAIKI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

D. K. SEIBERT, Attorney for Plaintiff.
The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: KIYOE SAIKI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of April, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

D. K. SEIBERT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-13-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 88832; Dept. No. 7.

IDA M. ESTES, Plaintiff, vs. EDWIN H. ESTES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: EDWIN H. ESTES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful neglect; also for general relief as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3rd day of April, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
ALFRED B. LAWSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 87565. CARRIE MARCUS, Plaintiff, vs. BERT ROLAND MARCUS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: BERT ROLAND MARCUS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful neglect of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of February, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
ALEXANDER McCULLOCH,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Hibernia Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-23-10

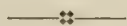
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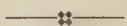
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

NOTICE TO THE READER: When you have finished reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employe, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers and sailors at the front. No wrapping—no address.

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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, MAY 4, 1918

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88 First St., Cor. Mission, San Francisco

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXII

San Francisco-Oakland, May 4, 1918

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Dangerous Open Mouth

We hear a great deal of complaint these days regarding the spread of unfounded yarns about the war and the part the Administration is playing. So much in evidence is the Open Mouth that Rumor is constantly on the wing startling and affrighting, and it is often impossible to differentiate German propaganda intended to make people unnecessarily apprehensive from merely home-made misrepresentation, which may be nothing more than idle gossip. The Open Mouth ought to be closed. But much more effective is the free circulation of truth! Of course a certain amount of secrecy is required in the interest of the nation, but what we need above all things is confidence in the men whose energies are emphasized in the essential business at hand. But what are our leaders doing to inspire confidence? This is a time when authoritative assurance is very much in demand. The absence of it is unfortunate. Meanwhile each individual may do his duty by refraining from giving impetus or circulation to mere rumor.

* * *

The Evil of Shortages

On the whole our business men are doing very well in this great war. Big business in general is winning applause for its patriotism. It is proving itself capable of fine self-sacrifice, but it would be a mistake to find fault only with Labor. There is selfishness on both sides of the fence that separates Capital from Labor, and when we consider the case of Capital and Labor impartially we are inclined to say that the demagogue is not always in error in making his class distinctions. He is only futile, for when he is right he does not win credence; he yells "Wolf" too often; we do not take his word for it that a man is a profiteer. But the man himself may confirm suspicion, as may be the case now

when we read big ads in the papers telling us of the small profits of big packers. It is hard to believe that men have been secretly in a combine to prevent the crippling of a big industry rather than to make big profits. And so it is better to give publicity to these things before the case gets into court. After the exposure the man in the street winks the other eye. Of course it is true that if farmers are paid more for live stock consumers will necessarily pay more for meat, but is it not to the general interest to be informed of an enterprise by which farmers were not permitted to have fair dealing with packers? The general sentiment is that the producer should get a square deal, else he might quit producing. This is true of producers of everything marketable from ore to fruit. We had a shortage of coal in this country because the price of coal was fixed so low that it ceased to be worth while to mine that ore. Now this may be true of other commodities. And these are bad days for shortages of any kind. We need all we can get of most everything, and it will make the people mad to learn that rich men are controlling a market for a sinister purpose.

* * *

The Affair at Zeebrugge

So scant is the information vouchsafed us about the war these days that most of our reading is between the lines. As a consequence we are perhaps often mistaken; very often if we rely on the headlines which are usually written by optimists for American consumption. The headlines are often misleading, as may be learned by reading the matter beneath. Even the so-called "official story" of the raid on Zeebrugge was far from informing. True, the story is "like romance," as we are told, but what about the achievement from the military viewpoint? It is a story of great bravery, like the story of Hobson's famous adventure with the Merrimac, but it would be interesting to know whether the desired object was accomplished, whether the loss was justified by the deed. However, heroism in itself is worth while. It lays the foundation for valuable tradition, and after all, tradition though an enormous magnifier is a heritage that inspires great service.

* * *

Austria, Down and Out

It is interesting to observe at this juncture of the war with all its strange vicissitudes that as a proud empire Austria is vanished and forgotten if not down and

out. The memory of her is almost as saddening as the recollection of the poignant sufferings of Serbia. Yet most of us think of Austria only as the partner in crime of Germany. True she was a great criminal, but she is paying the penalty of her crimes and she is as detestable in the public mind as Germany herself. What has it profited her to serve as the catspaw of Prussia in Europe and a scapegoat in America. There are signs that she is repining, but there is no sympathy for Austria. Did she not serve the ultimatum that precipitated the war? Was she not ostensibly the author of the miserable pretext that plunged the world into strife. This is the obvious conclusion, but now that we are more familiar with the fiend of Berlin than when the Kaiser was posing as the world's greatest pacifist we may be inclined to take a far different view of the matter. Poor, degenerate Austria, she may have been no less a victim of Prussian diabolism than Belgium or Serbia or Russia! Surely it requires no great stretch of the imagination to regard Austria as the victim of the kind of deception in which Bismarck instructed the Kaiser before the pilot was cast overboard. According to Prince Lichnowsky's diagnosis of Austria's part in the drift toward war Berlin invariably seconded Austria, and Vienna, though a subordinant ally was taught to be an exacting partner who in every emergency claimed the unflinching backing of Berlin and always got it. Thus Vienna appeared as the aggressive element in every crisis, notably so in the conference of Algeiras when the Kaiser patted the Austrian monarch on the back because he showed himself "a brilliant second." Today Austria, thoroughly discredited, is virtually dead among the nations of the earth. The old gang has been ignominiously driven from power but the new, while equally subservient to Berlin, are obviously eager to break away yet afraid to be without the support of the German militarists. Once concerned wholly about the Balkans and fearful of the Panrussian menace, they are now weary of war and pathetically fighting for peace. No wonder; there has been no glory in the war for Austria. The Austrians were defeated by Serbia, they were slaughtered by Russians and they have not even been given the credit of the Italian victory. No longer are they ambitious of dominating the Balkans, but they would welcome disarmament because it might free them from the malign power of Berlin. Austria that furnished the pre-

text for war may yet hasten the coming of peace. Almost any old terms would be satisfactory.

★ ★ ★

Lichnowsky's Memorandum

When Prince Lichnowsky's papers first appeared in print they were thought to be a fake, but now it is known they are genuine, a fact that even Germany does not dispute. Prince Lichnowsky has the distinction of being the first German to admit that his country was wrong. The story of his papers is one that gives Germans generally much food for thought, which it might be well for them to avail themselves of. But in Germany they prefer to dismiss the subject with the remark that the Prince is a dotard. They seem not shrewd enough to study to advantage the lesson that the whole story affords. Admitting that Lichnowsky is a dotard, or an ass what are we to think of a nation that has been served by so many asses as have been made known to us since Bernstorff was exposed and Bopp imprisoned? Is this the nation of supermen intent on ruling the world? It is a nation extremely proud of its efficiency, yet its most notable products, aside from its soldiers, who are driven to slaughter like sheep, are men like the Kaiser and the Crown Prince and the many diplomats like Luxburg and Lichnowsky who have been making their countrymen blush incessantly ever since the scrap of paper incident. Now Lichnowsky is hardly to be described as a dotard. In the closing days of his embassy in London he drew up a memorandum for future reference, and had a few copies printed for circulation among his friends. This was certainly an imprudent thing to do, but it is not odd for a German to have a childlike trust in his countrymen. The violation of the trust in this instance by some one who sent a copy of the paper to Stockholm is pronounced by Lichnowsky "an unparalleled breach of confidence."

From the German standpoint it was a frightful breach of confidence, but nevertheless it appeared in the newspapers. And it is an indictment of Germany which historians will accept as conclusive. It made the Kaiser so angry that the Prince was deprived of his ambassadorial rank.

★ ★ ★

Vice on the Somme

The open brothel is once more the subject of active, and at times bitter, discussion in Europe. This is a subject, with its kindred issues of disease and depravity, about which men find it difficult to be calmly reasonable. Most of them are cocksure, like Paul Smith, who would end prostitution with a cat-o'-nine-tails; others are merely hypocritical like Mr. Macpherson, the M. P. who when the question of the brothels frequented by British soldiers in France was raised by Mr. Lees-Smith the other day, described it as a very unsavory and malodorous subject to discuss on the floor of the House of Commons. His words appear to be applicable rather to public lavatories than to women. He is a kind of Paul Smith. Now the higher the ideal conceived of men and women, the more horrible does the subject seem. It is the degradation of perhaps the most essential emotion in human nature, but the pharisees who would dismiss it as unsavory and malodorous forget the age in which they live, and the reformers who would end it with a display of police power blind themselves to unpleasant truths that are not to be cultivated in a Fool's Paradise in time of war. These are days of Royal Commissions appointed to diminish physical perils and to discuss venereal diseases that man may be strong and man-power capable of rescuing civilization. It would be well for the world if during this brief and brutish period the common effects of vice were considered in all their forms and

diminished for the benefit of the more spiritual life. It is neither decent, nor humane, nor religious, nor possible, to keep silence, but there is no necessity of making the subject a common topic of parlor discussion or discussing it intimately anywhere outside the halls of legislation and the laboratories of scientific research and endeavor. Nor should temper be spent in its discussion. As to ministers of religion they should certainly consider it with a view to improving the spiritual life, for the essential emotion involved is one of spiritual tenderness and transfiguring power that has been known to persist even in brothels. The persistence of the vice is illustrated in the case discussed by Macpherson. This is the case of a brothel opened at Cayeux-sue-mer Somme some weeks before the big drive. There were fifteen women in the house subject to regulation by the authorities of France. These fifteen women met 360 men a day, and the authorities of the municipality justify its existence as it was opened close to a convalescent camp for some thousands of Englishmen, and it is thought to be preferable to the clandestine prostitution that is going on everywhere. The objection to it is not on account of the morals of any nation's soldiers but because the hygienic restrictions are a failure, as they must necessarily be, all things considered, but if they are even a tenth of one per cent effective there is something to be said in the establishment's favor from the military standpoint, and this appears to be the main consideration in time of war. That we must go beyond the mere interests of health is of course a fact that should be generally recognized. Prostitution is one of the vices of war, but one of the objects of war is the virtue of peace and when peace comes it will be to the credit of mankind to tame the most powerful of natural and transforming human passions.

Ypres

By Laurence Binyon

She was a city of patience; of proud name
Dimmed by neglecting Time; of beauty and loss;
Of acquiescence in the creeping moss.
But on a sudden fierce destruction came
Tigerishly pouncing: thunderbolt and flame
Showered on her streets, to shatter them and toss
Her ancient towers in ashes. Riven across,
She rose, dead, into never-dying fame.

White against heavens of storm, a ghost, she is known
To the world's ends. The myriads of the brave
Sleep round her. Desolately glorified,
She, moon-like, draws her own far-moving tide
Of sorrow and memory; toward her, each alone,
Glide the dark Dreams that seek an English grave.

Varied Types

375—K. C. B.

By Edward F. O'Day

"What was the origin of your stunt?" I asked Kenneth C. Beaton, better known far and wide as K. C. B.

"I was working on the Scripps paper in Seattle," answered the popular humorist, "at the time that an eccentric judge, now dead, was waging war on the soapbox orators. It was at the beginning of the I. W. W. disturbances, and the affair was serious enough. But the Seattle jail was being crammed with street-corner agitators and the militant judge was every day saying the most ridiculous things from the bench. Nobody seemed to see the humorous side of the situation. One day, having nothing else to do, I sat down in the office of the Scripps paper and wrote a little squib about this judge. I wrote it in short lines with dashes in between. There was a lot about 'nuts' in it, and there were a few cuss words. I pasted it on the bulletin board for the other fellows to read. Some of them got a laugh out of it.

"There was a little bit of a youngster on the paper who was just emerging from office boy to cub reporter. I had given him his job as office boy, so I was his hero. He thought everything I did was right, and that I was the greatest writer in the world. He read my squib with the rest, and then came to me and said:

"Mr. Beaton, you ought to publish that in the paper."

"The thought of publishing it had never occurred to me. But some of the other fellows heard the suggestion and approved. So I took my squib down from the bulletin board and rewrote it, eliminating the cuss words. We gave it the heading 'The Town in Review,' borrowed from Beau Broadway of the New York Telegraph. We put it in 'the pink edition.' It was the off season for sports, and 'the pink' was only selling about three hundred copies. Just the same we heard from that squib. Next day I wrote another, and another the day following. The circulation of 'the pink' began to climb. The circulation department got unexpected orders for 'the pink' from nearby cities, with letters saying that there was a demand for my stuff. In a short time the circulation of 'the pink' had reached twelve hundred. The stuff became the feature of the sporting edition.

"One day the editor of the Post-Intelligencer, the conservative morning paper of Seattle, sent for me and offered me a chance to write my feature for his paper. I told him that if he'd let me write my column and the dramatic criticism for the P.-I., and pay me the salary I named, I'd come. He agreed. We changed the name to 'Ye Towne Gossippe,' and from a number of tentative sketches selected the picture of the man in the stocks. One day I had occasion to end my column with the words 'I thank you.' The cartoonist on the P.-I. suggested that this be accompanied by a picture of me tipping my hat. He drew the little picture, and from that time the little man and the words 'I thank you' became a feature of the column.

"All this time my column had been facetious, humorous, jocular. It took nothing seriously. I am sentimental and like to write pathos, sad stuff—all that sort of thing—but I never dreamed of doing it in my column. But one night I went to see the play of 'Little Women,' and like everybody else in the audience I cried. Next day I took 'Little Women' for the subject of my column, and before I knew it I was

sounding the sentimental note. I told how I had cried the night before, and although I had meant to laugh at myself for doing so I found instead that I was harking back to the old home and the sad sweet memories 'Little Women' evoked. I just let myself go, writing as I felt. When I had finished I put the article in my pocket, and wrote another in the usual 'kidding' vein for the paper. When I went home that night I read my 'Little Women' stuff to my wife, and it made her cry. She said it was the best thing I had ever done. So the next day I used it in the paper. The editor told me it made his wife and himself cry when they read it at breakfast. Other people praised it. That is how the sob got into my column. I soon discovered that if you can make people smile a little and cry a little you make a much stronger appeal to them than by jocularly. The discovery pleased me down to the ground because, as I have said, I am naturally sentimental and simply love to write that sort of thing. From that time on I wrote just as I felt. If I felt jocular I wrote that way. If I felt sentimental my column reflected the mood.

"Then I discovered that I could do good in a practical way through my column by appealing to the kind-hearted to assist people in distress or to bring a little sunshine into shadowed lives. That discovery did more for the popularity of my column than anything else. Nothing helped me so much in San Francisco as the day at the Exposition I arranged for crippled children."

"What was the manner of your coming to San Francisco?"

"One day the Seattle representative of the Hearst papers came to me and said that Mr. Robert wanted me to join the staff of the San Francisco Examiner. I liked Seattle and so did my wife, and besides, I was not so sure that I could make good in San Francisco. I said no. About a month later Gilbert Weigle of the Examiner phoned to me, saying that Mr. Robert had sent him to Seattle to offer me a contract. I told him over the phone that my first decision stood, but that I would gladly do him the courtesy of talking the matter over, only I was that moment leaving for a week-end fishing trip. He asked if he could see me Monday when I returned. Of course. When I returned Monday I found a letter on my desk asking me to come to New York and write my column for the Wheeler Syndicate. And Weigle submitted a contract for the Examiner. Up to that moment my wife and I were so far from planning to leave Seattle that we were in the midst of moving to a larger apartment. I went home to find my wife in the midst of our dismantled furniture, and showed her the contracts.

"We can't afford to ignore both of them," I told her. "Which shall it be, New York or San Francisco?"

"My wife had a good cry. Then we decided for San Francisco."

No need to tell of K. C. B.'s instant success in San Francisco. No local feature writer I know of ever duplicated that immediate conquest. It was inevitable that K. C. B. should be called to New York headquarters to write for all the Hearst papers. There too he has made good. It looks as though New York has adopted him. When we had this talk for publication he was here for a visit only. New York was slower to recognize K. C. B. than San Francisco had been.

But his success was a solid one just the same.

"According to Carvalho," he said, "my column is the best circulation-getter the Journal has."

"You spent some time in Boston," I said. "How did Boston receive you?"

"Mr. Hearst had bought the Advertiser for its Associated Press franchise," said K. C. B. "He asked me to go to Boston and write my column for the Advertiser. It is one of the oldest papers and the most conservative in the world. Mr. Hearst did not change it in any way, except to introduce my stuff as the sole feature. Immediately half the subscribers quit. Whether any of the rest read my stuff I don't know. But I don't think they did. My wife and were at the Copley-Plaza. Every morning a man used to come to breakfast with the Advertiser in his hand. He sat where we could watch him, and we used to look to see if he'd read my stuff. He never even glanced at it. Ordinarily I get about twenty letters a day, sometimes more. I didn't get a single letter in Boston. I met lots of people in Boston, but not a soul ever connected me with the stuff in the Advertiser. I never once heard it mentioned in conversation. Finally I made up my mind that I'd stay in Boston till I got one letter showing that somebody had read me. It came at the end of three weeks, and I went back to New York."

I don't think K. C. B. likes New York as well as San Francisco. But he has had many pleasant experiences there. He has been an honored guest at many dinners, and has heard all the after-dinner spellbinders. He says Patrick Francis Murphy is the best of them all, thereby confirming a statement Dudley Field Malone made to me a long time ago.

"But there isn't a man in New York," says K. C. B. "competent to cross swords with Larry Harris."

He told me of a dinner given to half a score hand picked humorists, himself among the number.

"It was the deadliest dinner I ever attended," he said. "We were all down for speeches and were all expected to be funny. We were the most melancholy looking guests of honor you ever saw, and our talks were all rotten—all except Roy McCardell's. He was good. He poked fun at the idea of the dinner, and was the only one who made anybody laugh. Finally he said that humor and humorists didn't interest him any more, that moving pictures were engaging his attention.

"I have some ideas," he said, "that will revolutionize the moving picture game. For instance. You have all seen movies in which there is a wife who expects to become a mother. How is her approaching maternity indicated? Invariably in one way. She is seated in a rocking chair sewing on a baby's shirt. That's all wrong. Expectant mothers don't make baby shirts any more, they buy them ready made. I shall change all that. In my moving picture you will see the expectant mother, and she will be sitting in the usual rocking chair. There will be a knock at the door, properly indicated by a man in the orchestra. The expectant mother will say, 'Come in!' And then Margaret Sanger will enter with an armful of birth control literature. And the expectant mother will exclaim, 'Too late!'"

Perspective Impressions

Beer has gone up, so naturally less of it will go down.

It seems that Hindenburg bit off more than he could masticate. All the mistakes are not on the Allies' side.

Now we're asked to eat more potatoes. The danger is that if we do eat more they'll institute a potatoless day.

Won't it be a great ad for San Francisco: "The only city in the world with four car tracks on its principal street?"

We're going to have an ordinance compelling us to cross Market street at the corners. But even an ordinance won't make some of us risk crossing four tracks.

It would be well for some folks to remember what Kipling remarked long ago that soldiers are not "plaster saints," but "single men in barracks very much like you or me."

What has become of the old-fashioned girl who wore cotton stockings?

You may call it Liberty cabbage, but it will always taste like sauerkraut.

How is our Hetch Hetchy project getting along?

Pretty soon the right side of Market street won't know what the left side is doing.

This is a time when the credentials of lecturers ought to be scanned carefully.

The Senate has passed the Overman bill. Everybody knew the Senate would pass it. Even the Senate knew it. And yet there was talk, and talk, and talk.

If Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington were an American woman agitating in Great Britain instead of an Irish woman agitating in the United States, how many speeches would they let her make?

We welcome Lichnowsky to the ranks of our Allies.

Some people are just discovering Ypres. A little later they'll learn with surprise that it isn't pronounced the way it looks.

It is interesting to learn that somebody captured Hill 60. But where is it and what relation does it bear to Hill 59 or the rest of the front?

If Germany wants the job of colonizing Russia why interfere? It's a pretty big job and by this time the Russians are pretty well acquainted with the Huns.

So the newspaper publishers would like the zone mail law postponed until after the war! But all the laws that affect other folk the publishers are willing to have rushed through right now, and for advertising Liberty Loans they will conduct a special publicity campaign at so much an inch. They are all good patriots.

Down a Road

By Bart Kennedy

There is a road round here that I like above all others. It is rather narrow, and there is not much traffic on it. As a matter of fact, it is a by-road.

It is not what you would call well kept. The road-menders bother with it very little. But that is all the better when considered from the walking point of view. Well kept roads are too hard on the feet.

This road is always easy and springy. No jar comes to you as you heel-and-toe along it. In a way, it almost carries you along of itself.

Of course, in wet weather it is apt to be a bit soggy. But that is nothing. You can't have everything in this imperfect world. And, besides, this road really is perfect—for walking.

It winds beautifully. There is about it no long, straight, hard stretch that gives a jar to the eye. In the beginning it was doubtless a trail through a great, thick forest. A trail made by the foot of man long, long before the Romans came here to Kent.

As I go along down it, I have a fancy that it is in a way much as it was thousands upon thousands of years ago. It would be narrower then, of course, but it would run in the same direction. And it would be more of a road of adventure.

I don't know, though. Things might happen upon it now that would equal anything that happened in the days when immense and awful animals lived in the forest through which it wound its way. An enemy aeroplane—flying so high that the eye could scarce see it—might turn out to be more terrible than any air-monster of tens of thousands of years ago. I wonder what a very ancient Briton would think of an aeroplane?

I try to picture this person to myself as I go down my road. I say, my road, because I feel it to be mine. I feel as if I had always known it—as if I had known it perhaps in some other state of being. And who is there to say

that this may not have been so? Life is too mysterious a business for anyone to be ultra-positive concerning it. Yes, I may have gone down this road before. I may indeed have gone down it as a very ancient Briton.

Sometimes I go along it at dead of night. And then it is that I feel that there is conceivably something in the ancient Briton idea. For I imagine that all kinds of vast, weird things are following me. It is as if faint memories of memories were awakened within me. Hard-headed people will say that this is all imaginative nonsense. But experience has shown me that hard-headed people don't know it all. Indeed, I am inclined to think that they know less in this connection than do people whose heads are not so hard.

However, be this as it may, I feel that weird things are about when I go down this road at dead of night.

But the time I like best in it is the afternoon. It lies west-sou'-west, and full upon it comes the golden light of the sun when it is near to going down. Most beautiful then is the road. It is filled with soft golden shining. As I go easily along, I feel that life is a gift glorious and wonderful.

I am quite sure that the small dwellers of the hedges along the road know me, and know me well. For I have gone regularly down it now for a long time. And the dwellers of the hedges notice what goes on just as we do. They gossip about the happenings of the day just as do human beings. When I get to a certain tree there is always a chattering of the birds that make it their station. I am sure that they discuss me most critically. And about a dozen yards past that tree there is a robin who sits upon the fence, and who looks me up and down in a rather contemptuous manner. I know this robin well. I must have seen him now at least a hundred times.

There is a pool by the left side of the road

where lives a water-vole. He sees me, too, for he gives a plop! into the water as soon as I get near. He is a most careful and cautious person. I have only seen him once. But I always hear him plop!

Last week, as I was on my usual way, a stoat crossed my path. He was carrying something in his mouth. What it was I couldn't make out. I am not fond of stoats, and I moved as quickly as I could towards him. But he managed to save himself.

It is not very often that carts go along this road. And that pleases me. For I like to feel that it is as nearly mine as may be.

Sometimes I meet an old, bent man coming along it. He must be pretty well eighty, but he is quite all there. He bids me the time of day in a mellow musical voice, and passes on his way. Though I know him very well by sight, I don't know who he is. He does some light work on a farm near by, I believe.

I shall be awfully sorry when I leave this place. For then I shall no longer be able to go down this road. I shall go away, and in all likelihood I shall never see it again.

Well, such is the way of things. Such is life. We can't have things for ever. Though I am inclined to think that we may have them again after a certain lapse has gone by.

At least I hope that this may be so. For I would like to see certain things again—even after this lapse that we call death.

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Pomp and Circumstance

By H. M. Tomlinson

The Sergeant who stood with his wife and child near the guarded wicket gate to the outgoing Continental train in Victoria Station was like, it was easy to guess, so many of his fellows in Flanders. He was bronzed and stout; his wife thought how well he looked. The life seemed to suit him, as he had assured her it did. For months in his letters home he had been telling her, as you know, of the abundant jam in the life of a soldier, of the quaint behavior of pipsqueaks and woolley-bears, creatures never known before this war, which intrude into a community of dug-outs and make wild and dolorous cries. She knew, standing there with him after a short leave, how many things there were to keep a soldier entertained in the trenches and shelter-pits. One of her husband's comrades, as you may have learned from a letter published in that blithe and popular illustrated paper, the Daily Deflector, keeps a tame dove which sits on a sand-bag and babbles at the Germans. There was a photograph of the dove to prove it, and a legend beneath it so inane as to be quite uncensorable. Those delightful letters! So full of gaiety! Everybody reads them. I have written a number myself since that day at Victoria. Yet then, on that bright early morning, I was merely free to assume that war quite close was evidently within easy endurance after all. The drafts returning to the front were full of fun. The spectators, especially the ladies were quite amused. The ladies turned to look at them with smiling interest. Those dear charming fellows! This was heartening, for I was going into it myself. That London wicket gate through which I passed, following the Sergeant to the train, was my admittance. The Sergeant turned half-way down the length of the train, and looked back. His pale little wife, in her neat black dress, was gazing after him over the barrier with a fixed and expressionless stare, and as he turned, lifted high the child beside her, who waved both hands to daddy.

In the train, all that was really material in the newspapers was read by the time we got to Battersea Park, and the assurance was in each that with the exception of some artillery duels the Western front was quiet. Three young officers were in the compartment, and they discussed, in the dispassionate but expert manner of amateur gardeners once disputing of suburban roses in the morning train, varieties of bombs, and how to throw them.

From the Channel steamer the spacious and lucid world of the sea was empty of even the suggestion of evil. Inevitably we found the port for which we were bound, as the maritime English should, who take the sea for granted, and ask what their Navy is doing. That intricate cordon of guards, which makes the zone of war and all that is hidden there almost as distant and obscure as the North Polar region, made way for our motor-car without question. We could continue now till the Germans stopped us.

At the base the suggestion of near trouble was insistent. The sight of a hospital train with its freight of inert figures, and so much other casual evidence—regarded with fixed attention only by the newcomer—of forces in violent collision somewhere, was disturbing to one fresh from the calm resolution, the heroic vows, and high debates of London. Yet once outside the port, and past the last polite French sentry who

came from the shelter of a hut of straw by the wayside to where our car was stopped by a farm wagon drawn athwart the road, and we sank into silence and summer heat of a peace which was certainly more than an illusion. The white road diminished over the hills of an earth that was an easy assurance of the bland magnanimity of continuous days which could still be ours merely when our minds were right, and we willed them. The bowmen and knights of Edward III., and the host which Napoleon had assembled for our undoing, they had once occupied these hills, their minds as fixed as ours with important intents which dominated the petty concerns of their fellows, destroying their harvests; but what still persisted there were those transient summer clouds which they saw passing over their heads, and the scent of bean flowers. The hosts had gone, and their important and necessary designs were in limbo, but the rain shower they saw was still darkening the same hill as it came into our view. We smelt the wood-smoke from an invisible homestead as though there were a mild aromatic flame which could not be quenched. There was an inn a little retired under a walnut tree, with benches round its old red walls. Standing by the roadside near was a motor-bus venerable with dust, and some sunburnt men in dust-colored uniforms were idling near, so that even their rifles and packs could not prevent their merging into the immemorial nature of mid-summer. The hills about us were those of our own chalk country, dry and bright, with dark and heavy valleys in which hamlets were secretive; those lighted forms of familiar things in their enduring repose, to which the mind awakened, as in the gentle surprise of morning, from the dark and troubled dream of war. We seemed to have left war behind us at Victoria. There was the call of a yellowhammer, which somehow was always beside us on a telegraph wire in spite of our speed, as though a thought of our past accompanied us and made itself vocal, a persistent reminder of the eternity of summer noons.

We passed a long train of motor lorries parked by the roadside, their men asleep, or peeling potatoes, writing on up-turned boxes in the cramped interior of the wagons, or who were reading as we went by. Slender blue and white posts were set up in the cornlands here, sustaining wires which stretched across the country, the nerves of an alien and intricate organization which had been imposed upon it. We entered the one long street of a dull village. It seemed to be occupied mainly by our men, who were there alone with the children of the village, busy in their shirt-sleeves seemingly on long-established domestic duties. Brown cattle were grazing on a distant slope, and a windmill on the ridge over them was uplifted and inspired in stark simplicity, continuing its ancient toil, knowing no change. Past the mill, and almost over our road, a balloon was suspended from a cloud—a big black saveloy. It might have been a practical joke hung up for all the world to laugh it. A minor cloud suddenly formed beneath it, another above it, and both persisted. The black object became surrounded by balls of lurid smoke, and we heard dull reports like those of skyrockets. Our driver made a quick movement, and the car shot forward with more speed. "The next dose of shrapnel is due just about when we get beneath," said the officer in front,

turning round. I gazed up at the balloon; though I still felt that object was as remote from my concern as any other grotesque antiquity. Another little cloud shaped close to it before we arrived, and chance gave what was intended for the balloon to a horse, which stood straddling in the road as we passed, head down, draining from a score in its flank. Yet when I looked round, shocked by the first contact with that incredible will which was scheming to mutilate life, I saw but the placid face of the familiar earth, which gave no sign that it was aware something had used its accepted peace as an ambush, something malign which had emerged and struck and vanished again so swiftly that it had left no trace but a horse near me patiently dying. It was, then, a blind and stupid evil, whatever else of an enigma it was, striking at a balloon and hitting a horse. And yet again, did I actually see this? For we came almost immediately to a village, where women were gossiping at the doors, children were playing about their mothers, and only an Indian trooper, as unbelievable there as the ridiculous balloon, stood and saluted us, and was accepted in the way one accepts the solemnly incongruous in a dream. Next I remember a considerable white town, its old and sleepy country affairs complex with the new business of urgent soldiers, through which we passed till we came to the ornate iron gates of a moated chateau beyond, and drove through them, calmly accepting the moat, the drawbridge, and the round turrets of the silent grange, the name of which I did not know, nor who lived there, nor even where it was, as one always accepts in sleep what one finds at night beyond unknown gates. Then there was a hall, where we met strange men in uniform, all of them alert on some mysterious business, but who stopped to greet us, smiling with frank welcome, as though they had known us always, and as though we were aware of all that was secret in their minds.

They casually and smilingly mentioned places with names having no meaning to me, and of events there as irrational as the activities in a dark fable. They spoke as one speaks of rain yesterday, or of tomorrow's train, so that I saw they believed the places were near, and the events real, and that my understanding would have no difficulty at all in knowing what they meant. Then they moved out for one of these places with an assurance which would have astonished me, only I had begun to think the things we have long accepted as stable and rational might be protean and mocking, and have a nature different from what we had supposed; and I followed those soldiers. We took a flat straight road which was as insignificant as the stagnant ditch on either hand, its avenue of poplars, and its limited view of level meadows could make it. Presently, and for no reason that I could see, we left the cars, hid them, and walked on. The distance thudded heavily, and the hori-

(Continued on Page 16)

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The Spectator

Kahn Defends California

Some congressmen from the South saw fit to criticize this State because our percentage of men in class one of the draft is only twenty-one per cent of those registered. Julius Kahn replied to them on April 13, briefly but crushingly. Congressman Kahn wastes no words, and has his facts at his finger-ends; that helps to explain why he has become a national leader upon whom the President relies. His speech in defense of California is a model of what a speech in Congress should be. It interests us on that account, but more because it is a complete vindication of our State against mean insinuations. Here it is in toto:

Mr. Speaker, several of the gentlemen who have addressed the House this afternoon have referred to the fact that California's share of classified men who are in class one number 21 per cent of those registered. I want to say frankly to the House that when this resolution came before the Committee on Military Affairs I did not know what the percentage was in any state of the Union. I did not even know that the percentage had been worked out for any State. In fact, I do not think they had been worked out at that time. But from the start I recognized the justice of the principle that those registrants who can best be spared for the service, having a due regard for the industrial, agricultural, and domestic relationship of the American people should be the first ones taken into our armies. It is that principle that I have constantly contended for during the discussion of this resolution. While the percentage of registrants in class one in California is lower than it is in the states represented by the gentlemen who have called attention to that fact during this debate, let me briefly state what California up to the present time has really done toward supplying man power for our armies as compared to the states represented by the gentlemen who have sought to criticize California in regard to her percentage under the terms of this resolution.

The gentleman from Alabama (Mr. Burnett) referred to the matter. The population of Alabama, according to the census of 1910 was 2,138,093; the population of California, under the same census, was 2,377,549. The number of soldiers ordered to camp up to April 10, 1918, from Alabama was 17,601. Those ordered into camp to the same date from California were 29,168. The number of enlistments by states from April 6, 1917, to February 18, 1918, shows that Alabama had 1,998. In California there were 5,430. So that according to these figures the state of California has certainly done more than hold its own with Alabama in furnishing men for the United States Army.

The gentleman from Arkansas (Mr. Caraway) also called attention to California's percentage. The population of Arkansas, according to the census of 1910, was 1,547,449. Arkansas sent to the camp up to April 10, 1918, 12,817 men. Her enlistments from April 6, 1917, to February 18, 1918, were 1,826. Compare these figures with the statistics from California and one can readily see which state has furnished the greater number of men in proportion to population. The State of Mississippi, according to the census of 1910, had 1,797,114 inhabitants. She sent to the camp, up to April 10, 1918, 13,314 men. Her enlistments were 1,689. Compare those

figures with what California did. California has no need to apologize to Mississippi as to what the former's sons have done for the American cause in this war.

The gentleman from Virginia (Mr. Saunders) also took occasion to call to the attention of the House California's percentage under the quota resolution. The population of Virginia under the census of 1910 was 2,061,612, almost the same as California's. But Virginia sent to the camp, up to April 10, 1918, 17,038 men. Her enlistments from April 6, 1917, to February 18, 1918, were 2,637. Compare those figures with California's enlistments of 5,430 and her sending to the camp, up to April 10, 1918, 29,168 men.

It is thus seen that California has done more in proportion to her population than any of the states represented by the gentlemen who took occasion to call attention to California's percentage under the draft resolution. I venture the prediction that all through this war California will do her full share toward furnishing men to fight for American rights and to maintain American honor and prestige. Nay, more! She will do more than her share. The people of California understand the present crisis in our Nation's affairs. They will not only respond with men but they will furnish the money that is needed to win the war. I have no apology to make for California. Her acts speak for themselves.

Our Crack Hotel Manager

The St. Francis Hotel has lost "Jim" Woods and as a consequence wise men who have the interest of this city at heart are grieving. This is an instance of a personal loss that affects a whole city, the reason being that "Jim" Woods is a man of imagination and zeal who was intimately identified with all things which deeply concerned the welfare of the city. He was identified with them actively and aggressively; also—such was his modesty—somewhat inconspicuously. Known to the man in the street as the manager of the St. Francis Hotel, to the men of affairs he was a kind of synonym; he was the St. Francis Hotel. In other words the spirit of him dominated the business which he directed for a certain corporation known as the St. Francis Hotel Company. And being modest and inconspicuous in the services he rendered his employer it may be doubted whether the company

appreciated him at his true worth. This is not to say that he might have been held; the pull was too strong—the pull from the greater metropolis on the Hudson. Years ago "Jim" Woods was permitted to come west to take charge of the St. Francis. That was before he had a national reputation, and it was before the importance of the hotel business had won recognition among great financiers. Now men of wealth invest their money in hotels as formerly they invested in industrial stocks and bonds and to them efficiency of management bespeaks a capacity that was once thought to be peculiar to bankers and railroad presidents. And so it is that the call for "Jim" Woods sounded across the continent from east to west. Attached to it came the offer of a salary which a man not in the White House could hardly be expected to refuse. And hence the St. Francis Hotel stockholders did not think it wise to cover the bet. After all San Francisco has its limitations.

Men Who Appreciated His Services

The loss that the St. Francis has suffered by the going of "Jim" Woods is a loss that will be felt by the whole city. Of this we may not all be sensible at this time, but there are big business men in San Francisco who feel that this is the truth. Having been associated with him in many public enterprises they are aware of the things he has done and they know with what effect the spirit of him has been infused into our concerns. The man's magnetism has been felt on many occasions and it has worked wonders when Woods the while has sat in the background, after dropping hints and suggestions in ears attached to alert and sensitive nerves. "Mayor Rolph was one man who knew the value of Woods," I heard a bank president remark the other day, "and Rolph was not to be persuaded to change the police commission, for he had confidence in Woods' honesty and sincerity. He was sure that nothing could go far wrong while Woods was on hand to see that things went right." This same man of affairs observed that it would be worth while for the public spirited citizens of the city to get together and hold the St. Francis Hotel manager here at whatever price he could be induced to remain. Not only the St. Francis Hotel and the Police Department but also the Olympic Club will seriously miss Jim Woods. He was a director of the club, one

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of the men whose general knowledge President Wm. F. Humphrey availed himself of at every opportunity.

Kreling and the Clockwinder

"So Mr. Schiller has lost his job." The speaker was our friend the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. He was entertaining as usual, our friend, Tiv Kreling.

"Yes, and you were the cause of all the trouble," said the little sergeant-at-arms. From his voice and manner it was evident that Tiv was peeved. "Why didn't you let him alone?"

"I never touched him," said the Clockwinder "but I couldn't stand his music at such a price. But he might have held on if he hadn't struck for a raise at this time."

"I suppose you mean the war?"

"Well, yes that was one circumstance, but not the only one. The war is one thing, Germany is another and Schiller has overlooked a bet; that's another."

"What do you mean?"

"Schiller should have waited until he became a citizen. Why should the taxpayers of San Francisco put up money that might be used to buy scraps of paper for Germany? It wouldn't be loyal of us to do that."

"I'm told that Schiller is a good American," said Kreling.

"All German musicians are good Americans," observed the clockwinder. "Give the Kaiser a chance and he'll be playing over here in a little American band some day."

"Do you think he'd play the Star Spangled Banner?"

"Yes, I do, but far be it from me to say that he wouldn't throw in a few sour notes occasionally just by way of mementoes to the Fatherland."

A Eulogy

"Speaking of Schiller," said the clockwinder, after listening to a eulogium from Kreling on one of his ancestors who used to lead a band in German music with one hand tied behind his back, "speaking of Schiller, what about Lemare? Is Mayor Rolph going to keep him in the job because he's one of our allies?"

Coughing briefly, Kreling made this conservative reply: "Our Mayor never takes anybody into his confidence; he just goes ahead and does whatever he thinks is right." Gesticulating like Supervisor Hayden at his best, Kreling continued: "Let me tell you, sir, our moneyed interests to the contrary, notwithstanding, we have a Mayor—"

"Hold on," shouted the clockwinder seizing a hand raised aloft, "You've started the pendulum a-trembling."

"What I was about to say," said Kreling, paying no attention to the interruption, "is that we have a Mayor who is not to be intimidated.

He loves music for the people's sake and he'll give them music till Tartarus freezes over. He'll—

"Even if we haven't money enough to pave streets," interjected the clockwinder, and then he took up what he regarded as the thread of the discourse. "I'm with the Mayor, Tiv; I'm with him now because—for one reason, if for no other—he's got the dough. They can talk about the Mayor as they want, but I'm with the man who in these days, the heydays of the opportunist and trimmer in politics stands by his friends. I like the way Jim has stood by his friend, Theodore Roche, whom some folks have been trying to drive off the Police Commission because he has stood by his client. After all, Rolph has the courage to go the distance and he has always had it and I know a lot of fellows you can't say that much for."

Whereupon the Sergeant-at-arms applauded, making lots of noise.

University Regents Make a Showing

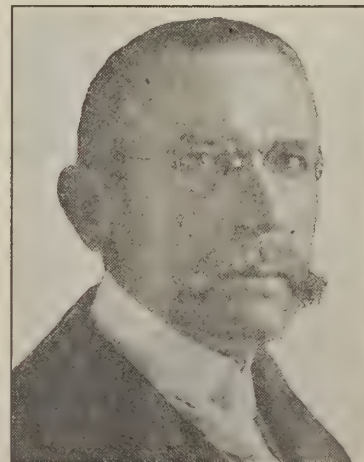
Far be it from me to claim the credit of prodding the regents of the State University into action. But certainly it did no harm to call their attention to the activities of President Wheeler as a friend of the Kaiser. The regents are now calling all the world's attention to the patriotic work that has been done by the big Berkeley college. A large document has been issued by the university, calling attention to all of the things that have been done to help Uncle Sam win the war notwithstanding Benjamin Ide Wheeler's preconceptions. True it appears that most of the things were started at Washington, but the university has been pushing them along. Many are the bureaus that have been started at Berkeley for war service, many the courses in instruction. Alas! how unfortunate that President Wheeler was not the moving spirit, the idle gossips might not have done so much whispering. But what have we got a war department for if not to keep the good work going steadily on. It was the war department, I find, that started the university on the right track. For example take the case of almost any of the several departments devoted to military instruction. Almost all were started at the suggestion of officials in Washington, but the university under the direction of President Wheeler has done much to keep the record of Berkeley straight. It has maintained close relations with army officers of the Coast Artillery and with officers of the Navy and it has done much to foster military aeronautics and to increase the number of officers in the aviation section. Instructions are now given in all sorts of military subjects at Berkeley. It has established courses in marine engineering and naval architecture and in radio communication. Moreover in the College of Agriculture it has played a vital part in increasing crop production. So the old college on

the whole has been doing good work and at present Dr. Wheeler is as zealous in the service of his country as almost any of the regents. That he was a little slow at the start and on the wrong track only goes to show what a devil the Kaiser was among the doctors who are today perhaps only a little wiser than they were in the days of Rabelais.

The Somme

Once more the belligerents have been locked in death across the Somme and on both sides of the river. Doubtless the scene has not changed much since the big drive when the British were on the offensive a little more than a year ago. There was not much to be changed. A word picture of the scene was sent me by a correspondent who went over the landscape. Writing of the Somme he says:

"On all sides a broken tangle of tossed earth, the higher ground is flecked with snow, not a green thing is to be seen. Shell holes, large and small, the water in them frozen hard, making hell's pattern of the once fair fields. Away to the west and north shrapnel is bursting on the hillside. Behind us flashes from the earth show where lie the British heavy guns, and their shells hiss with a sound like rocket sticks over our heads, to break in a far distant "boom" in the enemy lines. Of once prosperous villages not a brick shows—where remnants of walls stand they have been sand-bagged and covered over with earth to protect the dressing stations and soldiers' retreats which are in the cellars underneath. At night the Red Cross cars will call here for the wounded. Not a tree stands—what were woods are shorn off three feet from the ground as if by some great coarse-toothed saw. Hardly a man is in sight, and it is with difficulty that one realizes that thousands are here underground. As we return westwards the traffic increases—labor companies work to metal and widen the roads, mule carts bring food for men and guns—small detachments of helmeted infantry march west and disappear over the hill—



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side—lithe-limbed horsemen, bronzed and blue-eyed, thread their way through the increasing crowd of traffic. A staff car dashes by splashing mud on all sides. Away north a light railway engine drags its train of trucks towards the reserve lines. Tangled iron and sandbag hummocks alone show where Courcellette once stood, a prosperous village of farm buildings. As far as the eye can reach is red, tumbled earth, its monotony robbing the eye of all sense of distance. By the roadside as we walk are little carefully tended graveyards with their clean, wooden crosses, each bearing the name of the hero who lies beneath it. At intervals dumps of shells are being built to be carried again through the slippery half-frozen mud to the hidden guns whose appetites are insatiable; but the food for men and the food for guns is there, it comes from far away in the west and north by rail and by road in train after train of motor lorries unceasingly by day and night. A sharp outburst of light artillery makes shrapnel bursts like cirrus in the clear sky; an enemy aeroplane is headed off and, with the sun glinting on its fuselage, makes for its own lines. Always the roar of heavy artillery from both sides, continuous, rising and falling like some unceasing thunderstorm, punctuated now and again by the distant rattle of machine guns. Steadily and systematically our heavies from this hill are breaking the German resistance at Pys and Miramont. Below us to the north are the trenches which mark what was once Thiepval, whilst south is what remains, the name only, of Contalmaison; but the sunken road is there, one landmark in many of this, the greatest offensive battle in all history. To the west of us, a mile beyond the battle line, the shell-torn tower of the Cathedral of Albert still stands, supporting the golden figure of the Virgin Mother as she hangs at right angles, her raised arms now outstretched as if in the act of blessing that ruined town; whilst beyond are the fair fields and poplar-lined roads of a rural countryside."

"Only a Historian"

A tall, blond, smiling gentleman walked into Newbegin's book shop on Grant avenue and addressed Jim Blake.

"I'm Van Loan," he said. "If you have any of my books for sale I'd like to buy some to present to my friends here."

"We have all of your books," said Blake. "They are among our best sellers. If you don't mind I'd like to have you autograph a few."

"With pleasure," said the author, visibly gratified.

Whereupon Blake repaired to a shelf and returned with an armful of books entitled "The Lucky Seventh," "The Seven Thousand Dollar Arm," "Inside the Ropes" and "Buck Parvin and the Movies."

The author looked at the books with surprise. "Ah," he said finally, "I see you have mistaken me. I am not the writer of popular stories. I am only the historian."

Whereupon he handed Blake his card. He was Hendrik Willem Van Loon (pronounced Loan), a distinguished Dutch historian, author of "The Fall of the Dutch Republic," and "The Rise of the Dutch Kingdom."

Oakland's New Judge

Oakland is trying to figure out whether Governor Stephens has helped or hurt himself by the appointment he has just made to the Superior court of Alameda county. To fill the vacancy caused when the popular Judge William H. Donahue resigned to resume the practice of law, the Governor has named Dudley Kinsell, a probate lawyer who was born in Alameda county and has practiced there for twenty-four years. As to Kinsell's fitness there is no dispute; all are agreed that he will make an excellent judge. But as to the political bearing of the appointment plenty is being said. To what Stephens politician the credit for Kinsell's appointment should be given is something of a mystery. The Oakland Enquirer thinks that John W. Stetson "put Kinsell over." The Tribune is inclined to give the credit to Guy C. Earl. Certainly the appointment was a surprise. There were two avowed candidates for the position: Lin Church and A. F. St. Sure. Church is deeply disappointed, and will probably contest the place with Kinsell at the approaching election. Meanwhile the question remains: Will the appointment of Kinsell help Stephens or hurt him? It remains to be answered.

Jordan's Self-Vindication

A Spokane correspondent forwards me some newspaper cuttings concerning a speech delivered there by David Starr Jordan. One of the statements made by the doctor was that it was better the United States did not go to war sooner because now there was greater unity among the people than there would have been otherwise. On which the Spokesman-Review commented editorially that it "springs from the self-delusion that is born of personal justification," adding: "National unity would have come sooner if pacifists like Dr. Jordan had got their eyes open sooner." Obviously, the Spokesman-Review has taken David Starr's measure. Another statement in this speech of Jordan's interests me. He defined superstition as "the ability to believe something that is not true." But what is truth? If Pilate had asked Jordan that question he'd have gotten an answer right off the reel.

Politics From the Feedbag

To my occasional correspondent in Washington D. C. I am indebted for some interesting news touching national and California politics. Of national affairs he says that "the peace movement in the Republican party is so general and emphatic that it is irresistible. Will H. Hays will have an easy time of it in his campaign for harmony. What do you think of Roosevelt

and Taft coming together. Incredible? Listen. They're together right now and in this there is no camouflage. Take it from me that Teddy is very much in earnest, and that he is not so much an office-seeker as a patriot. He doesn't care what they do with him. He's back again where he was to do his bit because he thinks that we've been going to the Bolshevik bow-wows. I think he will strike a note before long that will penetrate to the nation's soul."

Speaking of politics in California my correspondent says: "There are two vice-presidential candidates out there; one is Hiram Johnson and the other is Francis J. Heney. Don't laugh. Yes Frank is regarded as the logical man to run with McAdoo. That's why the Federal brigade is so strong for him. Johnson is to offset Heney and that's why the former Governor is not for anybody for the gubernatorial job, not for anybody but the strongest man developed in the primaries and it doesn't matter who that may be. This is news straight from the feedbag. It is news that all the wise guys are whispering in the capital of your dealy beloved country right in the midst of war."

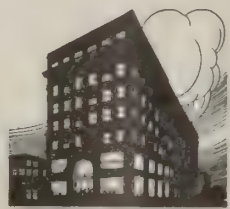
George Rolph's Best Seller

How many people know that our Mayor's brother George M. Rolph is an author? It's a fact. Last year J. J. Newbegin published for him a big, thick, profusely illustrated book called "Something About Sugar: Its History, Growth, Manufacture and Distribution." The edition consisted of 1750 copies. It was too expensive to be sent out for review and too technical to be reviewed adequately except by a few specialists. Nevertheless it has sold quickly. Only fifty copies of the first edition remain. Orders for it have come from Java, Australia, Central and South America, Canada, Holland and more remote places. This book may not have had anything to do with Hoover's selection of Rolph as head of the sugar division of the Food Administration, but the profound knowledge of sugar displayed in it was of course well known to sugar men the world over, and made the appointment an excellent one.

Oakland Enquirer Approves

Town Talk's suggestion that the name of our State flower be changed from Eschscholtzia to Copa de Oro meets with the approval of the Oakland Enquirer. Under the heading "Let us change the name of our State flower," the Enquirer has this editorial:

"The suggestion that the German name—Eschscholtzia—bestowed unjustly on our California poppy, be changed, is both timely and appropriate. Although a rose under any other name may smell as sweet, there is no reason why the most distinctive and beautiful wildflower found in the entire country should longer labor beneath the weight of an official designation known to few, spelled by practically none and disliked by all. Although a German surgeon's name has been given to the poppy, a Spanish botanist saw and studied the flower thirty years earlier. This was Professor Luis Nee, whose



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treatise on the California poppy was published in Madrid in 1820, the same year that De Chamisso, the Russian naturalist, published his treatise on the same flower which he named in honor of Dr. Johann Eschscholtz, surgeon of the Russian exploring ship, which arrived here in 1815, or twenty-five years later than Professor Nee. The name Eschscholtzia is, therefore, a misnomer in every sense. Why not adopt one of the euphonious Spanish or Anglo Saxon names? Surely it is possible to select some more beautiful and simpler designation for the flower, which is known the world over as the exclusive product of the Golden West. Why not a contest with competent judges to determine the award? Oakland would receive credit for the suggestion if it is carried into effect and our misnamed bloom rechristened as it should be.

It Never Happened Here

Champ Clark surprised the politicians when he declined the seat in the United States Senate made vacant by the death of "Gumshoe Bill" Stone. In a dignified and manly statement the Speaker of the House made it plain that he appreciated the honor offered but felt he could be of greater service to his country in these days of stress by continuing in his present position. It is not often that a senatorship is refused. The only instance I recall in recent years was that of George Wingfield. When Senator Nixon of Nevada died, Governor Boyle offered the seat to Wingfield who had been Nixon's mining and banking partner for a long time. But Wingfield declined the honor, thereby astounding the politicians. What Clark and Wingfield did has never been done in California. I wonder if it ever will be done here?

Whitaker in an Air Raid

Herman Whitaker of Piedmont, better known

to his personal friends as "Jimmie" Whitaker, is somewhere in France with letters from General Pershing and Vice-Admiral Sims recommending him to their subordinates as a war correspondent especially worthy of trust. Whitaker is well equipped for his work. Before coming to California in 1895 he had served three years in the British army. He was a war correspondent in Mexico (the scene of his well known novels), during the trouble with Villa in 1914. In a recent article Whitaker described an air raid in London, thus:

"The week before a bomb had fallen within half a block of our house, killing eleven people and maiming many more. It had lit up every room in the house with its flash. The concussion had shaken things off the mantel. Yet there was no sign of trepidation in my hostess' gentle knock, or her quiet invitation to come down to the flat on the ground floor. Pajamas and blankets were quite au fait in the mixed company there assembled. Officers from the front, a few business men with their wives, mingled with the servants on equal terms, for air raids are great levelers. Quite indifferently, they singled the crashing, rending roar of the Hun bombs from the thunder of the barrage, and their count of seven was confirmed by the official report next day. After each echo they would pick up the conversation where they had left it, probably concerning the shortcomings of 'the little Welsh lawyer,' Lloyd George, in the case of the men; the fashions among the women. But for the ghastly toll of maimed and killed men, women and children we knew would be reported next day, it would have been quite an enjoyable occasion. Their spirit, indeed, reminded me of the cheerful courage of the San Franciscans during the trying days after the earthquake and fire."

The Mendocino Elegist

Up in Mendocino County they have a young man of whom they expect great things in the poetical way. His name is Grover C. McGimsey, and his talent for verse was discovered by that well-known Californian poet Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed of Ukiah. Some time ago there came from Mrs. Reed's press, the Northern Crown Publishing Company, a pamphlet containing the first fruits of McGimsey's poetical cultivation. They were green fruits but they gave promise of ripening. Now from the same press there has issued another brochure by McGimsey, and the promise is being fulfilled. This is called "A Son of the Gods," and is an elegy in memory of Jack London. The elegiac is an ambitious form for a youngster to attempt. But of course it has great attractions for every youthful singer. The lad who turns to poetry is pretty apt to devour what we may call "poet's poetry," and some of the best of this is elegiac. The lament of Moschus for Bion; Milton's "Lycidas"; Cowley's elegy on Crashaw; Shelley's "Adonais" inspired by the death of Keats; Matthew Arnold's "Thyrsis" lamenting the death of Clough; Swinburne's "Ave Atque Vale" to the memory of Baudelaire; and Tennyson's "In Memoriam" written in memory of young Hallam—all these are elegiac masterpieces, all these are "poet's poetry," and all these are the sort of poems youngsters who feel the poetical impulse read and read and read again and try to imitate. So it is not surprising that a youngster in Ukiah should be singing the death of Jack London.

"A Son of the Gods"

Let me not make the mistake of giving too

much praise to the work of this young fellow of Mendocino. Ill considered praise hurts a youth who is still finding himself. But encouragement is very helpful, nay necessary. And Grover McGimsey should be encouraged. He has a long way to go, but it seems to me he is fit for the journey and that by hard work he will eventually reach a place of honor among our Californian singers. As I have said, he is finding himself. He has still to master many lessons in technique. "A Son of the Gods" is written in stanzas of three iambic tetrameter lines. The first two lines rhyme; the third is left unrhymed. This was a technical mistake, the ear is constantly disappointed. The reader will see what I mean:

You had the muck and mire of life,
Also the hours of bitter strife;
Yet, sleep in roses peacefully.

You had the dungeon and the chain,
The scorn of men which caused you pain,
Yet honor greater than the Gods!

You had the beast-blood in your breast,
And ever, that strange, wierd unrest
Which makes men pilots of the seas.

Nevertheless, this elegy is good stuff! The young singer has attempted a criticism of London, a summing-up of his significance in the world of letters, no mean task for a beginning poet. The work is dedicated to Mrs. Charmian London. It ends thus:

Sleep! Sleep! Immortal man! and rest!
Life's grief is stricken from your breast,
And you have left an honored name.

This tribute, if it live at all,
Will tend in future years to call
New pilgrims to your sacred tomb.

For in the unborn years to be,
A thousand thousand men will see
The crypt wherein your dust has lain.

How Coleman Got His Commission

Harry Coleman, until the other day director of the Examiner art department, is on his way to France with a captain's commission in the camouflage. The way Harry got that commission shows that sometimes they don't bother about red tape in Washington. Harry thought out some entirely new ideas in camouflage, and sent his drawings to the proper authorities at the capital. In a short time he received an answer. It was to the effect that his ideas were so good that they were worth a captain's commission. So Harry will soon be with the big artists of England, France, Italy and our country who are serving civilization as camouflieurs.

Before Ram Did It

Tim Healy's friends are having a little laugh at his expense these days. Tim was attorney for several Hindus in the big case tried before Judge Van Fleet. Among his clients was the late Ram Singh. In his closing argument (which, by the way, was a very eloquent effort), Tim referred to Ram Singh as being "mild, meek and sheep-eyed." And the very next day the mild, meek and sheep-eyed Ram Singh shot and killed Ram Chandra in the court room.

Walter Settles It

Last week I raised the question, Is Walter Anthony's voice tenor or baritone, quoting contradictory authorities who heard him sing at the Press Club's midnight show. The dramatic critic of the Chronicle has himself settled the matter. On being closely questioned he replied: "I am a tenor with bass instincts."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Bavarde English

"Cyril Maude read, upon request, the poem 'Carry On,' with the great ability which pronounces all his work."

Why does this sort of language flourish in the society columns of our papers? One suspects that the bavardes borrow their diction from some of our new-rich aristocrats and climbers.

"Popular patriotic songs rang out on the air, giving a festive aspect to the military life which pronounced the gala affair throughout the evening."

This is by the writer quoted above, so "pronounce" is in neither case a typographical error.

"On Friday and Saturday, the Woman's Auxiliary of the Palace of Fine Arts will give a series of two bridge teas."

I suppose, if the second is called off they'll give "a series of one."

"The Romanofskys have a superb gold service, an heirloom in the Romanofsky family and this makes a handsome table when used with flowers as the young hostess has a knack of doing."

By what process does a gold service become a table when used with flowers?

"This officer was at the head of the Russian navy and was the friend and advisor of the czar for years, and this fact exaggerated the rumor of the attractive young woman's identity."

"The rumor of my identity is exaggerated"—an improvement on Mark Twain.

"It is well known that the effect of music is inspiring to the officers and men, and this regiment has made a special plea to have a band."

The bavarde should make a special plea to have a book of grammar.

"Miss Edith Chesebrough, well known for her outdoor proclivities"—

What are outdoor proclivities or propensities? "The tastes of women fanciers run into every type of high-bred dogs."

What a collision that must be!

"Mrs. Graff, who has come to San Francisco to make California her home."

No doubt she will come to a hotel or apartment house to make San Francisco her home.

"California poppies predominated of course,

for the name Eschscholtzias is the Spanish word for golden poppies."

As is equally well known, Copa de Oro is the German word.

"The service flag proudly displays thirty-two stars, five of which were present, the rest either in No Man's Land or scattered about the country in the various military or naval encampments."

Where is my wandering star tonight?

"Both are extremely young, Mrs. Tenney being scarcely seventeen, and young Tenney probably twenty-one."

Why not put it: "Young Tenney is alleged to be twenty-one?"

"Mrs. James Rolph Jr. was the first to offer to march. Her example was followed by enthusiastic applause."

We are not told what preceded her example.

"The play was the third act from 'Caste.' It is a droll bit of Irish comedy."

Tom Robertson, please notice.

"Yesterday the charming young bride was showered with congratulations in the midst of a whirlwind of business."

Some storm!

"All of the decorations were white, with flags at the entrances."

White flags?

"In the western part of town a number of women have volunteered to make a house to house canvass to educate other women in the value of owning Liberty Bonds, this being a feature that is made paramount to the patriotic urge one may feel in the matter."

A prize should be given to the genius who unravels that.

"I'm so glad to find something to do," smiled Miss Little, one of the waitresses, as she assisted a guest to a lump of sugar that the regular waiter had overlooked."

Oh sugar!

"Light refreshments will be served and a programme of music."

Waiter, pass the music.

"Lieutenant Dagger talks with a fighting punch whose driving energy somehow gets his audience."

In other words, the lecture was a knock-out.

Should Read Bierce

All these sentences were published in the society columns of a certain bavarde from Sunday to Wednesday of this week. They are fair samples of what is dished up year in and year out. I wonder if the bavarde ever heard of a book called "Write It Right?" It was written by Ambrose Bierce. It should be on the desk of every newspaper writer. With it, on the desks of a great many newspaper writers, should be found Gould Brown's Grammar, Swinton's Word Analysis, a small dictionary and a book on punctuation. I remember that in "Write It Right" Bierce remarked that nobody should read the sporting pages, their English was so bad. Perhaps sporting editors saw that jibe and improved their writing. At any rate, the sporting pages are pretty well written nowadays. But the society columns!

Women Doing Their Share

We have all seen the women Liberty Loan solicitors at work. They have been in evidence

in the tanks and the street booths ever since the drive started. Many of us have asked ourselves whether these women were accomplishing much. Their enthusiasm has been conspicuous; but were they getting results? The answer was supplied Wednesday in figures made public by Campaign Manager George K. Weeks of the Third Liberty Loan organization in San Francisco. Up to and including Tuesday these women had obtained 10,576 subscribers to the Loan. And the subscriptions they had received made a total of \$1,131,950. Yes, indeed, these women have been accomplishing things. All honor to them.

Colonel Hammond's Clocks

Ever since Colonel Charles Mifflin Hammond of Clear Lake died, people have been wondering what would become of his wonderful collection of clocks. Nobody who ever visited the beautiful Hammond place on the lake will ever forget that amazing collection of clocks. It made the Hammond place a close competitor in quaint attractiveness with the old Floyd place, now the home of Miles Gopcevic. Hammond spent his whole life collecting the clocks, and some of his most valuable finds were made in out-of-the-way parts of California. He was an expert clocksmith, and kept all his clocks in perfect condition, repairing them himself. Well, the collection has gone from California. Colonel Hammond left it to the Essex Institute of Salem, Massachusetts. Salem was the old home of the Hammonds, and Colonel Hammond spent some months there every year. Just the same, it is too bad that California has lost that wonderful collection. What a feature it would have been at the Park Museum.

The Popes in New York

Mrs. George A. Pope is making conquest of New York society. She is credited with brilliant success. Such important matrons as Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mrs. Charles H. Marshall and Mrs. Francis Burrall Hoffman have given parties in her honor. Her progress has been as

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rapid as was Mrs. Fletcher Ryer's at Newport. Really, it is a case of "Veni, Vidi, Vici." Meanwhile Miss Emily Pope is waiting anxiously for word that her fiancé, Lieutenant Mosely Taylor, has received a furlough and is on his way from France to New York, for when he comes there will be a wedding. Young Taylor is with the Aviation Corps in France. He is a son of the William O. Taylors of Boston.

The Cliff House Attractions

Some folk think the seals are the chief attraction at the Cliff House. Assuredly they are in a sense a drawing card. Folks who have come from the ends of the earth would rather watch the antics of the marine monsters on the rocks and be absorbed by the spectacle they present than regale themselves with luxuries of the table. But the seals are only a minor attraction at the Cliff. Folks who go there regularly, now that John Farley is "mine host," would rather listen to him expatiating on the barking seals and on their peculiarities than lose themselves in a deep brown study of the interesting animals. Such is the testimony of visitors and doubtless it is borne out by the directors of the Cliff House Company; for the management of the Cliff House has changed hands. Mr. Farley has not always been in charge. Divers attempts have been made to improve its popularity, but it is never so popular as when the directors have been able to secure the services of "old man eloquence," as Mr. Farley is called. Now the secret of eloquence is, in this instance, as it is in most instances, that the speaker is full of his subject. He knows the hair seals of the rocks and he loves to impart information about their habits. Hence it is that one gets more than seals and dancing and good eating at the pioneer resort that has immortalized the name of Adolph Sutro. By the way Fate loves to play tricks with us. Sutro thought that he would acquire a measure of immortality through his library but he acquired it through the Cliff House, a landmark that will remain with us forever.

Brother Leo's Recital

Brother Leo, L. H. D., Professor of English in St. Mary's College is soon to present to the general public a program of varied readings and critical comments. As a lecturer and dramatic reader Brother Leo is well known to the members of many literary societies and clubs in the bay region. Hitherto he has adapted his programs to the tastes of the folks by whom he was engaged but now he is to give us a per-

formance that appeals chiefly to his own taste which is of a quality to be envied. An exceptional dramatic reader is Brother Leo whose reading is never merely for the sake of reading. Primarily a teacher, Brother Leo gives his readings as an educator and his comments that accompany them are always instructive. In his recital which will take place in this city May 10th, at Knights of Columbus Auditorium, he will give selections from Shakespeare, Brown-ing, Walter De La Mare, Thomas A. Daly, Alfred Noyes, Theodosia Garrison, Kipling, Robert W. Service, Lord Dunsany and Gilbert Frankau.

An Accomplished Pianist

Part of the success of Mrs. Dorothy Churchill Hess's concert Tuesday evening was due to the exquisite piano playing of Miss Marian Prevost. Miss Prevost is young, but she has had a great deal of experience as an accompanist and knows how to subordinate her playing to the art of the vocalist without losing any of the values of the music. The piano is not Miss Prevost's only instrument. She is an accomplished organist, and plays at Star of the Sea Church.

The New Diamond Palace

That pioneer jewelry shop of San Francisco, the Andrews Diamond Palace, has taken new quarters in Geary street. For many years on Montgomery street, then on Kearney, the famous Diamond Palace is now in the midst of the fashionable shopping district, and judging by the business it is doing the move was a very wise one. In arrangement and decoration the new shop is almost a duplicate of the original Diamond Palace, as old-timers will testify. Old-timers have a warm spot in their hearts for this San Francisco institution—and by old-timers I do not mean San Franciscans alone; the place is celebrated among tourists as well. Under the management of Mr. Andrews the Diamond Palace has increased its ancient prestige.

Military Ball for Red Star Fund

A big military ball is scheduled for some time in June to be given under the auspices of the American Red Star Animal Relief, the Red Cross of the horses of war. The ball will probably be given at the Civic Auditorium which provides plenty of room for dancing and supper arrangements. It will be the most brilliant Army and Navy event of the year, and will be the signal for the donning of the dress uniforms of the service set that have not been seen in San Francisco in some time. The grand march will take the place of a pageant. Officers from the nearby Army and Navy posts, with their ladies, will participate in the entertainment. The proceeds derived from the ball will be devoted to the war work of the Red Star. A fund is being raised to be sent direct to France for the assistance of the horses of General Pershing's army, which is part of the Red Star work. Recently the National Red Star sent two ambulances to France that were presented to General Pershing by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who is at present "Over There" attending to the army work of the Red Star, of which organization she is an enthusiastic member. Captain William H. McKittrick, the president of the local Red Star, is expected to return to San Francisco within a few days, when the plans for the coming military ball will be considered.

Bridge Tea at Fine Arts

The success of the Bridge Tea which the Woman's Auxiliary of the Palace of Fine Arts is organizing for the benefit of the maintenance

fund on Friday and Saturday, May 10 and 11, is now fully assured. Over half of the table reservations have been made, and a substantial over-subscription is anticipated by Mrs. Joseph Fife and her committee. Not a few are reserving tables for knitters who do not care to play cards.

At the Cecil

Mrs. James Hart of Orange, N. J., is stopping at the Cecil. General and Mrs. McClernand were hosts at dinner Sunday. Mrs. Johnson entertained a coterie of friends at luncheon Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. George G. Cook and Miss Ella Cook of Millford, Mass., gave a dinner Monday. Covers were arranged for ten. The function was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Perkins of Gloucester, Mass. This charming couple are also sojourning at the hotel. Mrs. John Charles Doyle gave a luncheon and bridge Wednesday. Mrs. G. E. Goodman announces the engagement of her daughter Miss Marie Goodman to Lieutenant Wylde. Mrs. Goodman and her charming daughter are making their home at the Cecil. Lieutenant Wylde is stationed at Camp Fremont. An impromptu luncheon was given Wednesday by Mrs. Bayliss. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton who have been stopping with friends in this city are planning to return to their apartment.

A Fervent Wish

A lot of poor children were at Rockefeller's stock farm near Cleveland. He gave each of them some milk to drink, the product of a \$2,000 prize cow.

"How do you like it?" he asked, when they had finished.

"Gee, it's fine!" responded one little fellow, who added after a thoughtful pause, "I wisht our milkman kept a cow."

Hissing the Performers

One of the ushers approached a man who appeared to be annoying those about him.

"Don't you like the show?"

"Yes."

"Then why do you persist in hissing the performers?"

"Why, m-man alive. I w-was'nt h-hissing! I w-was s-s-s-s-s-s-s-saying to S-s-s-sammie that the s-s-s-singing is s-s-s-s-superb."

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The Stage

"Mary's Ankle" at Columbia

With the production of "Mary's Ankle" at the Columbia for an engagement of two weeks, beginning Monday, theatregoers of San Francisco will have the opportunity of witnessing the first of the season's metropolitan successes. "Mary's Ankle" will be presented by Manager A. H. Woods with a special cast and production direct from its successful run at the Bijou and Thirtieth Street theatres. The piece is a farce comedy in three acts by May Tully. It is a clean and sparkling comedy about young people, designed solely for the purpose of amusing. Its plot points no moral. It would be fair neither to Miss Tully nor to the actors to divulge the story. The play is superbly mounted, and brilliantly acted by an exceptionally able company including Amy Leah Dennis, Bert Leigh, May Wallace, James Hester, Edward Butler, Louise Sanford, Donald MacLeod, Gertrude Mann, Donald McBride and others.

Four Mortons at the Orpheum

The second edition of the Four Mortons will appear in a clever skit called "Then and Now," at the Orpheum next week. The Four Mortons and the Four Cohans are the most famous families in American vaudeville. The second editions contains in addition to Sam and Kitty who were with the original Four Mortons, Martha

and Joe, who supply the places of Paul and Clara who are going it on their own account. Jack Clifford who from the time Evelyn Nesbit entered into vaudeville has been her dancing partner, is now starring on his own account, assisted by Agnes Dunn and Gertrude Kerpin. His present vehicle, a fantastic dance called "A Country Side," is presented with a beautiful scene showing a series of fields. Francis Yates and Gus Reed excel in humorous songs and patter. Kathryn Dahl and Charles Gillen will present a beautiful scenic singing and musical novelty. Miss Dahl will introduce several new songs. A special feature of the bill will be Howard and Helen Savage in a spectacular scenic sharp-shooting novelty which eclipses all previous efforts in this line. The greater part of the shooting is done by Helen Savage who is a marvelous shot and accomplishes many seemingly impossible feats. The remaining acts in this fine bill will be Edwin Arden and company in the secret service play "Trapped"; Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin in their "1918 Songology"; and Elizabeth M. Murray in new songs and sayings.

Mantell at Greek Theatre

At the Greek Theatre Monday night, Robert B. Mantell will present his masterpiece "King Lear." "King Lear" is ideal for presentation in

a structure like the Greek Theatre. Its scenes are mountains and forests of ancient Britain and its passions and emotions are those inspired by such surroundings. In the classic grove on the University of California ground, under the California skies, the lines of "King Lear" should be heard with unusually solemn effect. A number of scenic accessories not associated with "King Lear" as presented in the ordinary theatre are promised.

Last Week of "Oh, Boy"

"Oh, Boy," with Joseph Santley, will start its fourth and last week at the Cort Sunday. To say that this smart New York musical comedy lived up to its reputation is putting it mildly. It has succeeded in doing the record-breaking business of the Cort's present season. This is the last opportunity the playgoers of San Francisco will have in witnessing "Oh, Boy" with Joseph Santley, as this star will be featured in a new Comstock-Elliott production at the close of the present "Oh, Boy" engagement.

"The Brat" Coming to the Cort

"The Brat," Oliver Morosco's big laughing success, will come back to the Cort for two weeks, beginning Sunday night, May 12. It will be remembered that this clever play by Maude Fulton ran for four capacity weeks at the Cort two seasons ago. Since that time it has been storming the Eastern dramatic centers and with marked success everywhere. As before, Miss Fulton herself will play the title role, that of a waif with a fine human note and a rich sense of humor. The cast includes Edmund Lowe and other distinguished players and the production will be up to the usual Morosco standard.

Community Drama

The Girl's Section of the Recreation League will give a patriotic pageant on Saturday evening, June 1, in the quad of the Columbia Park Boy's Club. For more than two months Mrs. D. E. F. Easton, Mr. Garnet Holme and a committee of enthusiastic workers have been planning and preparing for this first local attempt at community drama. Miss May Sinsheimer is arranging special music for the occasion. The list of patronesses includes the following: Mrs. E. L. Baldwin, Mrs. Robert Hays Smith, Mrs. Roy Pike, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. M. C. Sloss, Mrs. George Cadwalader, Mrs. A. L. Weill, Mrs. Lawrence Harris, Mrs. Abraham Rosenberg, Mrs. Harry Scott, Mrs. Athol McBean, Mrs. Marcus Koshland, Mrs. Frank King, Mrs. J. J. Gottlob, Mrs. Joseph Sloss, Mrs. Clarence Walter, Mrs. A. L. Lengfeld, Mrs. George Wright, Mrs. Jesse W. Lilienthal, and the Misses Elsa Ames, Helen Son, Maude O'Conner and Helen Cheseborough.

Galli-Curci Coming

Galli-Curci will be heard at the Exposition Auditorium Sunday afternoon, May 12, at 2:30 sharp. Tickets are on sale at the usual places. When she sang in New York she took her place in the long list of popular idols which began with Jenny Lind.

Paulist Choristers Coming

The Paulist Choristers of Chicago which under the leadership of Father Wm. J. Finn is touring America to raise a fund for the immediate aid of France, will be heard in a con-



HELEN SAVAGE
Next week at the Orpheum

cert at the Exposition Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, May 26, at 2:30. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay and Kohler and Chase. Everywhere the Paulist Choristers are received by crowded audiences. With the possible exception of the great symphony orchestras, no other musical organization gets the unstinted praise that the Paulist Choristers do.

Pomp and Circumstance

(Continued from Page 7)

zon might have been loose, badly adjusted between heaven and earth, lifting and falling ponderously. The red tiles of scattered farm buildings showed in clumps of trees, but nobody was in sight. When near one of these places there was an abrupt metallic crash as if a boiler-plate had fallen from a great height on stone paving, and had at once become inert. In the profound silence which followed I heard the staff officer by my side still talking of an amusing experience of his in China; I think it was China. Then, overhead, I heard unseen things in flight. They made sounds like the rapid approach and passing of trains, sometimes near, sometimes far. Nobody looked up but an officer youth who was with us, whose face had the round and innocent and passive joy of a cherub. He lifted his face at the sounds, and smiled happily. Twice these noises in flight were much louder than the rest, and ended near us in rending concussions and columns of dark smoke. There was something uncanny about this land, where there were houses, but no men but ourselves—a land in which there was nothing of human consequence but a menace that was astonishingly invisible and horribly unexpected in its incidence, even though the sounds of its presence were those of ponderable bodies threatening in swift and intelligent direction. We skirted deep holes in the road. The ditch on one side was widened by a foot bridge into an empty basin of slime polished and smooth as black glass, and its suckweed and rushes were plastered fanwise across our path, and had stuck to neighboring walls. This filth was quite new; the water was still draining from it like ink. Beyond was a puddle of blood, and of such extravagance that I thought even a great body, like that of a horse, could not have contained so much; but its origin was in mystery. It lay in front of a deserted estaminet. The door of the inn was open, and beside it, against the wall, was a chair that was curiously vacant, for somebody could have been imagined sitting there contemplating the dreadful mystery before that open door. My mouth was now very dry, and for some reason one kept swallowing, and looking anxiously in every direction. But the road continued straight on with indifference, and there was nothing anywhere to explain why this once secure and tenanted land felt so undesirable that one went through its unoccupied fields with reluctance, and why its common objects, as intently regarded as though one had never before seen trees and secluded house-roofs in the distance, inspired one with wary disfavor. Then we found the first men. There was a length of the road so full of craters that with its arid stillness it resembled a picture of a landscape of the volcanic but extinct moon. A large tree had been lifted by its roots and lay athwart our path. Others were burst into bundles of white splinters, or a top touched the ground at an angle from a length of sundered column; but this evidence of recent violence, though it shocked, was still unconvincing, and could not be related to anything which concerned us, for in that quietude, in which one heard only the passage through the air of unseen things, it was yet impossible to

credit a maniacal power which in its inhuman rage could rend such resilient and heavy beams. And here were the only men we had seen since leaving the chateau. Six were lying on the ground, lax and passive, while others bent over them, gently intriguing them on to stretchers. The wounded men made no sign; they did not look at us, nor at their helpers, nor protest, nor groan. Their faces were averted. They might have agreed, when they fell, to treat in silence and with scorn the world in which this had come to them. We gazed briefly, saw we could be of no use there, and passed; though the persistent remembrance of one face, seen as I turned away, was the cause of a stumble into a shell-hole.

We soon arrived at a group of farm buildings, scattered among plantations near cross-roads. The trees, motionless in the still afternoon as though aware of the guardianship of a secret, and the obvious antiquity of these dwellings in their seclusion, placed them suddenly at an illusionary vast distance, the sunlight being what it was, and the settled peace, from the shell-wrecked road by which we had come. More officers appeared, making a merry bustle in welcoming us. The walls of one of the old barns, a structure so weathered that its ruinous brickwork had the surface of greystone, were gaping with shot holes where the bricks were raw; the shattered roof was collapsing. "Well," said one of our new friends to me, "you are within the battle-line of Armageddon now." We looked up at some ululating shrieks in the sky, which came our way increasing in malignance till they were suddenly choked in the field at the back of us, the passion bursting into smoke. They ceased. There was a sound in the distance like a boy rattling a stick along a fence! that, I was told, was a machine gun. Otherwise the silence was so deep that I thought I could hear the frog I saw flopping across the road. A pair of swallows were hawking about for midges and their familiar celerity and accuracy, as they pitched on their nest, built under the eaves of that barn roof on the point of collapse, were intently regarded for some unreasonable confidence they gave; they were miraculously surviving tokens of a reasonable world that was. But for the frog and the birds, the line of that great battle had no movement which could be seen. Two mud-colored beings approached bearing a stretcher, and turned from the road where a banner with a red cross hung in sleeping folds from a tree. A swallow, an erratic atom of light, flashed over that leaden figure in its blanket.

I took another path, one silent officer only with me now, and got into a deserted country which gave me the idea the day of judgment had long passed. We wandered there purposeless and forgotten. It was the sense of loneliness which was alarming, and the thought that one might be remembered for punishment at any moment. Somewhere ahead the earth seemed to be decrepitating in the heat. That was rifle fire. We entered a large village, but found nobody there. I was not surprised. It seemed natural to find it deserted and in ruins. The opened and cavernous houses repeated the melancholy sounds of our feet on the cobbles. We looked down every side street, each with its heaps of fallen masonry in the road, without expectation. The place smelt of damp mortar and extinct fires. Nothing there was alive. Nothing could be alive there. The violence which had come to this village was not only cyclonic, reducing some houses to heaps of rubble, but it seemed cruelly thorough and particular; every wall and doorpost still in its place was starred and scored, so that the child's doll we saw lying on its face on the street

stones with its limbs outstretched, but apparently untouched, was unaccountable, and made a quite ridiculous appeal with its attitude of abandoned grief. The mummied carcass of a cow lay near. Within a square of roofless houses, some with their fronts gone, indecently exposing interiors where all the furniture should have fallen from hanging floors but had not, was what had been the church. One vacant Gothic arch of its body still stood, separated by shapeless piles of rubbish from the remnant of the tower. The crowded monuments of its yard were heaped in confusion, the graves opened, and the bones and coffin-boards scattered above ground. If I could tell you how I felt I would, but intelligence and language cannot help one in such a village; and when a spasmodic growling came at us express through the silence of that murdered place, and more of the stones and graves flew in smoke, we picked ourselves up and went hurriedly.

Still wandering along in a way which to me seemed aimless, though, of course, that did not matter in a world which had lost its reason, I discovered the countryside was really populated. In unexpected and apparently unrelated wayside corners I was surprised by faces peering up at me from the openings of burrows in the earth, as though this land were peopled by voiceless underground gnomes. The faces were English, but they were expressionless, and though keen, were without any curiosity in us. It was as though one had come upon the English in another planet, inured to another existence, and so engrossed on something urgent but inscrutable that even the apparition of newcomers from home had no interest for them.

In this manner we found a young Irishman

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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

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10c, 25c, 50c.

intently initialling pink documents. He was doing that in a clay hovel. In the fields about him, over which the sun and the delicate tracery of fair-weather clouds pretended there was no difference, what had been humane and habitable were only forlorn ruins in memorial of unknown folk who had vanished. Perhaps this Irishman had been left behind to clear up the last odd jobs of a vacated earth. He stretched his arms leisurely as we came in; I got the idea he was nearly through with his task. He did not talk of any war. When the explosions were near enough to our shelter to interrupt our small talk he smiled at me with boyish ironic amusement, as though he thought he and I were merry fools who had got ourselves into a precious predicament. And in that place I was left with him, for I was to experience, to my better knowledge of war, what the place is like where the German invasion is being held back. This active and cheery youngster from Tipperary, in his shirt sleeves, in his capacity as a British infantry officer in modern war, put a string round his brown neck from which dangled a metal disc, slung over a shoulder the strap of a bag containing a respirator—and gave one to me—picked up a periscope, and invited me to come on. The periscope was his only weapon. As we emerged, a quick series of shocking metallic concussions, which seemed to check the spin of the planet with slight jerks, sent me revolving involuntarily on one heel, a movement I had not intended, but still executed with swift and careless grace. The Irish boy laughed. "Ours," he said. Then apologized for me. "Of course, you don't know ours were there." I gazed round for "ours." There was not even a trace of smoke, much less a gun muzzle, to be seen.

Beyond a handful of cottages, all in the same monotonous ruin, we descended into a ditch. An artificial shrubbery had been planted above. We began meandering below along a raw serpentine trench, with luxuriant poppies, cornflowers, oxeye-daisies and charlock, well above our caps on the screening rubbish. Once we stopped, to gaze up at an aeroplane—"ours" again—dodging little puffs of smoke. It was immediately over us; and a sound like a huge grasshopper beginning and ending his song with one loud whirr in the weeds by our heads brought more amusement to the Irish boy. "Shells must come down somewhere," he explained.

On we went, round and about, till with the enclosed heat, and the regular beat of our feet on the boards, it was rather dizzying. Sometimes we crouched, and went a little faster. I knew of no reason for it, but followed my leader. We then entered a labyrinth of piled sandbags, and found the youth of England at last, the fellows who are merely somewhere in France. Here were the ultimate ramparts of our safety. Beyond were the dead and the Prussians. Those fellows in khaki eyed us squarely and silently, or spoke in serious undertones, as skilled craftsmen who have undertaken an onerous task, though one well within their capacity, speak to an overlooker.

Suddenly I felt glad that I had come. I thought the less of the Germans who were now very near. What could such men do against these? I felt I should like to see them attack us. There was a sense of exultation even in anticipating that. One has felt the same with a

good crew and a good ship when circumstances have been huge and ominous at sea.

This firing trench was deep and narrow. Edging further along, men who were squatting had to stand up to let us pass. There were lower walls and a bottom of clay; and above the sandbags, glaring white pillows regularly stacked, bloated with loathly swarms of green flies. I noticed the earthy odor of graves. Rifles with bayonets stood about. Coats and equipment were hung on nails driven into posts where caves lined with wood were let into the walls. You could hear the flies humming. The snipers were busy, spurts of dust starting from the hard bags of clay. A man in shirt sleeves got on a wooden stand beside me, peered cautiously over, and as his rifle barked his body heaved. I thought it was the recoil. But he got down with blood streaming from his arm, and grinning awkwardly. "The beggar got me," was all he said. An officer gave first aid. Nobody took any notice. Somewhere near a machine gun was knocking with frantic rapidity. Some bullets sang musically overhead. In a shady cavern within the rampart a soldier lay on his back, his hairy chest, glistening with sweat, moving regularly in his sleep. Two comrades by him were making tea over a pungent wood fire. A dull roar made us look along the line of our ramparts, and not far away a brown cloud had formed over them, where a bomb had burst. There was a succession of such volcanic upheavals. "The swine!" exclaimed my young guide, without emotion. A hurtling of heavy bodies overhead, sighing and moaning sadly as they passed brightened his eye. "Here they come," he remarked, and waited with his ears cocked. Immediately there was a rapid succession of convulsive shocks on the German side, and smoke rose there too. One could not look at the enemy, except with the indirect eye of a periscope, and the small pellucid picture of a meadow one saw in that, with an irregular white line in the distance topped in one place by a German flag, still left the Germans at an incredibly remote distance—theirs was still the ordinary landscape of a nightmare, fantastic only because of an unreasonable respect and fear.

The sun set, and for light we had blue meteors. The ramparts, and the jagged wreck of farm buildings at the back of them, becoming pallid in a strong intermittent glare, as though clouds were passing rapidly across a full moon. Those stars appeared to encircle our position. More bombs and shells exploded, now with stabs of orange or rosy flames. The rifle-fire increased in volume, occasionally spreading into a continuous fulmination. The complexity of the uproar was baffling. Bullets cracked above us like whips, whined like puppies, made the sudden drone of bees in flight, twanged like harp strings. The machine guns were the crackling of a fire in the rush of a gale, or spurted as though the atmosphere were being torn into long ribbons. The night was chaos. But the slow indifference of the dark figures about me, who took no notice when nine of their comrades were carried out; their casual voices, their ironic superiority as they mocked death, that shadowy form, vast as the night, which stood over us all with uplifted scythe, made me secretly proud to know them as fellows. But it was a relief to see the intimation of the dawn, and to hear the first lark; that joy of innocence far in the coming of light.

Letters

The Hearst Loan Catalogue

In the early years of her married life Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst began collecting tapestries, rugs, textiles, as well as paintings, prints, illuminated manuscripts, glass and furniture. Her collection at the present time is very large. Some time ago J. Nilsen Laurvik, Director of the Palace of Fine Arts, received Mrs. Hearst's permission to select from this collection such items as would illustrate a history of the dependent arts. These items were assembled in the Palace of Fine Arts, and make up the Phoebe A. Hearst loan collection which has been enjoyed by so many visitors to the Palace. It goes without saying that such an exhibition is of full value only when it has been catalogued. A catalogue puts every item into its proper relation to every other item. It explains the significance of every item. It enables the visitor who has no special knowledge of the arts to appreciate what he inspects by pointing out just what he should admire. There are catalogues and catalogues. The ideal catalogue is extremely rare. But an ideal catalogue of this Phoebe A. Hearst collection is at the disposal of the visitor to the Palace of Fine Arts. It was prepared under the editorial direction of Mr. Laurvik by Arthur Upham Pope, R. Meyer-Riefstahl and Phyllis Ackerman, and it took many months to complete. Competent judges pronounce it one of the best catalogues ever produced in America. Typographically it is a thing of great beauty. In illustrating its pages with half-tones a very large sum was expended. It is indeed no mere catalogue, but a handbook of the arts it treats, and libraries are ordering it for their shelves. Art critics throughout the East have spoken with unmixed enthusiasm of this fine volume. For instance, the art critic of the New York Times writes:

"It deserves special mention on account of the special care with which it has been prepared with a view to giving it a permanent importance to the literature of the arts . . . The division dedicated to rugs and textiles is particularly adapted to the requirements of the general public, indicating many features of a good rug that are easily overlooked, and showing also something of its dependence upon the life and character of the weavers. Thus, in a magnificent Tabriz fragment, one is asked to note the beautiful precision with which the difficult corners of the border pattern are turned, and attention is called in a fine Kien Lung rug to the burning away by long exposure of the overtone of red which has been superimposed upon a dye of soft gold, according to a typical Chinese method of securing a gentle radiance of color in their finer carpets."

New Dictionary to be Published

Paul Elder & Company are soon to publish in connection with a New York publisher an American Home and School Self-Pronouncing Dictionary, based on the foundation laid by Webster, and revised, condensed and renewed by including many words of recent familiar usage, by C. M. Stevens, Ph. D. By eliminating words too simple to be referred to, or that are mere repetitions of the leading word in a derivative group, all the values in a thousand page dictionary are to be included in this volume of five hundred pages.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market did not get very far either way from last week's final figures. Sentiment, however, seemed to be more in favor of higher prices, notwithstanding the alarming news from the Western front. The general feeling seems to be that we have just about seen the worst of the German drive, and with a little favorable news from the Western front, prices could easily advance a few points. Steel stocks seemed to be in better demand, led by the big corporation stock, and the buying was based on the expectation of the usual quarterly dividend of one and one-fourth per cent and \$3 extra, or the same as last quarter. Copper stocks were firm and fractionally higher, with Inspiration Copper leading the list. Railroads were dull and inactive. The present situation of our Security market is, to say the least, exceedingly peculiar. It is recognized by all that, based on the old standard of values, prices are too low. There is hardly an issue on the list that ought not, under ordinary circumstances, sell at a decidedly higher level. We all recognize this fact, and are hopeful of ultimately seeing prices established, where we feel they should be. In the accomplishment of this, we meet with a few difficulties, that for a moment are beyond our power to overcome. First and foremost conditions are abnormal. We are in the midst of a period when the old standard of measurement cannot be applied. This will only be possible when devastation is brought to an end and reconstruction takes its place. The money market like our manufacturing facilities, is now and should be at the disposal of the Government, therefore every tendency to expand loans for stock market purposes will meet with a check. As a result, we have a market with only limited possibilities; therefore, the logical thing under the circumstances as we have recently experienced, is to take profits on all long stocks on any bulges, with the idea of taking them back whenever the market becomes depressed.

Cotton—There was no mistaking the trend of the cotton market last week. The market would rally from time to time, but on each and every rally there seemed to be a world of it for sale, and as a result the market became demoralized at times, and at the close of the week prices were off about five cents per pound from the previous week's close. The selling came first from Liverpool, and later on the market ran into a lot of stop orders, which added to the pressure. Liverpool prices came lower, and their market was in a demoralized condition. Selling for Liverpool account was the factor in causing the decline in our market. Long lines of Cotton that had been bought in our market, with the idea of taking delivery and shipping it out of this country, came on the market in large quantities, and the news had it that there were no

boats available for Cotton, now, and probably would not be for some time. The weather too was against the market. Rain was general throughout the belt, and the temperatures were much higher, and there were quite a few optimistic messages from the South, telling of better crop prospects. Spot Cotton in the South finally turned weak, and followed the decline in futures. The mills are said to have bought all the Cotton they require up to the beginning of the next crop movement, and are now out of the market. Exports of Cotton to Europe are practically nothing, and it looks now as if we will have a fair surplus of Cotton at the beginning of the new crop season. While prices are still high, we have had a severe decline, and as it is a long ways off to the next harvest, any number of things can happen to the growing crop. We would rather not sell cotton on this decline, and would rather take the long side for the present as a good reaction is due from this level.

Never Despair

Never despair, though all your hopes are shattered,

Never despair, though all your dreams are o'er;

Though all the plans you thought so good are scattered,

Do not despair, but think them out once more.

What use are tears, of what avail is sorrow,
If idle by their ruins you remain?

Come, take new heart, and with the dawn tomorrow

Make a fresh start, and build them up again.

Though you have failed, you have not been the loser,

And, having failed, yet something you will gain;

Though of such luck you would not be the chooser,

Yet you will find it has not been in vain.

For all you lost, for all your pain and weeping,

An equal good has added to your store,

Has cleansed your soul, and to your wiser keeping

Has given experience, to start once more.

Never despair, but start again rebuilding,

With your old tools, and greater artifice;

Start e'er the morrow's sun the sky is gilding,
With all your skill, a finer edifice.

Rebuild, renew, dream dreams and realize them,

The world awaits you, with riches yet to give.

If at your tasks you work, and not despise them,

You yet will find that life is good to live.

A teacher was trying to impress upon her pupils recently the fact that history repeats itself and that many things which happen today are the counterpart of similar things that happened years and years ago. "Now, will anyone tell me of anything new of importance that has happened during the last twenty-five years?" inquired the teacher. "Me," answered one of the pupils.

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A Sailor Song

(Passed by the Censor)

In an unnamed port by an unknown sea
There's an unnamed girl who waits for me;
But soon on an unnamed day I'll trip
To this unnamed girl on an unnamed ship,
And then we'll hie to an unnamed spot,
Where an unnamed parson will tie the knot,
And then I'll give her a name, by Jove,
No ————* censor will ever remove!

*Deleted by censor.

Called Down

Some years before the war the German Crown Prince got a neat calling down from Miss Bernice Willard, a Philadelphia girl. It was during the emperor's regatta, and the two mentioned were sitting with others on the deck of a yacht. A whiff of smoke from the prince's cigarette blowing into the young lady's face, a lieutenant near by remarked: "Smoke withers flowers." "It is no flower," said the prince, jocularly, "it is a thistle." Miss Willard raised her eyes a trifle. "In that case," she said, "I had better retire or I shall be devoured." The party saw the point and the prince was discomfited.

In a recent examination paper for a boy clerk's post was the question: "If the premier and all the members of the cabinet should die, who would officiate?" Robert, a boy of fourteen, thought for a time, trying in vain to recall who came next in succession. At last a happy inspiration came to him, and he answered: "The undertaker."

"Waiter," said the indignant customer, "what does this mean? Yesterday I was served for the same price with a portion of chicken twice the size of this." "Yes, sir" answered the waiter. "Where did you sit, sir?" "Over by the window." "Then that accounts for it. We always give people who sit by the windows large portions. It's an advertisement."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LORENZA MOTRONI, deceased.—No. 24155; Department No. Ten (10).

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of LORENZA MOTRONI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Joseph A. Brown, Room 912 Chronicle Building, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LORENZA MOTRONI, deceased.

SUSIE PARENTE,

Administratrix of the estate of Lorena Motroni, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 13th, 1918.

JOSEPH A. BROWN,
Attorney for the Estate,
Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

4-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 24285. Dept. No. 9.

Estate of MARIA LARRE', Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of MARIA LARRE', deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARIA LARRE', deceased.

MADELEINE LABARTHE,

Administratrix of the Estate of MARIA LARRE', Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 4, A. D. 1918.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, California.

5-4-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 86,476; Dept. No. 15.

FRANCESCA W. HATCH, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES ALFRED HATCH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CHARLES ALFRED HATCH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of Plaintiff and Defendant's willful neglect of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of December, A. D. 1917.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

WM. M. SIMS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
612-614 Crocker Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

3-23-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 88832; Dept. No. 7.

IDA M. ESTES, Plaintiff, vs. EDWIN H. ESTES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: EDWIN H. ESTES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful neglect; also for general relief as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3rd day of April, A. D. 1918.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALFRED B. LAWSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION OF TRUSTEES FOR ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; No. 21727; Dept. 10. In the matter of the estate of SUZANNE ALFERITZ, deceased.

It appearing to this Court from the petition this day presented and filed by CELESTE M. VERGEZ and LYMAN I. MOWRY, Trustees under the Will of SUZANNE ALFERITZ, deceased, praying for an order of sale of all of their interest in certain real estate, that it would be beneficial to the estate and to all persons interested therein that said sale should be made;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, that GEORGE H. P. ALFERITZ and YVONNE C. S. ALFERITZ and all persons interested in said estate and real property, appear before this Court on Wednesday, the 29th day of May, A. D. 1918, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., at the court room of this Court, Department No. 10, in the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of all of the interest of said Trustees in said real property;

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks before the said day of hearing, in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated April 27th, 1918.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

NORMAN H. HURD,
Attorney for Trustees,
604 Montgomery St.

5-4-4

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 88770.

SHIGETOSHI SAIKI, Plaintiff, vs. KIYOE SAIKI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

D. K. SEIBERT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: KIYOE SAIKI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of April, A. D. 1918.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

D. K. SEIBERT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

4-13-10

NOTICE OF SALE AT PUBLIC AUCTION

The Acme Hotel, 819 Mission street, San Francisco, will sell on the premises at Public Auction on May 17, 1918, commencing at 2 p. m., to the highest bidder, the following baggage to satisfy the indebtedness of the following named persons to the Acme Hotel:

Kleinert, G.,	Suitcase	Ellis, J. T.,	"
Long, W. F.,	"	Bolander, F.,	"
Hardy, E. J.,	"	Wilson, J. S.,	"
Erickson, J.,	2 Suitcases	Corlett, Y.,	"
Brand, J.,	Suitcase	Mastedict, S.,	"
Jackson, C.,	"	Cobb, Mrs.,	"
Brady, J.,	"	Hussey, E.,	"
Chatham, T.,	"	Mullen, H.,	"
Tuttle, H.,	"	Chase, M.,	"
Mackey, W.,	"	Potter, R.,	"
Austeman, P.,	"	Collins, E. C.,	"
Murphy, H.,	"	Lanagan, P.,	"
Budue, W.,	"	Walsh, H.,	"
Donohoe, H.,	"	Summerville, F.,	"
Muldoon, S.,	"	Baier, T.,	"
Collins, H.,	"	Fighey, T. A.,	"
Harris, W. J.,	"	Kane, H.,	"
Darling, G.,	"	Linehan, W. E.,	"
Corbell, J.,	"	Ward, J. B.,	"
Swan, C.,	"	Crello, R.,	"
Walsh, G.,	"		
Kirby, H.,	"	Sisson, C. E.,	Trunk
Schreih, F.,	"	Wright, B. H.,	"
Martin, S.,	"	Jackson, J. A.,	"
Dormer, T.,	"	Donnelly, G.,	"
Lyman, P.,	"	Corlett, H.,	"
Cochran, T.,	"	Hussey, E.,	"
Devitt, T.,	"	Mullen, H.,	"
Jackson, J. C.,	"	McDonald, W. S.,	"
Linehan, W.,	"	Collins, J. F.,	"
Huber, C.,	"	Kramer, Miss,	"
Cregin, H.,	"	Robinson, R.,	"
Noyes, S.,	"	Wimberley, H.,	"
Langenberg, V.,	"	Madden, F.,	"
O'Connell, T.,	"	Andrews, C.,	"
Dayton, G.,	"	Thomas, F.,	"
Daley, F.,	"	Agard, H.,	"
Dunn, T.,	"	Sweet, F.,	"
Hart, W. T.,	"	Gunsen, S.,	"
Race, E. E.,	"	Miller, F.,	"
Reimer, H.,	"	Woods, Jas.,	"

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 24230, N. S.; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the matter of the estate of JOHANNA HENNEBERRY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned JOHN JOSEPH SHEERIN, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of JOHANNA HENNEBERRY, deceased, to all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of said JOHANNA HENNEBERRY, deceased, at the office of John J. Barrett, Esq., Room 1906 Hobart Building, No. 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said last named office the undersigned Executor selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHANNA HENNEBERRY, deceased.

JOHN JOSEPH SHEERIN,

Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Johanna Henneberry, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, April 13th, 1918.

JOHN J. BARRETT,
Attorney for said Executor,
Room 1906 Hobart Bldg.,
No. 582 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

4-13-5

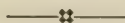
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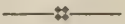
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ESTABLISHED 1878

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Vol. XXXII. No. 1342

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, MAY 11, 1918

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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"The Magic of Blows," by Bart Kennedy

Michael Williams' Spiritual Autobiography

"Rome of the Pagans," by Vincent McNabb

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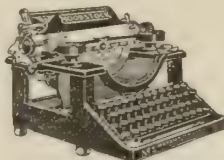
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXII

San Francisco-Oakland, May 11, 1918

No. 1342

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Our Passion for Democracy

We are fighting for democracy, our President is telling us and all the world. Now democracy is a fine thing, meaning as it does a love of equality. But how curious that anybody should be cocksure about democracy at this time when so many governments have been finding it advisable to be rather autocratic. Democracy has been regarded by great men generally as a very fragile system of government. Even Rousseau who was an ardent lover of equality had his doubts about democracy. He observed that it was a fit form of government only for a people consisting of gods. Like other great men Rousseau regarded democracy as impracticable, there being so much selfishness in the world, so much of that exclusive solicitude to maintain self and wife and children in luxury. We perceive many manifestations of this vulgar vice in the midst of a war that has become a severe test of democracy. Indeed we perceive at this time many of the objectionable features of democracy that have been pointed out by great men, like Mill and Lecky. They have agreed that to be fit for the thing the Allies are going to save people must possess a high amount of virtue and intelligence. Is it not apparent that democracy has created among us a sense of irresponsibility? We see that as always under similar forms of government each man's approbation of his own acts has to him the appearance of a solemn intelligent judgment in his own favor. We see so many things counted fatal to this form of government which wise men regard as ephemeral that we become apprehensive. Indeed, thinking over the situation we feel ourselves inclined to lament that we haven't borrowed a little of the system that ordinarily we should hate. Consider for instance the way they handle strikes in Germany. A terrible

tyranny to be sure, but people are so selfish, as the Kaiser might observe. Being so selfish people have jeopardized their own democracy, and though it is cruel to tyrannize over Labor, what about our sons whom we have sent to war to be maimed and killed? We are paying them a pittance for doing as they have been ordered the while we pay Labor what it demands. In short our Democracy means liberty to the workingman at home to do what he wishes even when he threatens to hold up the supplies essential to the lives of our fighting sons. This is the democracy for which we are driving our best manhood to war. We shall be told that Capital is selfish, too. Quite true, but it is an element of democracy and at least obedient to rule and in a measure it is patriotic.

* * *

Busy Mr. McAdoo

May we discuss at this time so sordid a subject as politics? We know it is hardly patriotic to consider the next election when we ought to be concentrating all thought on the war. But somehow politics haunts us. It is well to believe that all our statesmen are at present concerned only about the matter of winning the war, but are they? We doubt it. Reading controversies in the Congress we perceive an inclination toward politics. And we suspect that some very eminent statesmen are preoccupied with thoughts of the next Presidential election. For all we know they may be putting their self-interest above everything else. This may be the reason why we appear to have been committed to Government ownership for many years to come. We say we appear to have been committed to Government ownership, because of certain official transactions that seem to have made it difficult for us to return to private ownership. The Secretary of the Treasury has attended to this matter. The Secretary of the Treasury, by the way, is a very busy man these days. This may be the reason why he has been spending money like the proverbial drunken sailor. But this is war time, and we must lick the mad brute over there.

* * *

Muddling Through

Let us not view the novel incidents of our prodigious domestic upheaval with too censorious eyes. We must remember that we are living in positively unprecedented times. Even a Solomon might lack the foresight and capacity to avoid error in the direction of strange and complicated affairs these

days. Why expect too much of the little men of plain politics. Fancy a contractor without experience in railroading operating the railroads of the whole land! Naturally he has tangled them up somewhat. Naturally the service for the private individual is not improving. But Mr. McAdoo is doing his best, and we are in the biggest war that ever happened. Now in all probability the Government will return the railroads to their private owners shortly after the war, slightly burdened perhaps, but otherwise in good working order, and gradually the whole social order will return to normal fundamentals. Meanwhile, of course, the Secretary of the Treasury, while doing his multifarious duties is receiving the felicitations of Big Business and also of all men whose wages have been raised. In short he is appreciated by all men who are grateful for the assistance he is rendering his country, as well as by all who are sensible of the importance of applauding power wherever it is in evidence. And this is no time for patriots to attribute ulterior designs while trying to analyze motives. For all we know Mr. McAdoo may have an eye on the Presidency, but what is the objection to such an aspiration? It is certainly legitimate. When the war is over we may all be eager to reward the President's enterprising son-in-law, for he is an energetic statesman, and he has taken hold of things with something of the vigor and wisdom of a Lloyd George. There has been criticism of him for having taken hold of too much, but the same has been said of Kitchener. At the same time there is the complaint of a lack of ability in Washington. If so would it not be well to extend the employment of the few persons of unquestioned capacity? However when the war is over the truth will be accessible, and if there has been too much muddling we shall be less inclined to reward than to punish. Meanwhile let us avoid insidious speculation which is not at all in the nature of constructive criticism.

* * *

Drama After the War

This may seem a queer time to talk about the theatre, especially to talk about reviving interest in the drama, but actors and playwrights are talking about these things nevertheless, and critics are voicing their thoughts on these subjects. All the while people are going to the movies and taking an interest in war pictures. The war cannot be crowded off the stage. The most stupendous dramatic action in his-

tory, the great drama of deeds, will hold public attention to the end. What then? This is the question the art-famished soul, whose particular food is the drama, is asking, and actors and playwrights are curious along the same line. Well perhaps after the war with all its harrowing scenes and revolting deeds will come the drama of ideas wherewith Little Theatres are trying to improve the public taste. In all probability the greatest melodrama of all time will be followed by an awakened curiosity about life.—Thus far not many playwrights have received inspiration from the war itself, and as to playgoers they have been so steeped in tales about the horrors and miseries of war that they may not be hankering for the real thing reflected in the theatre. However, we have had a war play by a San Francisco author and evidently playgoers liked it. But what will the after-war drama be like? Will it sermonize on war and thus anticipate the topical churches? Or will the drama return to the old rut? Surely the Kaiser is not to be overlooked. As the central figure of a war drama he will serve equally well for purposes of satire or tragedy.

* * *

German Music

Prejudice against everything German in this country is spreading. There is prejudice even against German music, especially the music of contemporary and recently dead composers. There may be some justification for this prejudice, but it will hardly last even if what some critics tell us is true with respect to the feelings and emotions that certain German music inspires. We may be pretty certain that when the war is over people will regale themselves on German music. Lovers of music are not to be persuaded that French or English music is on the whole as good or better than German music. The enlightened music lover has of course a place in his heart for the more beautiful French works, but he knows that there is something in the massive German music to which he is peculiarly responsive. Howsoever we may feel toward German musicians who scorn to play the Star Spangled Banner it seems to be the truth that French and Russian music cannot satisfy the emotional needs of the average music lover. We may despise German militarists, but somehow German composers know the trick of appealing to what is human in us. They appear to be able to speak to us simply, intelligibly, yet profoundly of the things that lie nearest to the soul. And hence it is that while men like the Debussy and the Ravel flavor for a change their preference for German music is not to be overcome. It remains even among men who hold that German music has come to the end of its resources.

The Renaissance of Blake

Many are the heirlooms and precious works of art now coming to this country as a result of hard times in Europe. It is too bad perhaps that many of them are falling into the hands of private collectors instead of becoming the property of all the people as would be the case if they were purchased by public museums, but after all we shall accept what Fortune sends us with satisfaction if not rejoicing. It is not for us to rejoice at the misfortune of others, especially not when the sacrifices are made for our benefit. It would be wiser for us to ponder the lessons which are to be learned from many of these sacrifices. Consider for instance the sale the other day of a collection of the drawings of William Blake, long preserved in the Linnell family. They brought \$110,000. Such was the total sum bid. Of this \$36,500 was paid for seventy-two designs made for Dante's "Divine Comedy." Where is the other modern artist whose work could be made to yield so much to the cause of civilization at this time? Now consider that William Blake, poet and painter, was much laughed at in his youth as a seer of visions and a dreamer. In his youth he saw "Ezekiel sitting under a green bough" and a tree full of angels. He was just a boy with a teeming imagination who sought expression both in verse and drawing, but he became an eminent engraver and studied at the Royal Academy making many fine pictures and writing many fine verses that few people understood so intense was the spiritual feeling that characterized them. Cocksure critics of the day saw nothing in the works of either Blake or his heaven-provided wife who helped him engrave designs for his books on copper. His originality was beyond all but the elect few among whom was John Linnell, the chief support of the artist from 1813 till his death in 1827. What folly it is to laugh at what we do not understand! At the thought of Blake who lived a life of contentment in poverty there comes before the mind's eye a picture of him sending out his wife with his last half-guinea to purchase the materials to enable the pair to engrave a picture. But we have no thought whatever of the fashionable artists of the day whose soul products play no part in the Great War.

* * *

George Sims Glancing Back

Fancy George R. Sims alive! Incredible you will say unless you are a constant reader of England's Who's-Who. George R. Sims is very much alive; so much that he has written a new book called "Glances Back." George R. Sims is not an ante-diluvian, but one is almost inclined to ask

Was it before or after the Trojan war that his classic melodramas were thrilling the-atregoers? So many of his contemporaries of the nineteenth century died long before the Battle of the Marne that it is hard to believe that Sims is still living. More than a quarter of a century ago Pinero wrote *Sweet Lavender*, but at that time Sims had ceased writing for the stage. Who among living dramatists is able to glance as far back as the time when the *Lights O' London* was all the rage, and tell us how splendidly Gerald Eyre played the part of Spider, the aristocratic thief? "The Deemster" did not make its appearance till nearly twenty years later, and Peter Pan came along after that. George Bernard Shaw, though no spring chicken, was not yet writing dramatic criticisms for the *Saturday Review* and it was much later than the journalistic period that Shaw became a playwright. Sims has come down to us from a former generation, the one in which Mrs. James Brown Potter became famous by reciting "Ostler Joe" in a Washington, D. C., drawing room. The only other famous British writer of Sims' heyday who is still writing is George Moore of whom it was reported the other day that he was at work on a new book. But even Moore who wrote the "Flowers of Passion" in 1877 came into the world later than the man who made Mrs. Brown Potter famous by writing his *Phryne* verse. Sims, by the way, has been glancing back to the seventies, a decade of transition. According to Sims the seventies were quite as interesting and sensational as the age that preceded — the Mid-Victorian. "Drunkenness and disorder were so common in the streets," he says, "that a life-preserver was part of a middle-age man's evening dress."



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Varied Types

376—EDGAR MIZNER

By Edward F. O'Day

Edgar Mizner was angry in that quiet way of his. He had been to see a moving picture—"The Carmen of the Klondyke," I think it was called—and it had excited his indignation.

"It's a shame," he said, only he used an expletive specifying the kind of shame. "This is the second Klondyke picture I've seen lately. No 'Sour Dough' can look at one of these pictures without getting mad. They malign the Klondykers. They show the crassest ignorance of the Yukon country. They spread abroad an entirely false notion about conditions in the North during the gold rush. Why don't they get scenarios from the men who know?"

I asked Edgar Mizner for particulars.

"In these pictures," he specified, "the Klondykers are low, vicious and villainous looking. In reality the early Klondykers were the finest bunch of men ever gathered together in the world. It was a hard, tough trip into the Klondyke. The weakling never arrived. And it was an expensive trip. The ne'er-do-well couldn't afford to make it. So for the first two years the men of the Klondyke were the best on earth. It angers me to see them made a villainous or a mild, sheeplike bunch for the purpose of exalting a movie hero.

"In all these pictures there is a scene where the hero strides in and knocks everybody down. Then the villain appears and slaps a few weaklings. I've been in every mining camp from Central America to the vicinity of the North Pole, and nobody ever did that to me. That sort of thing didn't happen, especially in the Klondyke.

"There were few women in the Klondyke. And the dance hall women were superior to the general run of such women in mining camps. The hardships and the expense of the trip kept the cheap class away. In these highly imaginative moving pictures the girl follows her lover into the Klondyke. She is shamefully abused, manhandled horribly. As a matter of fact, there was no safer place in the world for a woman than a mining camp on the Yukon. She could walk the streets alone without ever being addressed, much less insulted.

"I suppose these Klondyke scenario writers get their idea of the Klondyke from the exploits of 'Soapy' Smith. But 'Soapy' held sway at Skagway. Everybody rushed through Skagway. Nobody stayed more than one or two days. 'Soapy' Smith preyed on the occasional sucker. He wouldn't have lasted over night in any permanent mining camp in Alaska.

"A familiar scene in these movies is where one man 'cleans up' a whole camp and rules it. That's ridiculous. Another is where one man holds back a mob while the hero and the villain fight it out. That's impossible. And the gun plays! Nobody carried a gun up at Dawson. In fact, crime was very infrequent on the Yukon. Crime was an unhealthy pastime, and everybody knew it. It was almost impossible for the criminal to get away. If he struck cross country in the ice and snow he'd starve to death. If he went up or down the river it was a simple matter to catch him. There were occasional shootings, but they were generally double affairs. After killing his man, the killer would turn the gun against himself. He preferred suicide to the murderer's punishment of those early Klondyke days. For the murderer was shoved out from shore in a small boat without oars or provisions. He had a chance for his life, if his boat floated eighteen hundred miles without capsizing and he survived the trip.

"In this last picture I've seen, the villain wins a

large amount of money, and orders one of his henchmen to run down to Nome and buy the finest diamond necklace to be had. The scene of this picture is All Gold Creek, and the time is three years before Nome was discovered. Incidentally, Nome is 1875 miles over the ice—and no trail—from All Gold Creek.

"In these pictures the mines always have very fancy names. But under Canadian mining law the Klondyke mines were all numbered. The first discovery on a creek was called Discovery Claim on such and such a creek, and all the others were numbered from that claim, number one above, number one below and so on. They were recorded only in that way.

"Another thing: These movie Klondykers are always talking about veins and lodes. There are no veins or lodes in the Klondyke or Yukon district. It is all placer, gravel deposit. Usually the rocky mouth of a tunnel is shown. That's ridiculous. There are absurdities of this sort in the moving picture based on Rex Beach's novel of 'The Spoilers,' the robbing of the sluice boxes for instance. In making that picture they used an old sewer system back of Santa Barbara for the sluice system. Any miner would only have to take one look at that 'sluice system' to tell you that no man could ever hope to save a grain of gold in it.

"Why should there be so much ignorance concerning mining conditions in the Klondyke? The true state of affairs is easy to ascertain. And yet these movie people won't take the trouble to acquaint themselves with the facts. It is the same with pictures of California in '49. Our pioneer fathers are maligned in exactly the same way as the Klondyke 'Sour Dough' of the nineties."

"Just what is a 'Sour Dough'?" I asked Edgar Mizner.

"Strictly speaking, a 'Sour Dough' is a Klondyke pioneer of the eighties. When the rush came the miners had yeast powder, so there was no sour dough. But in common speech a 'Sour Dough' is a miner who went into the Klondyke at any time up to and including the summer of '97."

"When did you go in?"

"In '97, with my brother Wilson, Captain Hansen of the Alaska Commercial Company, and Gordon Bettles, an old trapper for the Alaska Commercial. We left before word of the Klondyke strike reached San Francisco. Nobody had come out yet, but the news traveled by Indian grapevine."

"How did you happen to go?"

"Rudolph Newman, general manager of the Alaska Commercial, had received the grapevine news of the strike and he asked me to go to the Klondyke for the company. He was after me for several days, but I refused. It was at the time of the big race track quarrel between Tom Williams and Porter Ashe. I had a racing stable and Porter was my silent partner. My horse Ruinart was entered for the Burns Handicap. The day the weights came out I found that Ruinart had been overhandicapped, and in disgust I turned my horses over to Porter and my brother-in-law Howard Chase, telling them to sell the stable, and accepted Rudolph Newman's offer.

"We were delayed by storms on the Chilkoot Pass, and held up again at Lake Bennett. There was no trail and we were having a tough time. The result was that a couple of men from Juneau overtook us. Of course we asked them for news of the outside world. Some of their provisions were wrapped in San Francisco newspapers. The

first paper I opened had my picture on the front page with Ruinart poking his head over my shoulder. The heading was, 'Ruinart Wins Burns Handicap at 30 to 1.' Right then and there I had an awful struggle. Should I go back and get my share of that \$10,000 purse, or go on? I was saved the disgrace of turning back by the arrival of miners with the first authentic news of the strike. They had thirty thousand dollars in gold dust and nuggets. So I said, 'To hell with the horses,' and we beat it on."

Edgar Mizner stayed in the Klondyke for seven years as the representative of the Alaska Commercial Company. His brother Wilson was too mercurial to remain that long. He left when Edgar fired him.

"I had a claim on El Dorado Creek," says Edgar Mizner, "and I gave Wilson a job as foreman at \$25 a day. All he had to do was to see that forty men who were getting a dollar and a half an hour did a reasonable amount of work. Half a mile away on another creek was a road house. I went up to the claim one day and found the forty men sitting around smoking cigarettes. Wilson was not in evidence. I asked one of the men what it all meant. He looked kind of sheepish, but told me that the foreman had ordered them all to take a rest. When I asked why my brother had given such an order the man looked more sheepish than before, but finally he explained. Wilson had told them that it made him tired to see them work! Just then the music of a banjo floated down from the road house to inform me where Wilson was. He lost his job."

If I were a scenario writer engaged on Klondyke pictures I'd consult Edgar Mizner for stories and local color. The authentic Klondyke is conjured up by his quiet yet powerful words. If there is not a great moving picture in the story of Tiv Kreling's victory at Dawson over Riley the Toronto wrestler I am much mistaken. All the world loves gameness, and Edgar Mizner says that was the gamest exhibition he ever saw. There is a moving picture too in the story of the food trouble at Dawson in the winter of '97. There was only food enough in the Alaska Commercial Company's warehouse for the inhabitants of Dawson. Flour was \$125 a sack and everybody was on rations. There were a thousand newcomers in the town, including a Salvation Army contingent. This mob had arrived provisionless, and they made very serious trouble. The Salvationists said the Lord would provide; the more reckless characters said Edgar Mizner was hoarding food. There was nothing to do but send this mob of a thousand down the river to Circle City where food was plentiful. And they were sent down the river. Edgar Mizner is the hero of this story, so you won't find it easy to get it at first hand. But any 'Sour Dough' will tell you the whole yarn, including Edgar Mizner's famous speech when he drew a deadline around the warehouse and declared:

"You may get that flour, but I guarantee that every sack will be so saturated with blood that it won't be fit for food. . . . As for those who think that a merciful God is going to repeat the miracle of the loaves and fishes, I want to say that the age of miracles is past. . . . Go down the river or starve. I don't give a damn which."

That mob of a thousand went down the river, with some rude inducing where necessary. There is a legend that the leaders were shanghaied.

Yes, there are plenty of authentic Klondyke tales; Mizner has a memory stored with them.

Perspective Impressions

Why don't these night-riding Knights of Liberty enlist?

A good way to get your picture in the papers is to have an automobile agency.

Hobson is coming. Ladies who care to kiss him will please join the W. C. T. U.

"We have sung of Thermopylae, of Ivry, of Naseby, and talked of charges from time immemorial," spouted Hiram Johnson in the Senate. Speaking of charges, we wonder what he charged Hearst.

Our Congressman Randall knows we're at war, but he thinks it's a war on booze.

Korniloff has been dead more times than a cat, but he may be alive for all that.

California has furnished nearly a hundred thousand fighting men so far. California always rises to the occasion.

Julius Kahn says he will not run for Governor, that his duty is in Congress. Right! But after the war, if Kahn wants to be Governor, we shouldn't be surprised if California let him.

"In times like this, when we are tempted to criticize without full knowledge of our subject, we should remember that there is a far cry between constructive criticism and calumny," Curtis H. Lindley told the Commonwealth Club. A timely reminder from an efficient dollar-a-year-man.

Paul Herriott died as he would like to die—serving his country.

They have created a new position in the Bank of England. First thing we know they'll install telephones there. The world do move.

"I envy you your opportunity for service"—Josephus Daniels to Arthur Brisbane. The picture of Josephus envying Arthur ought to be drawn by Oppen, originator of the the Peace Ship Piffle.

Elinor Glyn succeeds in vulgarizing the sufferings of war.

The concrete ship has ceased to be an abstract idea.

One of our favorite authors is John P. Medbury, late of San Francisco, now of San Pedro.

Since women got the vote it is not considered modest to say that politics makes strange bedfellows.

We saw some Chinese matches the other day, and they brought back good old times when we used to scratch 'em on our pants.

According to a Methodist divine, all Americans killed in this war will go straight to Heaven. Even if they don't believe in Heaven?

An Army chaplain says profanity is not sinful when addressed by an American soldier to a Hun. Must have learned his theology from mule-drivers.

The Magic of Blows

By Bart Kennedy

Many are punched, but few are knocked out. We live in a world of blows, and the quicker people realize this the better for themselves. Neither fortune, nor fame, nor money, nor rank, nor influence will shield you from them. You may be a king or an emperor, but you will still have to take your blows just as other people have to take them. You may acquire more money than you can count, and still there will be someone or another who will make it awkward for you. You may be so hard up that you don't like to let your mind dwell upon it. But you must never forget that there are lots of people with stout balances at the bank who, when everything comes to be reckoned up, are in a worse case than yourself.

The thing you have to guard against is mistaking a hard punch for a knock-out blow. If you stop a real knock-out blow you will know nothing about it. But the very fact that you feel the blow to be horribly hard shows that there is some reserve power within you that will enable you to recover from it. What you have to do is to get back your wind as well as you can, and think things out a bit. And your reward will be that you will see a streak of silver somewhere or other in the heavy black cloud.

You must remember that man wouldn't occupy the proud position that he now occupies on this interesting planet but for the fact that he was always having to put up with blows. They hardened him and made him look about himself, and in the end he found out the way to give better than he was sent. He grew up in the company of big, weird animals who only liked him because they considered that he was something good to eat. But after a time he got his own back. He became the Lord High-Chief and bottle-washer-in-general of the world. He found out how to do all manner of things. And now the other animals shiver when he appears. All of them give him the free and sole use of the road when he goes out to take an airing.

He flies in the air; he sails over the sea; and only lately he has cut a ditch that joins two oceans together. He has become quite a person. And all through the magic of blows.

Blows are the best medicine that you can get. They beat all hollow the most curing compound that any chemist ever evolved from out his mortar. They liven and smarten and brace you up. They bring sight to your eyes and sense to your head. And when you get them the thing to do is to assume as pleasant a grin as possible.

The philosophy that assumes that man could manage to hobble along without this magical medicine is a philosophy born of a loose, weak head that thinks it can think. It ignores the fact that man evolved from punches and knocks. How a thing that has evolved from punches and knocks can subsist without them it doesn't explain. It is, in effect, like suddenly depriving a tree of air, and at the same time expecting it to keep on growing. The very mechanism of a man's body has been compounded out of knocks and blows and punches. It is shaped as it is because it had to fight everything from elements to microbes. And it fights even now with itself. Armageddons are all the while going on inside it. And even when the body is dead the microbes are still exchanging blows.

How anyone, who carries even a pin head on his shoulders, can expect a cessation of this eternal fighting is astonishing. You can't at once live by war and loll in peace. The ultimate of peace is eternal calm, and eternal calm means death.

If you look back into your life you will find that but for the blows you got, you would never have developed. You may not be too much of a wonder as you are, but you would have been nowhere at all if you had not them. You would have been less than nothing.

It is all very well to be vexed at your enemies, but you must never forget that you owe your enemies a good deal. You owe them far more

than you do the kind friends who do their best to save you from rough usage. And your enemies owe you a great deal. And here I will indulge in a paradox. Your enemies are your best friends.

Parents are too fond of doing all they can to save their children from the healthy blows and knocks of the world. They shield them in all sorts of ways, and then they wonder and become sad when these children crumple up at the first hard knock or so. If a trainer acted like this towards a pugilist, the pugilist wouldn't have the ghost of a chance to win his fight. What he does is to harden his man as much as he can. Indeed, he tries if possible to make the conditions of the training harder than the fight itself. Parents are too often their children's worst enemies. They stifle them with the unspeakable ignorance that goes by the name of innocence.

The world isn't at all a bad place if you are alert and hardy and up to things. And grumbling at it is worse than useless, for it is the only world we have. It is at once a terrible place, and a wicked place, and a good place and a fine place. And parents should, as much as possible, put their children up to what goes on in it. Girding them with innocence is as intelligent as giving them a stupefying drug that leaves them a prey to the first malign thing that comes along.

It is the same way with a nation.

A nation must be on the alert and up to things through the whole of the time. It must be on the watch and be ready to give better blows than it is likely to get. It must never forget that if it does not do this it will go under as surely as water will run downhill. It must be alive to the fact that if it has anything that any other nation wants, that nation will take it absolutely the first chance it gets. It must let its ambassadors give the ambassadors of other nations the glad

(Continued on Page 17)

Rome of the Pagans

AN IMPRESSION

By Vincent McNabb

There is hardly a touch of brightness about one's first view of Rome in winter, except, perhaps, the newly-built streets.

Of course Rome is a city of ruins, a sombre Messina that has outlasted the Middle Ages. Yet ruins need not necessarily be sombre. Tinted and Fountain even shimmering through northern mists would flagrantly contradict such an untruth.

In this Eternal City (of ruins) there is much stone and much stucco. Above all there is more cement and much more brick. To understand Rome you need not understand Latin; but you must understand bricks and cement. Even the Coliseum is of brick faced with stone. The Pantheon is brick, a coarse grey brick in texture like a potter's saggar; and its dome, the most daring in the world, is of cement.

They say, "Roman cement is everlasting." I add, "And everlastingly sombre!"

I took my first sight of the Coliseum on my way to San Clemente.

Reader, if your soul is sensitive to life's autumn shades or evening shadows, be of my mind and take the Coliseum on your way elsewhere. It should not be taken by itself. It must be treated lightly as an entree to some more human fare—a sweetbread which is the remembrance of a slaughter. Taken by itself, it may instil into your unguarded soul some horrible malaria.

At my first view from the high ground where I stood I looked at it almost midway. It seemed large, but I had imagined it still larger. I clambered down the slopes and stood close underneath it, in the gulf of its great shadow. Thence I looked up at it. It had meanwhile become a great open-jawed leviathan!

Then I passed through one of its countless "vomitoria." I remembered that this was the Latin word for these outlets and the word oppressed me. I stood for a moment dazed by the shadows. At a stroke all the younger buildings in this City of Ruins became toys by the side of this ruin.

Here, in parenthesis, with bated breath, let me confess that St. Peter's compared with this thing that now towered over me was almost as a wherry which crosses a stream to a great many-decked ship that crosses the ocean. St. Peter's was an appearance; this was an achievement. There is an iron belt round the dome in St. Peter's. But there is no iron in the great brick-turned arches that belt the Coliseum. St. Peter's is thus, in self-diffidence, trussed with iron. But when the iron belt has rusted from the Dome of St. Peter's the brick of Vespasian will be clad confidently with the lichens of centuries.

This monster of brick, masked with a veneer of travertine, this huge honeycomb of brick-turned vaulting, disfigured with a confectionery of pillars and pediment, seemed at once to hold and crush me.

Sometimes at night when moon and stars are hidden, the darkness not only stands before the eyes like a wall, but closes in and presses down upon the body like an inundation. Standing in one of the great oval corridors that belt the Coliseum, the same sense of oppression made me glad of the many "vomitoria." It was perhaps the genius loci. I know not if it was. But this I know, that some of the black despair that once came to the victims in this horrible arena fell upon my soul. Yet the sun was still shining in a blue sky outside.

It was almost a relief when a boy of twelve Italian summers, or thereabouts, sily peered round a span of ruined brickwork, and threw a piece of smooth round basalt at this dreamer from the northland. We northern folk have been too often in Rome on other errands than mine not to excuse the boy. Satisfied that his shot had missed its aim, he fled through one of the "vomitoria." Yet had his smooth round pebble of basalt hit another mark; and falling into my soul, had sent eddies and eddies of thought throbbing through my mind.

* * * *

Could any practitioner of the higher criticism, using only the slender scaffolding of internal evidence, tell what purpose prompted the building of this monster among monuments?

Across the Tiber, there is now a castle that was once a tomb. But death and war are too near akin that a tomb should not one day be a castle or a castle be one day turned into a tomb.

Who would undertake to discover in the giant ruins of this Coliseum, its aims? It might be thought a tomb, a fortress, a prison. Assuredly, its veneer of blood-stained travertine would accord it as a haunt of war and death.

Would anyone think that the greatest, justest, wealthiest city of history had built the Colossus for its murderous pleasures.

The Coliseum is thus the last word of Paganism; it may even be the worst; a curse in stone, or fratricide made everlasting. The Phaedo of Plato, the Ethics of Aristotle, the hymns of the Sabine hill-folk are an earlier and better word than this huge plaything of Vespasian.

But the Coliseum is the last word in Paganism. Everything having led up to that last deep curse, everything must be judged by it. Paganism is not a poet's dream—a Paradise Lost. Some of us think it, at least in its last murderous orgies, a nightmare, a hell on earth, an inferno, happily, and we hope for ever, lost. But at least, Paganism is an historical fact. To deny it is impossible. To measure it you need more than a foot rule. The Coliseum is still standing. Let Philosophy take that!

Before leaving Rome, I came across two paragraphs that threw a fierce satisfying light upon the benches now threatened by the rulers of the world and stilled by their cries for blood:

"Seneca tells us of the meridiani, a class of slaves who were kept on purpose to fill up the midday leisure hours with sham fights and ludicrous pranks played upon the bodies of those killed or half-killed in previous fights."

This is horrible! It is more revolting than cannibalism!

"Hence the historian Livy remarks that under the Roman republic, which built up the power

of Rome, the command of law was supreme over that of man."

The natural commentary on this passage is a comparison with the Republic of Letters across the Adriatic. When Greek ethics were at their highest, Greek morals were at their lowest. So, too, when Roman law and justice were writing masterpieces, Roman law-makers lusted for the blood-sights of the Coliseum. They had more regard for law than for life. Thus when law was at its highest, justice was at its poorest.

Delenda est Carthago. Christianos ad leones. These were but choir and counter-choir hoarsely voicing the same stern Roman quality. The last days of Rome were but another proof that as an unqualified truth is almost more deadly than an unqualified lie, so mere justice can be almost more cruel than sheer cruelty.

This Colossus, bestriding the grave of 10,000 slaves, this cave of 10,000 shadows, this lair dappled with the heart's blood of 10,000 martyrs, is logic at close quarters with life; it is justice given over to the grip of the jurist; it is law not fostered in the hearts of the people, but festering in the brain of the politician.

Its symmetrical tiers of column and arch and pediment and cornice are but the relentless downpour of syllogism upon the fundamental rights of man. The men that went mad on the benches of this robber's fastness at the sight of gentle maidens gored to death by wild cattle—themselves the wildest cattle—are renowned in history for their love of justice, justice of the schools and law courts, justice of the hooded eyes! Even whilst they wildly yelled for blood there was no process of mere reason, no statute of law that could convict them of their essential and inhuman cruelty. Their logic would have had the best of the argument. They did not know that the sanities and sanctities of life are neither to be settled nor unsettled by argument.

Yet we speak of Roman justice. For it is a thing in itself so sacrosanct that the "Bride of Christ" has taken it over as a wedding gift.

* * * *

I have seen Rome.

I am a changed man. Never again can I be what I once was.

"Pray how has that come about?" you ask.

"I have seen Paganism—and ruins—and the servile state."—From "The Wayside," published by Benziger Bros., New York.

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The Spectator

Williams' Spiritual Autobiography

Thus Michael Williams ("Mike" to his familiars), subtitles his book "The High Romance," just published by Macmillan. It is a life story cast more or less in the form of fiction, plentifully sprinkled with mental and spiritual experiences. Michael Williams has been identified with San Francisco for a number of years, and there is much of topical interest in the volume. The author came here first as a reporter and obtained work on the Examiner, rising just before the Fire of 1906 to the position of city editor. Later he spent a good deal of time in the literary colony at Carmel-by-the-Sea. Still later he returned to reportorial work on the Examiner, varied with art criticism and the publication of a guide to the Palace of Fine Arts. Before leaving this city to seek a publisher for the present volume he was editor of The Monitor and was engaged on an elaborate work "Old San Francisco," the plans for which went askew through a controversy with its prospective publisher Hill Toler-ton. So Michael Williams knows San Franciscans. He mentions many in this volume. Is it provincialism which causes us to seek out these mentions?

Some Local Mentions

Mine Host of Bohemia's favorite resort at the time, early in 1906, when Williams came to San Francisco, gets this honorable mention:

"The names of bonanza millionaires, and frock-coated politicians, and many others who in their generation seemed fixed in the seats of the mighty in San Francisco, have perished from the re-

cords, or decorate sumptuous tombs, maybe; but the name of Joe Coppa is a living name and will be passed on from writer to writer, and painter to painter, down the corridors of time, and pagans will pledge his memory (at least until the bugaboo, Prohibition, comes) and Christians will pray for his friendly soul."

Williams writes thus of "The Lark":

"The little 'Lark' that sang so blithely, and whose lyric voice carried so far (I remember it reached me away off in Canada, where I was living when Bruce Porter and Gellett Burgess and Porter Garnett and the others sent it winging from the Golden Gate), was itself a 'lark' of that gay company of writers and painters and newspapermen who foregathered in Coppa's, under the weird frescoes."

The Night of April 17

He has this of the night before April 18:

"Caruso was singing Don Jose in Carmen, that night, with the Metropolitan Opera House Company. My paper was 'playing it up,' as we say, and when I reached my desk there was a long list of reporters to assign to various portions of the grand opera story; a corps of women to do 'society' features; hustling interviewers who were to gather from 'well-known-men-about-town,' 'first-nighters,' and other kinds of 'prominent citizens,' their opinions and criticisms of the occasion. Frank Mulgrew was one of those reporters, and we have often chuckled together since over his interviews that night with Jerry Dinan, the Chief of Police, and similar connoisseurs. 'What do I think of Caruso? Will I talk for publication? Sure! You know what to say, Frank. Fix it up for me.' We published columns of the stuff next morning."

Tom Dillon to the Rescue

Here is a bit from his description of April 18: "What I chiefly worried about was my lack of money. . . . The first man I knew by sight was called upon at once to make me a loan. It was Tom Dillon, the Hatter (I present him with this advertisement with immense satisfaction). He didn't know me; but, just like a true San Franciscan, he did not enquire too closely into this panhandling demand, he simply, out of the goodness of a San Franciscan's heart, put a twenty dollar gold piece in my hand. (It was a long, long time before he got it back; but if I ever make any money I think I will walk up and down Third street some night, and give away twenty dollars to the toughest looking hoboos I can discover, and then ask them all to spend at least part of it in drinking the health of Tom Dillon)."

Shortridge's Speech

After taking his wife and children to Oakland, Williams returned to San Francisco:

"We obtained a small tow-boat, which the twenty-odd men on board crowded badly. Among our number was Mr. Samuel Shortridge, the lawyer, who had begged his way across in our company. . . . It was a gay trip. Our skipper turned out to be blind drunk. . . . We ricocheted our way close to Alcatraz Island. Telegraph Hill, Nob Hill, Russian Hill, were blazing like cosmic torches, gigantic tongues of fire going straight up into the still air beneath the black canopy of smoke. Mr. Shortridge has a very deep voice and a singularly impressive deliberation and distinctness of utterance. He is a celebrated orator. He

felt moved to make a speech on this occasion. He said, staring at the three burning hills:

"'Lord God Almighty!'"

"I have heard many speeches; thousands of them I suppose. Perhaps ten of them were good speeches. But this one remains unique at once in its appropriateness and its effect upon those who heard it. All vain words were banished; all useless thoughts were swept away. Today I may string words together, so long after that mighty moment; but then only the high names of God could fit the occasion."

Sadakichi's Exit

From San Francisco Williams went East and joined Upton Sinclair's crazy colony at Helicon Hall. All the eccentrics found their way thither, including a recent acquaintance of ours. Williams writes:

"Never shall I forget the wild night when Sadakichi Hartmann, the German-American-Japanese poet-painter, visited us. Seven or eight feet tall. (or so he seemed), with a face like a grotesque mask. With him was his friend Jo Davidson, the East Side sculptor, and another friend, the Tramp Madonna, and also a big, black bottle of whiskey. He sat by the fire theorizing on Art and Life and Love—Free art, Free life, and Free love, of course—until long after midnight, filling the sonorous shell of the court with talk—talk—talk; until at last Edward Bjorkman, in a fluttering bathrobe, with flashing eyes and a head looking like the head of a refined and elegant Ibsen, rushed forth from his bedroom and drove Sadakichi and the sculptor and the lady and the bottle out into the bitter night, and into the newspapers next day."

Other Personalities

Here is the way Williams refers to Edward H. Hamilton of the Examiner, and James Tufts of the Chronicle:

"Hamilton, one of the truest stylists who have ever graced the pages of the American daily press; Tufts, a great editor whose genius was throttled by the vulgarity of the yellow press."

Here is his first impression of Archbishop Hanna:

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understand a situation; his apprehensions are swift and sure. He is also most frank and simple; and makes other simple also in their response to him."

Here is his first mention of the recent music critic of the Examiner:

"I was in company, that day, with a new acquaintance, an English music critic, a prose stylist named Redfern Mason, who had been converted to Catholicism, he told me, by reading Dante, and by the sight of Cardinal Newman lying in his coffin."

The Story of His Soul

Williams was born and brought up a Catholic but drifted away from his faith in early manhood. The climax of this book is his return to his church after many adventures of the spirit. On this side the book will remind many of Charles Warren Stoddard's "A Troubled Heart and How It Was Comforted." The book reveals Williams as a writer of occasional verse. Here is a sonnet he wrote one day in a hospital bed to which he was carried when a hemorrhage came upon him in the street:

When I bethink me of my weakened state,
I seem a soldier in whose fighting hand,
At mid-most stress of battle, snaps the brand
While fierce his foe is pressing, all elate
Because of his misfortune—while the fate
Maybe of all that issues high and grand
By this one conflict needs must fall or stand—
Lo, if he doth not yield now he is great!

Lord God of unseen battles, I'll not yield!
I'll make this bed a forge for a new sword;
My faith its steel, and pain its point shall grind
For knightly service on the world's grim field,
Fighting for God and smiting Evil's horde,
As Heine did, a cripple, and Milton, blind.

Tax-Eaters and Realty

The ingenious Boswell who relates the conversations of the Sancho Panza Club in the Chronicle under the "wisenheim" pseudonym of "I. Amon," dealt some of our city fathers a cruel, cruel blow the other day when he recorded that only nine of the eighteen supervisors pay taxes. Here is the list with assessed valuations he exposed to the vulgar gaze: Brandon, \$340; Nelson, \$5870; Hilmer, \$12,680; Kortick, \$1630; McLeran, \$4330; Suhr, \$8650; Welch, \$2780 (and Welch et al., \$7370); McSheehy, \$15,720 (and McSheehy et al., \$3250); Lahaney, \$28,290.

A Visit from Gus Hartman

"Well, well, well!"

It was the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock who gave utterance to these three little words. And the cause of his surprise was that eminent ex-legislator, profound lawyer and life-long friend of Henry Ach, the one and only Gus Hartman.

"My dear old friend Augustus—or is it Gus-

tavus?" cried the Ferry Socrates, as he dusted off a chair with a handful of waste and signed to his visitor to be seated.

"This is indeed a pleasure," he continued effusively. "Why, I ain't set eyes on you, Gus, since I set the old clock ahead an hour. Where you been keeping yourself?"

"Studying psychology and the higher mathematics on Powell street," answered the little giant.

"A great school," said the clockwinder heartily. "All the world's a stage, and Powell street is the front row, aisle seat. Tell me, how is every little thing?"

"Just about the same as when I seen you last," replied Senator Hartman. "The day's an hour longer, and the night's an hour shorter; that's the only difference."

"Are you saving daylight?" queried the Sage of the Pendulum.

"Been saving it all my life," answered Gus. "And speaking of light, I sure miss The Lantern."

"Did you read that suspended publication?" asked the clockwinder.

"Me and Henry Ach read it regularly," said Gus. "Henry liked it so much he said it ought to have as many subscribers as there are cards in a pangingi game. And I agree."

"I didn't know you were literary, Gus."

"Who, me?" said Gus in indignant tone. "Say, the money I've spent on War Crys would bust a tambourine. And I just revel in Richard K. Fox every time I get my shoes manicured. But The Lantern was my favorite."

"Too bad the editors had to suspend," said the clockwinder.

"They'd be going yet if a few advertisers were as generous as my friend Eddie Graney," responded Gus. "Eddie put his ad in The Lantern the day it started, and didn't even take it out when his place burned."

"I noticed that," the clockwinder commented. "When it comes to regular fellows, Eddie is one of the ones."

One of Tiv's Quips

"I see you been entertaining Tiv Kreling a good deal lately," Senator Hartman continued.

"He comes down here for a little serious talk when he's fed up with supervisors," explained the clockwinder.

"Don't blame him," said Hartman. "Some of them city fathers pull more piffle than an up-country assemblyman. Do you want a good Kreling story?"

"Not if it reflects on my friend Tiv," said the keeper of the pendulum.

"I ain't a knocker," said Gus. "This one I'm gonna give you is a regular Wilton Lackaye."

"Shoot," said the clockwinder.

"It happened one night very late when Tiv

dropped in to the Eddy street restaurant they named after him. Sitting there with their elbows on the oilcloth imbibing coffee—and were those two eminent merchants in men's apparel Sam and Nat Berger. As I said, it was very late, but as Sam Berger is a newly married man we better pretend it was only one o'clock in the morning—twelve by the old time, you know. Well, Tiv spots the Berbers, and he walks over and puts his arms around their shoulders, and

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he says, 'Boys,' the way you say it when you're giving a little kindly advice. He says:

"'Boys, the Roos Brothers have been in bed since nine o'clock!'"

Gus for Supervisor

"Senator," said the clockwinder after he had shown his appreciation of Kreling's quip, "Senator, I'm gonna talk seriously to you."

"I'm used to it," said Gus. "Henry Ach does it all the time."

"You're a citizen and a taxpayer," said the clockwinder.

"Well?" said Gus, not knowing what else to say.

"You've gotta run for supervisor!"

"What!" and Gus was so surprised he dropped his White Owl.

"You've gotta run for supervisor. We need more taxpayers on the board."

"Don't all them guys pay taxes?" asked Gus in surprise.

"Only nine of 'em out of the eighteen," said the clockwinder. "That explains why some of 'em are so ready to create assessment districts, and raise salaries and merry Hades. Think of it, some of those supervisors ain't eligible for jury duty."

"Maybe they've got it in their wives' names," suggested Hartman.

"Well, their wives ain't supervisors, are they?" demanded the Clockwinder.

"I'm not so sure of that in some cases," replied Gus.

"We'll drop that part of it," said the Clockwinder. "The point is, we've gotta have you on the board. We've gotta raise the tone of that board. We've gotta get some class into its deliberations. There ain't enough good grammar in the speeches them guys make. We need some of the old style senatorial courtesy."

"How about Dick Welch and Eddie Wolfe?" asked Gus.

"They just about stand off Emmet Hayden and Andy Gallagher," said the Clockwinder. "We need a few more powerful intellects."

"Are you forgetting Oscar Hocks?" queried Gus.

The Clockwinder was speechless, but finally recovered and said sadly:

"You don't take me seriously."

"I do," said Gus, "and I'll run, on one condition."

"What's the condition?"

"That I don't have to sell my soul to get the job."

"Go back to Powell street," said the Clockwinder. "I can see you're out of politics."

The Activity of "Jim" Smith

James B. Smith is out of the Western Fuel, but he is back in the coal business. This master of the coal business is now president of the King Coal Company, and his right hand man in the Western Fuel, Frank Foran, is vice-president of the new concern. The King Coal Company will handle the local business of the United States Fuel Company of Salt Lake. The big Utah concern invaded the local market some years ago under the generalship of John Critchlow who achieved such success here that he was called back to the home office to assume a big executive position. Nobody needs be told that under James B. Smith the business will be ex-

tended and solidified. What "Jim" Smith doesn't know about coal production, coal distribution and coal consumption isn't worth knowing. His company has taken over the local equipment of Western Fuel, so it has all the facilities it needs for storing and bunkering. There will be some spirited competition for business between the King Coal company and Mayor Rolph's concern.

Willis Emulates Herbert

If I don't miss my guess Willis Polk is trying to snatch the laurels from the brow of Herbert Kaufman. Herbert, as you are supposed to know, is an essayist with a punch. He takes world-old truisms and camouflages them in the language of jazz so that the hard-of-hearing think they detect a note never sounded before. Well, Willis is translating some tried and true aphorisms into the terms of his own architectural temperament. He favors me with this:

Success Costs No More Than Failure

If ten thousand dollars builds an unsuccessful bungalow—disagreeable in effect gloomy of interior, with the ice box exposed to the fierce heat of a southern sun and baby's crib allotted to a frigid northern exposure, the same ten thousand dollars might, if wisely expended avoid such errors—errors which most ten thousand dollar pocket books so eagerly absorb. It is the same in greater and bigger things—it is the wise expenditure of labor and capital that marks the distinguishing line between Success and Failure.

A given amount of labor, of material, of brick, stone, concrete, lumber, paint, canvases, palettes, brushes or oil, a given number of words, thoughts, ideas or efforts, if properly employed may produce either an agreeable or a disagreeable result. Physical energy or mental energy if properly expended produces masterpieces, if unwisely expended produces failures.

Unlimited capital if available can afford to pay for the correction of mistakes; unlimited numbers composing legislative bodies can enact tax assessments to pay for their inefficiency as public servants, but in neither case can the investing public nor the body politic find redress. Man made laws are the penalty, willingly accepted by humanity for its failure to submit to God made laws.

Bolshevism is not the cure, Kaiserism is not the remedy, but the reward of genius, however inadequate, is the incentive that spurs mankind to great and noble deeds. Success costs no more than failure.

Also with this which was written in a medical atmosphere:

While Waiting for the Doctor

Molasses to catch flies—a sort of flypaper of perfectly justifiable use in the national household as well as in the numblest parlor—like the sugar-coated pill, if designed to cure rather than conceal a poison, is a proper instrument as a means to an end.

Treaties between nations as well as the most inconsequential business contracts, cease to possess virtue if treated as mere scraps of paper.

The pound of flesh and the Caesarian operation are the extremes of ignoble and lofty design, yet this gulf has always existed between the ends striven for by mankind.

The war is clearing the atmosphere—nobility of purpose seems to be in the ascendant—the sufferings inflicted will not have been endured in vain if more Portias than Shylocks survive.

Phillips on Sterling

Charles Phillips who, it will be recalled, wrote a New Testament play for Margaret Anglin, has just contributed to an Eastern periodical called "The Magnificat" an appraisal of George Sterling's poetry. Phillips shows an acquaintance with our great poet's work, but he makes a curious mistake in this article. He would not have made this mistake had he known that Sterling's "Testimony of the Suns" preceded "A Wine of Wizardry" instead of following it. According to Phillips, Bierce made Sterling famous by heralding "A Wine of Wizardry" through the medium of the Hearst press (Bierce being at the time editor

of The Cosmopolitan). Phillips asks: "Was Bierce a prophet, or did he actually know from documentary evidence that Sterling was in reality a far better poet than 'A Wine of Wizardry' showed him to be; that he had far bigger things up his sleeve, to which the world would the more readily listen if the trumpets were blown beforehand?" Of course Bierce did not have to be a prophet. Bierce knew Sterling's first volume, knew that he had already shown himself a poet of exceptional powers in "The Testimony of the Suns." The documentary evidence was before the public; it was not up Sterling's sleeve but in book form, and many critics had already saluted it. "A Wine of Wizardry" was followed by "The Testimony of the Suns," says Phillips, and there we have the mistake which set Phillips on the wrong trail. Phillips pays this tribute to Sterling's publisher: "All of Sterling's books, it is interesting to note in passing, are published by the pioneer Californian publisher, Alexander Robertson, whose faith in the young poet has seemingly never wavered and to whom the poet in his turn has been unfalteringly loyal."

Clark Ashton Smith Honored

That wonderful young Keats of Auburn, Clark Ashton Smith, is to be honored by the Book Club. This body of men, all of whom are doing their bit in the war one way or another, find time and money to encourage Californian literature. They have in press an edition de luxe of Smith's best published poems, including his remarkable "Nero." This will be one of the handsomest books in the Book Club list of de luxe publications. It is an honor of which its recipient is worthy. Smith has not had a volume published since Robertson brought out

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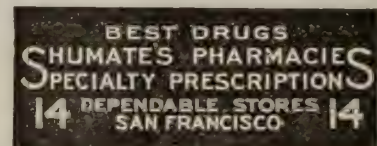
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"The Star Treader," but a number of his poems have appeared in periodicals, though not as often as lovers of true poetry would wish. The Book Club volume will have a preface by George Sterling who long ago acclaimed the genius of Smith. Smith has already received the medallion of the Book Club, an honor he shares with Ina Coolbrith, George Sterling, Edwin Markham and Emma Frances Dawson.

A Literary Hoax?

Goodwin's Weekly of Salt Lake reprints from some Eastern paper a poem leveled at the Kaiser called "Let Him Live!" There is a place for it in the literature of the war alongside Lissauer's notorious Hymn of Hate. Who wrote it is a mystery. Goodwin's Weekly gives a story of its origin which would suggest mystification as well as mystery. Says our esteemed contemporary of Salt Lake:

"The following striking verses were penned by an unknown author who, for some reason or other, chooses to conceal his or her identity. Inasmuch as the manuscript was first found in a Christmas packet sent to a Lancaster county (Ohio) soldier, being one of a number prepared by the girls of that county, it is generally supposed that the lines were composed by some gifted girl whose home is somewhere in the Buck-

eye State. All attempts to identify the author have thus far failed. Because of the strange manner in which the verses found the publicity they deserve, as well as their own intrinsic literary and sentimental merit, they have excited unusual comment and favorable criticism in the East."

Here is the poem:

Let Him Live!

As long as the flowers their perfumes give,
So long I'd let the Kaiser live,
Live and live for a million years
With nothing to drink but Belgian tears;
With nothing to quench his awful thirst
But the salted brine of a Scotchman's curse.

I would let him live on a dinner each day,
Served from silver on a golden tray,
Served with things both dainty and sweet,
Served with everything—but things to eat.

I would make him a bed of silken sheen,
With costly linens to lie between,
With covers of down, and filets of lace,
And downy pillows piled in place;
Yet when to its comfort he would yield,
It would stink with rot of the battlefield,
And blood and brains and bones of men
Should cover him, smother him, and then—
His pillow should cling with rotten clay—
Clay from the grave of a soldier boy;
And while God's stars their vigils keep,

And while his waves the white sands sweep,
He should never, never sleep.

And through all the days—through all the years,
There should be an anthem in his ears
Ringing and singing and never done
From the edge of light to the set of sun,
Moaning and moaning and moaning wild—
A ravaged French girl's bastard child.

And I'd build him a castle by the sea,
As lovely a castle as ever could be,
Then I'd show him a ship from over the sea,
As fine a ship as ever could be,
Laden with water cold and sweet,
Laden with everything good to eat,
Yet scarce does she touch the silvered lands,
Scarce may he reach his eager hands—
Than a hot and hellish molten shell
Should change his Heaven into Hell.

And though he'd watch by the wave-swept shore,
Our Lusitania would rise no more.
In "No Man's Land" where the Irish fell
I'd start the Kaiser a private Hell,
I'd jab him, stab him, give him gas,
And in each wound I'd pour ground glass;
I'd march him out where the brave boys died,
Out past the lads he crucified.

In the fearful gloom of his living tomb,
There is one thing I'd do before I was through—
I'd make him sing in a stirring manner
The wonderful words of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

*Presently will come the Cam-
paign for the Second War
Fund of the American Red
Cross.*

*Prepare for it and be generous.
Remember that the Red Cross
is a National Institution; that
it is helping Our Boys to win
the War.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

How Our Teachers Are Doing Their Bit

By Helen M. Bonnet

In the splendidly efficient war work of American women that of the San Francisco public school teachers stands out in relief. Since our entrance into the strife they have proceeded quietly, strenuously, as a well-organized unit to render invaluable service to their country. Last May a monthly collection of five cents per pupil was started, netting an average of twelve to fourteen hundred dollars a month. This fund is used to purchase wool and materials for sewing and the garments are made up by the San Francisco Schools Auxiliary of the Junior Red Cross. One-third of the actual work is done by the teachers, the rest under their supervision, by the pupils of the sixth, seventh and eighth grades, and of the high schools. I visited the headquarters of the league last Saturday morning at the Girls' High School. There I found several teachers sewing on refugee garments under the supervision of Miss Genevieve Sullivan, chairman of the auxiliary. This lady is teacher of sewing at the Girls' High School and presides over the Red Cross sewing of the teachers on Saturday mornings and Monday and Thursday evenings. Every knitted garment is examined by her before being sent to the Red Cross for distribution. She told me the teachers were then engaged in making four hundred dresses for European women refugees and had just finished three hundred chemises. That since May they have sent away two thousand hospital garments (bed sheets, convalescent robes, and pajamas). They have knitted three thousand sweaters and one thousand pairs of socks and the work still goes merrily on in the large sunny work-room con-

taining several long sewing tables and nine sewing machines. Miss Sullivan was enthusiastic over the energy and faithfulness of the teachers and pupils and was proud to display the excellence of their work. Having high standards of her own she is quick to discern the commendable achievements of others. She was eloquent over the willingness of her girl pupils to drop work on their own pretty hats and gowns to sew for the soldiers or refugees. For instance, one day a requisition came in for two thousand sewing-kit bags, and though the girls were making fancy costumes for a school rally, they at once laid them aside and rushed through with the bags. With such a pretty young lady for a teacher, whose Hebe-like form and graceful, energetic movements bespeak abounding health, whose intelligent, sympathetic resume of the work of her department reveals a heart that beats warmly for her country, I don't see how any pupils could be otherwise than as she described them.

Miss Smith of the Frank McCoppin School told me that the average collection of thrift stamps amounts to two hundred dollars a week in each school and that every school has one teacher who keeps the accounts and does the banking, with of course each class teacher collecting for her own class, which I fancy is not a trifling incident in the day's tasks.

And then there is the very important work of teaching foreign non-English speaking enlisted men our language. I regret to say that there are among our soldiers some American boys who have never been to school, who can neither read nor write, and these the school teachers of San Francisco are instructing under the supervision of Dr. Nicholson, teacher of English in the Lowell High and head of the Foreign Classes in the department. This lady has two night schools for the soldiers, one in the Presidio and one at Fort Winfield Scott. She has a staff of thirty-five teachers who volunteered for a month's service but not one of whom will relinquish her position so eager have they become about the progress of their soldier "scholars."

I spent an evening in the Presidio class-room this week and the work of those wonderful women made me want to sing "Columbia, Queen of Nations." The grown-up children of foreign lands came shyly in, wearing the uniform of the United States army. They sit in classes at long tables with their teachers who with books, charts, blackboards, pencils and paper elucidate the mysteries of the English language. As far as possible the men are grouped according to nationality. For instance, the Italians are taught by Miss Hodgkinson (teacher of Latin and History of Art at Lowell), who is a fluent Italian scholar. As I arrived at her table she was explaining English tenses. The French boys are the pupils of Miss Faucompre (Sutro school), who rejoices in the fact that she is the great grand-daughter of one of Napoleon's soldiers, General de la Rociere; but the evening I was present she had also, owing to the necessity of consolidation, a Mexican, a Norwegian, a Russian, a Serbian, and a Greek.

The most appealing table of all was the one taught by Miss Lew Ball, San Francisco school supervisor of primary reading. A cheerful looking youth of twenty-one from Texas, was reading "The cotton is pretty" from a primer. He

was very proud of his progress as he had just graduated from cards with words of one syllable on one side and the picture of the object on the reverse. There are also soldiers studying there who know several languages but who are making their first acquaintance with English.

The last ten minutes of the session is devoted to music. The boys seemed to love it. Miss Levy (Fremont school), led them in "America," "Joan of Arc" and "Over There." One Italian boy became so enthused that he expressed a wish to render a Neapolitan song which Miss Harney (Agassiz), the accompanist, said she would have on hand next time.

I wish I had space to describe the party which the teachers gave the soldiers last week in the school-room, the teachers decorating the tables and providing the refreshments. At each place was this verse written by Miss McEnerney (Junipero Serra):

"Our hearts are with you in the fight,
Good luck—God speed you to the right.
God bless the boys we send away,
And bring them safely back some day—
Back to the friends who watch and wait.
In victory will Old Glory wave
And smile upon the boys we gave."

School Director Sallie Jones made a stirring address assuring the boys of the pleasure of teaching such good, obedient pupils after the naughty day-time scholars; to which a Greek desired to respond. At his request Dr. Nicholson gave him some suggestions; for instance, that they are all fighting in the same cause; that they who came from different foreign countries go to the battle field as Americans all animated by the same spirit. When his turn to speak arrived he exclaimed eloquently, "Germany has the Kaiser. But we, we have Jesus Christ!" And although there are Jewesses among the staff of teachers, his speech was loudly acclaimed.

Dr. Nicholson conducts seven times a week classes in arithmetic for army cooks and bakers of whom is required certain arithmetical proficiency in computing weights and measures.

In the culinary corps are a number of high school graduates. Lieut. Griffen who looks after this division declares that after the war the profession of cook will be recognized "as some profession."

This teaching of foreigners and illiterates was started by the Y. M. C. A. and army officers at first conducted the classes, but gladly passed it over to the teachers. The commander was surprised to see the enthusiastic attendance of the soldiers and laughingly said, "You can have them,—when we had them they went to sleep."

The San Francisco school teachers during this Great Struggle have been weighed in the balance and have not been found wanting.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The General and the Private

An incident, the complete antithesis of that of the newly created young army officer claiming precedence in entering an hotel elevator some weeks ago, occurred in a Geary street car recently. Every seat was occupied, so when a lady entered, a young soldier rose and gave her his place. Presently a passenger alighted and the soldier sat down. Almost immediately another lady entered and the soldier relinquished his place as before, later taking the first seat vacated. Four or five times this performance was repeated, the young soldier seeming to be the only chivalrous male in the car. When a pleasant-faced lady with gray hair got in, of course, the soldier was on his feet at once and the lady took his seat. The next stop, her neighbor getting out, the soldier sat down. Hardly had he done so when a vigorous distinguished looking elderly General came in from the back of the car, grasped a pole and began a conversation with the gray haired lady who was evidently his wife. In a second the soldier was upon his feet. The General said, "My boy, I don't want to deprive you of your seat." The private, probably in embarrassment forgot to salute the officer but replied in perfectly good Americanese, "O, that's all right!" And the General said "Thank you," in a courteous man-to-man tone with not even a threatening glare at the boy for forgetting to salute. Presently I left the car and the soldier once again had a seat.

"Peter Pan's" Former Wife

It doesn't seem so very long ago that we were all grieved to hear that Sir James Matthew Barrie was unhappy in his married life. Our incurable romanticism told us that the creator of Margaret Oglethorpe, of Lady Babbie, of Sentimental Tommy's Grizzel and of Peter Pan's Wendy should, by all the rules of poetic justice, be an exceedingly happy husband. It turned out that he was not, and we were profoundly sorry. When he obtained a divorce in order to permit his wife to marry Gilbert Cannan, novelist and poet, we were full of sympathy. The fact that Gilbert Cannan had been his close friend added to our unhappiness. I am not exaggerating: there are many people who would be less stirred by marital infelicity in their own immediate circle than by the matrimonial shipwreck of their beloved Barrie. Well, the sequel has been written to that unhappy tale of not so long ago. Barrie's former wife has obtained a divorce from Gilbert Cannan. And her ground is adultery.

A Case of Self-Expression

Gilbert Cannan is a novelist and poet who subscribes to the cult expressed in these words by William Butler Yeats:

"I think that we who are poets and artists, not being permitted to shoot beyond the tangible, must go from desire to weariness, and so to desire again, and live but for the moment when vision comes to our weariness like terrible lightning, in the humility of the brutes."

This so-called artistic acquiescence in evil has been very popular among those who believe in "self-expression," but it is passing out of fashion since the war gave men a sterner road of self-expression, and the proximity of death brought them face to face with their souls. However, Gilbert Cannan has not been much touched by the war; he talked pacifism long after August, 1914—indeed, until it became a dangerous theme in England. Gilbert Cannan is one of those artists for whom self-expression is the most important thing of life—self-expression on the emotional side. Self-expression led to his marriage with Barrie's divorced wife. Self-expression, it seems, forbade his being true to her. A year ago he confessed to her, it seems, that he had committed adultery with a servant named Mrs. Gwyer, and that she was going to have a child by him. Later Mrs. Cannan discovered that Gilbert had received a love letter and a love poem initialled "G. W." She began proceedings for divorce, but Gilbert promised to be good and to curb his propensity for self-expression. So she stopped the proceedings. But when she discovered that he was at that very time of professed penitence keeping a mistress at St. John's Wood, she went ahead. And now she has received her divorce. Strange, how often these artistic fellows get into sordid trouble.

Winship's Promotion

When our country went to war no retired naval officer was more eager to return to active service than Lieutenant Emory Winship. He had been retired in the prime of life on account of wounds received in Filipino fighting, but a series of operations had restored his health completely. When he offered his services to the Navy he was accepted and sent to Sacramento to recruit. His success was such that he was transferred to Seattle where there were several difficult problems to solve. Lieutenant Winship solved them to the satisfaction of everybody, and the result is that he has been named chief of the bureau of naval recruiting with headquarters at the national capital. Mrs. Winship arrived here a few days ago, and will be joined by Lieutenant Winship before he leaves for his new post.

Tait Gets a "Poem"

John Tait received a letter from Tommy Atkins the other day. Tommy is a private in the Artists Rifles, and writes from Hare Hall Camp, Gidea Park, Romford, England. It was a letter in verse, not very good verse, not very well rhymed, not even very well spelled. But it would indicate that its writer knew San Francisco and loved Tait's. Tommy Atkins' real last name would appear to be John, for he signs himself Tommy Atkins John, and as we all know by now, soldiers have to sign their proper names to their correspondence in order to get by the censor. It would be interesting to know what the Censor whose seal is on this letter, thought of the following effusion composed, according to Tommy Atkins John, "somewhere in France, on the side of a jam box." It is called

Dear Old Tait's

There's a land of flowers and sunshine out the Western way—
They call it California, and it holds the Golden Bay.
On its breast the moon and sunlight shine with beauty all around;

A city makes it famous—dear San Francisco town.
It is the greatest town on earth, magnificent and grand,
Raised up anew from ashes and desolated land.
But it's not so much its grandeur that makes you love it true
As the people of this city who treat you as they do.
For when you cross its portals they greet you with a smile,
And as long as you remain there they make you feel worth while.
Their welcome isn't gushing, feigned or insincere,
But the real western kind you will not find elsewhere.
Now in that wonder city is a house of joy divine,
Where good fellowship is the motto, and the real ones come to dine.
They call it Tait's—to find it you will not need a guide,
For all who live there know it, and all visitors beside.
Tonight I'm facing danger in the trenches over here,
But instead of being downhearted or feeling any fear,
I'm thinking of my dear one and the pleasant hours we found
In Tait's of wholesome pleasure in Dear Old Frisco Town.
So here's to Tait's, dear Tait's, and the guests there one and all,
And when I'm through with this war of Hell I'll make another call.

An Annual Breakfast

The San Francisco Council of Catholic Women held its first annual breakfast on Thursday last in the Italian room of the St. Francis. The tables were beautifully decorated with flowers brought by Mrs. Jas. A. Folger from her country place at Woodside. There were present about seventy members. A short musical programme was given at the close of the breakfast by Mesdames Caglieri and Keenan and Miss May Shannon, all members of the Council. It was a most enjoyable close to the year's work. The Club adjourned to take up the work again in September at the home of Miss Phelan. Among those present: Mrs. Jas. A. Folger, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mrs. William Sproule, Mrs. Frank Griffin, Mrs. John Rossiter, Mrs. A. Comte, Jr., Miss M. Mullen, Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mrs. Victor Caglieri, Miss M. Georgianni, Mrs. Charles Keenan, Mrs. Clarence Musto, Mrs. D. J. Buckley, Miss M. Williams, Miss M. Sprague, Miss M. Oxnard, Mrs. T. S. Burns.

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Mrs. Rinehart at the Cliff

That well beloved writer Mary Roberts Rinehart is enamored of the Cliff House. During her recent stay in this city she was seen at the famous resort time and time again, so much so that many who recognized her wondered whether she was gathering material there for a new story. Following her lengthy stay in the French and Belgian war zones, Mrs. Rinehart made a trip to the Apache regions of Arizona and Texas; and then she came on to San Francisco, to fall under the spell of the Seal Rocks and old ocean as seen from a Cliff House window. A very pleasant party at the Cliff House a few nights ago consisted of Mrs. Rinehart, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crane, Walter Williams and George Burr. . . . The weather at the Cliff House has been delightful for the past fortnight. Great numbers of fishing smacks can be seen off the rocks every day, their owners engaged in crab-fishing. Crabs do not bite unless the weather is fair. The other afternoon poor Tony Bardo, a crab fisher, took what is called the "inside passage" to save half a gallon of gasoline. He was caught by the waves, thrown up on the beach, lost all his crabs, totally wrecked his \$850 boat, but saved his engine and his life.

Stage Women's War Relief

The San Francisco branch of the Stage Women's War Relief, which was launched so brilliantly by Mrs. Otis Skinner (representative on tour) at the splendid benefit at the Columbia a few weeks ago, on which occasion forty-four hundred dollars were realized, held its initial meeting Tuesday. Mrs. E. W. Crellin (Camille D'Arville) presided, and a plan was mapped out for the launching of the work. Through the efforts of Mrs. Fred Belasco, the whole of the top floor of the Alcazar building has been placed at the disposal of the society, and there surgical dressings will be made and a sewing department will be in operation. The work will conform to the requirements of the Red Cross. At home it will also do work for the enlisted members of the profession and will maintain a service department to look after the dependents of actors serving under the colors. An open meeting has been called for Tuesday morning, at 10:30, May 14, at the headquarters, Alcazar building. Volunteers are invited to call and sign for service. Any woman is eligible who is affiliated in any way with the theatre, or anyone who was formerly an actress. There will be no dues or donations; expenses are to be paid by benefits to be given by visiting stars. Alfred Roncovieri has contributed an office desk, Mrs. Max Sloss has presented work tables, and if a few sewing machines can be donated for the duration of the war, they will be gratefully accepted. Four large cases of discarded kid gloves are in readiness to be made into aviators' jackets. The board of directors: Mrs. E. W. Crellin, chairman; Mrs. D. E. F. Easton, vice-chairman; Mrs. Ada Carlisle, treasurer; Miss A. L. Featherstone, secretary; Mrs. J. J. Gottlob, Mrs. Fred Belasco, Mrs. Theodore F. Bonnet. There is an advisory board, consisting so far of Mrs. Irving Ackerman, Mrs. A. L. Gump, Mrs. P. C. Hall, Mrs. J. P. Langhorne, Mrs. H. D. Pillsbury, Mrs. M. C. Sloss.

The Red Cross Drive

Headquarters for the second million dollar "drive" by San Francisco Chapter of the Red Cross have been established at 30 Montgomery street, where the preliminaries are already fairly under way. These include arrangements for the parade of Red Cross women, on Saturday after-

noon, May 18. The "drive" begins on the following Monday and continues until Saturday night. It has been decided to follow the plan of campaign which proved so successful for the first Red Cross million dollar push last June. M. H. De Young, Jesse Lilienthal and John A. Britton will again be the division commanders, and as closely as possible the same thirty-four canvassing teams, each consisting of a captain and ten men, will be employed. Mrs. John B. Casserly will lead the women's participation and direct the canvass of the residential districts, while the downtown section will again be attended to by the men. The work of listing "prospects" and estimating their contributions is being rushed. It is confidently predicted that not less than 20,000 women will march in the parade. Arrangements are rapidly progressing in the hands of a committee consisting of Paul Carroll, Joseph Hickey, Matt Harris, Mrs. John B. Casserly, Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner and Mrs. Harry N. Durrell. It has been decided that every woman in line must wear the Red Cross gown and headdress and black shoes, the rank and file with white veils, the auxiliary chairmen with blue veils and the division commanders with red veils.

A Patriotic Pageant

Six hundred girls will take part in the patriotic pageant to be given by the Recreation League on the evening of June first in the quad of the Columbia Park Boy's Club. The pageant will be symbolical of women's part in world history. The following clubs will take part in this com-

munity drama: the Young Women's Christian Association, People's Place, Telegraph Hill Settlement, the EmanuEl Sisterhood, Young Ladies' Institute, Young Women's Hebrew Association and Girl's Recreation Club.

At the Cecil

A score of friends enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Rowley at a matinee party Monday. It was followed with tea in the Pompeian room at the Cecil. Those entertained were all guests of the hotel and included Mesdames Edward McClelland, B. R. Keith, Elizabeth Pratt, Eugene Davis, Thayer, Arthur Thane, John Borger, A. M. Burns, Joseph Watson, Ruggles and Miss Harcourt. Mrs. I. C. May of Anderson, Ind., who has been visiting in southern California, returned Tuesday to the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. de Beers and Mrs. J. R. Crocker of Glencoe, Ill., are recent arrivals. A dozen guests were entertained at luncheon by Mrs. Lawrence, Wednesday. Louis Robarge of Los Angeles has joined his wife at the hotel. They will be in the city for several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. John Charles Doyle dispensed their hospitality at dinner Thursday. Covers were arranged for ten at the luncheon at which Mrs. Arthur Thayne was the hostess Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. C. Henriques entertained informally at dinner Monday.

Wigg—How is it he went on such a tear?

Wagg—Oh, there's a designing little minx had him all sewed up, it seems.



RUTH ST. DENIS

In a series of pictorial and dramatic dances next week at the Orpheum.

The Story of Galli-Curci

By Joe Toye

I called upon Mme. Galli-Curci at her apartment at 1672 Broadway, next to the corner of Fifty-second street. Mme. Galli-Curci wasn't home at that moment. She was in Baltimore at a concert and would return a little later. So I waited. Mr. Curci, however, was home. I was glad to hear this, because I was about to ask for Mr. Galli-Curci, and then it dawned on me that Galli was the lady's maiden name—Amelita Galli. It was a successful dawn.

Mr. Curci is a fine-looking affable fellow with black, wavy hair parted on the side and a square, dark brown beard, not parted, he being a Wilson man. Mr. Curci is an artist. He paints things worth while. He invited me into a parlor that had various paintings on the walls and nice, comfortable chairs and a sofa with a leopard skin on it. There were also a parlor grand piano and a big talking machine. In the next room to the rear, a music room, was another piano, a baby grand. I sat down and Mr. Curci sat down, and I was just beginning to start a line of talk when I found out that Mr. Curci knew very little English. The Curcis are Italian, you know—or didn't you?

Finding that if there was any talking to be done it would be a monologue by me, I immediately sent for a learned young friend of mine who can speak Italian, French, German, Russian, Spanish, New York and Beacon street. He came quickly and Mr. Curci and I had a nice talk, through my friend, the linguist. I would ask Mr. Curci a question. My friend would put the question in Italian. Mr. Curci would talk for about half an hour, and then the interpreter would turn to me and say, "He said 'yes.'" It was great stuff, but I got to like Mr. Curci, Luigi Curci, by the way.

Mr. Curci told me that Mme. Galli-Curci was 27 the eighteenth of November (1916) and on that day she made her debut with the Chicago Grand Opera Company. Her mother was the Countess di Luna, of Cadiz, Spain, and her father was a Milanese merchant, Enrico Galli.

The Gallis never had any wolves hanging around the door of their beautiful home in Milan, as Galli, senior was quite a successful business man. He took a great interest in music and was a friend of Mascagni (who wrote "Cavalleria Rusticana"), and Puccini (who wrote "La Boheme"). Mme. Galli-Curci's father's mother was a famous singer and her father's father was a well-known operatic conductor in Milan. Mme. Galli-Curci has two brothers, one older and one younger than she. Both are in business, but have received musical educations, the older one being an accomplished pianist.

"When Mme. Galli-Curci was only 17 years old she won the grand prize as a pianist at the Milan Conservatory," said Mr. Curci. "You must remember that Milan is the center of Italy in industry, commerce and art, and is the music center of the world."

"Madame's parents were in comfortable circumstances and gave the three children good educations at various schools in Milan. Mme. Galli-Curci speaks English, French, Spanish and German with fluency. She has the energy of a man and the broadness of view of a man."

At this moment the front door opened and in came a little lady about five feet four inches tall with two of the most magnificent eyes you could find in a long day's walk. The eyes were big and dark, and then there came a smile that was quite worth going to New York to see. It

was Mme. Galli-Curci, of course. She wore a big black coat and a little hat and a pearl-gray gown and black patent leather shoes with white kid tops. She carried a bunch of about two dozen pink roses and an air of enthusiasm. She was evidently very glad to be home. She shook hands very cordially and said:

"I'm glad to see you," and I said "Hooray! She can talk United States!" And she could.

After she had removed her wraps she sat down, smiled a sweet smile of welcome and said:

"Well, now, what is it we can do?"

There was just the slightest accent, and that was principally due to the fact that Mme. Galli-Curci took care to pronounce her words properly. From Mme. Galli-Curci's photographs I had expected to meet a serious lady. What I did see was a sparkling-eyed, smiling, pleasant little lady of more than considerable magnetism. And above all, she has a vast amount of common sense and absolutely no conceit. Picture a combination like that and you'll begin to see why the lady is a sensation.

Mme. Galli-Curci had just come in from a long journey and I asked her if she wasn't too fatigued to talk now. She smiled and said she would be "so pleased to talk." So I fired the interpreter and became master of ceremonies myself.

"Tell me all about it," I said.

The little lady smoothed out her pearl-gray gown, patted her very black, wavy hair, which was arranged in some delightfully old-fashioned manner that brought out the lines of that finely-shaped head of hers, and then she smiled and her eyes sparkled, and I noticed that she hadn't any jewelry to speak of, and then she said:

"When I made up my mind to be a singer I made up my mind to be an extraordinary singer or no singer at all."

Now, if you think that's conceit, you're wrong. Mme. Galli-Curci has as much conceit as a humming-bird has teeth.

"I never had a singing teacher," she said. "I taught myself. I don't believe in teachers of the voice. I'll tell you about that later. When I was a little girl, 4 years old, I took piano lessons. That is different. I'll explain that later."

You see, I was all primed to ask a lot of questions, but the little lady was springing new stuff so fast that I couldn't get one in edgewise, because I didn't want to interrupt so brilliant a line of talk. So I just took notes so fast that it will be several days before I will be able to sign a check.

"When I was 4," Mme. Galli-Curci was saying, "Mascagni used to come to my father's home in Milan and I used to play for him. Mascagni told me that if I ever wanted to become a great pianist I must study very hard. One day, when I was 16, he heard me singing."

"Amelita," said he, 'you can become a singer.'

"I answered, 'No, I have a very little voice.'

"At the same time he told my father that I had been born with a voice. 'After all,' he said, 'it is necessary to be born with a voice to become a great singer. One can study all one's life and never become a singer unless the voice is there.'

"After I had protested that I had but a little voice, Mascagni said: 'I assure you that you have a voice.'

"I said, 'All right, then, I'll try.'

"I didn't do as a lot of girls do. I didn't try

to develop my voice by imitating Melba or Tetrassini or the others. I pictured my singing. I pictured in my mind the sentiment of the song. I considered my voice as an instrument like the violin, because it was necessary that I consider my voice as an instrument in order to get perfect results. I never had need of a teacher.

"Regarding singing teachers, I would say it is first necessary for a singer to have a voice, which is the instrument; second, it is necessary to have a musical education—to study the violin or piano, for instance; and third, it is necessary to have vocal talent, an instinct for music.

"When I felt I was ready to appear in public, at the age of 17, I decided to give some appearances in a tiny theatre in Trani, a little Italian town. I sang the role of Gilda in 'Rigoletto.' Imagine my joy and satisfaction when I was enthusiastically received at three performances in the tiny theatre.

"I then went to Rome and called upon a friend of mine, Mme. Pandolfini, a singer of renown. She gave me a card of introduction to Director Morichini of the Constanzi Theatre in Rome. With this I was able to make an audition for him. The director and the maestro of the orchestra said they were delighted with my voice and engaged me immediately.

"Naturally, I was delighted, but I said to myself, 'It is only a trial and I must become the greatest artist in the world or I will give it all up.'

"If the day comes when the public is not responsive to my singing, I shall stop at once.

"As a little girl I didn't play like other little girls, and I am not particularly sorry about it, I had lots of fun reading Goethe and Shakespeare."

Don't be surprised at the sudden interjection of that paragraph. I knew I had to ask about her childhood and I slipped in the question right here and got that answer. I'm giving it to you as I got it. I enjoyed it, so I won't change it in passing it along to you.

"After my debut in Rome, which was quite successful, I must admit, I went on tour to Cairo, Alexandria and then through Italy, singing prima donna roles in Italian operas. When I was 20, I went on tour to Buenos Ayres and sang there with Titta Ruffo. Then I went to Brazil, Chili and back to Italy, and in 1912 I sang at the San Carlo Opera House at Naples, and later for two seasons at the Dal Verne in Milan. That was my home town and the reception I was given made life worth living.

"I sang a season at the Carcano in Milan and in 1914 went back to South America. In June, 1915, I sang with Caruso at the Theatre Colon at Buenos Ayres. The opera was 'Lucia.' I think Caruso is the world's greatest tenor. There never was another like him. I think there never will be. He is also a very fine fellow and a very kind and sympathetic gentleman. My voice blends very well with his—like a violin and a 'cello."

"What is the romance of your marriage?" I asked, before I should forget to ask it.

"While I was singing in Rome, Mr. Curci was engaged in decorating St. Michele's Church there. He heard me sing and came to my home to say how much he admired the performance. To tell you the truth, I fell quite in love with him. He invited me to come to the church and see the paintings he was mak-

ing. I saw them and was quite enthusiastic about his work.

"Then Mr. Curci offered to make a portrait of me. I sat for the portrait, but it was a most unfortunate picture. You see, we were too much in love to bother much with the picture, and it was never finished. It is still in my studio in Milan, unfinished. That was our romance."

"Tell me some more about how you became a great star without studying under a teacher," I persisted.

"I don't believe in vocal teachers because they apply the same rules to all throats," said Mme. Galli-Curci. "That is wrong."

"When I sing I do not think of my throat. I think of the sentiment of the song; not of the sounds I am making. That is what is wrong with a lot of teachers and singers."

"Are American audiences as appreciative of good music as others?"

"The spirit of the American audience is the same or better than that of any audience in other parts of the world," she answered, without the least attempt at flattery. "Here the people can judge. They have heard the best artists because they have the dollars to pay those artists."

"In Europe the people do not go to concerts. They are wrong. They want to see operas,

spectacles. They are wrong in this, because the concert tends more toward the musical education of the people than the opera, for at the concert the music is everything, while at the opera the audience is distracted from the music by the drama and the costumes and the scenery."

"Tell me about your coming here," I suggested.

"Ah, now!" she exclaimed. "I am glad to do that. There has been much that is not so said about my coming. I was not 'turned down,' as you call it, by the Metropolitan Opera Company. I never saw them. I don't know Mr. Gatti-Casazza, the director. I just came here to look about. I arrived in October and stopped at the Knickerbocker Hotel. Mr. Rabinoff of the Boston National Opera Company wanted to hire me, but before he did along came Mr. Campanini of the Chicago Opera Company, who offered me two performances at Chicago."

"I have long since refused to sing for anybody, so Mr. Campanini did not know exactly what he was getting, so he arranged for only two appearances. But at the general rehearsal two days before my debut he came to me and offered me a four-year contract. I signed it."

"He said, 'I am very sure you will make a big sensation. I am very glad because you are my fortune.'"

"So I made my Chicago debut in 'Rigoletto,'

on my twenty-seventh birthday anniversary, November 18th. I had thirteen curtain calls after the second act. Everybody seemed pleased. Three evenings later I sang in 'Lucia' and got twenty curtain calls."

"And now you are the sensation of America," I said.

"Yes," she said, "I suppose so. And it was so easy. I just sang naturally. Let me say that if it is not natural it is not a voice—it is just a noise."

"Do you like to ride or swim or play tennis or cook or anything like that?" I asked, noticing that the lady was really bravely trying to conceal fatigue after her long journey.

She laughed and said:

"I would like to say I love to cook and sew and everything, but, honestly, truly, I don't. I hate it. I like to eat a bit and sleep a long time and take life easy. I like to embroider pretty things like a collar or things like that. But to darn socks? No! And I don't know how to boil two soft boiled eggs."

"Do you like American food?"

"Very much! What is it? Corn flakes and cream, I adore. And pie!"

"Punkin' pie?"

"Ah, punkin' pie! Magnifico!"

I went away, envying the punkin' pie.

—Opera News.

Mantell's Lear

By Edward F. O'Day

"The Lear of Shakespeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements, than any actor can be to represent Lear; they might more easily propose to personate the Satan of Milton on a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual; the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano; they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage; while we read it we see not Lear, but we are Lear,—we are in his mind, we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodised from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks, or tones, to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the heavens themselves, when in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that "they themselves are old?" What gestures shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art."

I need make no apology for quoting this passage from that rare Shakespearian critic, Charles Lamb. Gentle Elia expresses better than any of us can that conviction at which all true lovers of Shakespeare ultimately arrive,—that it is more satisfactory to read the plays than to see them acted. And the greater the play, the less actors can do with it. In the minds of many, Lear is the greatest of them all.

Nevertheless, every generation has one actor at least who attempts to interpret it. All honor to Mantell for trying. He wins a partial success. At the Greek Theatre the other night Sam Daniels, a devout Shakespearian, leaned forward in his seat to praise Mantell inferentially by telling me that Barry Sullivan and Booth did the part better. This was before the storm scene by which the success of the actor must be tested. I wonder if Sam Daniels was as much disappointed by Mantell in that scene as I was? Up to that scene I thought he had done very well indeed. I thought he did very well after that scene. But in that crucial scene he fell down. The "explosions of passions terrible as a volcano" were absent. Theretofore Mantell had seemed to have a firm grasp on Lear; in that scene he lost his grip. In that terrible passage of the curse "Hear, nature, hear!" he had awed us. And again in that tremendous scene where occur those heart-rending speeches "I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad," and "You see me here, you gods, a poor old man," Mantel was splendid. In the scene with Edgar and blind Gloucester, his "Ay, every inch a king" sent a thrill through that big open-air theatre. I think there were tears in some eyes during the last scenes between Lear and Cordelia. But the storm of the third act is where a Lear is tested. Charles Lamb is our authority that no actor can stand the test. Mantell does not. From the very beginning with "Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks," Mantell was weak. Instead of tearing off his clothes in frenzy at the words "Off, off, you lendings," he put back his cloak as mildly as you hand yours to a hatboy. It was not until the very end of this scene when he spoke the lines "Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: so, so, so. We'll go to supper i' the morning," that Mantell was satisfactory. The tenderness of Lear he is equal to, not to Lear's volcanic explosions of passion. . . . The production was marred by bad stage management. There had been no

time for proper rehearsals, the result being that the actors, the musicians and the stagehands were at odds throughout. There were some very jarring incidents, due to the presence of the stagehands on the stage while the action was in progress. Such a thing never happened before in the Greek Theatre, so far as I know. On this side Lear was so unfortunately presented that those who cherish Greek Theatre performances of Maude Adams and Margaret Anglin among their best stage memories will try to forget Mantell's Lear.

Laughing at "Mary's Ankle"

Not in a long time have we been permitted to enjoy the blessed boon of uninterrupted laughter in the playhouse. Most of the so-called "laughing successes" do not make insistent demand on our risibility; they permit many returns between chuckles to the mood of dignified seriousness. Not so "Mary's Ankle." There is a funny bone in "Mary's Ankle," and it keeps you relaxed in mirth from start to finish. I am not exaggerating when I say that this delightful comedy claims a laugh a line. And it is the laughter of health, decent mirth, innocent merriment. May Tully, the author of "Mary's Ankle" is a beneficent humorist; her play should be prescribed by all doctors who treat splanchnic neurasthenia, otherwise "the blues." Three young men supply the backbone of "Mary's Ankle"—they are three very capable actors, by name Bert Leigh, Edward Butler and Donald MacLeod. I laughed more heartily at Edward Butler than at the other two—which is not to say, however, that the other two did not make me laugh a great deal. Others who will give you many a chuckle—for you must not miss this play—are Gertrude Mann, Louise Sanford, and to a lesser extent Amy Leah Dennis who has the ankle that supplies the plot; also James Hester, Donald McBride and May Wallace—in other words, the entire cast.

—E. F. O'Day.

The Stage

"The Brat" at the Cort

The now famous comedy hit "The Brat" written by Maude Fulton, and presented by Oliver Morosco who has given California so many notable successes, will be the attraction at the Cort next week, for a brief engagement, beginning Sunday evening. Miss Fulton appears in the name role of her play. "The Brat" was produced here before Morosco took it to New York. It had a season's run at the Morosco Theatre, New York. It also met with great success in Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston. Miss Fulton has written a clean, sweet play, with many opportunities for laughter and a tear or two. She will be recalled as the one-time partner of William Rock of the famous dancing team of Rock and Fulton which held headline position for years in vaudeville. The company includes Edmund Lowe, Percival T. Moore, Gertrude Maitland, Ruth Holt Boucicault, Helen Stewart, Frank Kingdon, Leslie Palmer and Bessie Andra. The usual matinees on Wednesday and Saturday will be given.

Maude Adams in "A Kiss or Cinderella"

The next attraction at the Columbia will be Maude Adams in the Barrie play "A Kiss for Cinderella." Miss Adams will commence a two-weeks' engagement on Monday night, May 20. Barrie calls his latest work, not a comedy, a fantasy, or a play, but simply a "fancy." And it is written in his most fanciful and whimsical mood, out of seemingly the most impossible and improbable material. The piece is so light it "scarcely touches the earth." Yet there is nothing superficial about it. While the plot follows in a general way the lines of the familiar legend of Cinderella and the Glass Slipper, the treatment is wholly new. Pathos and humor are said to be blended in the usual Barrie proportions and so wonderfully intertwined that the auditor is seldom quite sure whether he is smiling or weeping. The play calls for a large cast and is elaborately and artistically staged. Seats go on sale next Thursday morning.

Ruth St. Denis at Orpheum

Ruth St. Denis to whom the revival of the art of dancing is partly credited and who is noted as an exponent of the beautiful, the graceful and esthetic, will appear next week at the Orpheum in a series of pictorial and dramatic dances. Ted Shawn will not accompany Miss St. Denis this time because he has answered the call to the colors. She will be assisted by Margaret Loomis, one of her most successful pupils. Louis Moret is her musical director. Scenically gorgeous, the act is said to be one of the most beautiful vaudeville has seen. J. K. Emmett, son of the illustrious "Fritz" Emmet, and Mary E. Ryan will appear in "Wishland," a modern version of an old Persian tale. Mr. Emmet is a gifted actor, yodler and singer. Mary E. Ryan is a California girl and an actress of ability. Lora Hoffman, the American prima donna, is a recruit from the concert stage. She has a beautiful soprano perfected by European training. She sings entirely in English. Andy Rice, a clever and diverting monologist, entitles his offering "In Society." Ben Beyer after two years' absence in Europe, has returned with a mirthful novelty in which his trusty bicycle and music are conspicuous. Gwen Lewis, the English girl, will make her San Francisco debut in songs and monologues at the piano. The Four Haley Sisters, America's great girl quartette,

Francis Yates and Gus Reed in "Double Crossing," and the Four Mortons will be the remaining acts.

The Galli-Curci Concert

San Francisco people who have long been anticipating the coming of Amelita Galli-Curci, the great coloratura soprano, will at last have their opportunity of hearing her tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon at the Exposition Auditorium, at 2:30 sharp. Frank W. Healy, under whose direction Madame Galli-Curci appears, emphasizes the fact that the doors of the concert hall will be closed promptly at 2:30 and no one will be admitted until after the first group of songs is finished.

"Mary's Ankle" Continues

"Mary's Ankle" is to be on view at the Columbia for a second and last week commencing Sunday night. The A. H. Woods production of May Tully's piece has made a genuine hit. Matinees are given Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Varied Program at Techau's

When one leaves Techau Tavern at closing time, especially if one has been there since the dinner hour, it all seems too good to be true, there is so much pleasure and of such good quality. Singing, far above what one expects, has cheered the interlude between dances. The Show Girl Revue Corps provides that and does it as only artists can, rendering the most varied program of touching little ballads, snappy rag-time tunes and difficult operatic arias to perfection. Of course, the Jazz Orchestra is a strong draw-

ing card at the Tavern, as it has always been since it was installed—the first Jazz Orchestra in any American cafe. Two delightful periods, each evening, are enlivened by the Merchandise Dances, at dinner time and again when the crowds arrive after the theatre. There are rich favors for the ladies, all of the finest silk and including the most dainty lingerie, as well as blouses, sweaters and the like, and all presented without competition. They are bought from Livingston Bros. Yes, the Tavern always does a little better for you than you expect; generally a good deal better.

The Magic of Blows

(Continued from Page 6)

eye and the glad hand, and at the same time prepare its weapons for the blows and the knocks that may come along at any moment.

I am quite aware of the fact that all this is not in accordance with the Golden Rule, but the Golden Rule is at present but the most pious of pious opinions. It is about as good a guide for a nation as a copybook maxim is for an individual. Those who preach it at the present stage of the world's development ought to be given the hard, steel eye.

Blows! They are good. And don't you forget it. Don't forget that absolutely everything that exists in this world has to fight. Even the trees and the grasses and the flowers fight. They fight for their share, or more than their share, of the life-giving air. Everything is fighting in this gay and merry and lively world.

Everything lives by virtue and the magic that lies in blows.

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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.
Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ABRAHAM SOPHEY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ABRAHAM SOPHEY deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Frank J. Fallon, Merchants National Bank Building, 625 Market St., Room 615 which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ABRAHAM SOPHEY deceased.

MARGARET S. GILBERT.

Administratrix of the estate of ABRAHAM SOPHEY deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 11, 1918.

FRANK J. FALLON,
Attorney for Administratrix,
Merchants National Bank Bldg.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Speculation in stocks the past week was quiet, although the tone of the market was firm, and prices were generally higher. Stocks reflect no pessimism in financial circles, and the news from the West front seems to be ignored. The only effect of the adverse news from the battle front has been to check the advance, but there has been no weakness. It is idle to expect any big bull campaign, no matter how favorable industrial reports are, and they have been phenomenally good in some cases and fair in nearly all. Every dollar that can be spared is wanted by the Government, either to finance the war or to make good its guarantees to the railroads, and to finance corporations which are not in a position to finance their own needs, and find the money markets closed to them. It may be taken for granted, however, that enough funds will be available to keep the security markets liquid, and to support prices in times of stress. This accounts for the inactivity of the industrial stocks, with the exception of stocks like distillers, tobaccos and corn products. In the case of companies with small capitalization, less money is required to swing the market, and for this reason bull pools have confined their operations to this class of stocks. The excellent annual statement of the U. S. Steel Corporation, and the declaration of the usual extra dividend, is beginning to make itself felt, and there seems to be a steady demand for this stock from an investment standpoint. The stock is cheap under par, and there is no good reason why it should continue to sell below par. An advance in steel is usually reflected in the balance of the list, and it looks as if steel was shaping itself for an advance, which will carry the general list to a higher level. The railroads remain inactive, although they show some signs of becoming more active. The Standard Rails seem to be picking up a little, and rumors are current of some more favorable news that is to come from Washington, that will help this class of stocks materially. The market has held up so well in the face of all the adverse news, which would indicate there was very little stock to come out, and while the buying power is also small, any change to more favorable news from abroad would have a favorable effect on sentiment, and give us a much broader and higher market. We believe stocks can be bought around present levels with very little risk, and we look for a gradual improvement in prices.

Cotton—Liquidation was the big factor in bringing about a further decline in cotton the past week, which resulted in new lows being established in all of the active options traded in. There was no material change in conditions except that the weather was more favorable. Heavy and general rains fell throughout the belt, and were quite welcome, although in

some parts of the belt there was talk of too much rain. The market is still in a highly unsettled state, and the period of stability need hardly be anticipated until the spot situation has been cleared up. If there has been any undue speculation in the actual cotton, it will have to be liquidated. At all events, the burden of supplies in this country is making itself felt, and as is so often the case, when a move is inaugurated, it usually proceeds further than it should, and it is just possible that on this decline, prices may be unduly depressed as they were unduly advanced. There is nothing in the new crop situation at the present time to justify any firm opinion. Statisticians are estimating an increase from two to ten per cent in the acreage this year, and with plenty of moisture to give the plant a good start, it will be some time before the crop killer can get busy. On the other hand liquidation has been thorough, and with everything in the commodity line selling at more than double its normal price, there is no reason to expect cotton to decline much below the present level until we are assured of a big crop. In the meantime cotton bought around this level we think will prove profitable in the long run, as the technical position of the market is now in a stronger position, and a turn for higher prices can be confidently expected.

Prices Should Come Down

It begins to look as though the apex had been reached in the advancing of prices of commodities, and that from now on they must come down. The great producing agencies have been making profits out of all proportion to capital invested, the cost of raw materials, or the demands of labor. Wage-earners have had impressed on them the fact that what increases in compensation they have been able to obtain do not make up for the added cost of the necessities of life. Even the needs of Government have been subject to the extortionate toll of the profiteer, and this has had something to do with calling a halt. So, during the past weeks, the War Industries Board has been busy with the task of paring down undue profits. Two propositions have been advanced. One of these, which apparently was not taken into official consideration, was that of having the Government take as an excess tax all of the profits above a reasonable return on investments in plant. Such a move would destroy the incentive to obtain exorbitant profits. As against it was urged that the incentive toward increased production might also be destroyed. But it is a curious circumstance that, in certain lines, there has been an unwillingness to get rid of antiquated appliances because these were paying so well under conditions of inflated prices. The second of the propositions suggested was that of fixing prices on raw materials or staple

goods made of them, and the textiles were the first to be considered by the War Industries Board. Wool has been taken up as a beginning, and all of it, either now in this country or to arrive here, has been put upon the basis of the market prices of July 30 last. As to the domestic clip, an effort is to be made that the growers, rather than the speculators and dealers, as hitherto, get the main share of the profits.—N. Y. Times.

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Employees' Pension Fund	272,914.25
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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 88770.
SHIGETOSHI SAIKI, Plaintiff, vs. KIYOE SAIKI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

D. K. SEIBERT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: KIYOE SAIKI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of April, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

D. K. SEIBERT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-13-10

NOTICE OF SALE AT PUBLIC AUCTION

The Acme Hotel, 819 Mission street, San Francisco, will sell on the premises at Public Auction on May 17, 1918, commencing at 2 p. m., to the highest bidder, the following baggage to satisfy the indebtedness of the following named persons to the Acme Hotel:

Kleinert, G.,	Suitcase	Ellis, J. T.,	"
Long, W. F.,	"	Bolander, F.,	"
Hardy, E. J.,	"	Wilson, J. S.,	"
Erickson, J.,	2 Suitcases	Corlett, Y.,	"
Brand, J.,	Suitcase	Mastedict, S.,	"
Jackson, C.,	"	Cobb, Mrs.,	"
Brady, J.,	"	Hussey, E.,	"
Chatham, T.,	"	Mullen, H.,	"
Tuttle, H.,	"	Chase, M.,	"
Mackey, W.,	"	Potter, R.,	"
Austeman, P.,	"	Collins, E. C.,	"
Murphy, H.,	"	Lanagan, P.,	"
Budie, W.,	"	Walsh, H.,	"
Donohoe, H.,	"	Summerville, F.,	"
Muldoon, S.,	"	Baier, T.,	"
Collins, H.,	"	Fighey, T. A.,	"
Harris, W. J.,	"	Kane, H.,	"
Darling, G.,	"	Linehan, W. E.,	"
Corbell, J.,	"	Ward, J. B.,	"
Swan, C.,	"	Crello, R.,	"
Walsh, G.,	"		
Kirby, H.,	"	Sisson, C. E.,	Trunk
Schreifs, F.,	"	Wright, B. H.,	"
Martin, S.,	"	Jackson, J. A.,	"
Dormer, T.,	"	Donnelly, G.,	"
Lyman, P.,	"	Corlett, H.,	"
Cochran, T.,	"	Hussey, E.,	"
Devitt, T.,	"	Mullen, H.,	"
Jackson, J. C.,	"	McDonald, W. S.,	"
Linehan, W.,	"	Collins, J. F.,	"
Huber, C.,	"	Kramer, Miss,	"
Cregin, H.,	"	Robinson, R.,	"
Noyes, S.,	"	Wimberley, H.,	"
Lanfinberg, V.,	"	Madden, F.,	"
O'Connell, T.,	"	Andrews, C.,	"
Dayton, G.,	"	Thomas, F.,	"
Daley, F.,	"	Agard, H.,	"
Dunn, T.,	"	Sweet, F.,	"
Hart, W. T.,	"	Gunsen, S.,	"
Race, E. E.,	"	Miller, F.,	"
Reimer, H.,	"	Woods, Jas.,	"

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 24230, N. S.; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the matter of the estate of JOHANNA HENNEBERY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned JOHN JOSEPH SHEERIN, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of JOHANNA HENNEBERY, deceased, to all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of said JOHANNA HENNEBERY, deceased, at the office of John J. Barrett, Esq., Room 1906 Hobart Building, No. 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said last named office the undersigned Executor selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHANNA HENNEBERY, deceased.

JOHN JOSEPH SHEERIN,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of
Johanna Hennebery, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, April 13th, 1918.
JOHN J. BARRETT,
Attorney for said Executor,
Room 1906 Hobart Bldg.,
No. 582 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-13-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 86,476; Dept. No. 15.

FRANCESCA W. HATCH, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES ALFRED HATCH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CHARLES ALFRED HATCH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff and Defendant's wilful neglect of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of December, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

WM. M. SIMS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
612-614 Crocker Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-23-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 88832; Dept. No. 7.

IDA M. ESTES, Plaintiff, vs. EDWIN H. ESTES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: EDWIN H. ESTES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3rd day of April, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALFRED B. LAWSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION OF TRUSTEES FOR ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; No. 21727; Dept. 10.

In the matter of the estate of SUZANNE ALFERITZ, deceased.

It appearing to this Court from the petition this day presented and filed by CELESTE M. VERGEZ and LYMAN I. MOWRY, Trustees under the Will of SUZANNE ALFERITZ, deceased, praying for an order of sale of all of their interest in certain real estate, that it would be beneficial to the estate and to all persons interested therein that said sale should be made;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, that GEORGE H. P. ALFERITZ and YVONNE C. S. ALFERITZ and all persons interested in said estate and real property, appear before this Court on Wednesday, the 29th day of May, A. D. 1918, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., at the court room of this Court, Department No. 10, in the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of all of the interest of said Trustees in said real property;

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks before the said day of hearing, in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated April 27th, 1918.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.
NORMAN H. HURD,
Attorney for Trustees,
604 Montgomery St. 5-4-4

ON COMPLETING A TASK

By Alexander Gray

I have been long a bondsman; I have spent
The days in loveless labor, and have grugged
The hours of slumber. I have toiled and drudged
To reach the goal on which my eyes were bent.
This year I have not heard the yorling sing,
Nor seen the ploughed land clothe itself in green,
Nor corn-fields turning yellow. All unseen
Autumn has followed summer, summer spring.

I said, when this is ended I will seek
The golden fields where reapers bind the sheaves,
And hear the bleating of the moorland sheep.
And now,—my eyes are dim, my hands are weak;
I do not ask to see the drifting leaves—
Grant me, O Lord, Thy gift, the gift of sleep.

Exacting Profession

Ever sit at a typewriter and try to see what matter of public interest you could write about, how you could say something nice about this one, and something nice about that one, give some ideas on a popular topic, make some suggestions which might be carried out by some one in the community who had the time and money to do so, smooth over some one's mistakes which had reached the public ear, try to explain why such and such things are not so, make a hero or heroine out of some one who had done something a little unusual, give the proper space to the life of a departed citizen, laud the beauty and grace of a bride, see that every organization that has met has its name mentioned, give the names of all the new officials of any order, announce the events which are planned, write up the programs of entertainments, omit everything that should be omitted from publicity, write everything which everybody wants you to write about, and withal make no enemies?

Then you're partly fitted to be an editor of a small-town newspaper.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LORENZA MOTRONI, deceased.—No. 24155; Department No. Ten (10).

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of LORENZA MOTRONI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Joseph A. Brown, Room 912 Chronicle Building, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LORENZA MOTRONI, deceased.

SUSIE PARENTE,
Administratrix of the estate of Lorenza Motroni, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 13th, 1918.

JOSEPH A. BROWN,
Attorney for the Estate,
Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 24285. Dept. No. 9.

Estate of MARIA LARRE', Deceased.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of MARIA LARRE', deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARIA LARRE', deceased.

MADELEINE LABARTHE,
Administratrix of the Estate of MARIA LARRE', Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 4, A. D. 1918.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, California. 5-4-5

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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, MAY 18, 1918

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Lloyd George Triumphant

When General Maurice, after being disciplined for tactlessly coupling Foch's name with Bluecher's, wrote to the London papers and gave Lloyd George the lie, he committed an act of insubordination for which personal pique does not adequately account. There was more behind that letter than soreness. Ever since the Versailles conference put Foch at the head of the Allied forces, there has been dissatisfaction among certain British military bureaucrats. Even Sir William Robertson, accounted a great soldier, could not knuckle down to Foch. Robertson rose to the head of the British army from the lowly position of an officer's valet, and in the course of his dizzy ascent, it would seem, he has forgotten how to take orders. Maurice is of Robertson's party; so is Asquith; so are most of the outs who regard heckling and "sniping" the ins as a pastime not inhibited by the crisis of civilization. We may surmise that the outs backed Maurice when he committed the gross breach of writing that letter. Lloyd George is not infallible, he is not impeccable, he has not always been ingenuous. But he is out to win this war; he is big enough to know that winning this war is more important than playing politics; and he is so good a politician that he realizes the political advantage of subordinating politics to patriotism. When Maurice gave him the lie a sensation ensued, but it was not accompanied, as far as we can see, by much distrust of Lloyd George. The general feeling seems to have been that Lloyd George had probably spoken the truth about the size of the British army in France, but that if he had spoken less than the whole truth it was for good and sufficient reasons, and that those reasons were not political but patriotic. However, the outs proceeded to maneuver for political advantage. Asquith thought his moment

had arrived. He pressed the matter until it became a test of Lloyd George's strength. Perhaps Asquith is sorry now, for Lloyd George emerged victorious, with more votes than his friends had anticipated. And as Lloyd George had bluntly declared that an adverse vote would mean that thenceforward Asquith would have to be responsible for the conduct of the war, the result makes Asquith cut a very poor figure indeed. Great Britain doesn't want Asquith to conduct the war; it wants Lloyd George. Asquith probably realizes that now. If he were not incurably afflicted with the *morbus politicus* he'd have realized it long ago. For this is not the first storm Lloyd George has weathered, although it is the worst. Several times before, the outs with Asquith at their head stirred up the winds and the waves to shipwreck him, only to get a good ducking for their pains. That is how it looks to us in America who don't care whether Lloyd George is Liberal or Unionist, aristocrat or democrat. We have the same confidence in him that we have in Georges Clemenceau; and we should like to see Asquith support him instead of doing politics, and Maurice give his talents to the War Office instead of writing sensational letters for a cabal.

* * *

Caste in England

Those who read Prince Lichnowsky's memorandum must remember his references to Asquith. He described Lloyd George's predecessor as "a jovial, sociable fellow, a friend of the ladies, especially young and beautiful ones, he loves cheery surroundings and a good cook, and is supported by a cheery young wife." And again: "Even men of modest origin, such as Mr. Asquith, prefer to be in society, with its elegant women." Asquith is not exactly of modest origin. He is a college man, he married a woman of fashion, and his brother-in-law is a lord. His associates are aristocratic. Not so Lloyd George's. In the same section of his memorandum Prince Lichnowsky referred to the Welchman as "a man of the people, a small solicitor, and a self-made man." There is a social gulf between Asquith and Lloyd George, and it was not bridged even while the two men were political bedfellows. The great political families of England do not look with favor on Lloyd George. Asquith is more in their line. Peering beneath the surface of the recent near-upheaval, we may not be far wrong in thinking we see the operations of caste. The great families which have been used to governing England and which

regard Lloyd George as a distressing phenomenon of a temporary nature, want to be in the ascendancy when it comes time to make peace. They want to have the glory and the fruits of victory. It would seem that Asquith is playing their game. It would almost seem that the former officer's valet, Sir William Robertson, is playing their game; and that Maurice is playing it too, in a subordinate capacity. Just at present it doesn't look like a winning game. The temper of the times is impatient of games, anyway. Asquith, the "jovial, sociable fellow" hasn't the pulse of the people. Lloyd George, "a man of the people, a self-made man" has. This helps to account for his recent decisive victory over Asquith. Caste is strong in England, doubtless it always will be strong in English society; but democracy is strong too, and Lloyd George is so much the democrat that even now some call him a demagogue, ignoring the great work he is accomplishing and thinking only of his past performances. When President Wilson said that this war was being waged to make the world safe for democracy, Lloyd George knew what he meant and believed it. Asquith knew what he meant too, for he is of course a very intelligent man, but the chances are he construed the saying in a Pickwickian sense. Such is the influence of caste in England.

* * *

Her Eastern Programme

It has been said that Germany made this war primarily with an eye to the East, and this may be true. She begged the West to keep hands off and perhaps she would have been satisfied to clear the way eastward and build up an irresistible mid-European Power, bringing Austria, Turkey, and all the Balkan States within the Teutonic ring. But whether or not these were her aims she has at any rate succeeded in weakening, disorganizing and breaking up Russia. Doubtless she would now be content to give up Belgium and even Alsace-Lorraine if permitted to hold her Eastern and Southeastern conquests and spheres of influence. With these secure she can begin the next war whenever the time may seem propitious. Before the war the Central Powers were shut off from extension by the barrier States of the Balkans; but now these obstacles have temporarily disappeared. All the Southeastern countries from Bohemia to the British battle lines in Palestine and Mesopotamia are Germany's vassals or Germany's slaves. But

clearly there is trouble for Germany even in the States that she thinks she has conquered. Poland nor the Ukraine is submitting to Teutonic exploitation.

★ ★ ★

Frederick and the Kaiser

History, we are told, having ceased to be an art has become a science. Presumably this means that history has become more pedantically accurate. It may be the reason why it has become less engaging. Assuredly the average reader will find Macaulay's glib essays more entertaining than the mass of details to be found in works representing corrections that have been made with microscopic zeal. But as a matter of fact is there such a thing as scientific history? Doubtless scientific methods have been pursued by writers who have searched available documents for evidence, but where is the truth to be found when the motives of the chief makers of history are unattainable? Consider the case of Frederick the Great. There is much to be said of Carlyle's view of history on the personal ground, but who understands the personality of the Prussian maker of history, a term which includes art, science, morals and literature as well as the pomp and circumstance of war? Who can hope for a true history of the war of today with its multitude of leading and misleading sources? The Kaiser is the great personality of this war, a much lesser personality than Frederick but more bewildering when viewed in his right proportions and in his relations with all the individuals who have been in his confidence, from the Crown Prince to Hindenburg. He is not so interesting a study as Frederick the Great, for he lacks the genius of the man whom Voltaire despised, but he is a true Hohenzollern who, as was said of Frederick the Great, bequeathed to his people an inheritance of "systematic perfidy, rapacity and hypocrisy."

★ ★ ★

The Turn of the Wheel

One of our former State Senators made public recantation of heresy a few days ago. This was former Senator Cartwright of Fresno, known to minor fame as the author of the Cartwright anti-trust law. Mr. Cartwright says it was all a mistake. He repudiates his erstwhile enthusiasm. He is just as eager to unmake the anti-trust law as he was to make it. It is a brake on legitimate business, he finds; and he cites the analogy of the Sherman anti-trust law which proved so embarrassing when our nation went to war and perceived the necessity of eliminating useless competition in order to get things done in a hurry. We remember pretty well the fight that was waged in our Legislature to make the Cartwright bill a law. The argument

amounted to this, that there were a lot of malefactors of great wealth in California, that they were grinding the faces of smaller and weaker men, and that this piece of legislation would make them behave. The bill had not originated with Mr. Cartwright. He had constructed it of material extracted from the Ohio anti-trust law which at that time was being administered by a Buckeye attorney general whose celebrity was very great for the moment but whose name we have quite forgotten. And now Mr. Cartwright has caught his second wind, and is doubling in his tracks. It is his opinion that the law is a detriment rather than an advantage. As it was his pet law he may be presumed to have watched its operation; which is as much as to say that we suppose he knows what he is talking about. That would be a daring supposition were he still a mere politician. He is not—he has become a businessman. There is nothing like business to make a man conservative. In business you have to test your tools by using them, whereas in politics as played by legislators you merely sharpen them and command the other fellow to add them to his kit whether he wants them or not. And so it is that the political legislator who goes into business may learn so much that in time he may come to doubt his own wisdom. That seems to be the case with Mr. Cartwright. The wheel has turned full circle. The pendulum has swung back. Too bad, is it not, that Mr. Cartwright didn't complete his education before he gave the State his services? But the fault is not peculiar to him. It is our way to educate legislators at our own expense. And by the time they have learned something they pass from politics to the emoluments of business.

★ ★ ★

The Santa Rosa Idea

Out of beautiful Santa Rosa has come a political idea which is not so startling today as it would have been some time ago. It is what many will be pleased to call a reactionary idea, but reactionary measures have sprung so naturally and inevitably out of our abnormal situation in this era of war, and have been accepted so quietly by those who call themselves progressive, that perhaps this reactionary idea won't shock as many as we might expect. This Santa Rosa idea is nothing less than to ignore the direct primary by common consent, and to return to the convention system of choosing candidates for Congress. The idea comes from the Republicans of Sonoma County, from those Republicans who used to wince and shrink when their opponents called them "stand-patters." Nowadays when we are all united in the single determination to win the war, even a "stand-patter" is credited with patriotism. The fact that the stand-patter Julius Kahn

stood pat by the President may have something to do with this. At all events, the "stand-pat" Republicans of Sonoma County have started something which "forward looking" Republicans may be inclined to approve. We do not know, but the thing is conceivable. For the direct primary is not as popular as it was. Many of those who still praise it in public damn it in private. This is particularly true of those who have campaigned under the direct primary and who get a sick feeling when they run over the counterfoils in their used-up check books. The direct primary is one of the most expensive of our panaceas, and there is a growing suspicion that it is not worth the money. Defeated candidates are made quite sure of this when they figure their bank balances; the public is inclined to feel the same way when it inspects the successful candidates. For the direct primary has been a godsend to nonentities, nincompoops, sapheads and demagogues. It has brought good men into public life, to be sure; but whether it has brought as many as did the old convention system is a question that more and more students of politics are asking all the time. Evidently the question is a burning one in Santa Rosa. The experiment to be made there in connection with the congressional nomination is worth watching. The Santa Rosa idea may spread.

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377—BAYARD VEILLER

By Edward F. O'Day

Bayard Veiller came up from Del Monte the other day to take a look at the old town, and I thought it a good opportunity to take a look at Bayard. He has a strong face, has Bayard, such a face as one may imagine the great old chevalier, his namesake, had—the chevalier who was without fear and without reproach. It's a swarthy face shadowed by black hair and lit by two very keen eyes. For the rest of him, he's strongly built and very short of stature—the shortest man I've ever interviewed with the exception of John G. Neihardt the poet. After you've taken one look at Bayard Veiller you take another, for that face of his has power.

The author of "Within the Law" and "The Thirteenth Chair" had come out from New York for a rest from the writing and reading of plays—he writes one play a year and reads five hundred. At Del Monte he didn't read anything but war news and Charlie Van Loan's golf scores. Bayard and Charlie are fast friends, and I could see that when I asked for my favorite short story writer's health, it gave Bayard a great deal of satisfaction to say:

"Dr. Ellis Jones has had his final look with an X-ray and he says Charlie is going to have an arm."

Referring of course to the injured left arm which helped to write "Can a Duck Swim?" and which had to be mended with a sliver transplanted from Charlie's shin bone.

Then we chatted of the fellows who were on the Bulletin when Bayard left the paper in 1902—of Tad and Patigian, of Lowell Otus Reese and Jack Waldorf and Eustace Cullinan. And then Bayard Veiller released a story or so in his deliberate manner—a story which showed A. H. Woods bathed in tears as he recounted his first view of "Milestones" in London, and a story which involved a quip about the famous three medallions in the lobby of the Alcazar—a quip which wild horses shall not drag from my lips. Whereupon we talked about the things next to Bayard Veiller's heart.

Which means, things theatrical. Bayard Veiller, once of our town, is today distinguished in a little group of New Yorkers who work at writing and discovering plays the way you and I work at our less exciting, our less glamored tasks.

"My partner, Mr. Harris, and I read five hundred plays a year," said Veiller, "and sometimes we find one. I've got one now, written by a chap in Los Angeles by the name of Osmun. I think you'll hear from that chap. His script is not surprisingly original, but I think it's a play.

"However, it's wrong to look for great plays or great books just now. Hardly anybody is doing anything in the way of art here or in England, though there's May Sinclair—her 'Tree of Heaven' is big. Who can think of anything these days but the war? Irvin Cobb tells me he

can't work—gets started on something, thinks of the tremendous doings over there, and his imagination is swamped. I have two plays finished, but they're propaganda. I couldn't have done them if they weren't."

"You and Cobb did a play together, didn't you?"

"It was a failure," said Veiller. "I tried to make a play out of his Judge Priest stories, but it couldn't be done."

"How many successes do you average?"

"I've had a dozen plays produced. Three of them were successes—'Within the Law,' 'The Fight' and 'The Thirteenth Chair.' That's a very good average. Actually I've written about thirty-three plays. Even three successes out of thirty-three is a good average."

We touched in passing on the story of 'Within the Law,' a story pretty well known. Bayard Veiller wrote it and knew it was good, but couldn't make the New York managers share his knowledge. Every manager in New York turned it down till finally he took it to the Selwyns and asked them to buy it outright.

"I needed the money," he said in explanation of this heart-breaking expedient—for every playwright wants to retain an interest in his work.

The Selwyns read "Within the Law" and saw that it was good. They told Veiller he ought not to sell it outright. But needs must when the devil drives—Veiller had to have money to live on. So the Selwyns bought a fortune for \$3500 cash.

"The royalties alone netted \$250,000," says Veiller. "If I had been able to produce that play myself I'd have made half a million. The Selwyns acted very decently about it. I had no claim whatsoever, but they paid me some fifteen or sixteen thousand dollars in all."

However, "The Thirteenth Chair" which he did not sell, was another big success, although it failed to draw in San Francisco—just why, I could not explain when I saw it, and I find that Veiller is equally in the dark. New York liked it, London likes it. Veiller must have made a pretty penny of it. Judge from his own words:

"If it had not been for the war, with the Liberty Loan drives and so forth, I'd have made two hundred thousand dollars out of it."

"The rewards are big," he continued, "but the work is hard. I wrote 'Within the Law' in five months. Now I take a year to a play. I'm harder to please, and I'm getting older, which means that I'm getting timid. The younger you are the more enthusiasm you have for your ideas, the less you question them. The young man goes straight ahead, the older man turns this way and that, for he sees that a given course of action has several alternatives. A man who hasn't done it before won't write a great play after forty."

Then he told me something of his method.

"It takes you two or three months to 'get acquainted with your characters,' as Winchell Smith puts it. At the end of that time you know how they talk, you have their tempo, their rhythm. Then dialogue is easy to write. It is as though you were asked to write a speech for your brother—you know exactly how he talks, and you put it down in his manner.

"I strive for simplicity of diction—that and virility. A big vocabulary is a handicap in writing a play. You must use words everybody understands. Your audience must not stop to

think about your words, but must go straight to the idea. If you say a man is of eleemosynary helpfulness, your audience will pause on that word 'eleemosynary' and say 'what's that?' But if you say he's charitable they get the idea without pausing on the word—they don't notice the word at all. All my life I've striven for simplicity. I used to rewrite stories in words of one syllable. Ever try it? It's hard but it can be done, and it's a wonderful training. I got so that I used to do it mentally when reading the newspaper.

"To my mind every play must be a fairy story. You take the impossible and by the aid of realistic treatment make it seem feasible. Fairyland is the world people like to live in when they go to the theatre. They like the incredible if it's made believable for the time being. But even so the playwright dares not put on the stage some of the remarkable things that are happening every day. People wouldn't believe them. Think of the coincidences that happen to all of us. But coincidences are unpopular on the stage. Somebody said something once about 'the long arm of coincidence,' every critic remembered the phrase, and the result is that while that long arm still works on the stage it has to be effectually concealed so the audience won't see it.

"A good thing to remember is that the theatre, just now, is not an art but an amusement enterprise. Art will come back to the theatre of course. But for the present it's 'the show business.' If critics would only remember that they wouldn't take plays and themselves too seriously."

"Can a critic kill a play?"

"No. A critic can help a play, but he can't hurt a good play for more than a week. The critics all said 'Florodora' was vapid, that it wouldn't do. It ran for a year and a half without stopping. Recently the critics united in praising 'He Comes Up Smiling.' The first week it did \$14,000; the second, about \$9,000; the third, about \$5,000; the fourth, about \$3,000; then it disappeared. I have been a critic myself."

"What's the greatest play written by an American?" I asked before we parted.

"Eugene Walter's 'Easiest Way,' he answered without a moment's hesitation.

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Perspective Impressions

The easiest word to say these days is "pro-fiteering."

By the way, did Hindenburg get to Paris on the first of April?

Heartily we wish Brigadier General Charles G. Treat the success which General Murray had.

It would be terrible if Pugilist Fred Fulton stained a profession kept so clean by Jack Johnson.

When you see newspaper references to Bernstorff's code, don't think for a minute that a code of morals is meant—Bernstorff has none.

They've been teaching Camouflage at Camp Fremont. Ought to get a few politicians to lecture on the subject—some of 'em were experts before this science had a name.

Many who complain of the high cost of living seem to proceed on the theory that while our fighting boys are ready to make the supreme sacrifice, stay-at-homes must not be forced to economize.

Who is the truer patriot, Taft who is helping the President, or Roosevelt who is "sniping" him?

It must be that some girls don't know they're bow-limbed; if they knew it, they'd wear longer skirts.

We have a garbage problem in San Francisco. It's a smelly problem, and all the smell doesn't come from the garbage.

As a result of careful observations on Market street we are prepared to deny that all women have good looking legs.

We stay-at-homes are going to be mighty small potatoes when our boys come back from over there. But that's all right.

Former King Constantine of Greece has been operated on in Switzerland. Query: Did they remove some of the bone from his head?

"Sniping" Lloyd-George calls it—the nagging indulged in by politicians in the midst of war. Lets discourage "sniping in this country."

People are beginning to realize what four tracks will mean.

Are the highbrows still crazy about Sir Rabindranath Tagore?

"Huskies" they call our boys in London. A much better nickname than "Sammies."

Is San Francisco doing anything to get good representatives in the next Legislature?

Now is a good time to watch the supervisors; they are preparing the budget, which means the tax rate.

"There is only one thing we cannot afford to lose, and that is the war," said Earl Curzon in London. "We" means all the Allies, including us.

Charles K. Fairbanks, Taft's vice-president and later a presidential aspirant, is to have a place in the Smithsonian. A place for everything, and everything in its place! By all means put Charles with the rest of the fossils.

Carrying On

By Harry B. Kennon

Mary Ellen Doyle, born Callahan, widow of Patrick, is sixty-one years of age, white-haired and wrinkled—an old woman; but the spring of Mrs. Doyle's plump body as she steps about her country store, her quick response to everything coming or going, her humorous glances and mobile lips, all deny her years and picture Mary Ellen, the vivacious beauty of Patrick's wooing—the girl with wavy, blue-black hair, flax flower eyes and a two-edged tongue sharp for hurting or healing. The widow of Pat Doyle carries the Mary Ellen soul of her as blithely as she carried her first child.

A chapter of our national romance worth the telling that: Doyle's adventuring to America and the then far northwest to win prosperity among the rock-castled hills of Wisconsin; the man's keeping Mary Ellen in his heart until he could send word overseas for her to come and join him—or did he sail back for his dear desire? Mrs. Doyle never said, nor did she tell of the years of hard work shared with Patrick until three years ago when he died, leaving her a fine farm, a well-stocked store in nearby Doyletown, and six children. What Mrs. Doyle said, without the music of her way of saying it, when confronted with a past due account for adjustment, was something like this:

"No, we DoYLES aren't broke if I am behind an' slow. Holy Mother, is it so much! An' that old, I'm shamed by the sight of it. 'Tis good of you to come an' settle before it died of livin', like Doyle's mother, leavin' nothin' but her weddin' ring we buried with her. Not that that's excusin' me for being too distracted heart and hand to balance my books. What'd you do with two helpin' sons in the war an' you kissin' the last good-bye at La Crosse Monday mornin'? Would you worry about money except to spend it? Now what did I do with the check-book! An' there's my oldest daughter two years in the sanitarium an' the other at college in Madison.

Which costs me most, I don't know. My young-one's with the sisters in the convent, an' that's more comfort to me than the sisters—she's that wild. How I'm to run the farm an' the store with my three boys gone, God knows."

"You can't carry on even the store without help," I sympathized, while Mrs. Doyle rummaged for her check-book on her disorderly desk, orderly only to its owner.

"I couldn't but for Doyle's lone sister that lost her chance of a man when she had it. She's at mass now with my Mike for his last first Friday. You'll not look at her twice when you do, poor thing; but she's willin'. An' there's men willin' too, but they ain't my boys—nor DoYLES. There's one or so willin' to take all off my hands, if I'd consent to let the priest change Doyle's name on the sign outside. I tell them to talk to Doyle's sister, who's deaf. I got a tenant for my farm Ignatius worked, a German. Most farmers round are Germans or Norwegians—an' rich. He'll get more out of the land than Doyle did, since Irish came with the railroad an' made the town. No, we're not dry, not by ten votes—the same ten at two elections. Some other man must have got thirsty since Doyle quit votin'. He was lonesome first among these foreigners; but they're good neighbors, if they don't all think like Doyle did. Nobody could think like Doyle, not Doyle himself. He was that quick thinkin' an' quick sayin' you knew he warn't thinkin' when he said it. Wait a minute. 'Tis Mrs. Schwartz."

Mrs. Doyle moved quickly across the store towards the waiting customer. "Yes, Mrs. Schwartz," I heard her say, "there's wheat flour to be had, fifty-fifty with cornmeal or whatever. You're bakin' white bread for Easter, you say—an', why not? There's other days for fastin'. An' is that all, yes? Let's see—ten dozen eggs. That's three dollars comin' to you from the hens, good luck to them. An' the flour out, that's—

Leave it till next week, is it? Bring in all the eggs you can, Mrs. Schwartz, an' some butter. Here's some fine percales just in. Tell your daughter. Here, take a bit off the piece to show Minnie what she's wantin' while it lasts. 'Tis well the roads ain't worse, though warm rain's needful for plantin'. Schwartz is most ready, you say? Tell him not to be buryin' his seed in frost the year—it's high an' hard to get. Yes, Mrs. Schwartz, everything's high."

Mrs. Doyle returned to her desk, seemingly forgetful of my business or her check-book, as she settled herself in her chair. "Mrs. Schwartz is one of Doyle's best customers," she said, "good as gold. 'Tis hard for her with two brothers fightin' in Germany, an' folks sayin' her man is socialist. Whether he is so, I'm not askin'. He pays Doyle's what he owes, an' that steady. He ain't been in here since it might be February, when he was there by the stove an' a fresh young travelin' man came in. There was more trade in the store, Germans an' others, an' I had no time for the boy. But he was that persistent he spread out his samples an' tried to make me buy of him."

"They wasn't made in Germany, Mrs. Doyle," he says, thinkin' I'd like it."

"If they was made in heaven, I'd not buy to-day, I told him."

"An' when he saw packin' up again, was his trouble an' none of mine, he commenced entertainin' me with abuse of Wisconsin Germans, sayin' things about Socialists an' Milwaukee, an' gettin' madder an' madder with himself while he got madder at Germans—talkin' like Doyle used to talk about English. He couldn't know what he said of my neighbors an' customers was true, if it was true—an' it wasn't all lies he said, only Doyle's store was no place to say it. I noticed the men round my stove gettin' restless, an' Schwartz scowlin'; an' nobody here to keep

(Continued on Page 17)

The Key to the German Mind

By P. L.

We are indebted to the former Berlin correspondent of a daily paper for the statement that the true key to the German mind is the German language, and the truth of this is so apparent upon investigation that the matter is perhaps worth following up. I do not think that it would be safe to say that the idea is a new one, because a certain professor, who shall be nameless since he is not in the least eminent, impressed this well upon me by constant repetition in the year 1907. As I was living in his house and it was his business to teach me German, I very soon assimilated the idea; and if perhaps what seemed clear to me in the matter was not always what was evident to him, that was not his fault, for he was a very hard-working man. He commenced his task after giving me a brief resume of the reasons why it was so foolish to imagine that his was a difficult language. He pointed out in the first place that everything in it was governed by well-defined rules, that to every word was assigned a definite place in the construction of the sentence, and that, though phenomenally rich in subtleties, German was not rendered ridiculous by those hair-splitting "Nuancen" upon which the French prided themselves. If the tongue had a fault, and he, though averse from boasting, could not admit that it had, it was perhaps in the great and unnecessary number of foreign words that the captious might find excuse for criticism. He for one was wholeheartedly with the Emperor in his campaign against such invasions from abroad. Why, for instance, speak of a "Telefon" when a simple, elegant, and "echt-deutsch" equivalent existed in "Fernruf?" He had even ceased to speak of his own "salon" and now called it the "beste Stube," and that was patriotic and more descriptive than to refer to it as a drawing-room. One had to admit that he was right there; no one with any sense of the value of words would ever have called it anything but a best parlor. It had fumed oak furniture upholstered in scarlet plush, a happy combination, as Frau Professor said, of the modern and elegant, and the atmosphere of grandeur was such that any person of good feeling would instinctively sit bolt upright wherever placed and avoid derangement of the antimacassars of finest crochet work. But that is by the way.

As an admirable example of the simplicity of good German prose the professor chose for all his beginners a book of "Marchen," the adventures of Schneewittchen, Dornroschen, the twelve little dwarfs, and the like. This, he would remark, was the best possible exercise in pronunciation, and furnished evidence of the innate simplicity and goodness of the true German nature. He did not mean that the Teuton mind was not capable of producing literature as involved and even more difficult and abstruse than that of any other nation. That would not be true. He personally, as a lad, had admired Shakespeare and considered his writings to be profound and instructive. But, with the advent of riper years and fuller experience, he had discovered in Goethe an intricacy, a profundity, and a capacity for laying bare the most recondite truths that he had found in no English work. There were passages in Faust, for instance, the meaning of which was still almost obscure. But that I should read later on. Meanwhile there was grammar to be mastered. To speak German well, all that was needed was to know the

rules. Surely that was a statement which could be generalized. Nearly all the difficulties of life could be solved if one kept to the rules. Order and method, which were the application of rules, were sufficient to ensure success in most things. That was where the German culture showed itself so superior to all others. It was German to be thorough, to be industrious, and to stick to the rules which the highest wisdom and experience had laid down. Why was the German army the best in the world? Because it was organized systematically, thoroughly, and, above all, according to the rules laid down by the greatest military minds.

If you are going to approach the matter from the side of the German language, you may, I think, set down at the start that this is an index of the mind of the Hun for three reasons. First of all it is massive; secondly, it is tortuous; and thirdly, it is regulated by a great number of rules. There is about the German mind something undoubtedly that can only be described by the word "massive," a simple directness that relies on no finesse or subtlety to achieve its aims, an intellectual tendency to hack through by sheer weight of industry or exactitude. It is something, this, that you cannot get away from in the modern German. He finds in it his chief strength and his greatest weakness, for, in the whole-hearted devotion to industry, he fails to cultivate any higher quality. In a German school it is better for a boy to be a liar than a slacker. He will compile by sheer concentration and labor the largest mass of evidence on any given subject that has ever been got together in the history of scholarship, but, as likely as not, when he comes to draw conclusions from all the facts that he has arranged and edited, he will make nothing less than a fool of himself. If a man should set out to prove that the blood of the Caesars ran in the veins of the Hohenzollerns, or that the latter are descended from Shakespeare on the one side and Herodotus on the other, he would be capable of devoting the best labors of a lifetime to the amassing of data for his volume; but that, in our eyes, would not necessarily make a scholar out of him. In the German eyes it would. That is to say, in the eyes of a modern German he would pass as such. Fifty years ago they had more sense. They produced Kant and Schopenhauer, Goethe and Schiller. They cannot today. They are too busy turning out supermen with the qualities of industrious mediocrities.

Now the second point in which the language helps us in the estimate of the character of the German mind is in its rules. Your German lives by rule. He goes further than that, he is absolutely dependent on rules. He even rules by rules, and that is why he rules badly wherever he is put to govern, with the one shining and notable exception of his own homeland. For you cannot rule by rules unless the people you are ruling keep the rules. And this, in spite of pains and penalties rigidly enforced, is what most European peoples and all savages find great difficulty in doing. Not so the German. He is born and bred in an atmosphere of regulations and rules. His mind is orderly. If he bathes in the sea at Borkum or Norderney, he does it at the appointed hour and in the prescribed place, and he comes out at a blast from an official whistle.

There is about his mind something too of

tortuousness, which has no business to exist in a well-ordered brain of the ponderous quality of the German's. And yet it is there. When your German thinks that the hacking through business will not give results, he resorts by instinct to a devious path, not because he is a born deceiver—he is much too clumsy to do that well—but because he is so obsessed with his own righteousness that he believes that any means are justified to gain his sacred ends. And so he falls back on guile. The whole war abounds in instances of this. It is useless to labor the point. It is here however that the language ceases to help us in our estimate, because you cannot pretend that the German tongue gives us any index to the dominant quality of his mind, the one thing that really matters, and that is its capacity for self-deception. It is also incidentally the most dangerous quality which he possesses, for it has made him something like a fanatic for the propagation of "Kultur." It is so strong in him, and the self-deception is so crass, that it is small wonder that he is still misunderstood by people in this country who ought to know better. He even deceives himself to a point of believing that he has a special gift for self-criticism. His ability to criticize himself is, as a matter of fact, so atrophied that he can persuade himself to do and to think things that would be starkly impossible to any other nation with a sense of humor. I do not mean that his lack of this saving grace is at the bottom of it all. It is perhaps incidental to it, but it does not cause it. Fifty years ago he believed that nothing that came out of Germany could be very much good. "Das kommt nicht weit her," he still says of something of which he has no big opinion. His belief in himself was small in those days, and he was in consequence kindly, honest, and likeable. Then came the birth of the Empire and the sudden soaring of ambitions that before had been content to aim at purely local and comparatively harmless ends, and the idea of world supremacy was not yet born to the undoing of a world. The German, docile to teaching from above, persuaded himself that he was a superman. He simply believed what he was told, and was so little capable of seeing himself as others see him that that was an easy matter. He is in reality no superman, but an extraordinarily industrious fellow, whose industry has killed whatever there may have been born in him of higher things. With this he combines that unfortunate faculty for self-deception which has made him believe that he is not as other men are. That is what has upset Europe. Many people will not credit that he honestly thinks this, and imagine that he is ruthlessly driven on against his will by despotic military masters. To these I would say that if they would understand the Hun they must learn his language. Then they will find out how things are for themselves. It is well worth while.

FOR MEN

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The Invincible

(Upon seeing a Service Flag in the window of the keeper's lodge in a Lone Mountain Cemetery.)

By Marie Hicks Davidson

Two broidered stars of azure on a red-rimmed field of white
From a window in God's Acre near Lone Mountain throw a light
That sheds its living glory o'er the City of the Dead—
Mute heralds that crusaders two have on their errand sped.

In the keeper's lodge a Service Flag is hung against the pane.
Beyond, the grave grass quivers dank around a broken fane.
The ivied tombs and crumbling shafts and shelves of urned dust
Discourse in silent eloquence of transience, death and rust.

But illustrious dead keep vigil there, nor reck of sunken mounds;
Nor vaults of bronze nor chisled oak their ecstasy impounds;
For a nimbus burns o'er the keeper's lodge and signals to the world
That from that bourne two youths have gone; two banners have unfurled.

Aeolian winds from the Golden Gate sing low o'er that burial place,
And dulcimers sound and psalteries, and the peace of infinite grace,
Like a chrisim, falls on the stillness there whence the keeper's sons went out
Sustained by hands invisible—the dead whose hearts were stout.

The men who blazed the western trail, who fought in other wars.
Conquistadors and Jesuits and Federalists with scars
Of Sixty-one—all sweetly sleep to know that flag is there,
And mothers of the race rest well to know that flag flies fair.

Abandoned as a burial plot, the city's commerce creeps
To where the pioneer laid his dead and now 'neath bay tree sleeps.
What matters it if laughing boys amid these gravestones play?
Aceldama were holy with that flag above its clay.

And so the choral companies attend the keeper's sons—
An infinite processional hard-by above the guns,
The guns that boom and day and night, until Democracy
Prevails as free as chansons sung by winds of the western sea.

The Spectator

The Doctors Aroused

The California State Medical Society, four thousand strong, bids fair to take a practical and aggressive part in releasing us from the bondage of foolish and harmful legislation. Heretofore the doctors have contented themselves with devotion to their patients and to science, but they have awakened to the necessity of working to prevent the passage of laws inimical to the progress of science and the conservation of human health and human life. Charlatans and organizations more psychical than physical have taken advantage of the political apathy of the busy physicians to go to the legislature and by active lobbying get laws passed lowering the bars to the practice of medicine to persons of mediocre education, men slightly prepared (or not at all) to treat the diseases which beset the human race. We may expect henceforward an active opposition to these cranks and self-seekers. Nothing has so aroused the doctors, and shown them the imperative need of resisting quacks as the local anti-vivisection drive.

The Cranks on View

Doctors of high standing are making a splendid fight before the San Francisco board of supervisors against the anti-vivisectionists who valiantly defend the lower animals against scientific experiments for the benefit of humans. Many of the anti-vivisection cult point with pride to the fact that George Bernard Shaw is an anti-vivisectionist, ignoring the fact that George is also a humorist. G. B. S. would hugely enjoy the meetings of the anti-vivisection enthusiasts at our City Hall. Last week, after Father Ramm as a regent of the university spoke against the ordinance, a lady rose and inquired of him whether he, a clergyman, had not learned from the Bible that God requires man to do unto others as he would that others do unto him. Father Ramm reminded the lady that the Bible also relates the facts that God created man in His image and likeness and that He created animals to be subject to man, his creatures, for his use. He said:

"Do you not think that I whom God created in His image and likeness am superior to animals?"

"No!" thundered the defenders of the animal kingdom.

Another lady told the assemblage that she has two little darlings in heaven; but that if God were to ask her if it would be her will to have them back on condition that her neighbors' dogs be sacrificed to save them, she would say "Nay, nay!" These good ladies are opposing such eminent doctors as John Galloway, Walter B. Coffey, Thomas Huntington, A. H. Gianini, Whipple of the University Research Laboratory, Graves, president of the County Medical Society, Health Officer Hassler, Major J. Wilson Shiels, George Somers and William Wymore.

Dogs or Men?

Had it not been for doctors, the Panama Canal could not have been built. Whenever we mention it we think at once of the great engineer Goethals, but the lives of the men who constructed it were safeguarded by Dr. Gorgas. And Gorgas applied the knowledge wrested from nature by an American medical martyr. In 1900 Dr. Jesse W. Lazear, U. S. A., and Surgeon James Carroll, members of the U. S. Commission appointed to study yellow fever on account of its ravages among the troops permitted themselves to be bitten by mosquitos to prove that infection came through that source. Dr. Lazear died and Dr. Carroll recovered after a severe illness. The vivisectionists aim to make such heroic sacrifice unnecessary, but the antis would rather see a Lazear die than a "Towser" vivisected.

Candidates for the Board

"Writing a war song?" asked former Senator Gus Hartman as he entered the pendulum room of the Ferry tower and found the Clockwinder busy with pencil and paper.

"Sit down, Gus, and put your feet on the table," said the hospitable philosopher of the Embarcadero. "I oughta be through any minute."

"Don't mind me," said Hartman, breaking the end off a White Owl. "I compose a little myself, and I know how it is. Is it verse libry?"

"What's verse libry?" asked the Clockwinder, pausing.

"The real McCoy in down-to-the-minute poetry," explained Gus, with a nonchalant wave of his cigar. "It's poetry concocted without the aid of a rhyming dictionary."

"Who said anything about poetry?" said the disgusted Clockwinder. "Poetry ain't allowed in this joint, nor poets neither. It's a respectable place."

"Now, don't get calories in your neckwear," said Gus. "Be clam, be clam. I thought you were writing poetry."

"Huh," snorted his vis-a-vis. "Do I look like a nobody-home? I was drawing up a list of candidates for the board of supervisors."

"A lil ole slate-writer, eh?" said Gus genially. "A new boss in the making! Well, well, well. Who you got on your list?"

"It ain't complete yet," said the Clockwinder. "Maybe I can give you some suggestions," said Gus.

"Well, I dunno," said the Clockwinder. "But here are some of the boys I'm gonna run for the job next time." And he read: "Black Bart, Vasquez, Jesse James, Captain Kidd, Dick Turpin—"

"Wait a minute," cried Gus. "Gimme air. Where's my gas mask? What's the idea anyway?"

"Don't you like the names?" demanded the Clockwinder.

"Like 'em?" cried Gus. "Why, they're all pirates and highwaymen, stick-up guys!"

"Well?" challenged the Clockwinder. "Why not?"

"Why," said Gus, "you must be joking. Put

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them on the board of supervisors? They'd loot the city."

"Would that be a new experience?" asked the Clockwinder softly.

"Whew!" whistled Gus. "You wanta go the limit, don't you?"

"We've gone the limit already," said the Clockwinder. "I'm trying to improve conditions. Let me explain. The highway and high sea profession to which these gentlemen belong has a hard and fast rule that while you may take from the rich, you must give to the poor. Now our supervisors take from the poor—meaning poor taxpayers like you and me—and they give to the rich—meaning to the tax-eaters who work in the City Hall. If you don't believe me, study the new budget."

Gus watched the smoke of his cigar in silence.

"There's something in your idea," he said finally. "But it has one defect. All them gentlemanly footpads and pirates on your list are dead. You can't elect dead ones."

"Gus," said the Clockwinder sadly, "what have we been electing all these years but dead ones? Ain't it a fact that most of our city fathers oughta be in the hands of Carew & English right now?"

"I'm not saying you're wrong," replied Gus, dusting the ashes off his vest.

Enter the Poet

Just at this point, who should enter the sacred precincts but Tiv Kreling, the sergeant-at-arms of the Board of Supervisors. At sight of him Gus Hartman began to chuckle.

"I thought you barred poets from this sancta sanctorum," he said to the Clockwinder, musing his Latin a little in his merriment.

"You thought right," replied the Ferry wise-acre.

"Show it to him," said Gus to Tiv, chuckling again.

"Show him what?" asked Tiv, blushing like a sub-debutante.

"You know what," replied Gus. "The one you wrote the other day, the one Kid Nelson threatens to sing."

"Lay off," said Tiv. "The old fellow won't like it."

"Meaning me?" asked the Clockwinder icily. "You're right I won't like it. But let's have it. I'm brave as Emmet Hayden and as strong as that cigar Gus is smoking."

Kreling looked a little doubtful, but pulled a paper out of his pocket and in his best sergeant-at-arms voice declaimed as follows:

A lad who had a steady job in the Board of Public Works
Made up his mind to go and fight the Hun.
Said he: "A good American his duty never shirks;
Give me a suit of khaki and a gun.

"You're safe so far," the Clockwinder interrupted. "That don't come under the head of

poetry. Maybe it's that verse libry Hartman was talking about."

"No," said Gus. "Verse libry doesn't rhyme. And this does—works, shirks, Hun, gun."

"It may be rhyme, but it ain't reason," said the Clockwinder. "You have this fellow enlisting. Nothing doing. They'd have to draft a taxeater to separate him from the payroll. And he'd never ask for a uniform and a rifle either. He'd ask for a raise of pay or a vacation. But go on."

He said farewell to all the boys—a tear was in his eye; He drew his final salary and kissed the Mayor goodbye.

"That's a likelike touch," said the Clockwinder critically.

"Kissing the Mayor goodbye?" asked Hartman.

"No," said the Clockwinder. "Drawing his salary. Drawing his salary is second nature to a taxeater, like drawing his breath is first nature. But I can't imagine a taxeater drawing a sword or a pistol. Is there any more of that hog-wash?"

So Tiv went on:

And as to can the Kaiser he started far away,
These words to dear Tim Reardon he did say—

"Now, what can he have to say to Tim Reardon," interrupted the Clockwinder. "Does he expect Tim to keep him on the pay roll while he's away?"

"Listen, and you'll hear," said Hartman. "Go on, Tiv, you're doing fine."

And Tiv went on:

Give my regards to Hetch Hetchy;
Remember me to the Church street line;
Tell all the boys on the four track job
That I'm going across the brine.
Write me a nice long letter
When you have the time to spare—
Send me news about the budget;
It will cheer me over there.

"That's the end of the first stanza," said Tiv modestly.

"How many more are there?" demanded the Clockwinder.

"Thirteen," said Tiv, reaching into his pocket for more.

"An unlucky number, and this is Friday," said the Clockwinder. "Besides, this sort of thing is bad for the clock. The pendulum is getting groggy already. Let your hero recite the rest to the Kaiser. It will come under the head of frightfulness. It might end the war."

"Don't you want to hear the rest?" pleaded Tiv.

"I should say not," said the Clockwinder. "You're no Walt Mason, Tiv. Better cut it out. Leave that sort of thing to John Masefield."

"It's a pretty story just the same," said Hartman loyally. "Tiv goes on to tell how the tax-

eater gets to France and is wounded. They take him to the hospital and his life is despaired of. But just when the doctors are giving him up a letter arrives from Tim Reardon saying the supervisors have passed the new budget and that the soldier boy's salary has been raised. Right away he gets well."

"Did you make it all up out of your own head, Tiv?" asked the Clockwinder.

"Every bit of it," said Tiv.

"Well, all I've got to say," said the Clockwinder, "is that you must have a lot of time on your hands to waste it that way. First thing I know you'll be writing essays like Willis Polk. If you'll take a bit of friendly advice you'll drop that poem of yours into the municipal incinerator."

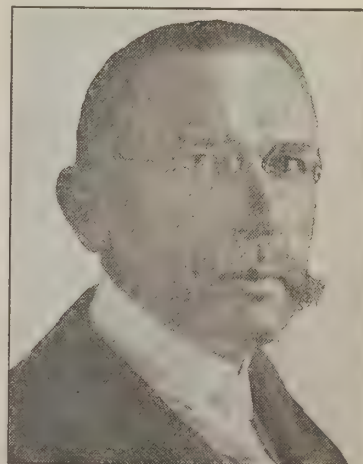
"The incinerator don't work," said Tiv, a little crestfallen.

"Well, then, put it in the Park Museum," said the Clockwinder, dismissing his guests.

Thomas Lake Harris

Writing in the Oakland Tribune of the life and poetry of Edwin Markham, George Wharton James has this to say of the influence exerted upon Markham by an extraordinary character:

"For a time he (Markham) placed himself under the influence of that remarkable inspirational poet, seer and leader, Thomas Lake Harris, whose deep humanitarianism profoundly appealed to him. It is doubtful whether the world will ever know how much it owes, through Edwin Markham, to Thomas Lake Harris. Mr. Harris was an Englishman, who, for many years, was pastor of an orthodox church. Receiving what he believed to be an illumination from on high, he left the orthodox body in which he had been trained, and thereafter yielded himself to the inspirational influences which continually surrounded him. He wrote devotional, corrective and uplifting poetry of the highest literary quality with a finish and grace that seem little less than marvelous. Poems



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of thousands of lines were written at a single sitting during which he seemed like the apostle who said of his own condition: 'Whether in the body I cannot tell; or whether out of the body I cannot tell; God knoweth.' While still in the impressionable period of his young life Markham came under the influence of this highly spiritual and powerful personality. For a time he yielded himself to Mr. Harris's guidance with the perfect humility of the devout son and neophyte. It was Mr. Harris's passion for humanity added to Markham's natural impulses that have made him what he is—the flaming sword of democracy. While in no sense subservient to the thought of another, it is as truthful to say that Markham shows constantly the influence of Thomas Lake Harris as it is to say that he shows the influence of Shakespeare, Byron, Bryant and Tennyson."

To say that I was astounded when I read this statement is putting it mildly. I think it well worth while to explain why.

Surprising Eulogy

I was not sufficiently acquainted with the early career of Edwin Markham to know that he had come under the influence of Thomas Lake Harris. I do not suggest that Markham received any hurt from Harris—Markham appears to have been always a man of healthy mind and body, such a man, I imagine, as Harris would not attempt to subjugate as he subjugated many others. But what astounded me in the statement I have quoted is the unmixed praise which George Wharton James showers upon

Thomas Lake Harris. A person to whom the career of Harris was unknown would gather from James's panegyric that he was a man of lofty character, a highly spiritualized soul, a humanitarian and a man who exerted a beneficent influence upon his fellowmen. The truth is just the reverse of all this. Thomas Lake Harris was a man of evil character, a religious charlatan, avaricious, lewd, dishonest, and a man who ruined more than one fine life. Is it possible that George Wharton James is not conversant with the career of Thomas Lake Harris? Does he know nothing of the story of Lady Oliphant and her son and daughter-in-law Laurence and Alice Oliphant? Has he ever heard of a novel called "Masollam"? Did no rumor of the teachings in the Harris retreat at Fountain Grove, Santa Rosa, ever reach his ears? Surely he must know something of these things. Then how can he write as he does, in terms of unlimited praise, of Thomas Lake Harris?

The Slavery of the Oliphants

Those who wish detailed information about Harris may consult the Britannica and the Dictionary of National Biography. After reading the articles there they will perhaps be as astounded as I am that at this late date Thomas Lake Harris should find a panegyrist in George Wharton James. Harris ruled what he called "The Brotherhood of the New Life" in a settlement on Lake Erie in New York. Ruled is the word. The brothers and sisters of the cult were his mental and physical slaves. The most

distinguished of his converts was that brilliant Englishman with a screw loose, Laurence Oliphant. On joining the community this witty, fashionable Londoner forsook all his friends and a public career of boundless possibilities, to toil from four in the morning till eight at night at the most menial tasks. He made over all his property to Harris; he made over his soul. He accepted Harris's gibberish and bun-



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SAN FRANCISCO BLUE BOOK

31ST ANNUAL EDITION FOR 1918

The Private Address Directory of Representative Families
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kum of "living the life" and seeking salvation through a new mode of respiration, without a question. His mother Lady Oliphant followed him into the community. Eventually she died as the result of physical hardships imposed by Harris. When Oliphant fell in love he had to obtain Harris's consent before he could marry, and his bride-to-be had to make the same complete mental and physical submission to the cult that Laurence Oliphant had made. As long as husband and wife remained under the influence of this fakir, their marriage was a marriage in name only. For a long time Harris separated them, ordering Mrs. Oliphant to leave her husband and join the branch community which was opened in Santa Rosa in 1875. What indignities she suffered away from her husband are not known, but she finally fled from Fountain Grove to Vallejo. By the terms of her marriage settlement all her property had gone to Harris, and she was penniless. Finally Laurence Oliphant's eyes were opened, and he broke the shackles which bound his wife and himself. Meanwhile his poor mother had died. A lawsuit was necessary before Oliphant could get his property out of Harris's greedy claws.

The More Sinister Side

It was about the time he established the community at Fountain Grove, Santa Rosa, that the worst stories began to be whispered of Harris and his cult. Unfortunately for George Wharton James's unqualified praise, it must have been about this time that Edwin Markham met him. Beginning with a conception of marriage as a purely Platonic relationship, Harris had

gradually built up a theory and practice of the relations of the sexes the guarded references to which remind one of the foul cult of the Oneida Community and other "brotherhoods" where perversities of sex have run wild. This seems to be the inevitable trend of all such communities. A great deal of the poetry of which George Wharton James speaks so highly was concerned with this nastiness, though it was sugar-coated against the too ready understanding of the uninitiated. This was the man of whom James speaks as a "highly spiritual" personality! Harris died in 1906, but his death was kept secret for months by his followers who had firmly believed in his claim of immortality and did not wish to let the world know that they had been duped.

Fire Insurance Rates

The regulation of fire insurance rates seems destined to become a popular topic long before next election. State Senator William Kehoe has succeeded in interesting the Mission Promotion Association in this matter which has always been a hobby of his, and with such backing he must feel able to strike terror into the hearts of all the 131 managers who compose the Board of Fire Underwriters of the Pacific. Kehoe's former helpmate and financial backer, W. W. Alverson, has recently joined the Board and consequently no longer has any interest in Kehoe's efforts to liberate property owners from the grasp of fire insurance companies. It was while Alverson was operating as a non-board manager that he was so intensely inter-

ested in the establishment of a State Rating Bureau to regulate the cost of fire insurance in much the same manner that the Railroad Commission regulates freight and passenger charges. But now that Alverson has become associated with Rolla V. Watt's organization, his business interests lie in a different direction and Kehoe has been forced to enlist the co-operation of Eustance Cullinan's Mission crowd. And unless I am greatly mistaken poor Kehoe will not get much assistance there because our Mayor is a power in that organization, and "Mission Jim" once threw a monkey wrench into the machinery that seemed to be grinding out a big reduction in fire insurance rates.

A Correction

Bill Jacobs, en route from Portland to Los Angeles with the Kolb and Dill show which has been packing 'em in everywhere from Chicago west, stopped off in town for a couple of hours to say hello to the boys.

"Bill, where do you go from here?" asked Ned Hamilton.

"To Los Angeles, the Paris of America," answered Bill without the ghost of a smile.

"Move to amend that by adding an 'h' to Paris" said Hamilton.

All in favor will please say aye. The ayes have it.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Myrtle are spending the early summer months in San Francisco, being located in an attractive flat at 2845 Green street, near Mrs. Myrtle's mothers, Mrs. G. J. Bucknall.

*Now comes the Campaign for
the Second War Fund of
the American Red Cross.*

Be generous.

*Remember that the Red Cross
is a National Institution; that
it is helping Our Boys to win
the War.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

What Our Stage Women Are Doing

The Stage Women's War Relief met in their quarters (donated to their use by Lieut. Emory Winship, chief U. S. naval recruiting officer) on Tuesday morning in the Alcazar Building. Plans were discussed for the Red Cross work which they will do Tuesday and Friday afternoons. About fifty ladies signed for the service and many signified their intention to walk in the parade Saturday. They accepted the invitation through Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner to march with the Navy League that day. Mrs. E. W. Crellin (Camille D'Arville), the president, imbued the ladies with her own enthusiasm and predicted earnest, faithful work characteristic of stage women in the interest of their well-beloved stage and the actors who are in the war. Mrs. Max Sloss spoke eloquently of the enormous amount of Red Cross work to be done by the women of the world. She said that patriotism today means "Service and Sacrifice"; that actresses have vivid imaginations which will create for their vision scenes of the terrible strife in Europe, pictures of the awful desolation which their industry and the giving of some of their time can relieve. She told of chatting with some French soldiers on leave one evening at the Palace Hotel canteen. Some American boys stood by "taking it all in," but comprehending none of the conversation. Presently one asked, "Say, can't they speak any English at all?" "No," she answered, "so now you see how you will feel not to know French when you get over there; so you had better study hard the next two months." "Well," said the American. "I'd like to shake hands with them just the same!" The ceremony of the cordial hand-shake being over, the American pulled out his cigarette case, and offered it to the Frenchmen with the remark, "I hope you smoke." The Frenchmen did. Mrs. Sloss says tobacco is the universal language in the army and navy and the best introduction among the soldiers of alien countries. Crane Wilbur got a very, very warm reception from the audience

and hearty thanks from the chairman for his magnificent work in auctioning the autographed program at the recent benefit. In New York, where the original unit is large and strong, their program brought eight hundred dollars; in Chicago five hundred; in San Francisco, twenty-two hundred, and Crane Wilbur got the money in about ten minutes. He praised woman for helping to win the war and feelingly talked of the inspiration the fighters derive from the loving service of the women workers. He related some anecdotes and called attention to the dearth of flags flying to the breeze. He said that at a Rotary Club luncheon in Oakland during his Liberty Loan campaign, he and Will Cressy called attention to the same condition. The next day the Rotarians started a movement to have a flag in every house and every office window and the poor actors received not a bit of credit. "But we started the ball rolling just the same," he said. Sewing machines (lock stitch) are needed. Has any one a sewing machine to loan for the duration of the war or for any period? For even actresses can't make aviators' jackets out of old kid gloves, nor pajamas, robes, and refugee garments without machines. Mrs. Crellin is so ardently zealous to get work well under way that she flutters about the rooms in her spare time mornings arranging the furniture. She covered shelves and lockers with white oil cloth nailing it on with tacks and painted the woodwork. Mrs. Fred Belasco, a dainty Dresden china young lady, not finding the wood-work scrubbed to her satisfaction, did it all over again herself and then treated it to a coat of shellac. These stage women are going in for real work and plenty of it and enjoy it as much as Clara Louise Kellogg who surprised the denizens of Portland, Maine, one day by personally cleaning the windows of her handsome residence. She was taken to task by her physician passing by. He said, "Clara, a woman in your exalted position on the stage should not clean windows." "Why not?" she laughed, "after all they are my windows." Dora de Fillippe now of the Metropolitan went to Berkeley to a luncheon one day when she was singing at the Tivoli and afterwards requested the hostess to allow her to wash the dishes. She enjoyed the labor so much that she began to scrub the floor, but was pained to leave it only half completed as she had to catch a train for the evening performance. All stage women or daughters, wives, sisters, or mothers of men connected with the theatre are requested to join the Relief and work one or two afternoons weekly, sewing or making surgical dressings. They will be provided with wool to take home to knit.

Anna Held's Fight for Life

Just now when in San Francisco vivisection is in the air it is interesting to know that the life of Anna Held, the charming and well-beloved actress, was saved a few days ago by an operation of blood transfusion which was discovered through its researches. I am told by eminent physicians that the essential value of blood transfusion and the methods of application were first worked out on animals. In fact the dangers of blood transfusion and its field of application were only learned after extensive

experiments upon animals. Previous to such researches, human beings died after blood transfusion because the essential fact was not known that there are individuals whose blood will not only not mix but would destroy each other's blood corpuscles. This knowledge heightens the interest in Ernest Lane who gave a pint of his blood for Miss Held. It was a twenty-minute operation performed by Dr. Bratten, chief surgeon at West Point assisted by Dr. McCaspey of New York city. Several other physicians were present. Lane is twenty-nine, a motor truck chauffeur, married and the father of two children. He has given his blood in a similar operation before. One hour after the operation Miss Held revived and asked for music, and a phonograph was brought to her room. Henry Rossback, formerly chauffeur for Charles Hanlon, Miss Held's attorney, is now a sergeant in the 378th Motor Truck Co., Camp Upton, N. Y. When he read of Miss Held's condition, he went to New York city to inquire for her. He wrote to Mr. Hanlon that no one can see her except her daughter Liane Carrera who is with her constantly at the Hotel Savoy, and the nurses. The doctors say that Miss Held is fighting with quiet, gritty courage the battle of life. She had been ill with rheumatism for months but refused to consult a physician. On her visit to California last winter she had to be lifted in and out of her automobile. Mr. Hanlon's sisters implored her to abandon her stage work and go to a hospital but she would not listen to the suggestion, saying she had never had a doctor in her life and that she knew she would die if she ever did. The dear little woman will ever after, I know, pin her faith to doctors. She sent her daughter Liane Carrera to assume her role until the company closed its season recently and the notices praise Liane highly.

Miss Featherstone of the St. Francis

Miss Anna K. Featherstone, the brilliant secretary of James Woods of the St. Francis Hotel,



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Four salads

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YOU WANT**

recently received a gift for her writing desk which she calls an Aladdin lamp. It was raffled for charity on the last trip of the "Sierra" from Australia. Allan Herbert of Honolulu won it and then auctioned it for twenty-five hundred dollars. Then it was raffled again and he won it for fifty dollars. He gave it to Miss Featherstone and told her that sometime when she wishes to raise money for charity she should test its magic. If Miss Featherstone leaves San Francisco when Mr. Woods goes to New York she will be keenly missed by an immense circle of friends and admirers. The guiding spirit of numerous enterprises in this city is James Woods and his chief lieutenant is Miss Featherstone. This lady occupies a position that not more than one woman in five thousand could fill. She is accustomed to "big business," to plans and administration on a large scale, but withal she is charmingly feminine. She is directress in chief of the innumerable social activities of the St. Francis and in the performance of her duties she is quiet, modest and cordial. She is the fortunate possessor of a reposeful manner with a delightful absence of gush; she has rather the happy restraint which is the manifestation of a well ordered brain. She is said to know everybody in the civic and social life of San Francisco and their degree of importance in the scheme of things hereabout. People can't help wishing on her the larger New York field of activity but nevertheless are cherishing the selfish hope that she will elect to stay in San Francisco for a time at least.

The Cost of a Boy

In support of her contention that the thirty dollars a month her divorced husband pays for the support of their child should not be cut in half, a San Francisco woman the other day submitted to Judge Graham a table of expenditures showing that it costs her \$731.70 a year to care for the youngster. The youngster is a boy, five years old. Here are the figures:

Doctor	\$22.50
Certified milk	60.70
Cream	36.50
Olive oil and alcohol.....	36.50
Vegetables, mush, custard, potatoes, eggs	73.00
Wash	78.00
Shoes at \$4 a pair	48.00
Stockings at 50 cents a pair.....	12.00
Koveralls	6.00
Trip to Santa Cruz, under orders of doctor	52.00
Cap and straw hat.....	6.50
Overcoat and suit.....	35.00
Doctor	200.00
Six undershirts and underdrawers.....	7.50
Two wash dresses.....	15.00
Medicine	36.00
Winter hat	6.50
Total	\$731.70

The Figures Reviewed

I submitted these figures to a mother who has brought up more than one boy, asking her what she thought of them. She studied the list a while, now knitting her brows, now smiling, and finally shaking her head.

"The boy is five, as I understand it," she said. "If he were one year old instead of five I'd understand some of these items better.

"Take the olive oil and alcohol, for instance. A healthy boy of five doesn't have to be rubbed like a baby. And that's a good deal of oil and alcohol, anyway. Let's suppose half of that \$36.50 was spent for alcohol. That would be about \$1.50 a month for alcohol, or eighteen fluid ounces. That's a good deal. Alcohol shouldn't be slopped around.

"Sixty dollars a year for certified milk and thirty-six for cream. That's a quart of milk a day, and a small bottle of cream. The price is all right. But why certified milk for a boy of five? Colonel Pippy would tell you, I think, that pasteurized is just as good. And why so much milk for a boy of five? A baby would drink a quart a day, but a boy of five would drink only a couple of glasses. I suppose, though, the rest of the milk goes with the mush and custard. And the cream. Cream's pretty rich for a boy's mush.

"Vegetables, mush, etc. \$73 a year. That sounds all right.

"Washing, \$78 a year, or \$6.50 a month. Everything goes to the French laundry, I suppose.

"Shoes—we'll let that go for a minute.

"The stockings are all right, and the rest of the clothes, though \$35 is a good deal for the overcoat and suit, considering he's a boy of five.

"But then we come to the doctor's bill, \$222.50 in all; the trip to Santa Cruz at the doctor's order, \$52; and the medicine, \$36. Let's take these in connection with that bill for shoes. This boy was evidently a sick boy—he had the doctor a lot, and he used a whole lot of medicine, and had to go away besides. But he wore out twelve pairs of shoes, a pair a month. For a sick boy he did awfully well. Perhaps he has a coaster and uses his feet for a brake.

"However, it's hard for an outsider to pass judgment."

"If you were in Judge Graham's place would you O. K. that expense account?" I asked.

"Most certainly," was the answer.

The Red Cross Drive

Less than a year ago the Red Cross called upon the American people for a fund of one hundred million dollars. San Francisco's allotted quota was \$1,000,000 and within the prescribed week the contributions reached almost

\$1,100,000. Now comes another call, this time for \$1,050,000. That the response will be even more generous is confidently predicted by everyone conversant with the changed conditions, for now the Red Cross has a brilliant record of performance and a more definite picture of its future responsibilities. America's sons are on the firing line and America's allies are more than ever in need of America's aid in sustaining the morale of their soldiers in the field and their civilians at home. The second Red Cross war fund campaign for \$100,000,000 begins Monday and continues one week. San Francisco Chapter is already organized to do its share. The Chapter's membership has increased to more than 210,000. All the new wearers of the Red Cross emblem will be so many new promoters of the second million-dollar "drive." Every dollar given to the Red Cross in this campaign will be expended only for war relief. All costs of administration and for humanitarian work, other than war relief, such as the Halifax and the Guatemala disasters, are taken care of out of the revenue derived from membership dues. Contributors need have no fear that their subscriptions will not be spent with strict business integrity and with the highest specialized business and administrative ability for the purposes to which the war fund is pledged.

Empire Day Celebration

A Committee of British residents, headed by Consul-General A. Carnegie Ross, is busy putting the finishing touches to a programme for the celebration of Empire Day, May 24, at the Civic Auditorium. The principal feature is to be a Pageant of Empire, in which 500 costumed performers will represent England, Scotland, Wales, Manxland, Canada, Australasia, South Africa, India, Jamaica and the British dependencies. The personnel of the pageant is being furnished by the local and Bay cities British

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Anglo & London Paris National Bank

OF SAN FRANCISCO

At the Close of Business, May 10, 1918

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$35,946,299.52
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	3,500,000.00
Other U. S. Bonds and Certificates.....	6,468,800.00
Other Bonds	9,466,337.02
Other Assets	1,089,141.36
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit and Acceptances.....	14,056,898.29
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	26,449,500.22
	\$96,976,976.41

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	2,538,142.32
Circulation	3,500,000.00
Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign and Acceptances.....	14,056,898.29
Federal Reserve Bank.....	4,803,000.00
Deposits	68,078,935.80
	\$96,976,976.41

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societies. In addition, there will be a grand chorus, two bands, and the staging of tableaux, the evening to end with dancing. The entire proceeds are to be given to British and American war relief.

For the Welfare League

St. Francis Welfare League, organized eight years ago to provide for the welfare of young women in the commercial world by organizing them into clubs and introducing useful activities and wholesome recreation, is about to broaden the scope of its work by establishing a club house out of town where business girls may obtain an outing at a nominal cost. A commodious house and beautifully wooded grounds have been secured in Kentfield, Marin County. Showers, sleeping porches and a large social hall add to the attractiveness of the place. The formal opening will take place the first of June when Archbishop Hanna who is the General Director of the work will be present and help the Board of Directors welcome the friends of the League. Many of the furnishings for the house have been donated but many things are still needed. In order to meet the expense a lecture on "Spirits and Spiritism" will be given by Rev. D. J. Kavanagh, S. J. on Monday evening, May 27, at Knights of Columbus Hall. Tickets are fifty cents and may be obtained from the secretary, Miss Margaret A. Taylor, 512 Oak street, or from the members of the Board of Directors, as follows: Miss May W. Shannon, president; Miss Frances A. Sprague, vice-president; Miss Nora Queen, Treasurer; Mrs. Vincent K. Butler, Miss Mary M. Driscoll, Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, Mrs. Frank W. Griffin, Miss Ala Keenan, Mrs. Richard E. Queen, Miss Sara E. Taylor.

Garcia Dancing at Whitcomb

A new and radiant genius of the dance has come to hand in Garcia, a petite and wondrous danseuse classique, so the judges say. She is a San Francisco girl, born and raised. First we heard of her starting off from her home town over the Orpheum Circuit. Then later in New York as a teacher with an ultra fashionable clientele. Now it is the war blowing a good wind towards San Francisco, for here she is back home to stay for a season of instruction. To those wideawake members of society never far off the correct thing, here is the chance to acquire the three new dances which are bound to cause as much of a sensation and change from the present mode as did the introduction of the Tango and other figure dances in 1912. Garcia has all the new dances adopted by the Dancers' Conference at Atlantic City which will come in early next October. Supreme as a dancer, she also possesses decided aptitude as a teacher. In her repertoire are all the new 1918-19 social numbers as well as the standard interpretative classic dances. In the Sun Lounge at the Hotel Whitcomb, Garcia inaugurated her classes on last Wednesday. On each Wednesday evening she gives her class of ladies and gentlemen an hour of instruction followed by a "party dance" with the new dances predominating in the dance cards. Then on Friday afternoon she will have a class for ladies exclusively. On Saturday mornings her class for children will be held. John Hayward's noted orchestra has been engaged for the Garcia season. The Sun Lounge is the best ventilated and coolest dancing auditorium in the city while the view from the promenade out over the vistas of the city twinkling beneath the glow of myriads and myriads of electric illuminations affords a pleasing sensation. The view by day is none the less bewildering. And by the way, the Club de Trente observes its second assembly

dance on Saturday night in this Sun Lounge preceded by a genuine Old South Dinner in the Windsor Room.

Dr. Van Dyke to Lecture

"Our Country's Conscience in This War" is the subject of the lecture to be delivered by Dr. Henry van Dyke on Wednesday evening, May 22, at Scottish Rite Auditorium. Dean Charles Mills Gayley of the University of California will preside. Arrangements for this event are under the direction of Paul Elder. Dr. van Dyke was United States Minister to Holland during the first three years of the war and in intimate relation with the events during this momentous period. He is at present on active service with the Navy Department, and the occasion of his presence in San Francisco is his visit to the Naval Training stations here and at Mare Island. He is devoting himself without reserve to his duties in this work, and San Francisco is particularly fortunate in the fact that he has been induced to make this one public appearance. He will give the proceeds realized from the lecture to the Navy Relief Society. Dr. van Dyke will also deliver this lecture in Oakland, at the Auditorium Theatre on Tuesday evening. Professor Henry Morse Stephens will preside on this occasion. Tickets for the two events are now on sale at Paul Elder's, and for the Oakland lecture at Sherman, Clay's in Oakland.

At the Cecil

An important social event of the season will be the wedding of Miss Marie Goodman and Arthur K. Wylde. It will take place at the Cecil this Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Mrs. Cosmo Morgan and Miss Emily Hanson came up this week from Los Altos and will be at the hotel for several weeks. Mrs. Frederick Von Schroeder, wife of the late Col. Von Schroeder, has returned to the Cecil where she will make

her home. Mr. M. M. Wiley of Nevada has joined his wife at the hotel. Mrs. Crothers gave a luncheon Wednesday. The table was decorated with yellow iris. Mrs. L. W. Church arrived this week from Portland, Ore. She came to the city to meet her daughter who has been living in the Orient. Mrs. J. V. Howard arrived from Manila Sunday. Mrs. Howard is the wife of Major Howard, U. S. A. Other arrivals from the transport Sheridan included Mrs. W. D. Brereton, Miss Brereton, Miss Harriet Fithian. Mrs. Scott R. Edwards is visiting Mrs. I. May. Lieutenant and Mrs. O. L. Downs have returned to San Francisco and will make their home at the Cecil. Among the recent arrivals are Mrs. Charles Ashman of Washington, D. C., Misses M. Ainsworth and Miss Edith Varney of Portland, Ore., Mr. W. F. Mitchell of Cincinnati, and Miss Jessie Sullivan of Minneapolis. W. F. Evans is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Evans. Mr. W. A. King has returned to San Francisco and has taken up a permanent residence at the hotel.

Dance Favors at Techau's

You should see the dance favors at Techau Tavern. They are totally different from the utterly useless and generally inexpensive trifles one usually receives on such occasions. They are unique in conception and of no small value. You can see them in the big show case on the main floor of the cafe; fluffy, colorful, intimate creations of fine silk—lingerie, sweaters, blouses, stockings—all most desirable from the feminine viewpoint. They are purchased from Livingston Bros. and are presented to the ladies, without competition, during the Merchandise Dances, at dinner and after the theatre every evening. They are an added attraction to the famous Jazz Orchestra and the popular Show Girl Revue Corps, which vie with each other in making Tavern evenings thoroughly enjoyable.

THE CROCKER NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

CONDITION AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS MAY 10, 1918

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$21,243,893.16
U. S. Bonds	2,083,275.00
Other Bonds and Securities	3,249,932.75
Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco	150,000.00
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit	3,485,239.46
Cash and Sight Exchange	10,899,057.65
	\$41,111,398.02

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$ 2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	4,245,861.37
Circulation	2,000,000.00
Letters of Credit	3,504,784.96
Deposits	29,360,751.69
	\$41,111,398.02

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The Death of Claude Debussy

Music has its milestones. The curtain falls on the season of 1917-18, a year of total eclipse for much that the world held precious in art and life. Yet one event stands out in a retrospect of these latter days, the death of the strangely silent Claude Debussy.

"What his own countrymen would say of him," remarks The London Times, "would be that he has spoken with the true voice of France, and we, using a slightly different expression, should say that he broke the yoke of German music. Future generations may look back on his pioneer work as we now look back on Claudio Monteverde."

Debussy's own view of his masterwork, "Pelléas et Mélisande," is told in a translated letter to a lifelong friend in England. The composer wrote that, on reflection, he found it rather difficult to speak of "Pelléas" and to underline its characteristic portions, so he begged his correspondent to excuse what follows:

"Before all, you will do well to eliminate from discussion the question whether there is, or is not, melody in 'Pelléas.' It must be decisively understood that melody—or song (Lied)—is one thing, and that lyrical expression is another. It is illogical to think that one can make a fixed melodic line hold the innumerable nuances through which a character passes. That is not only a mistake of taste, but a mistake of 'quantity.'"

"If in 'Pelléas' the symphonic development has, on the whole, small importance, it is to react against the pernicious neo-Wagnerian aesthetic which presumes to render, at the same time, the sentiment expressed by the character and the inner thoughts which impel its actions. In my opinion, these are two contradictory operations, from a lyrical point of view, and, when united, can only weaken each other. Perhaps it is better that music should by simple means—a chord? a curve?—endeavor to render the successive impulses and moods as they are produced, without making laborious efforts to follow a symphonic development, foreseen, and always arbitrary, to which one will necessarily be tempted to sacrifice the emotional development. That is why there is no 'guiding thread' in 'Pelléas,' and its characters are not subjected to the slavery of 'Leit-motive.' Take note that the motive which accompanies 'Mélisande' is never altered. It returns in the fifth act unchanged at any point, because, in reality, Mélisande is always unchanged in herself, and dies without any one—or, perhaps, only old Arckel—ever having understood her.

"The simplicity of 'Pelléas' must be insisted upon. I spent twelve years in removing from it everything of a parasitic nature that might have crept into it. Never did I seek in it to revolutionize anything whatever. But the habit has grown of dragging music into places of ill-repute, or of making of it a game of skill that none can understand without hard training. I have endeavored to prove that people who sing can yet remain human and natural, without ever needing to resemble madmen or puzzles. That at first disturbed the professionals, and also the simple public, who, accustomed to being moved by means as false as they were grandiloquent, did not at first understand that all that was being asked of them was a little goodwill. That is all I can find to tell you. The rest belongs to anecdote, on which I am badly 'documented,'" was the composer's conclusion.

James Huneker, writing in the Philadelphia Press, hailed Debussy as "a musician doubled

by a poet," the most subtle composer since Chopin, and, compared with Schoenberg and Stravinsky, almost a conservative. "In a decade he may be called a reactionary, for nowadays life is short and art is swift." Long before his death the gifted Frenchman had been critically ranged. It would be rash to say he had achieved his artistic apogee, as he might have had surprises in store; but it was safe to conclude that "Pelléas et Mélisande" was his lyric masterpiece, and that the dewy freshness of the "Après-midi d'un Faune" would not be repeated.

"In 1903 I was introduced to Claude Achille Debussy one summer evening in the Boulevard des Italiens. He spoke a few polite words, and impressed me as a man who had early used himself up because of his intense inner life. He wrote much musical criticism at one time, chiefly memorable for its unsympathetic attitude toward Schumann and Wagner, not because of reasons patriotic, but no doubt the result of a natural reaction against the chief educative forces in his development. Without 'Tristan and Isolde' there would be little of artistic novelty in 'Pelléas et Mélisande,' unless we include Moussorgsky and the whole-tone scale. Later, I asked of Maurice Maeterlinck his opinion of Debussy's musical setting to his play.

"It was an imprudent question, as I had forgotten the row over the opera. I knew that

Maeterlinck's wife, Georgette Leblanc, sang the 'Mélisande,' but that Mary Garden ('Il faut cultiver notre Jardin,' Voltaire wrote in 'Candide,') had captured the role at the Opéra Comique. Now, Mr. Maeterlinck is a polite man and his answer was guarded, nevertheless his dislike of the music pierced his phrases. To him it was evident that his play needed no tonal embellishment, that it was more poetic and dramatic without the Debussy frame. He is right. Yet the combination of poet and composer is irresistible. Claude Achille Debussy is one of the rare Little Masters who suffered all his life from a nostalgia for the land that lies east of the sun and west of the moon, the land of fantasy and evanescent dreams. His music will live."

The music to "Pelléas et Mélisande," which America heard—"thanks to Oscar Hammerstein"—is, in Mr. Huneker's opinion, so absolutely wedded to the moods and situations that as absolute music it is unthinkable. And the moods are usually "con sordino." Notwithstanding his musicianship Debussy is obviously a "literary" composer; that is, his brain must be first excited by a dramatic situation, a beautiful bouquet of verse, the contemplation of a picture, or an episode in fiction. Why ask whether the initial impulse to his music be the Mona Lisa or a quatrain by Verlaine, a recondite mood of Baudelaire? Without anxious preoccupation, the com-



TINA LERNER

The brilliant Russian pianist next week at the Orpheum.

poser has caught the exact note of Maeterlinck, and he maintains that note throughout the opera. As it is impossible to divorce music and text—Debussy seems to be Maeterlinck's musical other self—so it would be useless to allude to the characteristic qualities of the score. It is like some antique and lovely tapestry that hypnotizes you as it slowly moves across your consciousness.

"It is the dream-haunted atmosphere of Edgar Allan Poe, the Poe of the dark Tarn of Auber, of Ligeia and Ellenora, of Berenice and Helen, those frail apparitions who are as incorporeal as they are exotic. It is the complete envelopment of the poem by an atmospheric musical haze shot through with gleams of light never shown on land or sea that is fascinating. We forgive its drugged monotony, its occasional cacophony, its lack of action, its few stirring climaxes. After waiting for a passionate outburst, when it does come it is overpowering in its intensity. The tact of omission has never been pushed so far.

"In the piano partition little may be gleaned of its poetic fervor, its reticences, its delicate landscapes, psychological subtleties. The pattern is never in evidence, yet the web is spun exceedingly fine. His orchestration reveals the

silver grays of Monet and the fire-tipped iridescence of Monticelli. His musical palette proclaims Debussy a discreet impressionist, one in the key of Verlaine, who loved nuance, not flaunting brilliant colors. 'Pas la couleur, rien que la nuance . . . et tout le reste est littérature,' sang Paul of the asymmetrical jaws and supernal thirst.

"Naturally this highly peptonized aural diet is not very nourishing. Like the poetry and prose-poems of Stéphane Mallarmé, a little of Debussy suffices. He is precious. His ideas are limited. Nevertheless, there is magic in his music, the magic of evocation which only the dozen 'superior persons scattered throughout the universe,' of whom Huysmans speaks, may understand."

Little wonder, exclaims Huneker, that he interpreted Mallarmé, Verlaine, Maeterlinck, Baudelaire in tone. He was affiliated to that choir of sensitive souls, a poet himself if he had not written a bar of music.

Philip Hale of Boston wrote that it was a question which of Debussy's orchestral compositions would best illustrate his peculiar genius.

"There are some who say his indisputable genius shines brightest in his symphonic sketches, 'The Sea.' Would not 'The Afternoon of a

Faun' or 'Iberia' be a fuller revelation? To us it seems that by these two compositions, the string quartet, some of the songs and piano pieces, and 'Pelléas and Mélisande' he will be known by the generations to come. For Debussy's place among the immortals is assured.

"William Wallace in a remarkable book maintains that we are only on the threshold of the temple where the muse is enthroned. There she waits patiently for her priests and worshippers. Debussy gave to musicians the keys to new chapels in this temple.

"For music lovers he broadened the horizon. He suffered the fate of innovators; he was ridiculed, he was called a charlatan, a poseur—what was he not called? He has suffered, too, from imitators, suffered in this respect with Wagner and Richard Strauss.

"Young composers, forgetting that Debussy triumphed in the Paris Conservatory, where the strictest forms of composition are inexorably taught, having themselves little technical equipment, have produced vapid, chaotic works.

"On the other hand, he has influenced the mighty of his generation. The French, the Italians, even certain Germans and Englishmen, write now far otherwise than they would if Debussy had not shown the way."

Galli-Curci, Flawless and Passionless

By Helen M. Bonnet

Mme. Galli-Curci has proven to be the sensation in San Francisco that she was expected to be, because the Civic Auditorium was filled to capacity at her first concert and probably will be again Sunday; because not only all the musical people of the community went to hear her, but hundreds to whom a concert is the event of a lifetime; because her singing has been the main topic of conversation ever since; because there is a unanimity of opinion that her voice is lovely, that she is an artiste of high rank and—that not a single thrill played upon a responsive soul. Her voice is entirely different from that of any other singer in the world. She has a limpidity of tone which is her fame, her fortune. When she sings one thinks of white lilies at dawn, or the calm surface of a lake at twilight, or the sleep of a lovely babe. She can express the essence of tenderness, but may not enter the realm of passion. Her singing does not express great joy or great sorrow, does not search the mind. She has technique of a high order but sometimes takes liberties which the peerless Melba would not deign to take, but then Melba alone

of all the great singers is always true to the highest artistic ideals. Galli-Curci's coloratura is heavenly, as a soaring bird singing on a summer morning is heavenly. I can't think of anything more exquisite than her trills, her ascending cadenzas, her delicious staccati. What lingers with me as the most happy impression of her art is the memory of her recitative delivery as in her Mozart number. She has great skill in sustaining pianissimo tones with which she makes her most popular appeal. Her highest tones are extremely beautiful and the ease with which she sings them, as well as the even development of her voice throughout its entire range, creates the impression of a limitless compass. She was generous with encores, but it seemed a descent for a princess of song to render "Home Sweet Home," "Annie Laurie" and "If No One Ever Marries Me." Doubtless her choice was a concession to what she deemed the popular taste. But why not a Neapolitan song or a Spanish Bolero to the same end? For not by the sentiment of a song does Galli-Curci appeal, but by the loveliness of tone. I rejoice to say that the wild rumors that she gets off

the key are false. She sings with absolute fidelity to pitch. An artist composed her costume, conceived her coiffure. She is quaint, early Victorian, and there is something about her personality that awakens thoughts of "The Blessed Damosel" and "Mona Lisa." She must be delightful in opera; for after all, the vastness of such places as the Auditorium militates against strong appeal to the emotions. The psychology of it may be that when it is filled by a multitude, there is such a diversity of temperaments, such a conglomeration of minds, such a contrast in musical tastes that it is a thankless task to play upon them. She has the distinction of being the best pianiste among the great song-birds. They all love to accompany themselves but they treat the piano condescendingly, while her attitude toward it is as a beloved companion and faithful friend. She is fortunate to have Homer Samuels, one of the greatest accompanists, assisting her. Manuel Beringer, flutist, won a warm demonstration for his golden tone and dexterous execution.

The Stage

Maude Adams in Barrie's "Cinderella"

And now for Maude Adams at the Columbia beginning next week in "A Kiss for Cinderella," the latest long work from the pen of J. M. Barrie to reach this country. It affords the charming actress the first new role she has had in several seasons. Barrie calls his modernized version of the oldest of fairy tales a "fancy," and scornfully sets down his heroine as Miss Thing. The latter is the housemaid in the studio of an artist. She spends her nights in the shanty she calls "The Penny Friend." There she does all sorts of odd jobs for others as unfortunate as herself, for the sorry little one has a sad time of it trying to make both ends

meet. There was in Cinderella a true patriotism. She wanted to do her war-time "bit." Being frail, none of the hospitals would take her as a nurse, so she adopted four orphans. The imaginative waif has told the children she is Cinderella and they believe her. Half starved and exhausted she falls asleep in the street. In her fevered dream the fairy godmother comes to grant her wishes. She asks for the ball where she may meet her prince. The gorgeous scene that follows Barrie calls "A Little Chamber in Miss Thing's Head." It is the ball of the girl's dream, one of the most fanciful pictures ever staged. Cinderella has never beheld anything more gorgeous than the outside of a

saloon, never heard any music except that of the coach horn and the hurdy-gurdy, and her idea of the king and queen is as they are pictured on playing cards. The royal couple sit on golden rocking chairs on a golden throne. The ice cream is served in golden cones from a golden pushcart. The prince bears a wonderful resemblance to the big policeman at the crossing. In fact, all the people of the dream ball are those of the earlier scenes. The last scene is in a hospital where the child is recovering from pneumonia. Here she is wooed by her real prince, the big policeman. The setting of the dream ball is an adaptation of a painting by Maxfield Parrish. The incidental music was

arranged by Paul Tietjens who will direct the orchestra.

Tina Lerner at the Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week is headed by "The Naughty Princess," the latest musical comedy offering of William B. Friedlander, Inc. The cast includes some well known artists. Tina Lerner, the brilliant Russian pianiste, who will make her first vaudeville appearance in this city, is one of the few women virtuosi to acquire international fame. She has wonderful qualities. Her technic is extraordinary. Grace De Mar, a winsome comedienne of the ingenue type, will appear in character studies written for her by Herbert Moore. They are little bits picked from everyday life. Harry Van Fossen, a clever and droll black face comedian, will contribute a monologue. Fred Hudler, basso; Ted Stein, baritone and Nellie Phillips, soprano are one of the best musical trios in vaudeville. They style their offering "Steps in Harmony." The Aerial Mitchells in their daring novelty, "Fun in the Air," are a departure in gymnastics. The only holdovers will be Ruth St. Denis in pictorial and dramatic dances, and Lloria Hoffman, American prima donna soprano, in new numbers.

Concert Postponed

Owing to the second Galli-Curci song recital, the program planned by Madame Emilia Tojetti for next Sunday's half hour musicale in the lecture room of the Palace of Fine Arts will be deferred until the following Sunday, when one of the most interesting concerts in this second series will be held at 2:30 o'clock, to which the public is admitted free.

"Wanderer" Coming to Cort

"The Wanderer," a spectacular biblical drama written by Maurice V. Samuels of San Francisco, and staged by David Belasco, will be the attraction at the Cort beginning Monday night, May 27. The producers are Comstock, Elliott and Gest who were responsible for that highly successful morality play, "Experience." It is said that "The Wanderer" has all the elements that make for success. The interpreting company is a notable one, embracing Nance O'Neil, Florence Reed, James O'Neil and others.

Second Week of "Brat"

Oliver Morosco's production of "The Brat," with Maude Fulton as the fascinating little street waif, begins its second and final week at the Cort Sunday night, May 26. The present engagement has proven as successful as the original run of the piece two years ago. After leaving here "The Brat" had lengthy engagements in New York, Chicago and other Eastern cities. It is the New York cast and production that has been sent back to California. Producer Morosco has surrounded Miss Fulton with

a cast headed by Edmund Lowe who is well known here.

Paulist Choristers

The Paulist Choristers, under the direction of the Rev. William J. Finn, will be heard at the Exposition Auditorium Sunday afternoon, May 26, and the recital will begin promptly at 2:30 o'clock. Accounts of the choir's successes in the southern part of the State assure Frank W. Healy, under whose management the coast concerts are being given, that nothing but the greatest enthusiasm and splendid audiences have greeted the boys wherever they have sung. The largest auditoriums and halls have been too small to contain the crowds. Two-thirds of the choir is composed of boys from nine or ten up to sixteen years of age. The balance in tone is maintained by the matured voices of highly trained bass and tenor singers. The net profits of the tour have been dedicated in advance to the war sufferers of Northern France and the money reaches the needy ones through the French Ambassador at Washington. Father Finn hopes to be the means of raising not less than \$100,000 for the cause. His Choristers sing without other compensation than their traveling expenses and their "board and keep."

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Carrying On

(Continued from Page 6.)

peace but Doyle's sister that can't hear, poor thing, an' me that didn't want to. So I says:

"Young man, you're goin' the wrong way to sell goods in Wisconsin or anywheres. You're huntin' trouble callin' our folks traitors because they can't think like you talk. Lots of these Wisconsin Germans are Irish an' Norwegians, an' we ain't got schoolin' like some city drummers that ought to be drafted. I'm Irish an' I'm American, an' days I'm more Irish. 'Tis so with American Germans, an' everybody. My talk don't hurt any an' theirs don't, leavin' us to get it out of us an' go on with our farmin'. It's lads like you, goin' round with terrifyin' suspicions, an' makin' folks hate you that don't hate America at all, that raises riots. An' then," continued Mary Ellen Callahan Doyle, her blue eyes twinkling, "I introduced the young idiot to Zimmerman, my tenant, who's havin' a time gettin' farm hands because of his son an' son-in-law goin' to France. Zimmerman hates the Kaiser like he hates the devil in hell, but I didn't see him wastin' affection on that drummer. Folks war-rin' with their mouths don't help any. An' the check-book here in my apron pocket while we've been talkin'," laughed Mrs. Doyle in surprising conclusion.

"Well, I'm glad we're even," remarked the widow tendering her check, "an' maybe I'll be orderin' more goods of your salesman when he comes, just to keep in debt to the house an' comfortable. Here's my boy back from mass. Doyle's sister will be stayin' wearin' out St. Mary's floor with her knees till night, an' me keepin' store for her sins an' my own. 'Tis the age of her, like Doyle's old mother. Mike, come shake hands with the gentleman . . . I'm forgettin' the name . . . my own'll go next. Talk to him while I'm waitin' on Mr. Oleson."

"I'll take care of Oleson," offered the well set-up soldier boy.

"You will not—an' be greasin' the whole front of you. Are you askin' the agent if the La Crosse train is comin' before or after, Monday mornin'?"

"No change, mother; she comes through at four-thirty."

"An' the clock an' hour ahead of itself!" exclaimed the widow, now half-way across the store.

"Don't try for it," remonstrated the boy, and I sensed the shyness in his desire to take leave of his mother at home rather than among his companions at the crowded railway station—shyness and shrinking from facing his first tough battle of parting.

"It will take no tryin'," came Mrs. Doyle's quick reply. "There'll be a hot bite for you Monday, an' Doyle's sister left to tend trade, poor thing. Why wouldn't I be seein' the last of you like Pat and Ignatius that went before? Or is it Minnie Schwarz you'd rather be seein' at the end? An' now," said Mary Ellen Doyle, born Callahan, as cheerfully as though piling years and perplexities were but froth afloat on untroubled waters, "now, Mr. Oleson, what is it you will be wantin'?"—Reedy's Mirror.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—It was a bull market in stocks last week from the first to the last day, and with only minor recessions at the close of the week. Under the leadership of U. S. Steel, prices rose to new high levels for this year in a broad and active market. There was an unmistakable spirit of optimism throughout the week, and it was due in part, no doubt, to the good news from the Western battle front, but above all, it was inspired by the tremendous success of the Third War Loan. Steel led the advance to above 110; the first time this year that it has touched this price. There was nothing exciting about the advance in Steel; it was due more to a scarcity of floating stock than to urgent buying. The demand looked more like investment buying than short covering, and was based on the \$4.25 per share dividend that is to come off the stock June 1st. Other Steels shared in the advance. The buying of Steel shares surpassed easily that of any other group, and was based on appreciation of the extraordinary sound position of the companies. An era of prosperity seems to be assured during the period of the war at least. The equipment stocks were less active, although Baldwin Locomotive gave a good account of itself, probably due to the optimistic announcement made by its president. Distillers were strong and higher, selling up to new high records for the year. It is steadily advancing, and there is no indication that insiders are trying to distribute the stock. Railroad stocks were strong and fairly active. The action of the market in the last month or more in the face of the war news from abroad, is strongly corroborative of the belief entertained in conservative quarters, that stocks in most instances, especially in the Railroad group, have been pretty well liquidated, and in many cases present prices are lower than established equities and prospective additions to same seem to warrant. In the near future it is expected that the rental contracts supposed to be near completion between the Government and the railroads, will be announced, and in view of the circumstances surrounding the general investment situation, it is reasonable to anticipate that the conclusions arrived at will be of a sort to impart greater cheer to the holders of railroad investments. We are very optimistic, and believe stocks should be bought on all breaks.

Cotton—The market shows some hesitation on the decline whenever the price gets below the 25-cent level and a good recovery takes place, although at the advance the cotton bought below the 25-cent level seems to be for sale again on the advance. The result is a big broad scalping market within a two hundred

point range. The daily fluctuations are governed by the news from day to day, and one day it's the foreign news, another day it's the weather news. The Liverpool market seems to be about as unsteady as our own market. However, the decline did not come from spot holders and mills with their engagements ahead, are not reselling their stocks. The conclusion, therefore, is that the selling that comes on the market from time to time, is short selling, based upon rather favorable news from the growing crop, and the chance always that something may happen in the war zone to bring about a decline. Generally the news the past week was mixed. The weekly weather report was construed as slightly unfavorable. Crop complaints are beginning to come from the central sections, although very flattering reports are coming from Texas. The market seems to have been well liquidated so far as the Cotton contracts are concerned. Sentiment has changed somewhat the past week, and it is noticeable that former bullish spot interests are again taking a friendly view of the market, and are buying cotton whenever the market is depressed. It will probably be some time before the market becomes settled, but it is now in a good position to respond to such crop news as we may receive. In the meantime we believe advantage should be taken of all declines on which to buy the new crop futures.

German Trade Afterwards

Most of the speculation concerning the recovery by Germany of her former foreign trade when the war shall have ended has failed to take into account certain factors. Among these are the changes of conditions which the war itself has caused. It has been brought out, for instance, that, by selling acceptances to British banks and bankers, the Germans were able to finance their foreign trade by the aid of English capital. This process is hardly likely to receive sanction in the future, and the lack of available German capital will prove a great handicap to any attempted revival of foreign trade. Another thing to consider is that the preferential commercial treaties, from which Germany was so much a gainer, are now a thing of the past, never to be renewed. These treaties, and especially the ones with contiguous countries, like France and Russia, were one-sided, with all the advantages in favor of Germany. The trade obtained under them was the cornerstone of German foreign commerce and came very near to being a monopoly. The large profits derived therefrom enabled German manufacturers to sell their wares in other foreign countries, where they met competition, at very

small margins of profit, or at none at all, for a while, until they had bested their competitors. All of this system, including the elaborate trade and financial organization which was part of it, has been broken up and can never again be reinstated. At the very best, and after a long time, all the Germans can hope for is a fair field and no favor, and this is not a condition which will suit them.—New York Times.

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Letters

"On Two Frontiers"

The best and the worst of human nature are to be found on frontiers. Consequently they furnish unequalled story-material for the few who both know the wild-life surge of primitive passions and have the skill to tell it rightly. One of these masters of the story-art is Mr. Buffum, who thoroughly knows his "two frontiers," South Africa and our own West of a generation ago. Not since Bret Harte has any one told so well of the golden days of mining towns with their recklessness, as conspicuous in generosity, heroism, and chivalry as in the grosser side of free life, in referring to which Mr. Buffum never offends good taste. The stories of the "East," which naturally begin the book, bring the life of the veldt, the desert, and the diamond mine before the reader with absorbing vividness. Pleasing humor, dramatic force, excellent English, and thorough knowledge of that of which the author writes combine to make an unusual book. Frontispiece by Maynard Dixon. Pen-in-ink illustrations by Frank T. Merrill. 12mo. Cloth. Price, \$1.35. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.

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"Thrift in the Household"

Mrs. Dora Morrell Hughes, a trained editor of domestic magazines, and at various times a contributor to nearly four hundred different publications, is now a home-maker, representing the third generation of notable skill in cooking and household management. She is therefore one whose advice may be trusted implicitly, and her pleasant style makes her teachings attractive. She shows by recitals and recipes how food may be made more palatable as well as nourishing, while costing surprisingly less than is often the case, and how efficient management in all household matters will not only save the dollars, but produce the greatest economy of all, the saving of the mistress herself. Practically every suggestion has been tried out by the author, and many of the numerous and very valuable recipes have come down through pure merit from those before her. This book can

save its cost in a week if given a chance, and will be the prized companion of many a puzzled housewife. Price \$1.25. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 86,476; Dept. No. 15.

FRANCESCA W. HATCH, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES ALFRED HATCH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CHARLES ALFRED HATCH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of Plaintiff and Defendant's willful neglect of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of December, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

WM. M. SIMS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
612-614 Crocker Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-23-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 88832; Dept. No. 7.

IDA M. ESTES, Plaintiff, vs. EDWIN H. ESTES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: EDWIN H. ESTES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful neglect; also for general relief as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3rd day of April, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALFRED R. LAWSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 88770. SHIGETOSHI SAIKI, Plaintiff, vs. KIYOE SAIKI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

D. K. SEIBERT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: KIYOE SAIKI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of April, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

D. K. SEIBERT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-13-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ABRAHAM SOPHEY, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ABRAHAM SOPHEY deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Frank J. Fallon, Merchants National Bank Building, 625 Market St., Room 615 which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ABRAHAM SOPHEY deceased.

MARGARET S. GILBERT,
Administratrix of the estate of ABRAHAM SOPHEY deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, May 11, 1918.

FRANK J. FALLON,
Attorney for Administratrix,
Merchants National Bank Bldg.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 24285, Dept. No. 9.
Estate of MARIA LARRE', deceased.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of MARIA LARRE', deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARIA LARRE', deceased.

MADELINE LABARTHE,
Administratrix of the Estate of MARIA LARRE', deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 4, A. D. 1918.
A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, California. 5-4-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION OF TRUSTEES FOR ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, No. 21737, Trust in the Matter of the Estate of SUZANNE ALFERITZ, deceased.

It appearing to this Court from the Petition presented and filed on the 27th day of April, 1918, by Celeste M. Vonneg and Vernon L. Mowry, Trustees under the Will of Suzanne Alferitz, deceased, praying for an order of sale of all of their interest in certain real estate, that it would be beneficial to the estate and to all persons interested therein that said sale should be made:

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, that George H. P. Alferitz, and Vonne C. S. Alferitz and all persons interested in said estate and real property, appear before this Court on Tuesday, the 18th day of June, A. D. 1918 at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. at the courtroom of this Court, Department No. 10, in the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of all of the interest of said Trustees in said real property.

Order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks before the said day of hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated: May 10, 1918.
THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

NORMAN H. HURD,
Attorney for Trustees,
604 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-18-5



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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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Vol. XXXII. No. 1344

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, MAY 25, 1918

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TOWN TALK

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

We Welcome Dr. Wheeler

You are indeed much too modest. For, despite your disclaimer of May 4th, you are certainly entitled to much, if not all, of the credit of prodding the University Regents into action. The true friends of the University, and right-minded patriotic men generally, are fervently hoping that you will not stay your hand from the good work until treason at Berkeley shall have been driven out and the obloquy that President Wheeler's affection for Kultur has brought upon the University and the good name of the State shall have been wiped out completely.—From a letter received by the editor.

We feel sure that our correspondent rejoices with us in the speech which President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California delivered to the graduating class of our great University on Commencement day. Dr. Wheeler has been to Canossa. He has made recantation. He has sung his palinode. In common with every loyal Californian we felicitate Dr. Wheeler on his success in snatching himself from the burning, in saving himself from Potsdamnation. There is no longer any room for doubt about Dr. Wheeler. He has stopped spelling culture with a K; his predilections have been de-Teutonized. The scholarly author of the Life of Alexander the Great has stricken the Kaiser from his list of heroes. It took time, of course; all important changes take time. The completeness of Dr. Wheeler's change of mind and heart may be estimated from these words: "There is no use any longer claiming that the Kaiser did not want war. He has made it so thoroughly his own that his whole life and being are befouled with it." We can imagine how those words must have thrilled the members of the graduating class. Young men and women who are just commencing life, who have not enjoyed Dr. Wheeler's opportunities, who lack his experience, his vision—they

nevertheless have known since the rape of Belgium began what Dr. Wheeler has just discovered. And they are glad that at last Dr. Wheeler is one of us.

★ ★ ★

Strafing the Taxpayer

This is the time of year when some citizens—not many, perhaps—realize that by their indifference they have helped to elect unworthy men to the board of supervisors. When Tom, Dick and Harry run for supervisor they solicit and obtain votes on their personal popularity and pull, not on their merits. Few voters bother to ask themselves, Are these men fit to run the business of a great city? No citizen dreams of asking, Are Tom, Dick and Harry taxpayers in the city whose affairs they wish to direct? The result is that we elect men who care nothing for honest administration of municipal affairs, men who care only for themselves and their political hangers-on. The result insofar as the present supervisors are concerned, is that nine out of the eighteen are not on the tax roll of the city and county. During the greater part of the year the misbehavior of the supervisors attracts very little notice. But when the time comes for making the budget there is a stirring of interest. Citizens who had difficulty in saving enough money to pay their taxes, get uneasy when they hear that the tax rate is going to be raised. They read the reports of the budget-making sessions of the supervisors to find out what is causing the increase. They discover to their disgust that salary raises are the principal cause. Aroused, the citizens declare that something must be done, that this gouging by the taxeaters must stop. But nothing ever is done, and the gouging does not stop. The supervisors know that nothing will be done, so they go on gouging. As the supervisors are mostly men who ask themselves only one question, namely, Can we get away with it? it is useless to appeal to their sense of fairness. There is only one way to discipline them and that is to drive them out of office. Meanwhile they are feathering their nests and the nests of their pets on the city pay roll. As for the poor unfortunate taxpayer—he is being strafed for his sins.

★ ★ ★

Perrin's Warning

Something like a sensation was caused in the board of supervisors when Mr. John Perrin, chairman of the sub-committee of the Government Capital Issues Committee,

addressed a communication to the city fathers warning them that this was a time for economy. "For a municipality," wrote Mr. Perrin, "to go forward now with undertakings which can be postponed, or with expenditures which can be curtailed is to declare itself so absorbed in its own comfort as to be indifferent to the outcome of the war." When that letter was read to the budget-makers something stirred within them. For a time it looked almost like the stirring of an uneasy conscience, but of course it wasn't that. It proved to be resentment, nothing more. The idea that an outsider should presume to write such a letter to supervisors of this city and county! Shortly after the letter was read a new batch of salary increases was voted into the budget. Mr. Perrin's third warning—he had written twice before—was treated like a scrap of paper. If one may presume to generalize on the workings of that wonderful piece of mechanism, the supervisorial mind, the prevailing thought was probably something like this: "Who is this Perrin anyway? The chances are he doesn't control a single vote but his own. We should worry about him." The plain truth of the matter is that the powers in control of our city government don't care a snap for the unorganized taxpayers. They are interested only in building up the machine which they count on to keep them in office. They build it up by putting their hands into our pockets, and we are not even allowed to yell "Police!"

★ ★ ★

Psychology

Germany has had certain advantages in this war, we are told, because she has employed certain hidden forces about which other belligerents appear to know nothing. Among these forces are those psychology has made us acquainted with. German scholars have made deep study of this science. It has been neglected by other peoples. For instance, only recently have we come to recognize the value of psychology in the treatment of nervous diseases. Our physicians know something of the value of it, but very few of them have made deep study of the science. Now psychology teaches us among other things the importance of cultivating and breeding ideas. Ideas, it should be remembered control the world. We fight for ideas. Ideas are up-lifters of civilization. They create revolutions. They sound louder through the world than cannon, and it is a peculiarity

of ideas that they grow better when transplanted. In other than the mind where it springs up the weed of an idea becomes a flower and so it is that we would contrast the weekly paper which devotes itself to the dissemination of ideas with the daily printed this morning to make the kitchen fire tomorrow. The war has served many good purposes. Among others it has betrayed the daily to its readers. Of how little importance is the daily at this time! It is a successful maker of sensation; that is all. But how unreliable! We consult the weekly for solid fact. And it is from the weekly and the monthly that we have received constructive criticism in this war, the kind that has received attention at Washington, D. C. Consider the notable things that have been done in the weekly field in this war. It was in the dailies that propaganda work was done, but what did the dailies accomplish? Now consider briefly the achievements of a local weekly in a short space of time. This was the paper that first called attention to a few things of minor importance that were almost immediately acted upon or taken up for official discussion. It was in these columns that a few months ago the municipal debauch in music was first mentioned. Then came the suggestion that the name of our State flower should be changed. Town Talk was the first paper to call attention to the spread of pro-German sentiment at our State university. All these matters quickly attracted attention. The seeds of ideas were planted, and almost immediately they sprouted. The result is what may be regarded as psychic influence. Thus is thought linked with the wants of man, converting itself into power, becoming a beneficial influence. Such is unfortunately the

end of German psychology. Being devoted to evil purposes, it has often failed, like the psychological efforts and demagogic appeals of our daily papers. It is a curious thing that as psychology has for its domain the spiritual world it seems to be intolerant of evil. Thought that arouses intellect from its slumbers, influencing souls, leading men to knowledge seems to abhor employment for ill purpose.

* * *

Brutal Red Cross Women

Nobody any longer doubts the stories that are told of German atrocities. Yet the stories make terrible reading, and as we go along the horrors show no sign of diminishing. What could be more horrible than the recent report of the transport of British prisoners? One may have become used to the peculiar diabolism of Prussia, but there are times when the peculiar atrocities of the Huns touch the very quick of horror. Through the testimony of a number of officers one note is continually struck; each of these brave men bears witness to the barbarous conduct of the women of the German Red Cross. In all the evidence it is never recorded that a member of this society, pledged to the ministration of the wounded, ever did an act of kindness or offered food or drink to British prisoners. Isolated instances there are where a German private succeeded in giving his escort a cigarette, drink or a loaf of bread, but through the report emphasis is laid on the loathsome conduct of the women of the Red Cross. The women were generally worse than the men. There is testimony that tells us that everywhere the women were the most venomous. Their conduct was barbarous and revolting. As a result of their contin-

uous brutality there are many former prisoners of war who have a repugnance on merely seeing the Red Cross armlet. But apart from unspeakable conduct the most striking parts of the report deal with the lack of chivalry to a brave foe. Through history this charge has been recorded of the Prussians. So it is not to be thought characteristic of modern Teutonic Kultur.

* * *

Thrift in War

Surely it will not require much effort to induce folk to join the great silent army pledged to abandon luxuries. Aside from the fact that luxuries are expensive; too expensive for all but the profiteers who manufacture munitions and other war materials it is thought wise to win the war. And most of us are of the opinion that thrift will go a long way to help us down the Kaiser. Now we do not know how long the war will last. We may be called on a few more times to buy Liberty Bonds. So the average man will doubtless reason that it is well at this particular time to be frugal. A man, by the way, who is not frugal is not a good citizen. He is a slacker. He is not devoted in every fibre to the cause of liberty and civilization. At the same time he is doing himself an injury; he is neglecting an opportunity of self education. It is educational for a man to practice frugality, to cultivate a certain kind of asceticism. But above all at this time this is one way for a man to do his bit. And if a man cannot be a soldier it is a great satisfaction for him to know that he is one of the people who are a unit behind their Government. So all things considered it should be very easy for the patriotic citizen to eschew luxuries during the war.

Green Earth

By Geoffrey Howard

The men who in thy peace have mirth,
And in thy moods of storm repine,
They know thee not, O mother Earth,
O bitter-breasted dam of mine!

They know thee not! But he who hath
Sucked well and strongly from thy breast
Shall take great comfort from thy wrath
And deep disquiet from thy rest.

The robber winds that thou dost send
To strip the golden woodland bare,
Shall howl and hail him as a friend:
And he, their ruinous glee shall share.

Thy lightnings rending oaks asunder
Shall call like trumpets to his ears:
Thou shalt growl over him in thunder
And over him weep rain like tears.

As wind and rioting storm combine
The riot in his soul shall cease.
He shall drink wind and storm like wine
O soothing rage, tempestuous peace!

Dark-uddered waves may mount aloft
Clash and recoil and gallop fast:
His soul shall slumber, pillowed soft
On the rough bosom of the blast.

But in the hours when, breathing slow,
Thou liest in a summer swoon
Then shall his heart, O mother, know
The panic that is born at noon!

Still seas that wash a hazy shore,
Trees breathless on a silent hill
These things shall make him quake before
Thy patience, thine unflinching will.

Sunset and rainbow and soft rain
Purpling the long autumnal vale
Shall stab his heart with sudden pain:
And he shall climb, and yearn, and fail,

And say "O mother, I have taken
From thee my cup and drained it deep.
Upon thy breast did I awaken
And in thine arms I soon must sleep."

"But now thy hand is raised to strike,
Thou savage woman! I can feel
Thy terrible stillness on me, like
The stillness of a whirring wheel!"

"Out of thy pregnant silences
Some word, some utterance strains to birth.
Make me oracular as thy trees!
Make me thy midwife, O green earth!"

An Episode of the Enemy Alien

By Ruth Comfort Mitchell

"Children, dear!"

Miss Minnit rapped on the desk. She rapped smartly with a long yellow lead-pencil held in her tight-skinned, shining fingers. "This is dear little Elsie Letherbridge. She is coming to school with us. Isn't that delightful? I'm sure we will all be very happy together. Now, won't you all say—'How-do-you-do?' to her? Come! Altogether,—'How-do-you-do, Elsie?'"

The greeting came shrilly from thirty small throats and as many pairs of round eyes frankly stared at the little person on the platform. She gave them back their scrutiny with her wide gray gaze until her mother admonished her in a pained whisper,—"Elsie, you are staring!" The bell for recess rang, mercifully, and the moment was over. The children trooped out.

"Miriam!" fluted Miss Minnit.

A fat child separated herself from the throng. She had mottled red cheeks and very close curls. "This," said the teacher, "is Miriam Cathcart—one of our very dearest little girls. Take Elsie into the yard and introduce her to all her new little friends. Make her feel at home and happy with us, won't you, dear?"

"Uh-huh," she said, briefly. "Come-mawn!" She laid hold of the newcomer with a plump, stub-fingered hand and Elsie shrank a little as she saw that the nails were bitten back to the quick. "Senator Cathcart's child?"

"Yes. A charming, sunny little soul. We have some very good names on our list. Let me show you our roll—"

Meanwhile, under convoy of Miriam the Fat, Elsie was touring the yard, Blue-booking the pupils.

"And that skinny one with the pig-tail is Cissy La Due." She guided the neophyte's eye with a pudgy digit. "She's awful smart but nobody likes her. Everything Miss Minnit asks, up goes her hand! We call her—"

'Smarty had a party
And nobody came!
Smarty ate all the jelly cake
And nearly died with the belly ache!'"

Elsie shrank again, shuddering. This, Miss Minnit had said, was on of the dearest girls. What were the others like?

"The one with the curls is Dorothy Dalton. They aren't natural curls. She has 'em done up every night. Her nurse told our maid. Do you think she's pretty? I think she's perfectly hideous. The one next to her is Mary-Louise Monroe. She's stupid as a toad but her papa's got millions an' billions an' trillions of money, so Miss Minnit doesn't scold her. Mary-Louise says they have ice-cream for dinner every single day, but I bet that's a jet black lie!"

Bet. . . Lie. . . Elsie saw with relief unspeakable that her mother and Miss Minnit were approaching. Her mother was very long and flat and she walked in a slow, sleepy way which made the short teacher seem to be jumping and jerking along beside her.

"Good-bye, Elsie. Be a good girl. Jeanne will come for you at noon."

"But, mamma,—if you please—"

"Good-bye, Elsie." The feathery kiss floated down and caught on the edge of her hat brim. Elsie looked after her with ship-wrecked eyes.

"Are you going to cry," asked Miriam, interestedly. "I did, my first day. I howled bloody

murder. Aw, go on and cry, and then Miss Minnit will take you in and read you a story and I'll come and listen!" Her calculation seemed to turn off the tap of woe. "All right, then. Come-mawn! Look! See the one in blue? That's my chum. That's Betty Ann Briggs. She's the best reader in the class and I'm the best writer. I can read nearly as good as she can, though. Her father and mother's divorced. It was all in the paper. She lives six months with him and six months with her, and he gives her the grandest things you ever saw! Gee . . . I wish my father and mother was divorced! I know another girl that—"

A gust of wind ripped Elsie's flapping hat neatly from her head and flung it away. A stockily built boy of nine ran after it and brought it back to her. He smiled all over his pink face. His eyes were incredibly blue and his pale hair swept back from his brow in a fierce little pompadour.

Elsie beamed bashful gratitude after his departing back. "Who's that boy? I like him."

Miriam's in-growing nose wrinkled. "Oh, you dassent like him! He's a nenemy ail-yun!"

"What's that?"

"Don't you know?"

Elsie shook her head.

"Gee, you're ignorant! It's the worst thing you could ever be! Besides, his father keeps a horrid little butcher shop and his mother wears a checked apron like a cook all the time, and her hands are all red and shiny. She makes pickles. He told me. He thinks it's nice. You mustn't ever play with him. None of us girls ever do."

Elsie's sharply pointed, white little face got red and hot-looking. "I don't care! I will, too, play with him! What's his name?"

"Oscar Sweitzer. He doesn't pay anything. Miss Minnit told Betty Ann Briggs's mother. He runs errands and cleans the blackboards and his father gives Miss Minnit meat for nothing. Sometimes he brings pickles with his lunch and he'll give you a piece and they're terribly good, but you dassent play with him. I tell you he's a nenemy ail-yun!"

The bell rang and the children returned to the school room. There was a tired young woman at the piano whom Elsie had not seen before and Miss Minnit gave out a song. They sang three or four in which meeting rhymed with greeting and the merry sunshine and the birdies figured conspicuously. The tunes were vague and refined. At last Miss Minnit said they might choose one. The hands flew up. "Kerry Dance! Kerry Dance!"

The pianist sat up and turned her leaves with nimble fingers. All the children seemed to be buzzing and humming. Elsie's blood quickened as they swung into the gay, sweet Irish tune—

"Oh, the days of the Kerry dancing,
Oh, the ring of the piper's tune!"

The butcher boy's voice rose over all the rest. He was singing so lustily with his head nung back that she could see the red cave of his mouth. She began to buzz and hum herself and to sway to and fro on her feet in delicious rhythm. It seemed to be singing on and on in her head the rest of the short morning and when the noon bell rang she went at once to seek him.

"I like to hear you sing," she said. "Sing

some more for me. Sing 'Kerry Dance' some more."

Unashamed as a bird on a bough he sang again—

"Loving voices of old companions
Stealing out of the past once more,
And the sound of the dear old music,
Soft and sweet as in days of yore!"

He smiled down on her from the eminence of nine to six. "So? Ach—how that song makes my mother to cry!"

"Why does it?"

"Because the war—because she loves yet the old country." He spoke very slowly, in quaint and awkward diction. "Good Americans we are now, but we have uncles over there and cousins and always in the night time my mother cries."

"Aw, Kaiser!" called a boy in the doorway. "Miss Minnit says for you to clean up the yard!"

"Elsie," said Miriam, behind him, "your nurse is here and she says if you don't come this instant minute she'll tell your mother on you!"

Mrs. Letherbridge made a firm point of always going to the nursery to say good-night. "Elsie, my dear," she said that evening, "wouldn't you like to ask little Miriam Cathcart to spend Saturday with you?"

"Thank you, mamma," Elsie made courteous reply, "but I wouldn't. She says 'bet' and bites her finger nails, and I'd much rather have the butcher boy."

"Elsie! What do you mean?"

"He's so lovely and pink and I like to hear him sing and his hair grows such a funny way. It makes him like—like the frightened bunny in my 'Animal Book.'"

"Mamma wishes you to ask Miriam, Elsie. And you are not to go to the kitchen and see the delivery boys. You know that quite well."

"Mamma, he isn't our butcher boy. He's just my butcher boy. He goes to school." Sitting up in her pale pink pajamas which made her look less than her six years, Elsie strove to explain, but while she was still speaking her mother was moving softly out of the room and her velvety voice came back—

"Mamma wishes you to ask Miriam, Elsie. Good-night!"

School tribulations began at once. Elsie had been placed in the baby class where they studied two times two and the alphabet, but she would have forged swiftly ahead but for one obstacle. She seemed utterly unable to remember how to make the letter Q. She could not remember how and when it turned up. She practiced it for hours. She thought of it the last thing before she fell asleep and it was her first remembrance in the morning; she even dreamed of it, but the curve still eluded her. With her book open it was clear sailing and her neat line of Q's marched like soldiers on parade across her slate. With her book closed the result was enough to carry despair to the stoutest heart.

The butcher boy sat just behind her and viewed her struggles with pity singularly un-

(Continued on Page 16.)

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We had quite a lot of cultured lopsided ladies just before the war.

If it be greatness to make his country universally scorned and despised what a great man is the Kaiser!

We wonder how many of the ladies (if any) in that beautiful parade used to sing "I Didn't Raise My Son, etc."

So Doc Jordan has been found out by his old class. That's what the poor man gets for following in the footsteps of old Bill Bryan.

In taking to free love the ladies of the Soviet are but imitating some of the undergraduates recently in our universities.

The arrest of the rebels in Ireland reminds us that England herself by her hostility to Home Rule is affording much aid and comfort to Germany.

A short time ago some folk were worrying about the destruction of the white race. But now that we have become better acquainted with the Hun we are not dividing civilization by races.

By the way, isn't there a gubernatorial drive about to begin somewhere in California?

George Creel eating humble pie is hardly an inspiring spectacle.

Seems to be pretty stormy on the seacoast of Bohemia these days.

There is still time to increase your Red Cross contribution.

Haven't heard of Senator Eddie Grant since he had his nose punched.

Are the Sinn Feiners in this country beginning to see the light?

Red Cross drives keep us mindful that the war is still going on. But we should like to forget.

Russia begins to hate the Kaiser, says a news despatch. Yet in Russia there are some very amiable people.

There won't be any disloyalty at the University of California when the advisory committee of deans gets through. This committee consists of Dean Gayley, Dean Stephens and Dean Jones.

An immortal American hero: Raoul Lufbery.

General Korniloff is dead again. His demise is becoming monotonous.

Do the taxpayers appreciate the fight the Chronicle is making for them?

There's a counterfeit hundred dollar note in circulation, but we're not the least bit worried.

"Our policy has ever been the policy of peace," says Von Hertling. Is the Kaiser trying for the Nobel prize?

This seems to be the open season for college presidents; first it was Wheeler, now it's Jordan.

The people who now find glass in their food used to believe that white slavers carried hypodermic needles.

Postmaster Burleson is not as crazy about Hearst as William Randolph would like to make it appear. Burleson likes Hearst a little more than he likes Roosevelt, and he hates Teddy.

The Austrians have been bombing the tomb of Dante. Perhaps they don't agree with the herr professors of Berlin that Alighieri was a German.

The Arab in Europe

By L. March Phillips

I was once at Wady Halfa, when Wady Halfa and its little outpost, Sarras, were frontier stations. At that time the safety of the greater part of Egypt was in the hands of a dozen or two of young Englishmen, most of them boys, who had trained and drilled a certain number of Sudanese troops with whom they kept guard over the desert. North of them the Egyptian fellaheen sowed their crops and watered their land in peace. South of them the dervishes raged at large, threatening the wild attack that might fall at any moment. Later I travelled in the confines of the Sahara, and there I found much the same thing; only this time it was young Frenchmen who were drilling and organizing their black troops and leading them out to fight and chase Arab marauders. They, here, were Europe's guardsmen, the representatives of her creed of law and order; and to north of them lay the secure Algerian vineyards and olive groves, and to south the unrest and chaos of the desert.

Then I struck the hills at Sbeitla, the hills that overlook the great Saharan plain, and there I came on one of Rome's ancient settlements, with the walls and columns of its temples standing massive and erect among the surrounding desolation, and I recognized, on the testimony of every fitted block, that Europe when she was here before was on the same business that she is on to-day. Law and order, the principles of Western civilisation, marched under the Eagles, as they do under our flag and France's.

The conflict between Europe and the desert is not a conflict of nations or races, but a con-

flict of ideas. It has passed through many phases and been conducted by many hands, but it is always the same conflict. The centurion who watched from these walls of Sbeitla (I used to think I could see the figure of the man and the set face fronting south) and the subalterns who guard their mud forts by the desert's edge are, in this quarrel, not Roman, or French, or English, but fellow-soldiers in one long campaign that is not ended yet.

Let us look at an incident or two of that campaign a little closer that we may realise if we can the ideas for which either side was, and is, fighting. It was twelve centuries ago that the cataclysm burst on the West which the West was so ill-prepared to face. The Arab had timed his effort to the hour. The period of dark twilight which divided, in Europe, the classical from the Christian civilisations was the greatest opportunity the child of the desert ever had. During Rome's long rule he had remained quiescent. The walls and fortresses, garrisoned with the order and discipline of the Roman Government, advanced to the very edges of the desert and overlooked him in his sanctuary. In the presence of that terribly perfect disciplinary system the poor Arab shrank, as you may say, to his smallest stature. These were but evil days for him. He could neither endure nor resist the rule of the great imperial machine; and so he buried himself in the heart of his sands, the one place sacred to lawlessness in the prevailing dominion of law, and abided his time.

It came. The great imperial machine began to creak, and the whisper that something was

wrong with it went through the desert. Gradually the feeling, the instinct, that a great moment was at hand grew. The wandering Beduin tribes seemed almost conscious of the unparalleled adventure which was to unite their energies, hitherto expended in internecine broils, and during the last two or three centuries of that long waiting every influence was put in practice that could prepare for the coming exploit. The scattered clans began to unite in a single people. A common language, thanks mainly to the outburst of ballad poetry, tended to prevail through the peninsula. Never had the spirit of the race been so high as at this moment when the noble Arab minstrelsy struck its most ringing notes calling it to high adventures and acts of daring. In that instant, just as it crouched for its spring, the desert breed, for the first time in history, was a nation. All ignorant of the uses it was to be put to, it resembled some infernal machine, or bomb of unprecedented magnitude and explosive power, gradually maturing in mid-desert. And while it grew in deadliness and power its rival, the great imperial machine, wobbled and rocked more and more, until finally it came to a standstill altogether. This moment, the moment of Western relaxation and prostration on the one side, and of the fierce eyes gathering and glaring out of the desert on the other, is one of the dramatic moments in history. There was only one thing wanting to the Arabs, an inspiration and war-cry to hurry them forward with a single purpose. That was supplied. In the year 622 a certain Mohammed, the orphan son of

(Continued on Page 17)

The Spectator

The Abolition of Marriage

Anything goes in Russia these days, and the crazier the better. The latest "reform" is the abolition of marriage in Saratov, a province of southeastern Russia with a population of about two millions and a half. According to a dispatch from Zurich by way of Paris the soviet of Saratov has decreed "the socialization of women"; women are to be common property, children the charges of the state. The Examiner supplements this dispatch by quoting from a copy of this decree brought here by a British engineer from Vladivostok. This pronounces that "since the most beautiful specimens of the fair sex have in the past been limited to the possession of the bourgeois men, the correct continuation of the human race has been greatly impeded, and great injustice and inequalities have resulted." In other words, the middle class has been "copping" all the "good-lookers," but hasn't been doing its duty in the matter of propagation. Perhaps the Margaret Sanger-Emma Goldman-Alexander Berkman birth control propaganda has taken hold on the bourgeoisie of Saratov. So the peasantry which is sex conscious as well as class conscious, is going to take the multiplication of the species into its own hands. The decree affects women between seventeen and thirty-two. The "squab" and "chicken" class, you see; no "old hens" need apply. Women with more than five children are exempt. If a husband objects to sharing his wife with other desirous males, all his right to her is taken away. Workingmen pay two per cent of their earnings for the privilege of enjoying free love; the bourgeois may participate on payment of a hundred rubles a month. All desirable women must register, and "slackers" will be rounded up. All children go to a public nursery, and will be reared and educated from a "propagation fund." So much we learn from the copy of the decree brought to San Francisco.

Borrowed from Plato

There is nothing new in all this, at least theoretically. In practice it has been attempted on a small scale in communistic settlements of "nuts" like the Oneida Community. If it is really to be tried on a large scale in Saratov, the world will have its first opportunity to observe the application of the most interesting part of the programme formulated by Plato in his "Republic." Plato started out in this great work to do what Omar Khayyam longed to do:

Ah Love! could you and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire?

It must be remembered, though, that Plato was not as "advanced" as the anarchists or communists of Saratov. When asked how the ideal polity could come into being, he answered ironically: "When one son of a king becomes a philosopher." However, it was part of his remoulded Scheme of Things that all women must be common to all men. "As they dwell and eat together in common," he wrote, "and as no one possesses any of these things privately, they will meet together; and being mingled in their exercises and other conversation, they will be led from an innate necessity, as I

imagine, to mutual embraces. . . The woman, beginning at twenty, is to bear children to the state until the age of forty; and the man, after he hath passed the most raging part of his course, is to beget children to the state until the age of fifty-five." After these ages, says Plato, there is to be a system of Margaret Sangerism, but if any children are born they are to be exposed and allowed to die. I wonder if they read Plato in Saratov. Certainly they don't read the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More. There was no community of wives in Utopia.

Communism in Wives

Not all communistic schemes include communism in wives. Plato advocated it because he could not help regarding the wife as part and parcel of her husband's property. Monogamy, to Plato, was mere exclusive possession on the part of one man of a piece of property which ought to be for the benefit of the public. Perhaps some of the communists of Saratov feel that way too. If they do they are simply pulling chestnuts out of the fire for others actuated by lustful motives. That has been the experience of communistic schemes whenever they included in their programme promiscuous intercourse between the sexes. The so-called perfectionists of the malodorous Oneida Community held that there was no intrinsic difference between property in persons and property in things; and that the same spirit which abolished exclusiveness in regard to money should abolish exclusiveness in regard to women and children. Hence their practice of "Complex Marriage" which made the Mormons with their practice of plural marriages look like pikers. In their economic programme many communists are sincere though impractical; but when it comes to the sexual aspect of communism, either fanaticism or licentiousness may be imputed to them. The well known rhyme applies:

What is a Communist? One that hath yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings.
Idler or bungler, or both, he is willing
To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling.

This, of course, applies to women as well as to material things. Fundamental human nature is against communism in practice, though the theoretical communists were actuated by disinterested motives in imagining their ideal communities. The communists of Saratov are tired of their wives, most of whom are worn out, probably, by hard work and child-bearing. They covet the well nourished, soft-bodied, strongly sexed wives of their betters. It is merely the stirring of Professor Freud's libido.

A Poem by Sterling

Upton Sinclair has started a paper down at Pasadena for the airing of his views on all sorts of subjects. It's a radical paper, as might be expected, for Sinclair is "consummately utter" in his opinions. Pasadena seems a strange place to start a radical paper until you recall what George Bernard Shaw has said about his own adventures in the periodical press: "I found out early in my career that the rich, though very determined that the poor shall read nothing unconventional, are equally determined not to be

preached at themselves. In short, I found that only for the classes would I be allowed, and indeed tacitly required, to write on revolutionary assumptions." The best thing in the only number of Sinclair's paper that I have seen is this poem by George Sterling:

Moll

The folks that bred me cleanly, the folks that reared me chaste,
They little dreamed that in my veins ran such a harlot haste;
But all the swine have trampled me, and love's poor field's a waste.

I loved the things permitted, but more the thing forbid.
Perhaps it had to happen—I only know it did.
I gave myself in darkness, but I could not keep it hid.

One step, and it's a million miles, the same as you were told;
One year, and you are older than women good and old;
And step by step and year by year you near the Night and Cold.

The girls I went to school with, they walk with children dear;
The girls I went to school with, they pass me with a sneer;
They can go to church a-Sunday, and—I cut my price each year.

It's hard to stop a-thinking, and it's only of the end.
There's everyone to harry you and no one to defend,
Except the drink that's got you, and drink's your only friend.

Upon my face is pallor that comes of prison bars;
Upon my neck are bruises and on my bosom scars;
And you're drunk upon that bosom, and I'm staring at the stars.

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The "Kearny" of the Camp

Was it after General Stephen Watts Kearny or after General Phil Kearny that Camp Kearny at Linda Vista, Cal., was named? Who knows? Not many of our readers, we fancy. There were several military Kearnys, and they all spelled their name the same way. But there was only one Kearny after whom Camp Kearny was named. When the War Department conferred the name the following announcement was made:

"Camp Kearny, Linda Vista, after General Stephen Watts Kearny, commander of the expedition to California in the Mexican war."

Now Stephen Watts Kearny was an uncle of General Phil Kearny, and a cousin of the first celebrated Kearny, Lawrence, by name, a naval officer, who helped Porter subdue the pirates. The Kearnys are therefore confusing enough, so many of them figured in American history. Most of them lived in New Jersey. Phil, the brilliant cavalryman, settled in that State on his return from a trip around the world in the fifties, but he did not stay long in the land of the mosquito. In '59 he was back in France where he rejoined the Chasseurs d'Afrique with whom he had served in Algiers twenty years previously. He was in the great cavalry charge at Solferino that pierced the Austrian centre. Kearny returned to America in 1861. He was a one-armed soldier of 46 years, having lost his left arm at Chembusco. He was the first American soldier who ever wore the cross of the Legion of Honor. Washington refused his services and so did his native State, New York, but New Jersey made him a Brigadier General and assigned him to the command of the First New Jersey Brigade of the army of the Potomac. Stephen Watts Kearny, by the way, is the man after whom the city of the same cognomen in Nebraska is named. Curiously enough there are several "Kearneys" in the U. S. Postal Guide but Denis of that ilk is the only famous Kearney who spelled his name with two e's.

A Poem by Van Dyke

San Francisco has been entertaining a great American this week—Dr. Henry Van Dyke. From 1913 to 1916 Dr. Van Dyke was United States Minister at The Hague, and his close-up view of German war methods forbade his preserving that neutrality of word and thought which was once enjoined upon us. Here is one of Dr. Van Dyke's war poems, full of manly indignation, full of poetry too:

Mare Liberum

You dare to say with perjured lips,
"We fight to make the ocean free?"
You, whose black trail of butchered ships
Bestrewn the bed of every sea
Where German submarines have wrought
Their horrors! Have you never thought—
What you call freedom, men call piracy!

Unnumbered ghosts that haunt the wave
Where you have murdered, cry you down;
And seamen whom you would not save,
Weave now in weed-grown depths a crown
Of shame for your imperious head,—
A dark memorial of the dead,—
Women and children whom you left to drown.

Nay, not till thieves are set to guard
The gold, and corsairs called to keep
O'er peaceful commerce watch and ward,
And wolves to herd the helpless sheep,
Shall men and women look to thee,—
Thou ruthless Old Man of the Sea,—
To safeguard law and freedom on the deep!

In nobler breeds we put our trust:
The nations in whose sacred lore
The "Ought" stands out above the "Must,"
And Honor rules in peace and war,
With these we hold in soul and heart,
With these we choose our lot and part,
Till Liberty is safe on sea and shore.

Hearst for Governor

The New York papers are beginning to take a good deal of interest in Hearst as a candidate for Governor of New York. There is a difference of opinion as to the strength of his present position. The Tribune which hates Hearst bitterly, says: "Democrats opposed to

the ambition of William Randolph Hearst to be their party's candidate for Governor this fall are beginning to lose hope. Hearst controls the situation. If he wants the nomination he can have it." The Times doesn't go quite so far. It says: "While up-State Democrats proclaim their belief that the recent Democratic Conference at Syracuse and the canvass of rural sections by the General Committee appointed at that conference, have disposed of any chance William R. Hearst may have had to become the Democratic nominee for Governor, Democratic politicians in this city are of a different opinion. They do not believe that Mr. Hearst, as yet, has been effectively eliminated." Both papers say that most Democratic leaders are opposed to Hearst. However, says the Tribune: "Charles F. Murphy, of Tammany, and 'Fingey' Connors, his vice-regent in Buffalo, are with Hearst." And the Times says: "Leaders of Democratic district organizations in the city believe that Hearst may be in a position to force Charles F. Murphy to assert the great influence he wields on his behalf." The Tribune claims that "members of the President's official family are doing their bit to spike Hearst's guns. But they are doing it by stealth." There is some talk of James W. Gerard running on the Democratic ticket. As no mention is made of the friendship between Hearst and Gerard, it may be that they are not as close as they were when Gerard was fresh from Berlin. An unnamed advocate of Gerard is quoted in the

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Tribune as saying of Hearst's chances: "Hearst hasn't a Chinaman's chance of beating Whitman, and Hearst knows it." According to this authority Hearst doesn't care much whether he's elected Governor or not: "It matters little, insofar as his real ambition is concerned, who is Governor for the next two years, provided he can go to the Democratic national convention in 1920 with the New York delegation pledged to him. For it is Hearst's dream to sit in the White House."

A Reference to San Francisco

"The prohibition cranks have their own way up here," writes a correspondent in Spokane. "It was bad enough to have to explain it by saying that 'one is born every minute,' but now—they marry and have twins!" My correspondent encloses a clipping from a Spokane daily, the report of a speech delivered in that bone dry city by Dr. Clarence True Wilson—my correspondent underlines that middle name. Dr. Clarence True Wilson hails from Washington, D. C., and is general secretary of the board of temperance, prohibition and public morals of the Methodist church. He preached in the First Methodist Church of Spokane on the inspiring theme "Why Should Uncle Sam Stop the Booze Business?" It is the usual sermon on this subject. What interested my Spokane correspondent who loves San Francisco, and what should interest all true San Franciscans, was this paragraph from the newspaper report of the sermon:

"In speaking of San Francisco keeping California from going dry he referred to it as a mixture of Sodom, Gomorah and hell, which a self-respecting earthquake tried hard to swallow, but had to vomit it up again."

I wonder whether Dr. Clarence True Wilson intends to preach any sermons in San Francisco. If so, he should be given an opportunity to explain that remark.

Rolph and Insurance

"I must admit," said Tiv Kreling, as he sat down in the Clockwinder's pendulum room, "that you've started something again."

"To what do you refer," airily asked the Clockwinder.

"To the hubbub over insurance rates in the Mission Promotion Association."

"Yes, I believe I did start that."

"You started it away back in last February. And you were wrong about one thing."

"What was that?"

"You were wrong about Jim Rolph. You didn't think he'd stand up. Our Mayor never falls down. And if the Mission crowd shows up the insurance boys you'll see Jim standing right on the firing line."

"Well," said the waterfront gossip, "I did not want to make trouble for the boys, but they surely have a good thing. As to Jim it all depends on whether he starts for governor. If he starts look out for Hayes of San Jose. There's a boy who is speeding things up. If Jim gets in he will take a lively interest in the insurance game. But I must admit that Hayes is moving up very fast in the interior."

Johnson's Argument

"By the way," continued the Clockwinder, "do you think Rolph will get Hi Johnson's endorsement?"

"I don't know, and I don't care," said Tiv.

"You don't care?" exclaimed the Clockwinder.

"Not since that argument in the Supreme Court," Tiv explained as he shifted his seat to look out of the window.

"I don't get you," said the puzzled philosopher of the Embarcadero, looking very much bewildered."

"It was a bum argument for a moralist to make," said Kreling. "They all steal the news, so why give a judgment against one of them. And where there is more than one wrong there is no remedy."

"I don't see anything particularly wrong with the morality of that argument," said the Clockwinder.

"It's as wrong as the principle that as a man must eat he must look out first for number one."

"But there's that other principle about coming into court with clean hands," said the Clockwinder.

"Yes, but in this case the people have an interest. They have an interest in protecting the news agency that tries always to tell the truth. We know the Associated Press does this."

"You may know it, but I don't," said the Clockwinder. "I only know that our former Governor had to earn his fee."

Macfarlane Writes From London

Peter Clark Macfarlane, the novelist and special writer who has been living here for more than a year, is now in London reporting the war for Collier's. He writes me that "there is a stream of Khaki marching across the Atlantic these days. I came over with part of it." He adds, "I am just now off for Ireland. There's a mess for your life! My mission to the Green Isle is in nowise political, but concerns itself with a 'close-up' of the work the men on the destroyers, British and American, are doing." To bring me nearer to the war Macfarlane enclosed a programme of the Savoy Theatre where Gilbert Miller is presenting "Nothing But the Truth" while Mr. H. B. Irving is on tour with "A Story of Waterloo" by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The price at the Savoy

for a programme is sixpence. This one informs the audience as follows:

"Arrangements have been made for warning of a threatened air raid to be communicated by the Military Authorities to this theatre."

"On receipt of any such warning the audience will be informed with a view to enable persons who may wish to proceed home, or to secure better shelter to do so."

"The warning will be communicated as early as possible before any actual attack. There will, therefore, be no cause for alarm or undue haste."

"Those who decide to leave are warned not to loiter about the streets, and if bombardment or gun fire commences before they reach home they should at once take cover."

Pleasure Seekers in London

Notwithstanding the general situation in Europe the people of London are enjoying themselves as never before. According to the Saturday Review of a few weeks ago "you cannot push your way through the crowds of pleasure seekers that besiege the doors of the theatres, music halls, and restaurants in the West End. Within one hundred and fifty miles of 'the Cri.' and 'the Pav.' is being fought the battle which will decide our destiny for the next hundred years." The editor adds: "There is another equally serious aspect of the case, which we commend to the attention of Lord Rhondda. The scarcity of food is not likely to get less but greater; the submarine losses do not diminish. Much of the food difficulty is due to the abnormal convergence of people in London, officers and soldiers on leave, their women-kind, Americans and Colonials, new and sham officials of all kinds. There will be a famine in London one day, unless steps are taken by the Government to prevent this congestion. Everybody would be sorry to interfere with London leave, but necessity is an unanswerable plea."

McCormick and the King

E. O. McCormick, vice-president of the Southern Pacific, was a member of the American labor delegation which was received by King George at Buckingham Palace on Thursday, the sixteenth of May. And our genial fellow citizen was chosen to reply to the King's address of welcome. What "E. O." said was not

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put on the cable, but I'll wager all my Southern Pacific stock that his remarks were graceful, sincere and happily delivered. I hope E. O. McCormick comes back to San Francisco soon, for I want to hear—and I'm sure all my readers want to hear—what he said to King George, and with the help of his pal Colonel Pippy I guarantee to make him tell.

Brandegee Goes on Record

Senator Brandegee invited the wrath of the embattled suffragists and prohibitionists in the Senate a few days ago by saying right out loud what many other senators probably think. It was quite an outburst and is worth quoting. Said the senator from Connecticut:

"You cannot win this war by talking about woman suffrage and prohibition. We won every war we ever were in without woman suffrage and prohibition. We won the Wars of 1776 and 1812 and the Mexican War and the War of 1860 and the Spanish-American War, and there were no pink-tea parties talking about putting pink chemises on the men and Plymouth Rock pants on the women. The women do not propose to go over in the trenches abroad and do the fighting. It is the men who have got to do that. Instead of bleating around here about their saving democracy by forcing their way into caucuses and conventions, they had better go home and knit bandages and pick lint and get ready to take care of their brothers and sons and fathers who are going to be shot to pieces in the trenches abroad."

Wow!

Rapid Promotion

What is the private's chance of promotion in our army? There are many in our midst who can answer the question out of the experience of young men in their own circles, but we cannot emphasize too much that the chance is excellent for bright youngsters. Take the case of Edgar L. Keithley, son of Edgar A. Keithley, the well known business man of this city. Young Keithley enlisted in April of last year in the regular army and was assigned to Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, where he joined the machine gun troop, First Cavalry. He was immediately made a corporal, his school training fitting him for the position, and then sergeant. When the national army required a certain number of regular soldiers from the standing army as a nucleus, he was sent to Camp Lewis and assigned to the ammunition trains of the 316th. He was made battalion sergeant major and then regimental sergeant major, the highest non-commissioned office. When opportunity was offered for enlisted men to enter training school for commissions, he was recommended for the third officers' training school at Camp Lewis and graduated last month as eligible for appointment as second lieutenant. All that in one year. It shows what a capable young man may look forward to when he enters the ranks.

Borglum Studied Here

It is not widely known that Gutzon Borglum began the study of sculpture in San Francisco.

The sculptor who is so much in the limelight just now, owing to his charges about mismanagement of aircraft production, and the counter charges made against him, is a native of Idaho where he was born in 1867. He received his education in Kansas, and then came to San Francisco to study sculpture. He gave an exhibition of his work here in 1893-4, going hence to Paris. His subsequent career has been very distinguished in Paris, London and New York. Works of his which have special interest for us are his statue of John Mackay in Nevada, and his statue of Collis P. Huntington in New York. His full name, by the way, is John Gutzon de la Mothe Borglum. His brother Solon Hannibal Borglum is also a distinguished sculptor. During the building of our World's Fair there was some criticism of the supposed fact that Gutzon Borglum did not receive a sculptural commission. Sterling Calder, chief of sculpture, stated, however, that Borglum had been given a commission but had thrown it up. Calder added that Borglum was hard to get along with; "if things are not done his way he won't play."

Books and Newspapers

Not yet have we begun to Hooverize on books but there's no knowing when we shall. It has been suggested that we must not interfere with our newspapers, but fortunately we are not thinking of spoiling our digestion by eating them. But wouldn't it be better to stop the dailies than quit publishing books? Book publishers are not taking any of our money for advertising Liberty Loan or Red Cross drives. Surely Solomon would not stop the book publishers. That sun among men exhorted us to buy books gladly, saying in the twenty-third chapter of Proverbs: "Buy the truths and sell not wisdom." There is talk of treating books as a luxury. What nonsense! We believe the prohibition of new books would be a disaster. Not so the history of newspapers which is the history of men with a rooted indifference to things of the mind and the spirit. They have made use of the services of some authors for propaganda purposes, but their record on the whole is that of men who regard exaggeration as a great national pastime. They would be surprised to learn that the fame of the English speaking people owes more to the men who wrote poetry and fiction in the form of plays in the age of Elizabeth than even to the statesmen and sailors of that abounding period.

Teaching the Young Idea

Former Superior Judge Donahue of Oakland had his eyes opened last Sunday when he acted as judge at a recitation contest at St. Joseph's Academy, the school preparatory to St. Mary's College. Though the highest grade in this school is only the first grade of High, the boys are all sterling young patriots. Their recitations in prose and verse were all of a patriotic order, and the earnestness with which they were delivered stirred the blood of the jurist so that when awarding the medals he could not refrain from paying glowing tribute to the youngsters and their teachers. It was an occasion quite inspiring to all present, and it was a joy to learn that the juvenile students were receiving an education that would well fit them for the stern duties that will devolve on them as future citizens of the Republic. Their delivery was not only earnest and graceful but also intelligent. They spoke like men who knew what they were talking about and who felt all that they said. Later they had athletic exercises showing that the body as well as the mind was receiving fine development under the

instruction of men who had an eye to the future of boys who may some day be called on to fight for their country.

This Is Awful

"Bill" Hayes who is referee in bankruptcy over in Oakland, became a father the other day—an exceedingly proud father, because it's a boy. Immediately after the news was promulgated, Tom Carew the undertaker who is "Bill" Hayes's father-in-law, rang him up to congratulate him.

"Have you decided yet whether he'll join the army or the navy?" inquired Tom Carew.

"He's already joined the infantry," answered "Bill" Hayes.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the delighted grandfather.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the proud father.

This is told for the purpose of showing that on an occasion of the kind just mentioned, even the oldest joke gives pleasure.

The Life of Jack London

Mrs. Charmian K. London is back at Glen Ellen after four months in New York. She found the Macmillan Co. delighted with the success of her recent book "Our Hawaii." They told her that the people of Hawaii seem particularly pleased with it, and that the orders from the Islands had been large. Mrs. London writes me:

"The large magazines, as well as the publishers, are insistent upon my going to work without delay upon my biography of Jack London. So I am clearing my decks for action, and expect to spend the coming year, summer and fall and winter, upon this task."

The Jack London Club

Are performing dogs trained by cruel methods? Jack London, it would seem, answered the question in the affirmative when he wrote "Michael, Brother of Jerry," the story of a trained dog, which was published after his death. The Jack London Club, lately organized in Boston, is the outgrowth of this story. The purpose is to discourage the business of training dogs, the assumption being that the training involves cruelty. There are no officers, no dues. Members simply pledge themselves to get up and leave any place of amusement if trained dogs are brought upon the stage.

She was Cruel to Harold

Harold Bell Wright, the favorite author of all who have mush where their brains ought to be, has been sued for divorce. In his cross-complaint he alleges that Mrs. Wright has been cruel to him and instances her lack of respect for his novels. When this item of news reached San Francisco, there was a movement in certain literary circles to draft a round robin to Mrs. Wright, commending her for her literary perspicacity. Harold Bell Wright's novels are really very bad, and on that account they sell

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enormously; they are even more best-sellery than the novels of Robert W. Chambers. I am assured by one who claims to know that Wright has no difficulty in writing them. "All he does," says this authority, "is to invent the plot; the local color is supplied by the Chamber of Commerce of Imperial County." Just how bad they are is known to readers of that epoch-making article "Quack Novels and Democracy" which Owen Wister contributed to the Atlantic Monthly about three years ago. Among the phrases Wister applied to Harold's novels were "stale, distorted, a puddle of words, mess of mildewed pap."

"Paddington Pollaky"

The Players Club has completed its sixth successful season with a production of the Gilbert and Sullivan light opera of "Patience." The versatility of the Players was never displayed to better advantage; they gave a thoroughly enjoyable performance of the merry classic. The part of Colonel Calverley was sung by Rafaele Brunnetto who did full justice to one of the most difficult songs in the works of Gilbert and Sullivan. I refer to the song in which Colonel Calverley enumerates the many qualifications necessary to constitute a heavy dragoon. It is a song full of tongue-twisters, and taxes the ability of the best "studios" in light opera. Brunnetto didn't trip once. Among the lines in this song are the following:

A smack of Lord Waterford, reckless and rollicky,
Swagger of Roderick, heading his clan,
The keen penetration of Paddington Pollaky,
Grace of an odalisque on a divan.

It is interesting to note that Paddington Pollaky has just died in England at the age of ninety. His name was Ignatius Paul Pollaky, and he was in his time the most famous "private inquiry agent" or private detective in London. His nickname came from the fact that his office was in Paddington street. In divorce actions where one spouse desired to have the other shadowed, Paddington Pollaky was always employed. He was great too at finding missing men and women. His knowledge of the underworld of London, especially of undesirable aliens, was described as "extensive and peculiar." He used the "Agony" column of the London Times to communicate with clients who had reasons for shunning his office, and such "personals" as the following were frequent: "Marquise, have patience; ten minutes after midnight.—Pollaky." He adopted as his principle of action, "Audi, vide, tace," and his discretion was remarkable. Born in Austria, but a thorough-going Londoner, he was an uncompromising opponent of the unrestricted admission of foreigners to Great Britain. He always contended that foreign travelers in the British Isles should be registered on Continental lines. Such was Paddington Pollaky whose name will live as long as "Patience."

Huntington's Latest Bible

Henry E. Huntington of Los Angeles who has some rare Bibles in his great library, including the Gutenberg, has just purchased the Augustin Daly extra-illustrated Bible. When the famous theatrical man died and his books were dispersed, this rarity was sold to the late

John D. Crimmins for \$5,500. And now in turn the library of Crimmins has been broken up, and Huntington got the prize for \$6,250. It is a translation of the Vulgate, and was published in Dublin in 1792. By extra-illustrating it has been extended to forty-two volumes, the most extensively extra-illustrated Douai Bible known. Almost all the published sets of plates to illustrate the Bible are included, from the colored woodcuts of the Koberger Bible, Nuremberg Chronicle and others of early date to the illustrations by Dore. Also included are various collections made to illustrate Milton's "Paradise Lost." There are engravings and etchings by Durer and Rembrandt. Original drawings include a specimen by Raphael from the collection of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The assembling of all these treasures was a hobby Augustin Daly rode for many years.

He Discovered "David Harum"

Ripley Hitchcock died in New York a few days ago. His name is not a household word, but he deserves a memorial paragraph. From 1890 to 1902 he was with the publishing house of D. Appleton & Co. One day a manuscript was given him to read. It was entitled "David Harum" and was by Edward Noyes Westcott. It had made the rounds of most of the publishers of New York, and all its author had to show for its journey was a bunch of rejection slips, some printed, some in typewriting. Ripley Hitchcock, however, saw the merit of the manuscript, and told the heads of the firm that it could be made into a successful book if certain chapters were rearranged. His suggestion was followed. We all know the sequel.

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FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Scott's Dinner To Woods

That was a nice tribute that Henry T. Scott paid to Jim Woods the other night at the St. Francis. Now that Jim Woods is going away he will be missed by many, but by none will his loss be so keenly felt as by Mr. Scott, the man by whom he was selected to manage the St. Francis thirteen years ago. Those years have been years of a series of triumphs both for Woods and the St. Francis. At this hotel Mr. Woods made a record now known all over the world. He is now recognized as the most efficient hotel manager on this continent. He is going East because he has been tempted beyond his power of resistance by the big metropolis of the Atlantic, but he will miss San Francisco, and to help him miss it Mr. Scott gave him a dinner at the St. Francis and invited fifty of his most intimate friends to bid him farewell. The guests were the leading citizens of San Francisco, men who have associated with Mr. Woods in some of his most successful activities for the benefit of this city. Mr. Scott acted as toastmaster and gracefully introduced several eloquent speakers, among them Mr. Gavin McNab, Mr. M. H. de Young, Mr. William F. Humphrey, Mr. Dohrmann, Mr. John J. Barrett, Judge W. W. Morrow, and Mr. Thomas J. Coleman, who has been chosen Mr. Woods' successor. The banquet was a very delightful affair, during the course of which many pretty sentiments were uttered touching the part Mr. Woods has played in assisting in the rebuilding of San Francisco and contributing to the gaiety and progress of the growing city. All Mr. Woods' friends deplored the fact that he was soon to leave the city, and while wishing him great success, hoped that he would soon weary of the drudgery of the more prosperous life in the hotel business of New York.

Miss De Young's Engagement

Nobody was surprised when the announcement was made that Nion Tucker had captured Miss Phyllis De Young. For a long time this young resident of the Pacific-Union Club had been unmistakably devoted, and those "in the

know" were aware that the youngest of the De Young girls reciprocated his affection. Two brilliant seasons in New York and Newport brought many admirers to Miss De Young's feet, but her heart was in San Francisco. Nion Tucker is to be felicitated. Like her three sisters Miss De Young is very good looking, vivacious, sweet and mentally gifted. She has enjoyed unusual opportunities of cultivation and has made the most of them. She has had lots of social experience for one of her years, and it has not spoiled her. Indeed, it would seem that a De Young girl cannot be spoiled. The engagement was announced quietly, for Miss De Young is in mourning for her mother. Nion Tucker came here several years ago from Sacramento and is well liked. He is a U. C. man.

The Landlord and the Baby

Babies, as every San Franciscan knows, are not popular with the landlords of apartment houses. In some apartment houses babies are not allowed, and in others they are on sufferance only. The same situation exists all over the country. In New York papers you will find fashionable apartment houses advertised in the classified columns with the warning, "No dogs or babies allowed." But there is one city in the country where the apartment house landlord is being induced to take a tolerant attitude toward babies. This is Jersey City. The Jersey City champion of the babies is James F. Gannon Jr., Commissioner of Revenue and Finance. Gannon has not invoked the law against the landlords. He knows it can't be done, for in banning babies the landlord is within his legal rights. He has gone another way to work. He has let it be known that landlords who object to babies will have their tax assessments raised to the limit. You see, it is an unwritten law of assessors to leave a comfortable margin between the assessed valuation of property for purposes of taxation and the amount it might be expected to bring in the open market. A piece of realty might bring \$10,000 in the open market, but the assessor will usually appraise it at \$7,000 or so. In other words, there is a margin of discretion left to assessors in this matter. And this margin Commissioner Gannon is using on behalf of the babies. If the landlord won't have babies in his place, Jersey City will assess his property right up to the limit. The scheme is working well. Gannon has induced a lot of landlords to tolerate babies.

Of Interest to Us


I quote from the Paris Herald of March 28: "The first awards of the Distinguished Service Cross to men outside the service of the American Army were announced today, when the new decoration was given to two French officers, Major Jacques Corbabin and Lieut. Delagici. Major Jacques Corbabin, an officer of the French Mission attached to the American troops, took part in an assault when the German trenches were overrun. Major Corbabin voluntarily joined an American infantry company while this company was undergoing severe fire from the enemy lasting about three hours. The communication to Washington says, 'This officer, by his coolness and conspicuous courage, had a marked effect on this organization during its baptism of fire.'"

This item is of interest to San Franciscans

because Major Corbabin is the husband of a San Francisco girl. He married Miss Marie Beckingham, daughter of George Beckingham, a member of the old firm of Livingston and Company which is now out of business. Madame Corbabin has been doing Red Cross work in France since the beginning of the war in 1914.

One Woman's Bit

Many and admirable are the ways our splendid women of San Francisco are doing their bit. Every day one hears some story of individual effort, of self-sacrifice, of unselfish labor for the high cause of civilization. San Francisco did not need the magnificent Red Cross parade of last Saturday to convince her that her daughters are heart and soul in this war. An instance of one lady's successful endeavor to raise money has been called to my attention. I tell it, not to glorify the lady in question, but to inspire others. The lady is Miss Virginia Raskin, known to many in this city as a teacher of French. Miss Raskin came here from her native Belgium twenty-five years ago with her brother who had been named Belgian consul for this city. She has taught French at "the Madames," at the Van Ness Seminary (now Miss Hamlin's), at the Ebell Club and elsewhere, so her proficiency is not open to question. Tales of the suffering of the Belgian babies affected Miss Raskin so deeply that she resolved to do what she could for them. So she prepared a little book called "Rapid Method for French Verbs," had it printed at her own expense, and last November placed it on sale. By the end of April the receipts were one thousand dollars which she forwarded to Cardinal Mercier for the Belgian babies through Cardinal Bourne of London. The book is selling steadily, and all the receipts will be devoted to the same great cause. It is Miss Raskin's bit. Needless to say, the little text book is timely, so many men and women are trying to learn French in a hurry before going "over there." Miss Raskin



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was so far from courting personal publicity in her work that she published the book under a pen name—"Roch-Alphonse de Massabielle." I am permitted to divulge her identity through the solicitations of friends of hers who represented that a little publicity would help sales and thus bring in more money for the poor little Belgians.

Brilliant Wedding at Cecil Hotel

The Cecil Hotel was the setting for the wedding of Miss Marie Goodman and Lieutenant Arthur Wylde. The ceremony was performed by Lieutenant Minkler, Thirteenth Infantry, Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The upper floor of the hotel had been transformed into a floral bower and the young couple plighted their troth beneath a canopy of smilax, roses and pink sweet peas. Over a hundred guests witnessed the ceremony, and later a delicious collation was served at small tables ornamented with pink roses and maiden hair ferns. The remainder of the evening was devoted to dancing. Mrs. W. J. Tappan of Mansfield, Ohio, and Miss Mansfield are sojourning. A prominent party of Canadians are stopping at the hotel. They include Mrs. K. Mulvihill and her daughter, Miss C. Mulvihill, and Mr. J. Clancy. Their home is in Toronto. Mrs. John Trix and Miss Mary Walker of Detroit will be at the hotel for several weeks. Mrs. G. W. Wilson and Mrs. James Heron came down from Vallejo for several days' shopping.

Garcia and the New Dances.

The new dances to be introduced at the opening of the season in October are of interest. Contrary to general belief, the changes in the dancing mode are not so radical. There are no "circus" spirals and broken "halftime" seen in the tango of 1912, but rather an insistence upon the refinements and the "correct" form and deportment of the American ballroom. The flourishes will disappear. The Yaphank is the most striking of the new dances. It shows a combination of new tempo and a simple but pleasing three-set figure arrangement. As the name implies, it is a "military dance," and of the many presented, the one finally accepted by the dancing dictators. Garcia is now exemplifying the new dances in her studio course in the Sun Lounge of the Hotel Whitcomb. Not since Maurice and Walton, the Cranes and Joan Sawyer tripped into the hearts of San Francisco dancing devotees has anyone quite so clever as Garcia happened along. Her adult classes on Wednesday nights are filling rapidly, I'm told.

Coryn's Lectures

Sidney Coryn, who has been conducting a series of morning and evening war lectures in the Paul Elder Gallery, has transferred his talks to Sorosis Hall, 536 Sutter street, where they will be held every Friday morning at 10:45 and again at 12:15 o'clock and every Wednesday evening at 8:15 o'clock. The lectures are illustrated with large scale maps.

Dick Tully's Profits

Richard Walton Tully's Hawaiian play "The Bird of Paradise" has completed its fifth season, and plans for next season call for two road companies, for its appeal is far from exhausted. So far Dick Tully has made \$110,000 out of this play. Yet he had to borrow the money to launch it. His "Omar the Tent-maker" is another big success, though perhaps not as big as "The Bird." Tully worked hard for his success. He believed in himself and was not daunted by setbacks. All who know him rejoice with him in his comfortable bank balance.

Red Cross Drive

Thousands of Red Cross workers, forming an organization twice the size of that which raised the city's quota for the first drive, began a canvass Monday morning which covered every nook and cranny of the city, collecting money, checks and pledges for the second Red Cross war fund drive. A quota of \$1,050,000 has been set as San Francisco's minimum share of the \$100,000,000 which the organization hopes to raise throughout the country. Every man, woman and child in the city is given an opportunity to contribute to the greatest life-saving fund in the world. Leaders in the drive hope from the pre-campaign pledges which have been made that the total subscribed will be well in excess of the minimum. Nearly enough men for a regiment are combing the business district for dollars, while 2000 women, dressed in uniforms of Red Cross nurses, are going through the residential districts. The white veil and apron serve as credentials for the women.

Time Flies at Techau's

All good things must come to an end and the pleasanter they are the sooner they fly away. That is the only disappointing thing about an evening at Techau Tavern. It is so soon over, or rather it seems that way, because there is not a dull moment from dinner time to closing time. First come the unique Merchandise Dances, favorites of the ladies, who delight in the fluffy silk favors—lingerie, stockings, blouses, etc., presented without competition. Follow more dances, to the lilt of the famous Jazz Orchestra. Also the Show Girl Revue Corps looms large as a feature. They are artists, every one, and they sing divinely—a wonder programme of ballads, arias and rag-time. When the theatres close more Merchandise Dances are in order until one is obliged to leave as the Tavern evening ends.



WILTON LACKAYE

The American actor's first vaudeville appearance here in "The Ferret," by Hall McAllister, next week at the Orpheum.

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"A Kiss for Cinderella"

By Edward F. O'Day

In Cinderella's Ear

The Fairy warning sang, "My Dear,
Remember that your magic frock
Will disappear at twelve o'clock."
"Just one more dance, dear lady," cried
Prince Charming. Cinderella eyed
The Palace clock. "Just one more dance,
Maybe my last!" Oh, sad mischance—
Scarce had they circled round the floor
When suddenly—ONE TWO THREE FOUR
The fateful chimes rang loud and clear.
"Your Highness, pardon me—Oh dear!
I quite forgot it was so late—
I fear my carriage will not wait."
FIVE-SIX-SEVEN-EIGHT—"I must not stay;"
NINE-TEN-ELEVEN—"Perhaps some day
We'll meet again." Now on the air
Thrills the last stroke. She gains the stair
And now her silk and jeweled gown
Turns into rags of faded brown.
"Good night, sweet Prince, I'm off." "I, too"

"Am off," exclaimed a crystal shoe
That lay upon the marble floor.
Prince Charming kissed it o'er and o'er,
Then placed it, as he strode apart,
Beneath his tunic—next his heart.

Thus Oliver Herford in deft tribute to the genius of Sir James Barrie and Miss Maude Adams. His graceful rhymes suggest only a part of the tender, beautiful "fancy" it is our present privilege to enjoy. Would that some poet saw fit to extract the quintessence, not of a scene but of the whole play! I fancy I can imagine such a poem. It would be done in a metre murmuring like a creek half hidden in leaves, and its lines would leap with sudden

laughter and falter in a light mist of tears. The smile of Maude Adams would flash in every stanza, and her gay feet would dance in and out of the poem, attracting and eluding us. Oliver Herford could not write this poem, but Austin Dobson could.

"Is there a catch in it?" Cinderella asked the King before she guessed the answer to the riddle. There was no catch, the King assured her. No catch in the riddle, but many a catch in the throat! For in this as in other plays Barrie wrote for Maude Adams laughter and tears play hide and seek. "A Kiss for Cinderella" is not—need I say?—that awful thing, a "weepy" play. But it induces a mood of tenderness: you smile, and your eyes are moist.

Is it generally known that we owe Cinderella's glass slipper to an error of translation? It was in 1697 that Perrault published in Paris the book of fairy stories which included "Cendrillon." The book had an immense success, and was immediately translated into English. Who the translator was I do not know, but he mistook the "pantoufle en vair" (fur slipper) of the original for pantoufle en verre, and the glass slipper was added to the ancient tale. It was a happy mistake. Just how happy all who visit the Columbia during Miss Adams' engagement can judge. For the glass slipper has a part in this play which is as important as it is charming. Of course Cinderella wears glass slippers to the wonderful ball. When have we seen a

lovelier sight than the appearance of Miss Adams at that ball? In a setting adapted from a painting by Maxfield Parrish she tripped down the stairs to the royal pavilion, and

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light.

I must add the rest of Suckling's stanza, it is so appropriate:

But O, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

Of course it is the little foot in its crystal slipper which wins the heart of the prince. And of course it is the slipper on the stairs which partly consoles the prince when Cinderella flies at the stroke of twelve. But there is more than that. In the last scene, which is not set in the fairyland of dreams, the glass slipper plays its proper part, a part so charming that it would be wrong to reveal it to those who have yet to see the play.

When I think of Maude Adams my memory dwells longest on Peter Pan stalking the quarterdeck, on the Eaglet crumpling before the mirror and beneath the taunts of Metternich, on Rosalind in doublet and hose in the Forest of Arden. If I am not greatly mistaken a fourth picture will stand the severest test of time—the picture of Cinderella, all radiance, tripping down the steps of the palace to overwhelm the heart of the prince.

The Spread-Eagle on the Stage

By Heywood Broun

It is possible that some of the spread-eagle plays about the war stimulate certain individuals. On the other hand, there can be no question that the plays in which American and British officers swank and utter heroic sentiments totally misrepresent the forces in the field. Reticence is not quite the word to describe the attitude of the American soldier in the field. He is not content merely to say nothing. So great is his fear that some one may suspect him of posing or of being conscious that he is "a maker of history" that the doughboy endeavors to prove his complete indifference to what is going on 'round about by trivial talk. The first words from the first American transport to dock in a port of France came from a doughboy who leaned over the rail and shouted to a little group of newspapermen, "Say, do they let the enlisted men drink in the saloons here?"

The soldier in question wasn't so much interested in the liquor problem as he was in letting every one within sound of his voice know that a little matter like coming to France was simply an everyday occurrence to him. The remark of an American artillery lieutenant months later showed a somewhat similar spirit. He was the commander of the battery which

had fired the first shot at the Germans, and some newspapermen were asking him to describe the incident. "What did you say?" one of the correspondents asked.

"I gave 'em the range," answered the lieutenant, "and then I said 'Ready to fire?' and then 'Fire.'"

"Was that all there was to it?" asked the somewhat disappointed newspaperman.

"What would you expect me to do, make a speech?" replied the officer.

It may be that the public of the theatre expects the characters in khaki to make speeches. More possibly the author allows his characters to do so because that is an easy way to write a play. In one recent play the playwright tried to make every third line a bid for applause. During the early portions of the play he got much of this applause for which he tried, but later on folk just tired themselves out. And the value of the stage as a medium of patriotic propaganda will soon be entirely lost if playwrights do not refrain from hammering their points home so hard. American soldiers in France are neither sententious bores nor braggarts, and there isn't a reason in the world why they should be so represented on the stage.

The war propaganda of the screen is not

always of the most stimulating sort, either. After viewing one popular film, we came away from the theatre with a confused idea that our chief grievance against Germany lay in the fact that the Kaiser had been rude to Mr. Gerard.

In direct ratio as the war comes nearer our plays become more frivolous. If a play is not about the war it must be about nothing. Nobody cares now for any problem except that of the war. Only rarely does the author who turns his back upon the war succeed in turning out a first rate play. There is no getting away from the fact that mere lightness cannot make people forget the war. The more joyous the play the more will some be reminded that there is something around the corner. Perhaps the most courageous attitude for American playwrights to assume is to accept the fact that the war is the only subject in the world just now and strive to interpret it in varying moods. Probably nobody will deny that tragedy is the pervading mood of war, but there is comedy there as well, and even farce.

There is a third possibility which we forgot to mention. If there is any one among us who can look through the war and beyond it, he will not want for audiences.

The Stage

The Red Apple of Merit

John Drew walked back of the scenes of the Shubert Theatre in New York the other evening and handed his nephew, Lionel Barrymore, a fat red apple. No diamonds from Kimberley, ivory from India or Bagdad wishing carpet could have given as much pleasure to the younger man as that simple and lusty fruit picked from a native orchard. It meant that the praise he had received from the critics was only his just due for an achievement of great worth. The ceremony of the red apple is one that has persisted in the famous Drew-Barrymore family ever since Lionel, John and Ethel were youngsters. They always knew when they had done something worth while, because Uncle John never failed to translate merit into terms of red apples. And the family custom has not been allowed to perish.

Wilton Lackaye at Orpheum

Wilton Lackaye, the great actor whose fame is nation-wide, will make his first vaudeville appearance in this city at the Orpheum Sunday in a virile, tense playlet entitled "The Ferret," by Hall McAllister. This announcement will be hailed with delight by theatregoers who know of Mr. Lackaye's art, for it has been quite a while since he was last seen here. He is one of those rare histrions who can truthfully say that he has mastered his art. His greatest fame came in the nineties when, as Svengali, he set the whole country talking. Since then his work has been remarkably consistent, retaining and at times even surpassing the high mark he set as the hypnotist. In "The Ferret" he has a vehicle that is in every way suited to his talents, a splendid medium for his debut in vaudeville. One of the best dancing acts that have ever come into vaudeville is the one presented by Lester Sheehan and Pearl Regay. Both young people have done excellent work with other associates and have assembled dances that are decidedly original and perfectly executed. Mr. Sheehan for the past two years has been the principal support of Bessie Clayton in her various dance offerings, and Miss Regay was the featured member of the "World Dancers." "You Know What I Mean" is the title Jim Toney and Ann Norman have given their act of laughter and song. Claire Rochester, the phenomenal soprano-baritone who made a great success on the occasion of her only engagement in this city some two years ago, will be heard in new songs. Miss Rochester sings baritone and soprano equally well. Her soprano voice has a range reaching to F above high C and her baritone range equals David Bispham's. Cole, Russell and Davis, genuine comedians, will present a new skit called "Yeggs," which does not claim much plot, as it is created for laughing purposes only and is thoroughly successful in its object. The Three Daring Sisters are appropriately named, for they present a thrilling aerial act. The remaining acts in this wonderful bill will be Grace De Mar in her successful feminine character studies, and the sprakling musical comedy, The Naughty Princess.

Paulist Choristers

It is not likely that San Francisco music lovers will enjoy another opportunity, after this season, of listening to the Paulist Choristers who come one hundred strong to the Exposition Auditorium next Sunday to sing under the local

management of Frank W. Healy. Father William J. Finn, director of the Choristers, has been given a commission and probably will be called to France to serve as chaplain. The Choir is completing its tour of Southern California and is leaving behind an unbroken record of crowded houses. The net proceeds of this tour are being sent to France. The money passes through the hands of the French Ambassador in Washington. It is hoped to raise more than \$100,000. The programme Sunday will begin promptly at 2:30. Tickets are at Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase. On the day of the concert the box offices at the Auditorium will be open at 10 o'clock.

"The Wanderer" at the Cort

Elliott, Comstock and Gest announce the engagement of the Biblical spectacle, "The Wanderer," at the Cort beginning Monday, May 27. "The Wanderer" comes here heralded as a big, sumptuous dramatic spectacle. It is interpreted by a company of nearly two hundred, with many stars among them. There are over one hundred sheep, and many goats, donkeys and dogs, as well as a ballet of ninety. David Belasco staged "The Wanderer." It is claimed that the story of the Prodigal Son, which forms the basis of "The Wanderer," has not been subordinated to the spectacle. The cast includes such celebrities as Nance O'Neil, Florence Reed and James O'Neill.

Morosco's Benefit

Oliver Morosco gave a benefit for the Stage Women's War Relief at the Morosco Theatre, New York, last Sunday night, netting a considerable sum. The affair was the first and only performance of an original revue entitled "Gosh, We're All Friends," which Morosco had written for the occasion and which utilized the services of practically every member of his "Lombardi, Ltd.," and "So Long, Letty," companies, including Leo Carillo, Charlotte Greenwood, Walter Catlett, Sydney Grant, May Boley and other players well known here. The cast included Morosco, Franklyn Underwood, his general manager, and many other members of his staff.

Lou Tellegen Coming

Lou Tellegen, who comes to the Columbia for two weeks beginning June 3, with matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays, inherits his theatrical talent, for his mother was a dancer. She retired from the stage at the time of her marriage and was greatly set against her son entering the profession. Lou Tellegen is to-day counted one of the most brilliant actors on our stage. He is to appear here in "Blind Youth," a play written by Willard Mack and himself. He plays a young artist who loses all and regains all through love. The tour is under the direction of Charles Emerson Cook, and the company includes players who have been with Mr. Tellegen during the long engagement in New York.

Lectures on French Culture

Beginning on Tuesday afternoon next, M. Jules Bois is to give a course of six lectures on French Culture from War to War—1870 to 1914, in the Paul Elder Gallery, on consecutive Tuesday and Friday afternoons at 3:30 o'clock. The first lecture will be on the subject, "French Culture and the Aesthetics of Paris," and the Friday lecture of the first week is to be "French

National Politics—Democracy, Patriotism and Entente." M. Bois is the author of books on poetry and the drama. He has lectured in New York, Boston, Washington and other cities. This is the first time his course has been delivered in English.

Second Week of Maude Adams

"A Kiss for Cinderella" will have to say au revoir at the Columbia a week from Saturday night, as Maude Adams and her charming companions in Mr. Barrie's play have to leave to please other audiences in other cities.

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"A KISS FOR CINDERELLA"

Monday, June 3—LOU TELLEGEN
in "BLIND YOUTH"

Episode of the Enemy Alien

(Continued from Page 5)

mixed with masculine scorn, and such of his free time as was not dedicated to blackboards and waste-paper baskets and ink-wells he gave to her service, his fist over hers, guiding a squeaking pencil over the seventeenth letter.

One day the crisis came.

"Attention!" rapped Miss Minnit. "The monitor will collect the books of D class and we will have an examination. You are to write the alphabet on your slates, each letter three times." She smiled narrowly. "You may have fifteen minutes."

Elsie's white little face warmed feverishly. She made stout haste at first; then she lingered unnecessarily over the Ms. and Ns. and did the Ps. with passionate pains. Then with a sucked-in breath, she left a space and went on to the end of the alphabet. The clock ticked the seconds recklessly away. Her heart gave a scared leap into her throat and stayed there. She knew if she spoke it would fall out of her mouth onto the desk. She wondered if it would look like the fat, red hearts on valentines. She began to feel just as she felt the day before she had the measles. There were two minutes left. Miss Minnit looked up at the clock and down at the children with her tight, rabbit-like smile. Elsie began to tremble.

Then a hand and a rough coat sleeve stole over her shoulder and deposited a bit of paper on her desk. It bore a Q—a plump, beautiful Q with a curly tail.

"Oscar Sweitzer!" Miss Minnit's voice rang out electrically. "You were communicating!" She was brimmed and running over with righteous wrath. There was a spirit of lawlessness in the room that morning. She had just seen Miriam slipping a note to Betty Ann Briggs. Playfulness in a senator's daughter was apt to be impishness in a butcher's son.

Elsie, crimson and shaking, held up her hand. "Oh, Miss Minnit, he just—"

"Never mind, Elsie. I know what he did!" Her round brown eye transfixed him. "Did Elsie need your help?"

The butcher boy was silent.

"Ah, I thought so. You were deliberately trying to make her misbehave. You will remain an hour after school every day for a week, and now you may come and stand on the platform until recess."

Elsie stole one wretched look at him through her fingers. His eyes were swimming in the tears he would not shed and his flaxen pompadour shrank back from his brow in shame. Twenty snail minutes crawled by. At the first grudging note of the bell he dashed out of the room. Miss Minnit went away to her private office. Elsie wept on. To her muffled ears there came presently a shrill, insistent, recurrent sound. She lifted her head and listened and then she got up suddenly and ran into the yard. All the children were gathered at the far end and she heard clearly now the thing they were chanting. It had been in process of construction by Miriam and one of the larger boys for a week. She had heard whispered and giggled rehearsals.

"Kaiser, Kaiser, oh, you Kaiser!
Chop off his head and make him wiser!
Kaiser Bill bites off babies' toes—
Uncle Sam will bite off his nose!"

Her head down, her thin little fists tight, Elsie began to run.

* * * *

"Henry," said Mrs. Letherbridge that evening, "never in all my life have I been so humiliated as I was today."

"Is that possible, my dear?" Mr. Letherbridge

laid down his paper in hasty concern. "Well, well! What—"

"Over Elsie. That child is developing the strangest, crudest, most plebeian traits—she certainly doesn't inherit them from my side of the house."

"Er—what has she been up to?" he interrogated, passing over the slur on his lineage with ease born of long practice. Mr. Letherbridge was a self-made man, and when he looked upon that which he had created he saw that it was good, for he was a bank director, a supervisor, and second vice-president of a young railroad, but principally he was the husband of his wife.

"This morning I met Mrs. Cathcart at the Current Events Club and asked if I could drive her home. As we were passing the school she suggested that we stop for a moment to see the children. They were having recess. There wasn't a single teacher in sight—I spoke my mind very plainly to Miss Minnit about that—and they were having some sort of a riot. They were teasing that little German butcher boy Elsie has been talking about, singing some silly little jingle they'd made up, as children will. I suppose he had been making himself objectionable, repeating stuff he hears at home. At any rate, they were crowding around him and pushing him about and calling him 'Kaiser! Kaiser!' and just as we went into the yard Elsie came out of the school. She didn't see us but went running past. Henry, I never saw such an expression on any child's face in all my life. She tore her way through that crowd of children. Rough? She was like a little tiger! She got in to where that boy was and grabbed at him and hung on to him, and cried and screamed and snarled at the other children—why, Henry, I never even dreamed she knew such words!"

Mr. Letherbridge was breathing quickly.

"And there I stood with Lilian Cathcart whom I've been dying to know for ages, and watched my child clinging to a little German butcher boy and the children calling—'Missis Kaiser! Missis Kaiser!'—Well, Henry, why don't you say something? What do you think of your child?"

"I think," said Mr. Letherbridge, his pale eye briefly burning with paternal pride, "I think she was doing her bully bit to make the world safe for—" he was aware of her temperature. "Well, well, Gertrude, what happened then?"

"Miss Minnit came, and I got hold of Elsie, and Mrs. Cathcart had Miss Minnit simply grovelling in a minute. She said she could simply choose between Miriam Cathcart and Oscar Sweitzer, and—"

"Sweitzer? Sweitzer, the butcher? Good Lord, Gertrude, the man's as good a citizen as Cathcart himself. Absolutely sound. Besides, he did more to throw the Sixth for me than any other man in the ward, and I don't feel—"

"Now, Henry, it may be necessary for you to consort with butchers in beer halls to get votes for yourself, but your wife and daughter—I should think your pride—common decency—your child's future—" she was catching her breath and her voice was hoarse.

"Very well, my dear. Very well! I have no wish to interfere with your management of Elsie." He clutched at his paper and read with ardent interest an advertisement which inquired, rather intimately, what he meant to do about those bilious spells of his. After an instant or two his wife took up her knitting again and went on with her recital, and he felt as might a Bedouin, lifting seared eyes from the sand to find himself out of the track of the simoon.

The butcher boy was not at school next day. Miss Minnit made a pleasant little speech to the children and said that Oscar was a very nice little boy, a very nice little boy indeed, in many ways, but she had decided it was wiser for him

not to come to school with them any more, for the present. Besides, she said, his family was moving to another part of the city.

Mr. Letherbridge mentioned it, too. "Poor old Sweitzer," he said, "between that name of his over the door and people eating so little meat, he's gone under. Tough luck!"

A week later Elsie looked up from a line of Qs. perfectly and joyously completed as the door opened to admit the butcher boy. He looked at her with his sudden, flooding smile. Then he went to Miss Minnit who gave him his lesson books. Elsie, her slate pencil gripped tensely, saw his eyes turn to her as he asked the teacher a question. Miss Minnit shook her head. He turned and walked toward the door but came back again, and this time Elsie distinctly heard him say, "Please—"

"I have told you once that you may not," Miss Minnit fluted clearly. "Elsie is studying. I do not wish her disturbed." Once again he went to the door. The slate pencil snapped in Elsie's grasp. As he laid his hand upon the knob she sprang up, her thin little hands held out, her thin little voice sharp and shrill. "Good-bye, Oscar!" she cried. "Oh, good-bye! I won't forget you, ever and ever and ever!"

* * * *

She was in the first reader class and quite the banner child of the school before she heard the butcher boy mentioned again. It was a sticky September morning and she came listlessly down to breakfast. It was said of her that she was growing too fast and she seemed never to be quite rested. She stopped just outside the door to look herself over and see if there were any flaws for her mother's eagle eye. That is how she came to hear her father's voice before she entered.

He gave a little commiserating cluck. "Tsch . . . tsch . . . Sweitzer's lost his boy! Remember, Gertrude?"

"Surely," said Mrs. Letherbridge. "How very sad!"

"Yes," said her husband, "in this city, September the ninth, Oscar Rudolph, only beloved son of Karl O. and Minnie A. Sweitzer . . . aged eleven years and five days." Well, well . . . 'Funeral and interment private.'

"Diphtheria, I dare say. There's a lot of it about. Thank goodness, Elsie's throat has never been weak. Now, Henry, don't say anything to Elsie about this. Doubtless she's forgotten all about that horrid little episode. The Cathcarts were lovely about not never referring to it. And Elsie is getting to be more like Miriam and other children. Ah, good morning, my

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dear! Mamma prefers you to be on time, Elsie!"

Elsie was bidding fair to be as flat and tall as her mother and she was learning the same smooth way of moving. Miss Minnit had added a class of interpretative dancing and Elsie in a limp green robe had ideas of her own when she stood on her bare feet and heard Rubinstein's Melody in F.

"Gertrude," said Mr. Letherbridge, "are you sure the chick is quite well? Looks too white to me."

"It's the warm weather," said his wife. "Besides, mamma is afraid she didn't take her cold dip and the brisk rub and the breathing exercises this morning. Eat all your oatmeal, my dear. That's what makes rosy cheeks!"

The languid morning wore on toward a torrid noon. Down town in his breathless office Mr. Letherbridge mopped his wet forehead and fanned himself with a blotter.

Mrs. Letherbridge grew absolutely faint while standing to have a gown fitted. It was a long fitting because it was one of those combination afternoon or evening gowns which was still the right thing to wear, even if the war was over, with all the reconstruction work and the benefits and things.

In a darkened room, back of a small grocery, a toil-warped woman whose hands were all shiny and red from the making of pickles wiped her tear-glazed eyes on a blue-checked apron.

Uptown, at Miss Minnit's select school a circle of listless children brightened as they swung into a gay, sweet Irish tune. A big little girl in limp green turned white at the last verse and burst into tears—

"Loving voices of old companions
Stealing out of the past once more,
And the sound of the dear old music,
Soft and sweet as in days of yore."

—Reedy's Mirror.

The Arab in Europe

(Continued from Page 6.)

Abdallah, a native of Meccah, touched with his match the fuse of the desert bomb, and in five minutes (roughly speaking) the Arabs, who had never hitherto shown their noses outside the desert, were everywhere.

Now pass over eight hundred and seventy years and come down to the New Year's day of 1492. It is the day of the fall of Granada and the final extinction of the Arab power in Europe. Granada had always been loved by the Moors. It was by nature more beautiful, in its glowing, shady gardens and views of the encircling hills, than most cities, and no pains had been spared to beautify it architecturally. Its loveliness is still a tradition among the Moors of North Africa, and they still lament, in their wistful and melancholy poetry, the loss of the earthly paradise in which they once sojourned. In Kairwan I was told that in certain families there were still preserved the old keys of those castles in Spain of theirs the memory of which yet haunts their imaginations. It was sore to go, and to his last stronghold the Arab clung with desperate tenacity. But the end was inevitable. The Moorish expulsion was the result of no one man's policy nor of any campaign or

series of campaigns. A royal marriage might promote the union of Spain and the consequent stability of rule might generate law and order and strengthen the State for its final struggle with the Moors. But these tendencies were not peculiar to Spain, or the rulers of Spain; on them the whole of Europe was building up its development and civilisation. From the moment that the northern barbarians had satisfactorily cleared the ground for themselves and settled down in the countries of their choice they had begun to organize themselves, to evolve order out of chaos, and to lay down the foundations of a disciplined and progressive society. This was the process that was fatal to the Arab. It signified the reconstruction in Europe of a social system, differing of course from the Roman in many important particulars, yet similar to it in its intellectual qualities of organization and cohesion. It tended therefore to reproduce just those conditions which, in the classic age, had hemmed the Arab in upon the desert; and step by step, as those conditions were once more evolved, the Arab once more fell back upon the wilderness he had emerged from, until finally in 1609, the last of the race were spurned from Spanish shores and crossed the Mediterranean to reinforce the pirate fleet of Algiers.

Now let us take one more stride, and come down to the year 1830. Not much has happened in Arab circles in the interim. They have proved their superiority in the art of piracy. They keep thirty thousand white slaves in Algiers, they ravage the European coasts, they prowl about the mouth of the English Channel to carry off our fishermen and sailors, they loot merchantmen of all nationalities, and even land and ravage Irish villages. Irritated by what they consider an unjust interference with their privileges, they retaliate by massacring their prisoners or blowing a French consul from a gun. From time to time Europe remonstrates, and a Venetian, or French, or English fleet sinks a few corsair ships or bombards Algiers itself. But these measures produce no permanent effect. We wonder, looking back upon it, to see how long the Western nations suffered the depredations of these wasps. But again the inevitable end drew near. During all these years Europe had been stolidly and pertinaciously putting together that social system of which the principles of law and order constitute the very foundations. Having established the rule of law within her own confines, the idea struck her in 1830 of extending its dominion to an alien race. This was a new departure. Hitherto law had been a leaven working within society; now it was erected into an absolute principle and rule of right conduct. Law is an idea which cannot be limited—in the sense that wherever anarchy exists law will act against it and go on acting against it. The French, representatives of law, took Algiers, promising they would evacuate it shortly. We promised the same thing when later we occupied Egypt. But the idea we represented was too strong for both of us. The state of chaos which rendered the introduction of law necessary required not only its continued presence but its indefinite advance. The French were drawn on to annex Algeria and Tunisia and encroach upon the desert. The English were drawn on up the Nile to the conquest of the Sudan. Thus after long delay the

desert's visit has been returned by Europe, and the Arabs are once more driven in upon their own breeding ground.

Such have been the fluctuations; but what do they portend? Why do Europe and the desert act like weights in a pair of scales, the decline of one registered in the rise of the other? Why, whenever Europe waxes and grows strong, does the Arab, in like degree, shrivel up and collapse? And why, when Europe collapses, does the Arab dilate and become a figure of terror?

Because they stand, these two, for two opposite and hostile principles in human nature. Because the whole influence of the desert as an environment was dedicated to the development of individualism; in all it gives as well as in all it withholds, in all the tests and trials of its dangerous, lonely, wandering life, no less than in the absence in it of all the opportunities that draw men together into settled communities and teach them to coalesce and depend on each other, the desert is the great tutor of solitary manhood and self-dependence. Not less certain is it that what Europe stands for, and has always stood for, is the collective principle, the instinct for combination and power of a society not only united by a common sequence of ideas with the generations which have preceded and are to follow the present one. As a school for individual manhood of the virile fighting type no school equals the desert, nor have I ever met a racial types whom, for dignity, courtesy, self-control and the qualities generally which we associate with the word "gentleman," I could place on a level with the Arab type.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—A million shares a day last week kept the market in active state, and led by the big Steel Corporation, prices of all stocks showed a material advance. The market at times was a very broad affair, the Steels, however, claimed the largest share of the speculative trade. The Equipment stocks, led by Baldwin Locomotive, became very active, and prices were advanced in all these issues to the highest prices seen this year. The buying of Baldwin was on reports of something very handsome in the way of a stock dividend to be distributed to the stockholders, the stock selling up above par. While the boom in the Steels and Equipment stocks was on, bull pools in certain specialties grasped the opportunity to bid up their favorites. Distillers, American Sumatra, Great Northern Ore and Colorado Fuel and Iron, all came in for their share in the advance. Railroad stocks were dull the greater part of the week, but developed a better market when investment buying in some volume was reported. New Haven and Reading were the leaders in the rails. The former was up on talk of a cash distribution, and the latter was bought by people who have not forgotten that this stock once sold above \$250 per share. Since stockholders have organized to secure their rights in the company's contract with the Government, there has been a better demand for New Haven. There was some profit taking towards the end of the week that brought about a general reaction in the list, but the tone of the market continues strong as sentiment seems to favor the constructive side of the market. The money market was easier, and this was probably due to the release of funds of banks tied up in Treasury Certificates by the redemption of a half a billion of those notes some days ago. Another half a billion will mature shortly, so that a billion dollars of bank money will be turned back to the original owners. This operation in itself would not tend to relieve the money market, owing to the flotation of the Third Liberty Loan, in anticipation of which the certificates were sold. But it must be borne in mind that most of these certificates were bought by the banks, while the bonds will find lodgement, not finally in banks, but in the hands of private individuals. Moreover, the war loan has brought into market channels a large amount of new money from rural subscribers to the bonds, which swells the stream of mobile funds. However, money is still hard to borrow, except on Stock Exchange collateral, and the funds are limited in amount. The time-money market has not been normal for a year. We feel friendly to the market, but believe there will be no decided advance take place until the

foreign situation looks more encouraging. In the meantime we expect a scalping market, but would advise the purchase of stocks on all setbacks, believing as we do that the constructive side of the market will prove the most profitable.

Cotton—Bearish statistical news seems to be the predominating factor in the market at present, and the most bearish fact is the small exports. In the past nine months the exports show a falling off of about two million bales, as compared with the previous nine months. Traders are becoming bearish as they usually do at this season of the year, when the crop reports show up at their best. But it's a long time now till the new crop is ready for harvest, and in the meantime the crop will be subject to climatic changes and insect troubles. The future of the market rests entirely with the holder of the actual cotton. Any disposition from that quarter to liquidate would cause further shrinkage in spot values. There is no material change in crop conditions. The crop is doing very well generally, throughout the belt, and for the present the new-crop options will merely sympathize with the action of the near months. On any further break from this level, we would advise the purchase of the new-crop options.

Exhibits of American Dyes

Not the least of the instructive exhibits at the Textile Exposition, which closed a few days ago in New York, were those of domestic dyes. The makers of these products have had to face almost as many obstacles to their use, caused by prejudice or ignorance, as they had to encounter in the manufacture of the articles themselves. Users wished to try the dyes by entirely new standards, and expected of the American ones much more than ever was claimed for those of foreign origin. The matter of fastness was one of the sticklers. No dye is absolutely fast under all possible conditions. What has been wanted of any one of them has been its adaptability to the uses to which it was to be put. It would be nonsense, for instance, to insist that a dye intended for woolen clothing fabrics should keep its color if put through the processes of a modern laundry. The domestic dyemakers have succeeded in making a wide range of colors which answer the purposes for which they are intended. Each is, at least, as good in all respects as the corresponding one which used to be obtained from abroad. While the range of colors is not yet as complete as the foreign ones, there are enough varieties for every practical purpose except, perhaps, in the classes of alizarines and vat colors, and these are now being

turned out in increasing quantity. The manufacture of synthetic indigo in sufficient amount to more than meet all domestic requirements is already assured. Taken all in all, the dye industry is a fine exemplar of the skill and industry of American chemists.

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Surprise for Herbert

"Herbert," said Mrs. Pudge, when the tea things were cleared away, "I was thinking about that costume I wore the winter before last."

"Yes, dear," replied Pudge apprehensively.

"I decided that I could turn it and make a really nice dress of it. The one I've been wearing is dreadfully shabby, you know."

"Turn! Of course it would turn, dear," agreed Pudge with some enthusiasm. "You're such a clever little needlewoman; no, I'm not flattering. And, as you say, your other dress is a trifle on the down grade. Why, we'll be able to save 50s. at least by that notion."

Mrs. Pudge shook her head sadly and guilefully. "There," she remarked, "your memory is just as bad as mine. I'd quite forgotten I gave the dress to Cousin Lizzie in the spring, so I'm afraid that saving scheme must wait. Isn't it a nuisance, Herbert?"

And Herbert gave the ottoman a savage kick, and told the clever little woman to stop her chattering.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JENNIE VIRGINIA ENGEL, Deceased. No. 24,349; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of JENNIE VIRGINIA ENGEL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of J. E. White, attorney at law, 831-833 Monadnock Building, 681 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JENNIE VIRGINIA ENGEL, deceased.

FERDINAND J. LE CAM,

Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of JENNIE VIRGINIA ENGEL, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 25th, 1918.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney,
831-833 Monadnock Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

5-5-25

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DAVID J. KELLY (also called D. J. KELLY), Deceased. No. 24,348, Dept. No. 9.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of DAVID J. KELLY (also called D. J. KELLY), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of DAVID J. KELLY (also called D. J. KELLY), deceased.

HELEN K. THURSTON,

Administratrix of the Estate of DAVID J. KELLY, (also called D. J. KELLY), Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 25th, A. D. 1918.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, California.

5-25-5

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARIA GAGLIARDI, Plaintiff, vs. HENRI GAGLIARDI, Defendant. No. 89657. Dept. 10.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: HENRI GAGLIARDI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion of the plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1918.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk

JOHN J. MAZZA,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

4 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

5-25-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 86,476; Dept. No. 15.

FRANCESCA W. HATCH, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES ALFRED HATCH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CHARLES ALFRED HATCH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of Plaintiff and Defendant's willful neglect of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of December, A. D. 1917.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

WM. M. SIMS,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

612-614 Crocker Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

3-23-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 88832; Dept. No. 7.

IDA M. ESTES, Plaintiff, vs. EDWIN H. ESTES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: EDWIN H. ESTES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful neglect; also for general relief as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3rd day of April, A. D. 1918.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALFRED B. LAWSON,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 88770. SHIGETOSHI SAIKI, Plaintiff, vs. KIYOE SAIKI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

D. K. SEIBERT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: KIYOE SAIKI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of April, A. D. 1918.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

D. K. SEIBERT,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

4-13-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ABRAHAM SOPHEY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ABRAHAM SOPHEY deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Frank J. Fallon, Merchants National Bank Building, 625 Market St., Room 615 which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ABRAHAM SOPHEY deceased.

MARGARET S. GILBERT,

Administratrix of the estate of ABRAHAM SOPHEY deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 11, 1918.

FRANK J. FALLON,
Attorney for Administratrix,
Merchants National Bank Bldg.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 24285, Dept. No. 9.
Estate of MARIA LARRE', Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of MARIA LARRE', deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARIA LARRE', deceased.

MADELINE LABARTHE,

Administratrix of the Estate of MARIA LARRE', Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 4, A. D. 1918.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, California.

5-4-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION OF TRUSTEES FOR ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. No. 21727. Dent. 10.
In the Matter of the Estate of SUZANNE ALFERITZ, Deceased.

It appearing to this Court from the Petition presented and filed on the 27th day of April, 1918, by Celeste M. Vergez and Lyman I. Mowry, Trustees under the Will of Suzanne Alferitz, deceased, praying for an order of sale of all of their interest in certain real estate, that it would be beneficial to the estate and to all persons interested therein that said sale should be made:

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, that George H. P. Alferitz, and Yvonne C. S. Alferitz and all persons interested in said estate and real property, appear before this Court on Tuesday, the 18th day of June, A. D. 1918, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. at the courtroom of this Court, Department No. 10, in the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of all of the interest of said Trustees in said real property:

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks before the said day of hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated: May 10, 1918

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

NORMAN H. HURD,

Attorney for Trustees,

604 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

5-18-5

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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ESTABLISHED 1878

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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, JUNE 1, 1918

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Alsace and The Rhine, by Henry D. Davray

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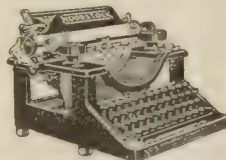
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXII

San Francisco-Oakland, June 1, 1918

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Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Exponent of Big Stick Politics

The Roosevelt-Burleson controversy is interesting as a political diversion, and doubtless it is pleasing to the enemies of the Administration, but how unfortunate that the subject matter should ever have become the topic of a public debate? How unfortunate that the question involved could not have been disposed of privately by our statesmen in Washington? The former President has been permitted to make of it a public scandal without accomplishing anything. With him we have little sympathy, though his motive may be entirely patriotic. If the Administration is inclined to the tyranny the Colonel complains of he is himself to blame. We knew him as a tyrant in the Presidency, as the President who was inclined to become the Man on Horseback. And he was President not in time of a war but in time of peace. As President he established many evil precedents. He led the way as it were for the very things of which he is now complaining, and wound up his career by breaking up his party and facilitating the progress of Mr. Wilson to the White House. In this war he has done very well as a critic especially for political purposes, but the people are going to hold the President accountable for all that he has done and will do during the whole period of the war, and meanwhile there is no possibility of his being recalled. He will be weighed in the balance when his term is over, not before and we may be pretty sure that meanwhile he will do his best to please the people. His best may not satisfy Teddy; but it will be a great satisfaction to the former President to keep record of all that goes wrong. Let us hope as plain non-partisans and Christian soldiers that what goes wrong will be more than offset by what goes right.

Pigs and Potatoes in War

True, some folk are eating dog meat in Germany, but there is not in this fact much satisfaction to the folk in other countries who have a limited diet. All the people of England are not enjoying three square meals a day; for unfortunately the U-boat campaign has been far from a failure. The U-boat has caused a great scarcity of food in England where pigs and potatoes are now very much in demand. This is not due merely to the spread of a commonplace appetite. It is due to the tardiness of the English farmer who took little notice of the warning he received months ago to provide against famine. Lord Rhondda told the farmers that they might defy the U-boat by raising a million potatoes, but the farmers did not take the matter seriously. As a consequence pork is somewhat dearer than it might have been, for potatoes make excellent food for pigs as well as for men. The English farmer is learning that pigs cannot be neglected with impunity in war time. Some farmers are now making the breeding of pigs a fashionable pastime.

★ ★ ★

Rise and Fall of Jordan

Of course Palo Alto doesn't agree with Cornell in reference to Chancellor David Starr Jordan. To deprive Jordan of his degrees would be indirectly to rob Palo Alto of some of the Stanford College's prestige. For Jordan became the President of Palo Alto chiefly on account of the prestige bestowed on him at Cornell through certain scraps of paper, issued as symbols of his worth, which it is now suggested should be taken away and torn up. What a striking commentary is this on the emptiness of this paper tribute so greatly prized on Commencement Day! A college man is what he proves himself to be, not what a bit of testimony says of him on a piece of parchment. Now when David Starr Jordan came to Stanford more than a quarter of a century ago he was accepted as one of the wise men of the academic world. He was received as a gentleman and a scholar, and many were the tributes paid to him in our remote provinces where men regarded him as a prodigy of learning and common sense. How firmly established his reputation was we may infer from the fact that through the years he was consulted at brief intervals that he might enlighten public opinion on important questions touching everything from fish to political reform. What

he said presumably went a long way, whether on the subject of art or prohibition, and consequently Town Talk, the only commentator that saw through this giant of camouflage posing as a paragon of common sense, was kept busy anticipating the puncture that let out the saw dust when Cornell called for the recall on his degrees. Jordan has just as much sense and sincerity as Bill Bryan. Not a bit more.

★ ★ ★

An Oil Shortage

According to Secretary Lane if government oil lands are not opened up to the public there will be an oil shortage. We wonder if Secretary Lane understands this complicated oil situation. It is important that he should. Oil is one of the very few commodities sold in California much cheaper than it is sold elsewhere. For a long time the price paid by refiners to producers for oil was 98 cents a barrel. It is not much more now. Only recently has the price been raised, and then only slightly. In Pennsylvania the price averages between \$3.75 and \$3.85 a barrel. In Ohio and Indiana the average price is \$2.90 a barrel. In Oklahoma and Texas it is about \$2.75 a barrel. Great is the difference between the figures in the East and those of the West. Yet the equipment of our oil wells comes from the East, and it costs a lot of money for casings and such things. Now it may not have occurred to Secretary Lane that the present cheapness of oil in California is what may cause a shortage, if one occurs. We have no great enthusiasm for price-raising at this time, but would it not be well before making any more mistakes such as Garfield made, to look into this business of producing oil? Suppose it does not pay the owners of oil fields to produce oil? Surely the refiners of oil will not object to inducing the producers of oil to produce more of the crude material. But at any rate let us at least avoid a shortage, if possible. For once a shortage occurs there will be trouble.

★ ★ ★

Reaching for Trade

So the Asana Bozeki Kaisha is to be the big steamship and commercial company of the future on the Pacific! This is good news for San Francisco, for the company is to have an agency in this city, and it is to avail itself of the big trade potentialities across the Pacific and on continents east and west. This is a case of preparing to realize a fond dream after, and per-

haps before the end, of the war, a dream that has thrilled many minds. We have long felt when peace returns men will go forth from the Pacific Coast to the commercial conquest of the world. A practical idea, this one, that hard-headed business men have longed for the opportunity of launching. It is not surprising that the first to take hold of this idea should be the firm of W. R. Grace & Co., for this is by far the most enterprising shipping firm on the Coast. Ever since John R. Rossiter became the manager of this firm it has played a leading part in the shipping business of the bay communities. We felicitate the firm on the latest evidence of its genius for taking hold of business at the psychological moment. Also we congratulate the people of the region that we now have a firm to lead the way. San Francisco has too long lived down to the tradition of the days when the waters of the bay came up to Montgomery street. How long have we been charged with sleeping on our opportunities in this far-western land? Perhaps it took a world war to wake us up.

* * *

The Case of Mayor Rolph

Now comes an authentic report to the effect that the United Railroads lost one million and a half last year. This is a lot of money to lose at a time when our Treasury Department is preaching the importance of saving. We are told that the loss is due to Mayor Rolph's strike, or rather to the strike that he did his best to encourage. We hope this is not true; that is, we hope Mr. Rolph will be able to persuade the dear people that he is not responsible, for it is reported in the press that he intends shortly to run for Governor. Now we know that the railroad company is very much disliked by the plain

people, but you never can tell when the plain people will take it into their multiple head to switch, and it would be very unpleasant for them to do such a thing to our Mayor in the midst of a political campaign. Remorse is not an emotion peculiar to the individual. It may affect whole groups of individuals. Suppose the plain people were suddenly seized with remorse for the things that have been done to the street railroad under the guidance of Mayor Rolph. To be sure the plain people were to blame, for it was they that breathed the diabolic spirit of Demos into our Mayor. He regarded it as his duty to do all that the people desired, and doubtless correctly interpreted the people's wishes to the letter, for he is a man of great experience in the arts of the amiable demagogue, and as to the dear people, history teaches that they never like to suffer remorse alone, not even for the sake of a friend. As the Bible tells us the dear people are quick to heap blame on a convenient scapegoat. What better pretext would they have in Rolph's case, for instance, than in the event of a Supreme Court decision against our Mayor in the matter of four tracks on Market street. This is one of the cases wherein you never can tell. Therefore we are apprehensive on the Mayor's account.

* * *

The Politician's Sacrifice

According to recent news from Washington we shall have between four and five million men under arms by July first, and we learn from statesmen in Washington that within one year after the first Americans left for France we shall have one million men on the Western front; also that by June first we shall have nearly two million men in the service. This is certainly "going some." Evidently critic-

ism has accomplished something. Doubtless there has been much unfounded criticism of the kind which the average man does not regard as constructive, but as a matter of fact nearly all criticism is constructive, even when it does nothing more than prod our politicians. To be sure this sort of criticism, the unfounded kind, hurts the feelings of our politicians, but after all a good politician has indurated feelings, and if he be patriotic he shouldn't mind anything that may help us win the war. Now unfounded criticism that hurts may be a means generally to force some of our politicians to do their bit. But anyway the sacrifice of one's feelings is not usually harder than the sacrifice of one's life.

* * *

Lichnowsky as Historian

Most men will agree with Viscount Bryce as to the importance of the Prince Lichnowsky memorandum. It is at once good history and a very piquant contribution to war annals. It is piquant in its personal notes, and it reveals a deep power of observation. The Prince has flashes of insight, as when he tells us that the Radical aristocracy is detested in his own order; also when he gives his understanding of the interplay between society and politics. Most impressive is his description of his departure from London after the declaration of war. "A special train," he says, "took us to Harwich, where a guard of honor was drawn up for me. I was treated like a departing sovereign. Thus ended my London mission. It was wrecked not by the perfidy of the British, but by the perfidy of our policy." As some one has said these words were written with an iron pen on the rock of history. How different the courtesy extended to the Prince from the rough treatment given to the British Ambassador who left Berlin through side streets accompanied by the police!

Toys

By Walter Sichel

Where are the toys we loved so well,
Those dolls that slumbered on our knee,
The mimic masks inscrutable,
The whispered tales we tried to tell,
Our make-believes of woe and glee;
The games of chance, the paper crowns,
The hobby-horses fleet and free,
The dream-charades, the tinsel gown
Wherewith we played at ancientsry?
Where hide their tiny wraiths forgiven—
And is there room for toys in heaven?

There sprang a shadow fierce and fell,
A nurse the children ne'er had known.
Some named her War, some called her Hell;
The wide world's nursery heard her knell,
The knell of childhood scared and flown.
She swept our fairy shows away,
She quenched the wistful firelight's spell.
In gyves of iron she bound our play—
Where are the toys we loved so well,
The trifles dear, now dim and pale
In yonder far Elysian vale?

Varied Types

378—MISS REBECCA GODCHAUX

By Edward F. O'Day

"Tell me," I begged Edmond Godchaux, our County Recorder, "tell me what French authors have been doing during the war."

"But I am not equal to such a task," he replied with a vivacious gesture of modesty. "I am too busy to read a great deal. But my sister Rebecca—she will answer your questions, for she reads a great deal, although she too is very busy."

The war has made everybody very busy, but if I mistake not, Miss Rebecca Godchaux is one of those with whom time was always precious, all of whose hours were full of work worth while. Many times I had heard of this charming woman, not only from her brother Edmond who worships her, but from others. I congratulated myself on the opportunity of making her acquaintance.

Miss Godchaux began helping her beloved France in that fateful August of 1914, and she has been "doing her all" (Dr. Henry Van Dyke insists we must substitute this for the more familiar phrase) for close on four years of uninterrupted effort. And when we too entered the war Miss Godchaux assumed new responsibilities of service, for (need I say?) the United States is in her warm woman's heart side by side with France.

In the drawing room of the Godchaux home at Broadway and Buchanan, a class of American soldiers assembles two evenings a week to attempt speaking terms with the French language. The shyness of first intercourse is disappearing, Miss Godchaux says, and the boys are actually catching that will o' the wisp, a French accent!

Side by side with this and other labors for our own, Miss Godchaux continues her works of mercy for France. Let me give an instance of her recent activities. The famous playwright Brieux has devoted himself heart and soul to the care of the blinded poilus. Miss Godchaux thought she might aid his fund for this high cause. So she wrote to him and asked that he send her fifty copies of his plays, autographed, so that she might sell them for the benefit of the blind soldiers of France. And that he might assure himself it was a responsible request she told him to inquire at the Society of the Friends of French Artists in Paris, of which Miss Godchaux is a member. Brieux sent fifty-four autographed copies of his celebrated plays, and Miss Godchaux sold them to her friends for ten dollars apiece. She sent him \$560, having sold two copies twice over. Miss Godchaux is not a solitary heroine of service. She would not thank me for creating such an impression. But she is doing all she can, like innumerable others, and I think it is well to mention such things for the inspiration that is in them: all of us are eager to emulate a good example.

But let us hasten to the subject which brought about my meeting with Miss Godchaux. I know that many readers of Town Talk are interested in French literature, and will thank me for directing their attention to great French books inspired by the war.

Before the war, Miss Godchaux informed me, popular French literature had fallen into a certain disrepute. There were so many books issuing from the press that it was difficult for the ordinary reader to know what was good

and what was trashy. The modern method of advertising new books was also a detriment, since the inferior books were advertised more than the superior ones, and the reader who bought a poor book on the strength of advertising conceived a disgust for all new books and was content to re-read the classics. But the war has changed all that, says Miss Godchaux. Not so many books are being published, and a book must have merit, otherwise the publisher will not venture his money on it.

"The masterpieces of fiction inspired by the war," says Miss Godchaux, "are 'Gaspard' by Rene Benjamin, and 'Le Feu' by Henri Barbusse. These are big books, books that will live. 'Gaspard' shows a type of the French soldier, the warm-hearted, generous, quick tempered poilu. 'Le Feu' shows, not one type but many. It shows us the French army. It is an epic of the war. It reminds me in many passages of Hugo's 'Les Miserables.' When one of Barbusse's poilus dies you feel that you have lost a friend. It is true that Barbusse is a socialist and an unbeliever, but he is sincere.

"Marcel Prevost has written a fine book, 'Adjudant Benoit.' It is the story of a spy, and very dramatic. It is not frivolous, like so much of this author's previous work.

"Paul Bourget has written two very fine books, 'Sens de la Mort' and 'Lazarine.' This great psychologist uses the war as a background for these novels. 'Sens de la Mort' is the story of a doctor, his wife and his wife's cousin, a young officer. The doctor is an unbeliever, the soldier a believer. The death of the doctor in his unbelief is contrasted with that of the soldier full of religious faith. It is a very good book.

"One of the most charming poems written since the war began is 'Passion de Notre Frere le Poilu.' It tells how a poilu dies, goes to Heaven and talks with God, the saints and angels. It is written in the patois of Anjou. It is humorous but very reverent, and has had a great success. Marc Leclerc is the author. All who read French should make the acquaintance of this beautiful little book.

"Henri Lavedan, the famous playwright, has been writing very interesting articles in 'L'Illustration' since the war began. And he has published 'Dialogues de Guerre.'

"Rene Bazin has published 'Recits du Temps de Guerre' in which he records his experiences and impressions in the hospitals and elsewhere. I recall one incident he narrates. It is of a poilu who gives his blood to save another sufferer. After the operation a purse is made up and offered to him, but he refuses it, saying: 'I give my blood; I do not sell it.'

"Le Goffic has published 'Les Marais de St. Gond,' a very accurate narrative of the Battle of the Marne.

"Paul Gerald has published very beautiful war poems entitled 'Toi et Moi.' Also 'La Guerre, Madame' in which he tells of a 'permissionnaire' who spends his furlough in Paris and is shocked at the spirit of pleasure he finds there. It is only when he meets an old friend that he finds the true spirit of France. This is a charming and a helpful book.

"Charles Peguy who died on the battlefield

was a poet whose name will live. He was high-minded and broadminded and had a strong religious feeling. His poetry is very original, with a medieval flavor. Another talented poet who died in battle was Louis Gendreau.

"Maurice Barres has been very busy doing work for the wounded. He is head of the institute which re-educates the mutilated in avocations suitable to their condition. Yet he has found time to write a beautiful book called 'Familles Spirituelles de France.' Barres is a thinker, and the war has broadened him. A fervent Catholic, he sees now that all in France, Catholics, Protestants, Hebrews and others make one great and beautiful country. That is the idea of his book.

"Maurice Donnay, the dramatist, is at the head of a home for the blind. Brieux is also working for the blind. He has written nothing except in papers for the blind.

"Remy de Gourmont wrote a book of charming fables called 'Pendant l'Orage.' Pierre Mille has published a book of short stories 'En Croupe de Bellone.' Pierre Loti has published 'L'Hyene Enrage.' 'Au Bruit du Canon' is a fine book by 'a group of poilus.' A poilus may be an artist or a great man of letters, you know. Henri Bordeaux, always a healthy writer and a great critic, has written 'Chevalier de l'Air,' a beautiful book about Guynemer.

"And finally I shall mention 'Lettres d'un Soldat,' the letters of a soldier to his mother. This book (it has been translated) made a profound impression in France. The author was regarded as a modern Marcus Aurelius. He is dead now, and it has been found that his name was Lemercier."

Miss Godchaux kindly lent me this little book. I shall quote two sentences: "Here we are on trial. So far I see no signs of being forsaken by the graces—those which come from God." In the combat of the following day the writer disappeared, never to be heard of again.



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Perspective Impressions

How sad to think that a Borglum was ever in the President's confidence.

Have you heard the latest nickname for the Sinn Feiners? "The I. W. W. of Ireland."

One of the most tragic sequels of the Bolsheviking of Russia is the re-occupation of Armenia by the Turks.

Tobacco is to be part of the doughboy's ration. Can't you see the women of the W. C. T. U. gnashing their teeth?

If President Wheeler has been permitted to see the error of his ways, why maintain an uncompromising attitude toward the man who presented the University with the Greek Theatre? This is merely a suggestion.

The supervisors refused to appropriate money for new books for the Public Library, doubtless on the ground that they never read books.

It was Supervisor Hayden who suggested eliminating the appropriation for books. You see, Hayden has been keeping his eyes open. He noticed that the customers of his restaurant never read anything but the bill of fare.

We take off our hats to brave Lieutenant Haislip of San Francisco.

Now is the time for every American of Irish blood to keep his loyalty above suspicion.

"Randall's rider" is a club aimed at the President's head. How gentle the prohibitionists are in their methods!

"My mind was a blank," the woman who shoots to kill invariably testifies. But the cart-ridge is never a blank, and the aim is usually deadly.

Another candidate for Governor of California! He's a pioneer of the Southland, having left Wisconsin for San Diego at least half a dozen years ago.

By the way, Teddy himself did a few queer things in his time, and we did not always search for his motive in vain, or at least we thought we didn't.

It was about time for John Dillon to show where he stood regarding Sinn Fein. People were beginning to wonder whether he was the man John Redmond thought he was.

The Sinn Feiners will probably discover that war time is not a good time wherein to start a drive for home rule.

It is to be hoped that under the Provost Marshal's new order strikers will be classed as idlers and made draftable.

Patriotism is threatening to supercede politics in California. This is another thing for which we may have to thank politics.

"Rolph asked to lead Telephone March."—Newspaper headline.

Fancy Jim's refusing to lead a march!

It is rumored that local Sinn Feiners are getting uneasy, not knowing how much "dope" the British authorities have collected.

Anyway the war has made the preposterously rich man less so and the poor man rich. Hereafter the formerly unreasonably poor man may become less envious.

The Kaiser started the job of making the whole world dislike a whole people, and then the Sinn Fein leaders foolishly tried to follow his example. Witness what an Irishman gets for imitating a German.

A White Liar

By Vincent McNabb

I met the White Liar in a third-class carriage traveling from Leeds to Newcastle-on-Tyne.

His brand-new khaki, and the absence of what I, who know nothing in these matters, call accoutrements, bespoke him a man lately discharged from hospital. Two gold lines on his arm, like two wide scars, told their tale.

He was one of three men on their way home from hospital. But to me he was the most inevitable of the three. I felt glad when he sat beside me. I mean that, although I should have felt glad and honored if any one of the three had chosen to be my seat-fellow, he was the one I should have picked by choice.

The liar in him was nowhere visible in his bearing or audible in his voice. If ever there had been flesh on his cheeks, something had scooped it away, leaving only a bronze skin, here and there fever-reddened, and stretched over the bones that gave a classical outline, with many a mystic inline, to his head. There was no music in his voice. But I thought I could hear it welling from some deep of patience in his soul.

God forgive me, but many a time when men who have been, or who stand one chance in three (or is it one in four?) of being wounded for me, have been my way-fellows, I have been too selfish to break with them the sacrament of human speech. Yet, in justice to myself, or to my better self, I honestly think my attitude towards these men has been one of deep reverence for their privacy. Now that an Englishman's home is no longer his castle, but has been invaded by a horde of inspectors and case-paperers, I have asked myself in the presence of

such men as my three wounded fellow-wayfarers, "Why should the working-man's privacy, driven from the home, be tracked by me into its last citadel, the soul?"

I cannot, at this interval, tell how the White Liar and I began to have speech together. It was assuredly not speech at first sight, for we were in and out of Darlington without exchanging anything more eloquent than looks.

Yet as far as I can recollect it was Darlington that did it. Whilst we halted there for ten minutes, we saw passing our carriage door a draft of men with faces browned to khaki. They were heavily accoutred. Some of them so foot-sore as to be using a stick, and most of them singing. When I see this war-sight, and I have seen it too often for my peace of mind, I usually suffer from a throat trouble. I think the weakness comes from having sung and laughed too much as a boy.

At the sight of this draft of khaki-skinned men the White Liar became restive, as if his wound (or wounds?) had begun to bleed afresh. He went to the carriage door. With that familiarity which soldierwise makes soldiers take for granted he said: "Where to? Going across?" One or two stopped their singing to say, in tones that had a healthy selvage in the matter of sound, "Ay, going to France."

The answer was plain enough to satisfy even a Stipendiary Magistrate. But the White Liar seemed fastidious in his choice of proof. About forty men had passed the door when this thirst for proof again overcame him, and he asked "Going across, lads?" A few faces turned to look at his shrunken face—the raw material of

war at war's finished article—and again there was a bellowed interruption to the song, "Ay, lad, going to France."

Aquinas himself or Aristotle would now have taken the fact as proved. I thought my seat-fellow with the two gold lines on his sleeve would have looked on this going to France as a fact proved beyond all question. But I did not know how fastidious is the taste of a White Liar for the truth. At any rate, when another forty or fifty men had sung themselves forty or fifty paces nearer to the death-line somewhere in France, the man with the shrunken cheeks—and now with the shrunken voice—said, "Going to France, lads?" The third and last deposition was bellowed out: "Ay, lad, France!" Then his search for truth came to end. He turned from the window sharply, as if Darlington had given him all it could. But I thought there was some friendlier tone than irony in his voice as he remarked to his wounded companion in the window seat, who had been as silent as the seat itself, "Won't be much singing in another fortnight, I know!"

Then he sat down as if the worst had come and must be faced. I wondered if his face could have been more agast the morning of his wound when he went over the top.

How speech began between us I have forgotten. I remember the third wounded man saying, "Two of my brothers have gone." The White Liar added meekly, like a bad second, "My brother was killed the day I was wounded."

Incidentally I knew that he had joined up a week or two—it may have been a day or two—

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Alsace and the Rhine

By Henry D. Davray

From the industrial point of view, Alsace is by no means of less consequence than Lorraine, and it will be easily realized why Germany is no more willing to give it back to France than she is ready to relinquish the iron mines of the Moselle area. A short time before the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, deposits of rock salt were discovered not far from Mulhouse, at a little place called Dornach, but a more important discovery was made further south, in the forest of Monnebruck, nearly at the foot of the now famous Hartmansweilerkopf, when, in 1904, potash salts were found in layers that had a thickness of 16½ feet. The proved deposits were estimated to an amount of over one million cubic yards, with a value of £2,400,000,000. With the abundant riches of potash salt at Stassfurt, near Magdeburg in Saxony, and of Leopoldshall in the Grand Duchy of Anhalt, Germany thus acquired an absolute monopoly for the production of ingredients which are the essential components in chemicals and above all in explosives.

The entire potash area covers an expanse of 15 million square yards, and it has been estimated, on the basis of the average thickness of the layers, that the workable deposits amount to 1,300 million cubic yards. The available reserves represent a total of nearly 1,500 million tons containing 300 million tons of pure potash of a gross value of £2,400,000,000. All these estimates are only a rough minimum, as it may be that the deposits stretch out beyond the already proved area, and, on the basis of the present world consumption, the extraction of the potash salts might last for perhaps five centuries. These salts are an essential component part not only of explosives, but of all chemicals required for artificial fertilizers, for the manufacture of soap, matches, mirrors, potteries, for photography, printing, pharmaceuticals, etc. They are applicable to a thousand uses in commerce.

Lorraine with her coal and iron deposits and Alsace with her potash salts, have been powerfully helping Germany to rise to a leading position in the iron and chemical industries and to secure that industrial superiority which fostered her faith in her power to attack her neighbors, to crush them quickly and to annex the new territories she had been coveting for years.

In their secret petition to the Chancellor, on May 20, 1915, the six great industrial and agricultural associations of the German Empire lay stress on this fact:

Coal is the most decisive means for exerting political influence. The industrial neutral States are compelled to submit to those of the beligerents who can provide their supply of coal.

Then after complaining that they cannot do it sufficiently at present, they add that even today they are obliged to resort to the production of Belgian coal "in order not to allow our neutral neighbors to fall completely under the dependency of England."

We have thus the irrefutable demonstration that the industrial, political and military strength of Germany is derived to an enormous extent from the possession of the territories extending from the left bank of the Rhine to the Belgian and French frontiers. The annexation of these territories has been the military goal

pursued by the enemies of France for several centuries. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, Richelieu aimed at "closing the kingdom," by giving it as a natural frontier, the Rhine. He succeeded in getting back Alsace and the Lorraine bishoprics: Metz, Toul and Verdun, whose people spoke French as they do today.

Following the same policy, Louis XIV, pushed the French frontier forwards to the north and got a large part of Flanders and Hainault. In order to close the valleys of the Seine, the Marne and the Oise, which are the natural routes along which all invaders have come, the famous engineer Vauban built, from the Rhine to the North Sea, a formidable belt of fortresses which defended the valleys of the Moselle, the Meuse, the Sambre, the Lys and the Scheldt. For a century, all attempts to break through this powerful rampart were futile.

When, at the time of the Revolution, France had to face the coalition of her eastern neighbors, the Convention gave the Republican Generals these simple instructions: "Remain on the defensive wherever France possesses natural frontiers; take the offensive wherever she has none." So well were these orders obeyed that in a few weeks the armies of the Republic had reached the Rhine all along its course. The Prussians, checked at Valmy, had beaten a hasty retreat, and, within a fortnight, General Custine, with 13,000 foot, 4,000 horse and 40 guns had swept down the Rhine to Mayence bringing freedom and the rights of man to the bewildered populations. Meanwhile General Dumouriez conquered Belgium and Holland. The Swiss cantons of Basle and Porrentruy claimed their reunion to France, who had then, from Basle to its mouth, the Rhine as a frontier. In 1794, the King of Prussia signed a separate peace and recognized the left bank of the Rhine as the new French frontier.

But England would not acquiesce in these arrangements, as she knew too well that her real continental frontier was the Rhine and that she could not tolerate too powerful a neighbor across the North Sea. To prevent the reunion of the Netherlands and France she declared herself "ready to sell her last shirt." And she fought to the bitter end until she had reached her purpose and wrecked the mad ambition of Napoleon.

When it came to the discussion of peace terms, at the Congress of Vienna, her diplomacy seems to have been circumvented by Prussia's plenipotentiaries who had a thorough knowledge of that most redoubtable of sciences military geography. The English agreed that the Rhine provinces should be assigned to Prussia. In thus giving France a dangerous neighbor, England surmised that she would be released from all anxiety, since France would have to turn all her attention towards her eastern frontier. But at the same time, the keys of the three great valleys leading to Paris were handed over to Prussia. That short-sighted policy began the ominous displacement of power which culminated in the creation of the German Empire and the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine with their rich mineral deposits.

There will be no lasting peace in Europe until the balance of power is restored; and there is no other way to do it than to return to the map of Europe as some farseeing English statesmen wanted to retrace it a century ago.

The best minds of Switzerland seem to be quite aware of this. They ask that when Alsace and Lorraine are restored to France the products cease to be a Westphalian monopoly and their mineral riches be opened to the whole world. They put forth that up to now Swiss industry has been entirely dependent on Germany for her iron and coal. The only way to put an end to this obligation is, they allege, to ensure free navigation on the Rhine for the boats of all nations. Swiss economists assert that only the neutralization of the river will release their country from German bondage.

Before the war, for her metallurgic establishments of Lorraine, France bought as much as seven million tons of German coal. When the whole iron deposits of Lorraine are restored to her, she will want three times as much. No doubt the Germans will not lose sight of so obvious a consequence and miss the chance of exerting their so-called "political influence." This scheme will be thwarted if English coal is brought up the Rhine and adjoining rivers to compete with Westphalian coal, and if French iron ore can easily be shipped to British ports by the same way.

One of the main features of British policy is to secure equal freedom in industrial and commercial competition with other nations, while first Prussia and then Germany have followed an exactly opposite policy. England's interest seems to be that after the war the mineral riches of Alsace and Lorraine shall be opened to her. To prompt her to act accordingly she has now more knowledge and better reasons than she had in 1815, when at the Congress of Vienna, on February 18th, the British delegate, Lord Clancarty, submitted to the special committee dealing with international rivers, the draft of an agreement which clearly expressed England's policy in that problem. It is all contained in this one clause:

The Rhine, from the point where it becomes navigable down to the sea and vice versa, will be free to the trade and navigation of all nations, so that in all its course up or down, it cannot on any account, be forbidden to anybody, in compliance with the rules set down by common agreement, which will be alike for all and the most favorable to the trade of all nations.

England was advocating equal treatment for all nations, and not for those nations only whose frontier came up to the Rhine, which was Prussia's secret aim. Nevertheless another text was accepted whose meaning was so equivocal that, as early as 1819, Holland could claim that if the navigation on the Rhine was free down to the sea, it did not mean that the mouths of the river were open to the

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The Spectator

The Hun Has Not Changed

As it was in the beginning,
Is today the Prussian's sinning,
And will be forevermore.

I apologize to Kipling for adapting his words. The Hun has not changed in fifty years. His frightfulness is not new; only its thoroughness is greater, its methods more scientific and deadly. During the Franco-Prussian War the same cynical disregard for the rules of civilized warfare was in evidence. Witness the destruction of the great library of Strasbourg, a crime as uncalled for as the destruction of the great library of Louvain. Thus far I have seen no reference to this act of Vandalism. An account of it has just been called to my attention. It is to be found in a periodical called "The Book-worm" published in London by J. Ph. Berjeau and much esteemed by lovers of rare books. In "The Book-worm" of August, 1870, Mr. Berjeau wrote:

"One of the most deliberate acts of savagery recorded in history since the days of Erostratus and Omar, has just been accomplished, in cold-blood, by one of the lieutenants of the God-fearing, ever God-mouthed, King of Prussia. The library of Strasbourg, one of the most interesting in the world, is now but a heap of ashes.

"Everybody understands that in a besieged place accidents may happen, valuable monuments may be destroyed by a stray shot; but here we have confessedly the revelation of a fiendish purpose, conducted to 'the bitter end.' The Grand Duke of Baden, now happy to be included in the staff of a third-rate Prussian general, has been an accessory, before and after the fact, to the incendiarism practised upon the monuments and private dwellings of Strasbourg. The citadel and fortifications presented a target large enough for all the guns and mortars of the German army. But the Germans had no time then, they said, to undertake a siege; they hoped by burning private and public buildings, killing at random women and children, to cow the population, and by it the garrison, into submission. The heroic defence of Strasbourg has shown how mistaken they were, and whatever may be the issue of the conflict, Germany remains branded with one of the most odious acts of barbarity recorded in history.

"The Temple-neuf, in which were stored the treasures of the Library, and the Museum of Schoepflin, is a prominent building in the centre of the town. There was no excuse for firing at it, at the beginning of the siege, when the fortifications were left untouched.

"We have no heart to go over the list of the treasures which Teuton Vandalism has thus wantonly destroyed. . . . The reality of the

burning of the library of the Egyptian capital has been lately questioned: the burning of the public library of Strasbourg is a fact, as certain as the irreparable damage wantonly inflicted by the modern Vandals to the splendid cathedral, which has withstood during nearly eight centuries, earthquakes, storms, invasions, but could not resist the bombs of the most pious King William."

Bertheau points out that in 1830 the library consisted of 100,000 printed volumes. Among them 4,300 were of the fifteenth century, of the beginning of the sixteenth, and editions of Aldus Manutius. The number of manuscripts was 1,379. In 1858 the library contained about 180,000 volumes in two divisions; the first of which was founded in 1531, the other in 1765. Among the manuscripts were a letter from Francis I of France to the German States, 1535; a summary in Greek of the Councils held during the nine first centuries of the Christian Church; the documents relating to the lawsuit of Gutenberg, which were invaluable for the history of the invention of typography; and a collection of Greek mathematicians from Euclid down to Theon of Alexandria, the works of the Arabic mathematicians, etc., etc. Berjeau quotes an eyewitness of the crime who begins his account thus: "La Bibliothèque! le monde entier doit pleurer sa destruction." No, the Huns have not changed. They are running true to form. Today as in 1870 "military necessity" is with them a ghastly joke at the expense of civilization.

Is Lane in Jeopardy?

Months ago it was rumored in this city that Franklin K. Lane was no longer the white haired boy of the President's cabinet. Somebody had taken his place in Mr. Wilson's confidence. Now comes confirmation of the rumor. It comes all the way from St. Louis, all the way, to be precise, from the office of the St. Louis Mirror, the weekly which is brilliantly edited by Wm. Marion Reedy. According to Mr. Reedy "there is a drive on against Franklin K. Lane to get him out of the cabinet." "If such a thing could occur," says Reedy, "it would weaken that body beyond easy reckoning." Reedy adds that as Lane's coal price agreement with the operators of mines was set aside there is a fight now against the increased wage award for unorganized railroad workers, in the formulation of which Lane was a factor of much importance. We are told by Mr. Reedy that there are other cabinet members than Mr. Lane whose disappearance from the scene would be much better calculated to strengthen confidence in the President's official family. In this opinion Mr. Reedy will find many to concur. However Mr. Wilson is not to be suspected of mere pique at this time. But how interesting it would be to get the low down from Washington even at a time when we are expected to have our minds diverted by more pressing matters. It is human to be curious.

Big Men in Washington

Probably the best authority on politics at the capital is Mr. Gavin McNab, whom I interviewed with reference to the report from St. Louis. "Nothing in it," said Gavin. "President Wilson doesn't remove men without cause. He is not dissatisfied with Mr. Lane so far as I

know. He is more interested at present in winning the war than in politics. Of course men have squabbles in the cabinet. It is natural that all should not always be able to agree, but in their disagreements information is to be had, and Mr. Wilson is looking for light that may facilitate reflections on the business of finishing the Hun. I was in Washington long enough to see that our President is concerned chiefly about utilizing the best men to win the war. There is no more talk in the East about prejudice against business men. All the ablest business men in the country are now doing their bit in Washington. Men of action are the men the President admires and likes to have near him, and that is the reason why McAdoo is the favorite cabinet officer; but do not forget Barney Baruch and Hoover. What should we do without Hoover? His great value is that the people have confidence in him. Whatever action Hoover says should be taken the people are willing to take at once."

Sproule the Man of Action

President Sproule of the Southern Pacific is one of the railroad men who are appreciated in Washington, is one piece of information that I got during my talk with Gavin McNab. Sproule is known as a man of action. He had that reputation long before he was discovered by Mr. McAdoo. It is because Chambers too is recognized as a man of action that he was made assistant to Director McAdoo. And Chambers, by the bye, is but one of many Californians who have become national figures in this war.

Fashionables in France

The news comes to me from France that a

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great many English and American folk are over there eating up precious food without visibly helping the Allies to win the war. It is fashionable to go to France at this time, just as it was fashionable to go to South Africa during the Boer war; and complaints similar to the ones that emanated from the Front in South Africa are now coming over from France. These complaints are usually made by military men with a high sense of food value. Of course folk who are given passports to France are supposed to engage in war work, but political pulls are put in operation even in war time as in time of peace.

A Protest from the Front

I have received a published protest against unnecessary visits to France by Americans. It was uttered by the "Stars and Stripes," the army's trench paper. The editor says that the practice is an enormous evil. Numerous citizens, he says, visit France for no useful purpose, and are occupying invaluable space, consuming food that is needed by the military and civilian populations and imposing burdens on busy men whose time should be otherwise occupied. Though some of the travelers mean well, they cause a great deal of annoyance. It has been suggested that a high standard of necessity should be erected to keep the annoying ones away from the war zone.

At "Bevo Junction"

Have you heard it? The latest nickname for Los Angeles? Bevo Junction! Not bad, I think. According to a Los Angeles magistrate quoted in the Los Angeles Times, drunkenness hasn't decreased at Bevo Junction since the Gandier ordinance put the crusher on hard liquor. But a new variety of booze fighter is in evidence. "I don't notice any marked decrease in the number of cases since the city went dry," Justice Frederickson is quoted as saying. "The most singular thing I have noticed is that the habitual drunkards are not so numerous. I imagine they are too slow-footed to go as far as Vernon to secure liquor. The cases we have now involve younger men. A great many of the drunks we are meeting now are of a new kind. They appear to be crazy drunks rather than the ordinary home-grown variety. It may be the result of drinking cheap wine in restaurants or drinking at Vernon. Then again it may be the result of a cheap brand of blind-pig spirits. The habitual drunkards can't afford to pay blind-pig prices, I suppose, and are consequently not so much in evidence in Police Court as they used to be."

James Gordon Bennett

The late James Gordon Bennett, owner of the New York Herald, was not a great newspaperman; he was too eccentric, too much the creature of impulse. He did some big things, like sending Stanley to find Livingstone, but these were flashes. His paper was his toy, and too often he played with it as a child plays with a set of blocks. The stories of Bennett's queerness are innumerable. He said once: "The man I most admire in history is Louis XI." When he died he was the lessee from the French Government of the hunting lodge at Versailles built by his historic hero. He liked France and did things for France, but never received the Legion of Honor. In peevishness, therefore, he permitted it to be called in his Paris paper "the honor few escape" and "the decoration chiefly worn to impress the concierge."

Firing His Men

Bennett was the greatest firer of men in New York newspaperdom. No Herald man ever knew from day to day that his job was safe. Justice was the last thing Bennett thought of in this connection. He hated the Vatican, and one day wrote a scathing editorial denouncing the Pope. This was in Paris, and he told his secretary to cable it to New York with orders that it be run without change. The next day he had a change of heart.

"They must be tearing the Herald building down by now," he lamented. "I wouldn't have had that editorial go over for a million dollars."

"I thought you wouldn't," said his secretary, "so I didn't send it."

Greatly relieved Bennett shook his secretary's hand; then fired him. One day Bennett cabled a reporter on the Herald to leave New York at once and report to him at Nice. The reporter waited at Nice for three months before Bennett sent him word. The word that finally came at six one morning was for the reporter to come to Bennett's yacht. Breakfastless the man obeyed. Bennett said he was leaving for Egypt and would talk business later. At two o'clock luncheon was served. The famished reporter had a small cup of bouillon; then eggs the size of marbles were served. The reporter ate a couple of these eggs.

"You seem to like those eggs," said Bennett. "Let me give you some more."

The ravenous reporter ate some more eggs, and noticed that the luncheon guest next to him was watching curiously.

"Most remarkable eggs," said this guest.

"Oh, I don't know," said the reporter. "They're not very filling."

"You don't understand," said the other guest. "These eggs come 2,000 miles down the Amazon River. The supply is limited, and all that come to Europe are divided between Mr. Bennett and Count Bismarck. They cost about \$400 a dozen."

Bennett didn't talk business with that re-

porter. He sent him home and fired him. Another time Bennett summoned a staff man to Paris, and that night showed him the town in person. Every once in a while Bennett became annoyed at a large roll of bills in his pocket, complaining that they got in his way. When he finally got home he led the way to the sitting room. Again the roll got in Bennett's way. He promptly threw it into the fire, sank into a chair and went to sleep. The reporter rescued the roll and in the morning gave it to Bennett.

"Did I throw that in the fire?" asked Bennett. "Well, then I must have wanted it there."

He threw the money back into the flames. An hour later the reporter was on his way back to New York, fired.

A Misanthrope

Bennett had a low opinion of human nature, in itself enough to prove that he was not a great newspaperman. Great newspapermen believe in human nature. Bennett always cabled to his editors in code. The code name for each editor consisted of a syllable of the editor's name preceded by the word "dog." Thus James B. Townsend, for years a Herald editor, was always addressed as "Dogtown." He had a low opinion of the public taste. He said the average American was more interested in gossip about his neighbors' affairs and notice of himself and his people than in more serious matters. He therefore considered it more important to publish a long list of people prominent in society than a critical or well written account of the affairs which they attended. His cynical disregard for decency was shown by the fact that he continued for years the publication of a column of "personals" which were merely advertisements of keepers of assignation houses, prostitutes and other vicious people. This ill-smelling feature of the Herald was not stopped till Bennett was indicted and had to pay a fine of \$31,000.

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Defaming Our Soldiers

A good point was made by Congressman Tague of Massachusetts before Congress passed the bill making the Hawaiian Islands dry. He protested against the hypocritical pretense of the prohibitionists that bone dry legislation is urged for the protection of the Army and Navy. His words are well worth quoting:

"I am opposed to the bill not because I do not believe in temperance but for one thing, and that is the constant practice of members standing upon this floor when they advocate prohibition to urge it on the ground of protecting the young men of our Army and Navy. How long has it been since the men composing our Army and Navy have made up the drunkards of this country? How long has it been since the Navy of the United States has not been able to take care of itself, no matter where you put it? Still we members of this House, day after day, must have those who are near and dear to us, those who are clothed with the uniform of Uncle Sam, held up here as the cause for legislation and the expansion of prohibition. It is the hypocrisy, Mr. Speaker, exhibited on this question that makes me vote against it, and I do not believe that half of the men who are going to vote for this bill today believe in or practice prohibition. Mr. Speaker, there are members of my family in the Army of the United States and in the Navy of the United States, and, as one member of this Congress, I will not permit their occupation to be slurred by the idle prattle of those who will not stand upon their own bottom to defend a bill, but instead, to accomplish their purpose, hold up the young men of the service to ridicule and scorn."

Teutonic Diplomats

Slowly but surely we are learning some strange truths about Germany's representative

statesmen. Here is Dr. von Kuhlmann, for instance, about whom I have just learned some interesting things from Coudurier de Chas-saigne who was formerly London correspondent of the Paris Figaro, and president of the foreign Press Association in London. It appears that von Kuhlmann when in London was called by courtesy Baron von Kuhlman. At forty-four he had obtained the most coveted post in the whole of German diplomacy, the chief manipulator of the wire-pullers who will succeed, if we are not careful. He was admirably fitted for his job. Baron von Kuhlmann comes, through his father's family, from that upper middle-class which has been recently ennobled after having made a fortune in business, and he owes to that modest descent some of his rarest gifts; his common sense, his instinctive knowledge of everything connected with commerce and industry, and his obviously inherited habits of hard work. For he is as tenacious and patient and energetic as the business man must be who wishes to succeed. He possesses also that quality which is so rare among the German nobility, of sympathizing apparently only superficially with the military caste, while he is profoundly attached to the industrial classes, which, for him, represent the true future of his country. He is related, through the family of his wife, Marguerite, Baroness Stumm, and through his mother, Anna, Baroness Redwitz, with the best of German aristocracy. In that way he is connected by his ancestry and his marriage with all the governing classes of the Empire, but, as he does not belong exclusively to any one class, he is able to estimate them all at their proper value impartially. Nature has further favored him in giving him good looks. He is a fine figure of a man and has none of that obesity which is so common on the other side of the Rhine. His pleasant face and smile are full of an independent spirit and have at times an expression of candor and good fellowship that disarms everybody who does not know him well. In the popular phrase, he is "hail fellow well met." Nothing in his outward appearance suggests the diplomat. He has, however, charming manners. He has an exquisite politeness towards everyone who comes to him, but he is so simple, so free from any affectation, that one would believe him to be an absolutely splendid fellow without the least malice in his composition. He means everything he says, though he does not speak all his thoughts.

The Real Kuhlmann

Not till after the outbreak of the war was it learned that Kuhlmann was the chief propagandist of Germany in the British isles. He was always surrounded by informers, one of whom was Baron von der Heydt. He was one of the instigators, by the way, of the Agadir case. But at that time his policy was bluff. He did not want war. His plan at the time of the Agadir crisis was to intimidate France and to obtain, by bluffing and without striking a blow, economic advantages and certain concessions of territory. His object would have been quite genuinely defeated if war had broken out. This was his own policy up till August, 1914. In that August he said to a friend of my informant's—"I can speak to you today as one man to another. I shall tell you frankly what I think. Whatever may be the result, war is a criminal blunder for Germany. If we had had ten more years of peace, we would be masters of the world without having to shed one drop of blood." "I am convinced," say my informant,

"that Baron von Kuhlmann thinks today as he thought three years ago. He will make peace as soon as events permit him to do so. He has an unbounded confidence in the profound resources of the German race; his only desire is to recommence the work to which he and his friends, the great capitalists, the great leaders of industry, had devoted themselves twenty years ago, and which can be resumed along two lines, economic conquest of the world based on the threat of Germany's military power. Fortunately for us the junkers defeated the commercial interests, and the war has opened our eyes, let us hope for ever."

Next Came von der Heydt

"Two or three years before the war," says my informant, "a German meteor appeared in the sky of the London social world, and shone there with great brilliance until July, 1914. A month before the war, this magnificent star, whose name was Baron von der Heydt, disappeared, and thought fit to go and drink the waters in a little German town, there to take care of his health which had suddenly suffered as a result of so many festivities and pleasures. Baron von der Heydt passed as a young banker who wished to found in London a branch of his family's business house, and as his business prospered marvelously, he devoted all his leisure to good living in London. His luxurious house was the meeting place not only for distinguished foreigners from all countries, but also for the best English society. History now knows that this delightful host was the connecting link between the German Embassy, more especially Kuhlmann, and a group of English and foreign cliques, through which German propaganda and espionage were more or less discreetly conducted. Von Kuhlmann did no business with von der Heydt, had no relations with him openly, actually pretended he did not know the man. He was as discreet as Bernstorff."

Lorrigan on the Bench

A little while ago Supreme Court Justice Lorrigan was not reckoned in the calculations of politicians with an eye on the Bench. Justice Lorrigan was very ill, and his friends thought that he would retire from the Bench. But the Justice has no intention of making a vacancy where too many have already occurred. Thanks to the brilliant men of the St. Francis Hospital staff Justice Lorrigan is once more feeling like a two-year-old, and he is feeling like prolonging his judicial career which he lengthened out the other day by joining his old-time confreres at Sacramento helping to hold court and transact a lot of business. Justice Lorrigan was greeted by many litigants who were delighted to see him again in fine form. It will be a long time before his shoes are filled for he has all the energy for which he was distinguished in past years.

War Finance

The recent violent upbuilding of prices in the New York stock market was the most violent that has been seen since the furious speculation in war order industrials two years

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ago. It was due to the continuing prosperity of the large industrials, the favorable news from the Front, the reassuring advices from the crop area, the formal organization of the War Finance Corporation and the general speeding up of the military campaign as indicated by the issuance of new orders for war materials and the good tone of general trade. Besides all this, as I have learned from New York there are continuing and insistent reports of an early peace, which have contributed to optimism in Wall street. Meanwhile with the Government as the chief borrower the banks are not in a position to provide fuel for a broad speculative campaign and it is necessary to discourage the purely professional element in the market. It is important that every demand should be subordinated to the grand task of financing a victory for civilization. To that end the chief business of the new War Finance Corporation will be to make loans to the war industries and to strengthen the financial position of all concerns engaged in Government work.

R. B. Cunninghame-Graham

Once more an Eastern writer has discovered R. B. Cunninghame-Graham, the brilliant British essayist and story-writer and politician. Mr. Cunninghame-Graham was discovered once before on the other side of the Rockies. He was written up in the Current Opinion a few years ago. Now this Britisher has been familiar to the readers of Town Talk for nearly a quarter of a century, during which time many of his best works have appeared in these columns, and it was only a short time ago that his retire-

ment from the field of literature was reported by me. This was when he returned from South America where he had been sent to purchase horses for the use of the Government in the present war. No writer in the British dominions is better known to cultured readers than Cunninghame-Graham. For nearly thirty years he was a reviewer on the Saturday Review along with George Bernard Shaw. He dealt with new works in Spanish literature, and since then and before he has been a steady contributor to literary magazines. A man with a somewhat zolaesque mind is Cunninghame-Graham; a realist who believes in undraped literature, and there is never a doubt in the reader's mind of his sincerity and his earnest desire to impress the reader with the truth rather than to startle or to shock. A philosophic socialist is Cunninghame-Graham, who has preached his doctrines in Hyde Park where he was once arrested when he was a member of Parliament, but it is as a gifted writer than this odd genius is best known. He is not only a fine story-teller and instructive reviewer but he is an exceptional historian who has made a deep study of Spanish-American countries.

Barbusse Under Fire

The author of that exceedingly able and popular war book "Under Fire" is himself under fire. A French officer questions his compatriot's picture of life in the French army. The critic is Major L. C. Eckenfelder, an Alsatian who has served in the French army in Argonne, at Verdun and on the Aisne, and is now in this country on a mission for the French Government.

He calls Barbusse's "Le Feu" or "Under Fire" as we know it in its English translation, "an infamous book." His close analysis of the book leads him to charge Barbusse with pacifism and anti-clericalism as well as with maligning the poilu. Among other things Major Eckenfelder, writing in the Chicago Tribune, says:

"How this book was spread rapidly before the public is worth knowing. When it appeared, the sound part of the French press, such as Le Temps, L'Echo de Paris, Le Petit Parisien, Le Victoire, etc., protested against the fact that the censorship did not stop it. The censorship was then under the care of Malvy (by real name Malbach Levy, born in Austria), who was Minister of the Interior and Caillaux's man. On the other hand, this infamous book was recommended very warmly by L'Humanité, a Socialist-Internationalist newspaper, and especially by the Bonnet Rouge newspaper 'defaitiste' financed by Caillaux and Bolo Pacha and managed by Almercyda. The latter committed suicide in jail when tried for treason. The book, besides, was offered to the public with the words printed on the top, 'Prix de L'Academie Goncourt.' If you examine the records of the authors and writers who have composed this 'Académie Goncourt,' since its foundation, you will find out easily how deeply they were infected by the pacifist doctrines which poisoned our country before the war. Paul and Victor Margueritte wrote a book in 1897, 'Le Désastre,' in which you find the same kind of spirit as in Barbusse's book. It is not surprising that Paul and Victor Margueritte voted a reward to Barbusse."

*We are in this war to win, and
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Unusual First Names

What are the most unusual first names among our society women? The question was raised at a social gathering the other evening, and all sorts of first names were immediately mentioned. Here is an interesting list. Look it over, and you may get an answer to that burning question: "What shall we call the baby? I give the maiden name first, then the married name:

Cassandra Hills, Mrs. William J. Adams.
 Linie L. Ashe, Mrs. Norman McLaren.
 Phelinda Bates, Mrs. Jerome Lincoln.
 Winanda Bremer, Mrs. William Howard Metcalf.
 Summit Brown, Mrs. Homer S. King.
 Grassi Bulkeley, Mrs. Bayard Hyde Smith.
 Reba Callaway, Mrs. Vard Hulen.
 Fredda Canfield, Mrs. James Otis.
 Bonny Carter, Mrs. William L. McLaine.
 California Colton, Mrs. William Cluff.
 Etsie Converse, Mrs. Charles R. Allen.
 Serena Croghan, Mrs. Augustus F. Rodgers.
 Emogene Danner, Mrs. Roland L. Oliver.
 Sydney A. Davis, Mrs. Carl Wolff.
 Noell De Golia, Mrs. Challen R. Parker.
 Ory Dore, Mrs. Claus Augustus Spreckels.
 Ascnath Hartson, Mrs. Walter B. Cope.
 Sevilla B. Hayden, Mrs. Clarence A. Shuey.
 Leonide Hermann, Mrs. William Burling.
 Blix Kenna, Mrs. George Hammer.
 Pepi Lilienthal, Mrs. Louis T. Samuels.
 Jeffreys Lyon, Mrs. Jacques de la Montanya.
 Maidie McMahon, Mrs. Antoine A. Borel.
 Lilo McMullin, Mrs. Edward B. Perrin.
 Einnim McNear, Mrs. Elsey Swift Train.
 Sereta T. Mahan, Mrs. Felton Taylor.
 Lulette Mauvais, Mrs. Roscoe Glover Downs.
 Carina Morrow, Mrs. Ralph T. Merritt.
 Maylita Pease, Mrs. Arthur B. Watson.
 Pet Peters, Mrs. Walter H. Seymour.
 Cali Phillips, Mrs. Ralph C. Harrison.
 Sepha Pischel, Mrs. Albert J. Evers.
 Louisiana Scott, Mrs. Arthur W. Foster.
 Erwina D. Smith, Mrs. Charles Janin.
 Birne Terry, Mrs. Frank A. West.
 Dixie Thompson, Mrs. Ivey L. Borden.
 Erba Webber, Mrs. Cuyler Lee.
 Cleora M. Whitney, Mrs. Frederick Hewlett.
 Etelka Williar, Mrs. Max B. Garber.
 Sidi Wirt, Mrs. Jack Spreckels.
 Delight Woodbury, Mrs. Edw. T. De Laveaga.
 Metta Woods, Mrs. E. Theodore Niebling.
 Zayda J. Zabriskie, Mrs. Frank H. Buck.

"No Children or Dogs"

Weren't you exaggerating a little when you said in your very interesting paragraph about "The Landlord and the Baby" that the New York papers carried classified ads. of apartment houses in which no dogs or babies were wanted?—From a letter received by Tantalus.

No, I was not. Here is a classified ad. from the New York Times of Sunday, May 19:

83D, 331 WEST, (at Riverside Drive.)—Full view Hudson; southern exposure; seven cool, outside rooms; bath, piano; strictly high-class; suitable 3 or 4 adults; no children or dogs; June 1 to Oct. 1; \$125 month; highest references required; shown Monday. Carr, fifth apartment west. Tel. Schuyler 8820.

Here is another. In this instance, apparently, the landlord does not object to dogs:

COMFORTABLY furnished, 4 large rooms and bath; pleasant yard, awning; near subway; no children; \$40. Z 282 Times Annex.

A Great Social Secretary

Gertrude Atherton, in her most interesting and vivacious book, "The Living Present," introduces us to several "highly specialized" women in this country who have achieved great personal success in unusual ways. Permit her to introduce Maria de Barril.

"The most famous social secretary in the United States, if not in the world, is Maria de Barril, and she is secretary, not to one rich woman, but to New York society itself. Her position, entirely self-made, is unique and secure and well worth telling. Pampered for the first twenty years of her life like a princess, and with all her blood derived from one of the oldest and most relaxed nations in Europe, she was suddenly forced to choose between sinking out of sight, the mere breath kept in her body, perhaps, on a pittance from distant relatives, or going to work. She did not hesitate an instant. Being of society, she knew its needs, and although she was too young to look far ahead and foresee the structure which was to rise upon these tentative foundations, she shrewdly began by offering her services to certain friends often hopelessly bewildered with the mass of work they were obliged to leave to incompetent secretaries and housekeepers. One thing led to another, as it always does with brave spirits, and to-day Miss de Barril has a position in life

which, with its independence and freedom, she would not exchange for that of any of her patrons. She conducted her economic venture with consummate tact from the first. Owing to a promise made her mother, the haughtiest of old Spanish dames as I remember her, she never has entered on business, and has retained her original social position apparently without effort. She has offices which she calls her embassy, and there, with a staff of secretaries, she advises, dictates, revises lists, issues thousands of invitations a week during the season, plans entertainments for practically all of New York society that makes a business of pleasure. If the bottom suddenly fell out of society, her developed force of character would steer her straight into another lucrative position with no disastrous loss of time."

A Charming Bookworm

Mrs. Atherton also introduces us to Belle Da Costa Greene, a charming bookworm, without whose advice Pierpont Morgan would not buy any of his great book treasures:

"People who meet for the first time the young tutelar genius of Mr. Morgan's library take for granted that any girl so fond of society, so fashionable in dress and appointments, and with a comet's tail of admirers, must owe her position with its large salary to 'pull,' and that it is a sinecure anyway. Little they know. For Miss Greene's determination to be one of the great librarians of the world took form within her precocious brain at the age of thirteen, and it has never fluctuated since. Special studies during both school and recreation hours were pursued to the end in view—Latin, Greek, French, German history—the rise and spread of civilization in particular, and as demonstrated by the Arts, Sciences and Literature of the world. When she had absorbed all the schools could give her, she took an apprenticeship in the Public Library system in order thoroughly to ground herself in the clerical and routine phases of the work. She took a special course in bibliography at the Amherst Summer Library School, and then en-

The Stationery Department of the ROBERTSON BOOK STORE

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You should call and examine the "panel-pressed" paper for wedding invitations and announcements. By the use of the panel-press that portion of the note-paper upon which the impression is made is given a smoother, harder surface, which sets off the engraving splendidly.

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You have your choice of

Four salads

Six Roasts, Fish or Entries

including Vegetables

a number of

Desserts

AND THE BEVERAGE
YOU WANT

tered the Princeton University Library on nominal pay at the foot of the ladder, and worked up through every department in order to perfect herself for the position of University Librarian. While at Princeton she decided to specialize in early printing, rare books and historical and illuminated manuscripts. She went abroad and studied with the recognized authorities in England and Italy. Then years were spent in unceasing application. She took hold of the Morgan Library in its raw state, when the valuable books and MSS. Mr. Morgan had bought at sales in Europe were still packed in cases; and out of that initial disorder Belle Greene, almost unaided, has built up one of the greatest libraries of the world. With the exception of that foundation of the library which caused Mr. Morgan to engage her services, she has purchased nearly every book and manuscript it contains."

A Poster Competition

An exhibition opened last Wednesday in the Palace of Fine Arts of several hundred poster designs made by pupils of Northern California schools. They are submitted in the national poster competition to promote the War Savings campaign. The best will be selected by a jury composed of Hermann Rosse, Rudolph Schaefer, Paul Elder, Willis Polk and Harold von Schmidt. The designs selected will then be submitted in competition with designs sel-

ected from Southern California and fifteen other districts representing Western States. Professor Arthur B. Clark of Stanford has selected a representative jury to make the final selection. This jury will be composed of Walter Perry of the Pratt Institute, J. Nilsen Laurvik, Director of the Palace of Fine Arts, Hermann Rosse and Rudolph Schaefer, instructors in decorative design in the California School of Fine Arts. The designs selected by this jury will be placed on exhibition for a limited period in the Palace of Fine Arts, after which they will be sent East to be passed upon by the national jury.

A Patriotic Pageant

The public is manifesting keen interest in the community drama and patriotic pageant to be given on the evening of June 1 in the quad of the Columbia Park Boys' Club by the Girl Section of the Recreation League. The six hundred girls represent the various organizations of girls in San Francisco. The pageant is for the purpose of inspiring patriotism—a splendid effort at keeping the home fires burning. No club or organization is to be benefited by the affair. Tickets have been placed at a very low figure and the proceeds will go towards paying the expense of mounting and costuming the pageant. Each of the episode into which the pageant is divided will represent a great historical event.

At the Cecil

Mrs. Ansel Easton and Miss Jane Easton are visiting the former's mother, Mrs. William J. Adams, at the Cecil. Brigadier-General and Mrs. Edward McClelland will give a dinner of ten covers Thursday evening. Mrs. Coombs and Miss Coombs of New York arrived this week and will be at the hotel for a month or longer. Mr. and Mrs. T. Guard of Hilo, H. T., are enjoying their sojourn. Lieut. and Mrs. A. K. Wylde (Marie Goodman) have returned from their honeymoon. Mrs. Wylde is staying at the hotel and her husband will come up from Camp Fremont for the week-ends. Mrs. P. Fauntleroy, wife of Major Fauntleroy is a guest. Commodore and Mrs. Fraser, U. S. N., who make their home at the Cecil entertained informally at dinner Tuesday. Miss Julia Robertson arrived on the last steamer from Shanghai, China. Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Cook of Portland, Ore., are receiving a cordial welcome from their San Francisco friends. They will be at the hotel for about a fortnight.

The Show Girls at Techau's

If you like good vocal music, if you delight in feminine grace and beauty, if you enjoy seeing the most stunning and elaborate gowns, go to Techau Tavern and sit through the varied and extensive repertoire of the Show Girl Revue Corps. These young ladies are all artists, carefully chosen for their accomplishments. Some have exceptional ability in rendering the snappy, catchy rag-time melodies. Others possess that sympathetic quality of voice which lends itself to the interpretation of tender old-time ballads, while some rise to the level of operatic arias. In addition to this choice vocal programme, there is, of course, dancing, all through the evening, to the music of a Jazz Orchestra, celebrated among lovers of the dance. To heighten the pleasure of the dancers, the management is featuring Merchandise Dances, at dinner and after the theatre, with rich silken

favors—blouses, sweaters, lingerie and the like—presented to the ladies without competition. These favors are selected from the most modish creations of Livingston Bros.

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The Elastic Language

By Ernest Newman

Of all the wonders of all the arts, surely harmony in music is the most wonderful. It may be that some day each of the other arts will be brought to a standstill from the sheer impossibility of putting to new uses the material that in the course of many centuries has been manipulated in every conceivable manner. Architecture and sculpture, perhaps, will be the first to give out: there must be some natural limit to the possible number of vital permutations and combinations of straight lines and curves, and it may not be too fantastic to believe that the circle of really new things to be said in these two arts is steadily shrinking from generation to generation. Of painting I will not venture to speak; but in poetry and prose there is even now an unmistakable impatience on the part of criticism with everything that does not justify its existence by being something quite different from everything of its kind that has appeared before; and there must surely be a limit to the number of changes that can be rung upon words, upon the ten or a dozen elemental emotions that are the substance of all artistic thinking, and upon the few standard patterns upon which all plots are constructed. But to musical novelty no man can see an end, because the language of music is not a fixed but a fluid one. I am aware that an English philosopher used to be haunted in his youth by the idea that before long music would reach

the limit of its resources, because there are only thirteen notes in the octave, and thirteen digits are capable of only a certain number of permutations and combinations. But he forgot, in the first place, that what may be called the extensive material of music—the mere number of digits spread out, as it were, on a table—is not thirteen notes only, but as many multiples of thirteen as there are octaves in our instruments or our orchestras. That fact of itself enormously increases the mathematical possibilities of the scale. The intensive resources of music also are seemingly illimitable. They are of two orders. Not only do the many timbres of our instruments permit of an infinite rearrangement of colors, but we are just beginning to realize that color in music has, in addition to its aural quality, a quasi-spatial quality. That is to say, we are now learning to use color not exclusively on the flat, as in the older music, but in depths of foreground and background. A combination of tones on the piano-forte, for instance, that sounds hideously discordant when all the notes are played with equal force, many take on a curious beauty when some of the upper notes, let us say, are played pianissimo against a forte in the left hand. Debussy in his later work made some very interesting experiments in this "spacing" of piano color. The problem is one not merely of the different timbres of the various registers

of the piano, but of the overtones in the harmonies. Since each note sounded is not merely the note we call C or G or A, but is accompanied by all the harmonics of itself, while each of these harmonics in turn generates harmonics of its own, it is evident that every chord is accompanied by an almost infinite number of satellite tones, ranging from the bass of the chord to the top of the piano scale. At present our theory in these things is stronger than our practice. We know that all these satellite tones are there, but in actual hearing we can distinguish only one or two of them, and that only by a conscious effort of the ear and brain. But there can be little doubt that our hearing for overtones will become more acute in the course of time; and when it is fairly well developed, a whole new field of harmonic effect will be opened to composers. Tenuous high notes can be used to reinforce subtly the weaker harmonics of the basic harmony, or, by stressing some of the harmonics that are, as we say, slightly out of tune, we can give fascinating piquancy to the flavor of the chord. It is along this line that Debussy was experimenting. It is clear that it will open up to music a field of harmonic resource as vast as that opened up for the art by Monteverde and the others who first began to use unprepared discords as a positive, instead of a negative, element in the harmonic palette.

The Stage

"The Wanderer"

It is a good many years since Maurice V. Samuels of our town published his blank verse play "The Florentines." At that time his profession was the law. The lure of the theatre was upon him, however, and he was so circumstanced that he did not have to resist when it drew him from his law books and across the continent to Broadway and the Rialto. And the lure proved no ignis fatuus. He has conquered the magnates of the American stage with "The Wanderer," a spectacular play based on the parable of the Prodigal Son. Plays like this derive, I suppose, from "Ben Hur," but that is nothing against them. There is a public which patronizes no other sort of drama, and the hardened playgoer is not deaf to the appeal of the Biblical play when it is well done. This play by Samuels is very well done, so very well done that it earned the attention of good managers and won for itself a splendid cast of actors headed by Nance O'Neil, James O'Neil, Frederick Lewis and Florence Reed. I have placed Nance O'Neil first because she is fixed in our affections even more than that old-time friend of ours James O'Neil whose connection with the Biblical drama began in the troublous days when Salmi Morse endeavored to give us a Passion play. It was heart-warming, the reception the audience at the Cort gave Miss O'Neil Monday night. In the parlance of the back-stage, it "stopped the show." Miss O'Neil was, I think, a little overcome; she could only bend that tall and graceful form of hers in silent but graceful obeisance. She seems to me more beautiful than ever; she has the same

power of pathos; but her voice is not quite under control, as it was some years ago. She has a scene which will remind her admirers of the big moment in "The Jewess" and makes the most of it—vocally she makes a little too much of it. But perhaps she had not yet measured, Monday night, the size of the theatre. The play is full of color: in the first and third acts, the color of pastoral Judea with its flocks and its patriarchal life; in the second act, the color of life in Jerusalem a thousand years before the Christian era—the life of Jerusalem as lived by wastrels, gamblers and the priestesses of Babylonian Ishtar. Frederick Lewis is the Prodigal of the play; Nance O'Neil, his loving mother; James O'Neil, his indulgent and forgiving father; Florence Reed, his temptress. The story is made very real throughout, and truly engages our sympathies. Maurice V. Samuels has written a play which all will enjoy, and he must be delighted at the excellence of the cast to which it has been entrusted.

—Edward F. O'Day.

The Paulist Choristers

The Paulist Choristers made a deep impression on a large audience at the Civic Auditorium Sunday afternoon. Most of these boys are under sixteen years, and their voices have been trained but not over-trained, so that they retain their youthful freshness. It is evident that Father Finn, their director, is master of the delicate business of producing the voice. His young students do him great credit. There are a few in the choir who are older than the majority of the boys. One of these is Frank

Dunford, a basso cantante. He was one of the soloists, and gave a great deal of pleasure. Other soloists were Parnell Egan, Hallet Dolan, Richard McManus and Richard Finn. Father Finn's organ playing was a pleasant feature of the affair.

—The Music Lover.

Miss Taylor's Record

With the closing of her second consecutive season in New York, Laurette Taylor completed a record which is probably without precedent in the history of the theatre. Within the last five years she has played nearly four entire seasons in New York City and one solid year in London. The road knows her hardly at all, except by report, as her visits to cities other than New York since she became a star, five years ago last December, have consisted entirely in brief try-out tours preliminary to the showing of new plays in the theatrical centre. Within the five years and a half she has appeared in New York in five long plays by J. Hartley Manners, in scenes from three Shakespearean plays, and in upward of a dozen one-act pieces, the last named being given principally at special benefit performances. As a volunteer at benefits she probably holds all the known championships at all weights. A rough computation which she made resulted in the announcement that she had appeared at eighty-seven since she first opened in "Peg o' My Heart." George C. Tyler, Miss Taylor's manager, is authority for the statement that no other American actress has ever before given so many New York performances in the period

of time mentioned above, or has held his or her public so successfully in play after play as has Miss Taylor.

Sallie Fisher at the Orpheum

Sallie Fisher, the famous musical comedy star, will appear at the Orpheum next week in "The Choir Rehearsal" by Clara Krummer who also wrote "Good Gracious Annabelle" and "A Successful Calamity." Miss Fisher's first decided hit was made with Frank Daniels. "The Choir Rehearsal" is a story of New England prudery written in a sparkling style. Miss Fisher will have the support of an excellent company. Kathleen Clifford is today one of the big stars of filmland, but before the pictures claimed her she was widely known, especially in vaudeville and particularly in London. She has a series of numbers all her own and is especially clever in making up as a smart boy in evening dress. When Secretary Baker was in France he referred to "No Man's Land" as "The Frontier of Freedom." Captain L. E. Ransom, Q. M. U. S. R. and Sergeant Major Jack Anderson, M. C. of the Princess Pat Regiment have brought "The Frontier of Freedom" to vaudeville. A playlet dealing with life in the first line trenches would be interesting under any circumstances, but presented and played by two men who have only just come from the trenches it is many times more so. Julie Ring, a dramatic star of ability and popularity and the sister of the famous Blanche Ring, will appear in

an undomesticated comedy by Blair Treynor and Harry Jenkins, entitled "Divorced." Harry Van Fossen, the famous black face comedian, will return for one week only. The remaining acts will be Claire Rochester, the soprano-baritone, in new numbers; Jim Toney and Ann Norman in "You Know What I Mean"; and Wilton Lackaye in Hall McAllister's "The Ferret."

The Loring Club

The programme announced for the third concert of the forty-first season of the Loring Club, on Tuesday evening June 4 at Scottish Rite Auditorium, includes a number of important and attractive compositions for men's voices, some of which will be heard for the first time here. The patriotic sentiment of our times will be expressed in Coleridge Taylor's "The Forge of the Viking" for chorus of men's voices with strings and piano, and Dorothy Fyf's "For Thee Dear Land" for solo tenor and chorus of men's voices with accompaniment of strings and piano in which the soloist will be Charles F. Bulotti who will also sing the solo part in Kremser's "Night Greeting" for similar combination and will further be heard in two solo groups, one of songs by Scarlatti, Pessard, and Massenet and the other of songs by the three American composers Edward MacDowell, Henry Hadley and Edwin Schneider. A Spanish serenade by Bizet for chorus of men's voices with strings and piano, and folk songs a capella, are the numbers new to the Loring Club programme,

and Wallace A. Sabin's "The Long Road," which had so effective a first performance at the last concert, is now repeated by request. These, with several other strong compositions, make a notable programme, in the accompaniments to which the club will have the assistance of Leon Goldwasser, the Russian violinist, and Frederick Maurer, pianist.

Lou Tellegen in "Blind Youth"

A dramatic comedy in three acts with Lou Tellegen as the star will be the attraction at the Columbia for two weeks beginning Monday night. The play is "Blind Youth," written by Williard Mack and Tellegen. The scenes are laid in Paris and New York. The tour is under the direction of Charles Emerson Cook, for many years associated with David Belasco. Brilliant is the word which best describes the art of Lou Tellegen. Grounded in the work of the theatre in the Conservatoire of Paris, he served his apprenticeship and gained fame there before he came to America as the leading man with Madame Bernhardt. His success here was instantaneous, and he liked our country so well that he decided to remain and is now an American citizen. He is bringing an excellent company including Jennis Eustace, Mark Smith, Marie Chambers, Paul Porcasi, Gilda Leary, Howard Lange, Marguerite Farrel, Sidney Riggs and Marion Manley. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Fine Arts Concert

For the seventh concert in the second series of half hour musicales now being given Sunday afternoons in the Lecture Room of the Palace of Fine Arts, Director Laurvik announces that Mme. Rose Relda Cailleaux, the lyric soprano, has been secured. This well known singer who for many years was one of the chief attractions of the Opera Comique in Paris, will render two interesting groups of songs, while Mr. Reginald L. Hidden in collaboration with Mrs. Hidden, the well known violinists, will play a suite for two violins and piano by the famous Norwegian composer, Christian Sinding. Mr. Joseph Smith, the pianist of the Fairmont Quintet, will render the piano part of this very beautiful suite. An increasing number of people are finding a combination of music and the graphic arts an irresistible attraction that draws them regularly to the Palace of Fine Arts every Sunday, spending the day in the beautiful galleries which now contain one of the finest museum exhibits in America. Since the opening of the beautiful tea room, where it is possible to get lunch and afternoon tea, not a few of these visitors come in the morning and stay throughout the day.

"The Wanderer" Continues

When the shepherds lead their sheep down the sun-bathed hills of Hebron in "The Wanderer," the Biblical spectacle which is now running at the Cort, the effect to all persons who are familiar with the Bible must be as if the entire scene had been viewed often before. Everything is just as everybody must have visualized it when he read the story of the Prodigal Son. Theatrical history is in the making at the Cort during the two weeks that "The Wanderer" will stay there.

Women of France, by M. Bois

The third lecture in the course on French Culture which is being given by M. Jules Bois in the Paul Elder Gallery will occur next Tuesday at three-thirty o'clock, the subject being



SALLIE FISHER

The musical comedy star, in "The Choir Rehearsal" next week at the Orpheum.

"Women of France." On Friday, June 7, M. Bois will lecture on French Philosophy and Science.

Letters

"Seven Weeks in Hawaii"

This is a chatty book with appropriate illustrations, written by M. Leola Crawford, described on the title page as "an American girl," and published by John J. Newbegin. It is breezy, informal writing about the surface of life in the islands. Sometimes it is very naive, as when the hula-hula is spoken of as "the old court dance, and on this account visitors desire to see it, but for no other reason, as it is neither graceful nor pretty." Miss Crawford was warned by Mark Twain's example not to go into ecstasies over Kilauea. Here is what Mark wrote in the Volcano Book:

Like others who came before me, I arrived here. I traveled the same way I came—most of the way. But I knew there was a protecting Providence over us all, and I felt no fear. We have had a good deal of weather; some of it only so-so (and to be candid the remainder was similar). But, however, details of one's trifling experiences during his journey hither may not always be in good taste in a book designated as a record of volcanic phenomena; therefore, let us change to the proper subject. We visited the crater, intending to stay all night, but the bottle containing the provisions got broke, and we were obliged to return. But while we were standing near the South Lake, say 250 yards distant, we saw a lump of dirt about the size of a piece of chalk. I said: "In a moment there is something unusual going to happen." We stood by for a surge and waited, but nothing happened—pot at that time. But soon afterward we observed another clod of dirt about the same size. It hesitated, shook, and then fell into the lake. Oh, God! It was awful! We then took a drink. Few visitors will ever achieve the happiness of having two such experiences as the above in succession. While we lay there a puff of gas came along and we jumped up and galloped over the rough lava in the most ridiculous manner, leaving our blankets behind. We did it because it was fashionable, and because it makes one appear to have had a thrilling adventure. We then took another drink, after which we returned and camped a little closer to the lake. I mused and said: "How the stupendous grandeur of this magnificently terrible and sublime manifestation of celestial power doth fill the poetic soul with grand thoughts and grander images, and how the overpowering solemnity. . . ." Here the gin gave out. In the careless hands of Brown the bottle broke.

Short Stories by Phillpotts

To say that "Chronicles of St. Tid" is by Eden Phillpotts will be all that is needed for those who know and appreciate that author. There are sixteen short stories told in the admirable manner that no one but Phillpotts is master of since Thomas Hardy has ceased to write prose. The scenes are in Devon and Cornwall, localities which the author may claim as his own, and those who have followed him will recognize old acquaintances or at least family connections of them in the Retallacks, the Bakes, the Nanjulians and others. The stories range from grave to gay. Two or three have a slight war flavor, and others deal with rustic simplicity or canniness. A few are tragic and in others tragedy and comedy balance each other. "The Church Grim," with which the

volume opens, is perhaps the most striking. "And this identical tale may well raise the hair on a person's head, for it is a savage, strange tale, in a manner of speaking, and goes far back to past time. In fact, the roots of the tale spring from another age than ours, when the folk believed in all manner of dark and doubtful contrivances that you never hear tell about now, though whether these hidden powers be still working unseen amongst us, or whether the virtue be gone out of them, or whether they've vanished off the earth altogether at the will of their Creator, be questions far beyond us common mortals to answer." So begins the narrative in the words of its Cornish relator. It tells of the restoration of an old church, of the general belief that a great fortune had been concealed somewhere within it as long ago as the Cromwellian war, of the secret attempt of one who believed himself to be the rightful heir to unearth the fortune from the place in which it was supposed to lie, and of the hair-raising fright which resulted, and the treasure, purely of antiquarian value, which he did uncover. Mr. Phillpotts is a master of humor. No one can chronicle a rustic courtship as he can. Though he brings out all the clumsiness and clownishness of the enamored pair, he is always sympathetic, and the smile which he brings is never unkindly. He does not provoke laughter though he may bring tears. A new volume from his pen is always doubly welcome. From the Macmillan Company.

A Manual for Authors

From the Macmillan Company comes "Notes for the Guidance of Authors," a small pamphlet, about sixty-five pages, into which is condensed all the necessary instruction for preparing manuscript for print. The rules laid down are brief and to the point, and the writer who follows them will not only lighten the labors of every department of publication, but, probably, save his own pocket by the understanding he will gain of why printing bills run so high. A large, and valuable part of the small treatise is given to exemplification of the latest usage in capitalization, compounds, Italics and punctuation, tables of comparison between the English and the American forms of spelling, and between the four recognized dictionaries, Webster, Standard, Century and Worcester, and there are nearly two pages of proper names both personal and geographical, which are often used and apt to be misspelled. It is a useful reference book for any one, and ought to find a place on the writing table of every beginner.

Exchange

Day by day an Ontario housewife saw her household and kitchen furniture slowly disappear. One morning when Tommy, son of the borrower, appeared at the back door with the statement, "Ma wants the washboiler," the housewife determined to act. "You can tell your ma that when she brings back what she has already borrowed I will lend her the boiler." In a little while Tommy reappeared. "Ma wants to know what she borrowed." "There's a pound of flour," began the other, "a peck of potatoes, a cup of sugar, a can of coffee, a half pound of lard, some onions, and butter, and spices; the screwdriver, the hatchet, a pair of scissors and"—she paused reflectively—"three spools of thread, a paper of needles, and—" But Tommy was gone. Presently he rapped on the back door again. "Ma says for you to write them down. I forgot some of them." Whereupon the housewife sat down with a pencil and patiently made an alphabetical list of all the

articles she could remember. Tommy took the list and disappeared. A half hour later he once more appeared at the back door and announced: "Ma says if you will lend her the washboiler to carry them in, she'll bring them home."

Orthographic

Reference at a social gathering was made to the occasional difficulties of spelling, when Congressman Frank E. Guernsey of Maine fittingly recalled a little anecdote along that line. Jones occupied an office in common with Smith. One afternoon Jones was writing a letter when he paused and became very thoughtful. "Say, Jim," he finally remarked, glancing across at the other, "how do you spell 'graphic,' with one 'f' or two?" "Well," responded Jim, who didn't want to hurt Jones' feelings, "if you are going to use any, Sam, I guess you might go the limit."

Comparisons

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, strolling along Fifth avenue, New York, recently was recognized by an observing shopgirl out for her lunch. "Look, Mame," the girl said, as she nudged her companion. "There goes Forbes-Robertson, the great actor. They say he's gone into the movies." The girl addressed as Mame masticated her chewing gum unmercifully as she surveyed the dignified face and figure of the actor. "Well," she announced critically, "I wish him luck, but he'll never hold a candle to Charlie Chaplin, that's my guess."

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A White Liar

(Continued from Page 6.)

after the war. He was not a professional soldier. He was a hairdresser! I might have seen the hall-mark of his profession in his carefully-brushed hair. But I was more intent on knowing that this quiet hairdresser had been in the hell of war ever since 1914.

Incidentally, too, I learned that he was a husband and a father. He had left not only his hairdressing "saloon" but his family to defend his country. He said: "I have a little chap at home I have never seen. He's eighteen months old." By some miracle of mechanics, a smile contrived to ripple over the drum-tightened skin of his cheeks. I said, "You'll be glad to see him when you reach home." It was not much to say by way of reply. But it was the best I could do, in face of a barrage of emotions which suddenly cut me off from my own soul.

Then came the drama of the white lie. It opened abruptly. "My wife never knew till last Tuesday what was the matter with me." This was such a flagrant challenge to his shrunken cheeks that I asked: "Last Tuesday! How long have you been wounded?" He said, "Eight months next Tuesday week."

I almost gasped at the paradox of the situation, which clearly demanded more questions and more answers, but he forestalled me by adding apologetically, with a shy look at my collar, "I had to tell her a white lie." I had heard this name given to so many inventions of quite another color-scheme that my eyes questioned him. At once the answer came: "A chap from the same place as myself was going home. So I asked him to tell the Missus I had trench fever."

Here he took from one of his coat pockets that most characteristic symbol of the Great War—the soldier's pay-book and note-book. As he fumbled amidst its tangle of contents, he went on: "It wouldn't have done to tell her right out. She and mother would have been to see me, so I—Oh, yes, here it is." It was a cutting from the Newcastle Illustrated Chronicle; and it contained the picture of a soldier. He came as near to chuckling as his shrunken voice would allow, whilst he pointed to it, saying: "That's supposed to be me. I got the chap that went home to put it in; and to put them words underneath." I looked and saw, underneath a frayed and faded newspaper picture, the legend, "Private John X——, Trench fever."

It is one of the splendid services of our insular etiquette that on such occasions as these it prevents us giving way to our feelings. Had our northern manner not held me, I should either have thrown my arms round the White Liar's neck and hugged him—or, after the manner of the Priest on Maundy Thursday, I might have knelt down and kissed his feet.

In point of fact, I merely said, with fierce self-control, "Lies like that hardly make a black mark." For the life of me, I could find nothing else to say. But, to tell the truth, I did not want to say something. I wanted to do something. I should have been happier as the priest on Maundy Thursday.

The White Liar went on with the apologetic of his crime. "You see, sir, the doctor and head nurse both advised me not to see anyone.

It might have killed me. Besides," and here he unveiled the inner working parts of the lie, "my wife had had a nervous breakdown. They thought she might have lost her—(stammer)—r-reason."

I felt that our conversation had now come up against an Ypres line. Silence seemed the only fit attitude. I looked out of the window at the hills and dales of Durham.

Then the apologist for a white lie rounded off the silence with a remark that reminded me of a saying of the mystics: "Speech is good only in so far as it is charged with the spirit of silence." He said quietly: "This last twelve-month has been rather a hard one for me." I looked at the two gold lines on his sleeve. I remembered his seven months of hospital. In sheer fulness of astonishment at his patience I said "Has it? How?"

"Well," he replied. "I had three little shops. When I came away, I left men in them. They've all been called up. My wife has been trying to run them. But it's been too much for her. It's knocked her up."

"And are your three little shops shut up?" I asked, with a studied unconcern which I thought the only card fit to play after his fine lead. It was a good card; and I was proud of it.

But it was nothing to his; for he simply said "Yes!"

Once more I played the risky card of unconcern as I said: "Won't they compensate you?" Once more I heard one of those heroic monosyllables of the poor: "No!"

Now I am a man professionally dedicated, like my Master, to blessings and curses—or, if you like a smoother word, anathemas. At the story of this poor fellow-man, my brother who had fallen among robbers, hot curses—or, if you will, anathemas—rose to my lips. But my brother, the White Liar, by his untroubled, heroic calm, turned my curses into blessings.

With almost a graceful sense of defeat, I sank back into the third-class cushions muttering, with tears in my throat:

"You men are very patient. God bless you!"

Alsace and the Rhine

(Continued from Page 7)

navigation and commerce of all nations, and in consequence she put on the Waal high customs duties, some of which were prohibitive.

A diplomatic controversy arose, and on behalf of the British Government, the Duke of Wellington presented in 1822 a memorandum on the question, at the Congress of Verona. Of course, the British Government submitted that the decisions arrived at, at Vienna, established the free navigation of the Rhine for all nations. The controversy went on for years. Apparently quarrelling, Holland and Prussia secretly chimed in and concurred to exclude British shipping from the Rhine. On August 20, 1828, the Duke of Wellington wrote to Lord Aberdeen:

I consider Bulow (Baron von Bulow, one of the representatives of Prussia) the most unfair and dangerous man we could have to transact business with. He has pretended to be very candid and open about this question. But the notice given to us that the stable door is open is always after the steed has been stolen. I'll lay a wager that the whole question is settled.

The Iron Duke was not deceived by Prussian duplicity. But nothing resulted except that

British vessels were never allowed to turn to use the Vienna provisions regarding free shipping on the Rhine.

It is not likely that, in the next negotiations for peace, British and French diplomats will let themselves be cheated by German hypocrisy. Yet a knowledge of past history and of the present German claims will help us to escape possible snares. We shall have to be warned against the insidious formulas and the disguised claims which the Germans will put forth: commercial freedom, equality of rights and co-operation between civilized nations. The most harmless looking clause may conceal very dangerous consequences. We must not forget either that Bismarck delighted to assume the part of moderator. In 1866, he was careful not to dismember Austria-Hungary but he cunningly arranged for her falling under Prussian influence amounting to a real protectorate. In 1871 he did not wring from France as much territory as his friend Roon, the Minister of War, wanted him to extort, but he secured the insertion in the Treaty of Frankfurt of the most-favored-nation clause which worked practically all in favor of Germany, and by rebound not a little against England. German commerce and industry derived from it incalculable profits, while French commercial and industrial enterprise was sorely hindered.

The problem of the Rhine and the mineral wealth of Alsace-Lorraine has been thoroughly investigated by German economists, as well as by politicians and military writers. They are prepared for any emergency and they doubtless keep in store some apparently harmless suggestions and offers which will require the most careful scrutiny on the part of the Allies.

Herr Jächk wrote in the Deutsche Politik, for last November, that "at certain junctures, less means more." Behind the copious scribbling of these Herr Professors, it is easy to guess the suppressions and reservations, and we shall be wise not to take as mere bluff the speeches of German industrial magnates. Early last December, three days before Bethmann-Hollweg let off his peace proposals, Herr Emil Rathenau, Director of the Allgemeine Elektrizitäts Gesellschaft, said at a shareholders' meeting:

The experiments we have made of late, as well as our new methods of work, will help us, when peace is restored, to bear the burden which has been accumulating during the war. Together with the energetic endeavors of our people and the resources of our land, they will make us stronger than ever.

"Stronger than ever," that is their dream. The question of Alsace-Lorraine and the Rhine is there to remind us that the peace negotiators will not only have to discuss problems of frontiers, of restoration of the small nations, sanctions and reparations, of guarantees and of a lasting peace, but also to settle the basis on which economic development will unfold without giving to one single nation, led by a mischievous gang, the temptation to break all pledges and treaties, and the power to assail their neighbors, to devastate their country, to enslave the inhabitants, to bring desolation, ruin and shame to millions of peaceful citizens.

Not only must Germany be taught that it does not pay to make war, but she must be reduced to such circumstance as will debar her from preparing for it. This is the only means of securing a last peace.

SAN FRANCISCO BLUE BOOK

31ST ANNUAL EDITION FOR 1918

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Stocks seemed to be for sale on all the rallies last week, in a profit taking way, and as it has been an industrial market, the stocks that seemed to be under pressure the most, were those that have had a good advance. The announcement that the price of copper metal would remain at 23½¢ was rather disappointing to the copper share market, and brought about considerable liquidation in the group. One group of stocks has not shared to any great extent in the rise. Railroad shares have appreciated in value, notably those of the Reading Company, but the group as a whole is still far below normal prices, and offers the best opportunities for the exercise of bull operations. There is still room for a big bull market in the rails. The market in railroad stocks has been waiting for completion of contracts which the Government is drawing up with the individual companies, as well as for the announcement of rates. The latter announcement came out, showing the Government was inclined to be liberal, giving the railroads an advance of 25%. Unfortunately for the market in rails, the announcement came just at the time the increased revenue bill was launched by the President, and the market was in no condition to respond to the good news for the railroads. A small advance took place, but the selling in the Industrial list was too pronounced, and the rails lost ground. It is expected that contracts with the Government will soon be signed, satisfactory in most if not in all cases, and when they are once signed, and the railroads know what they will get from the Government, not in general terms, but specifically, people who have been holding off and refusing to invest in railroad stocks, are likely to come into the market. The President's message indicates that taxation will be based on justice and equity, that the distribution will be general, and that the money interests will be treated with the consideration to which they are entitled, just as the small man will be treated in the same way. It is constructive and tends to restore confidence. We see no reason for selling investments, for if one investment is sold, another must be bought in its place. Had the market not been overbought, the President's message would not have been considered a bear card. Increased taxation was just as inevitable as the renewal of the German drive. The market at the moment looks lower, but we believe advantage should be taken of all these drives to pick up good stocks from an investment standpoint, and while there is nothing to warrant a bull movement just at this time, we believe stocks are selling below their real merit.

Cotton—Another new low price record was made last week, but the decline was only temporary, and an advance of a hundred points quickly took place. The professional element seem to be bearish and hammer prices on the least signs of weakness in the spot markets. The trouble with the market seems to be the enormous amount of cotton on hand at this season of the year, and the poor export demand. Advices from Liverpool say that curtailment is to be expected to further reduce the demand. Considering the large supply of cotton on hand, in this country, and the weakness in the future market, prices for the actual hold up remarkably, and it is the strength in the spot situation that holds the bears in check. The growing crop, according to private crop experts, is a little above the ten-year average on an increased acreage estimated at from 3 to 5% over last year. It is more than likely that the coming Government report, which was made up to the end of the week, will show a very fair crop condition. Reports from the Southwest indicate good progress, particularly in the districts that have suffered during the past few years from protracted drought. There is nothing at the present time upon which to base any positive market opinion, and fluctuations around present level would seem most likely until a change has occurred either in crop conditions or in shipping facilities. Scalping opportunities on the long side, are about all that may be looked for during the immediate future.

The Swing of the Pendulum.

Believers in individualism have been dismayed at the progress made by collectivism in one form or another since the war began. The kind of efficiency which fighting begets runs in the direction of unified effort and standardizing. Quantity production of uniform quality is called for, whether it be in locomotives, firearms, blankets, airplanes, or any other article in demand. There are standard shoes and suits of clothes in various countries just as there are standard ships with standard engines inside them. For the making and the distribution of articles there have also been devised collective or co-operative agencies. At times it has looked as though individual effort or distinctiveness would have to go into the scrap heap with other outgrown and discarded appliances. But the signs are growing now that, when hostilities cease, the swing of the industrial pendulum will be toward the older ways, even though it came in the form of a protest against the drab and dull uniformity of the products of standardization. In Great Britain and Germany there have

been outspoken protests against collectivism in shipping and in other branches of trade. Similarly there are indications, more or less evident, of a revolt against the continuance of the repression of things to wear to standards which war conditions only excuse. This is it that gives point to the advice of the cloth manufacturer of Bradford, England, who told the members of the Textile Society there to prepare for making fancy fabrics after the war, because they would then be so much in demand. Perhaps he had in mind what happened following the restoration of Charles II. after the puritanic Cromwell régime in England. Human nature does not change much with the centuries.—New York Times.

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Deposits	60,079,197.54
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,235,750.50
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Correct Speech

One afternoon Mike was caught in a railway wreck, which, fortunately, wasn't a very serious one, and when his friends found him he was sitting beside the track holding his head in one hand and a leg in the other, said members, of course, not being detached. "How are you feeling, Mike?" asked one of the party, stooping to help the bruised man. "Are you badly hurt?" "Thot Oi am," answered Mike. "Oi fale as if Oi had troid to stop a foight betwane a road roller an' a mule." "Never mind, old fellow," sympathetically returned the other. "It is not as bad as it might have been, and you will get damages, you know." "Damages!" exclaimed Mike. "Shure, an' Oi've had enough av thim. It's repairs thot Ii'm nadin' now."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JENNIE VIRGINIA ENGEL, Deceased. No. 24,349; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of JENNIE VIRGINIA ENGEL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of J. E. White, attorney at law, 831-833 Monadnock Building, 681 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JENNIE VIRGINIA ENGEL, deceased.

FERDINAND J. LE CAM,

Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate

of JENNIE VIRGINIA ENGEL, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 25th, 1918.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney,

831-833 Monadnock Building,

San Francisco, Cal.

5-5-25

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DAVID J. KELLY (also called D. J. KELLY), Deceased. No. 24348. Dept. No. 9.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of DAVID J. KELLY (also called D. J. KELLY), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of DAVID J. KELLY (also called D. J. KELLY), deceased.

HELEN K. THURSTON,

Administratrix of the Estate of DAVID J. KELLY,

(also called D. J. KELLY), Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 25th, A. D. 1918.

A. COMTE, JR.,

Attorney for Administratrix,

No. 333 Kearny St.,

San Francisco, California.

5-25-5

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARIA GAGLIARDI, Plaintiff, vs. HENRI GAGLIARDI, Defendant. No. 89657. Dept. 10.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: HENRI GAGLIARDI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion of the plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1918.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk

JOHN J. MAZZA,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

4 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

5-25-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 86,476; Dept. No. 15.

FRANCESCA W. HATCH, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES ALFRED HATCH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CHARLES ALFRED HATCH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of Plaintiff and Defendant's willful neglect of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of December, A. D. 1917.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

WM. M. SIMS,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

612-614 Crocker Bldg.,

San Francisco, Cal.

3-23-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 88832; Dept. No. 7.

IDA M. ESTES, Plaintiff, vs. EDWIN H. ESTES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: EDWIN H. ESTES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful neglect; also for general relief as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3rd day of April, A. D. 1918.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALFRED B. LAWSON,

Attorney for Plaintiff.

Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 88770. SHIGETOSHI SAIKI, Plaintiff, vs. KIYOE SAIKI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

D. K. SEIBERT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: KIYOE SAIKI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of April, A. D. 1918.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

D. K. SEIBERT,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

4-13-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ABRAHAM SOPHEY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ABRAHAM SOPHEY deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Frank J. Fallon, Merchants National Bank Building, 625 Market St., Room 615 which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ABRAHAM SOPHEY deceased.

MARGARET S. GILBERT,

Administratrix of the estate of ABRAHAM SOPHEY deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 11, 1918.

FRANK J. FALLON,

Attorney for Administratrix,

Merchants National Bank Bldg.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 24285. Dept. No. 9.

Estate of MARIA LARRE', Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of MARIA LARRE', deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARIA LARRE', deceased.

MADELEINE LABARTHE,

Administratrix of the Estate of MARIA LARRE',

Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 4, A. D. 1918.

A. COMTE, JR.,

Attorney for Administratrix,

No. 333 Kearny Street,

San Francisco, California.

5-4-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION OF TRUSTEES FOR ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. No. 21727. Dept. 10. In the Matter of the Estate of SUZANNE ALFERITZ, Deceased.

It appearing to this Court from the Petition presented and filed on the 27th day of April, 1918, by Celeste M. Vergez and Lyman I. Mowry, Trustees under the Will of Suzanne Alferitz, deceased, praying for an order of sale of all of their interest in certain real estate, that it would be beneficial to the estate and to all persons interested therein that said sale should be made:

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, that George H. P. Alferitz, and Yvonne C. S. Alferitz and all persons interested in said estate and real property, appear before this Court on Tuesday, the 18th day of June, A. D. 1918, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. at the courtroom of this Court, Department No. 10, in the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of all of the interest of said Trustees in said real property:

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks before the said day of hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated: May 10, 1918.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

NORMAN H. HURD,

Attorney for Trustees,

604 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

5-18-5

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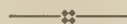
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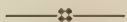
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Vol. XXXII. No. 1346

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, JUNE 8, 1918

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King Edward's Female Chum Reappears

"The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue"

"The Stars of America" a Poem, by Jules Bois

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The Budget

The municipal budget for 1918-19 has been adopted. It calls for appropriations of more than sixteen millions. It is stuffed with items that have no place in our budget at any time, items that are particularly indefensible in wartime when the federal authorities are preaching economy to municipalities throughout the land. It was swollen with new salaries, salary increases and other appropriations of a taxeating description. It was made up by politicians, not by financiers, and represents the principle of pork, not of honest expenditure. It is a budget which will bear heavily upon the taxpayer, as that careless citizen will discover with a shock when he gets his next tax bill. Taxpaying time is the time when the citizen becomes indignant about municipal extravagance. Alas! it is then too late for indignation to accomplish anything. But perhaps the budget-makers have truly aroused some of the taxpayers this year. We note that a taxpayers' association has been formed, and that there are some men of known high standing on the roll. Here is a good sign, though not a new one. We have had such associations before, and they came to naught. Will this one? The taxeaters all think it will, for experience has taught them to regard the taxpayer as an easy mark who will suffer any imposition, a good dog whose bark is not very loud, whose bite is nonexistent. Let us hope that the taxeaters will be disagreeably surprised this time. May we venture the opinion that a taxpayers' association which means business should begin its work by recalling a lot of budget-making supervisors?

★ ★ ★

The Four Tracks

Looking upon their work on Market street, dare our Mayor and supervisors call it good? We doubt it. Crossing Market street has become a task for all that a man has of fortitude. For many

women it has become almost an impossibility. All San Franciscans are not in the prime of life, quick-limbed, clear of vision, strong of nerve. There are elderly people among us, and there are people of all ages who are slow, awkward or timid. For these Market street has been made practically an impassable barrier. They are hugging its sidewalks; it needs not a sign of "No Thoroughfare" to keep them off its bituminous part. Fortunate indeed are those whose needs of transportation are served by the cars on the outer tracks, for there are shudders and thrills aplenty for all who attempt to reach the inner vehicles. Of course there have been accidents. At this writing no life has been sacrificed, thank God, but those who have eyes in their heads and study conditions from the security of the sidewalk, or better still, venture out into the paths of juggernaut, know that fatal accidents are inevitable. We wonder whether there will be suits for damages for broken limbs or snuffed-out lives. But little do our city fathers care. Not all of them are on the tax roll, but they all seem to ride in motor cars.

★ ★ ★

Hiram's Anglo-Saxon

"The old man has no guts." Thus, we are informed, spake Senator Hiram Johnson of his creature Governor Stephens. For the moment we are not concerned with the truth or falsehood of the statement. The mold in which Hiram cast his thought compels our attention. It is a strong sentence, albeit vulgar. Construed literally it would put before us a physiological fact of the most distressing kind; but we are not to construe it so, we are not to suppose that our Governor has been disemboweled like a malefactor at Tyburn. Intestinally the Governor is complete, we feel quite sure; his characteristic smile argues him a man who is "all there" abdominally. No, it was with Hiram a figurative speech. He employed a flower—or should we say a weed?—of rhetoric to emphasize his meaning. The startling word in his sentence is, we take it, of Anglo-Saxon origin. The dictionary will inform you that this word is not in polite usage; but what care we for polite usage nowadays? We are all for vigor, for virility. "Slangauge" is our medium of expression. The writer should so write that his reader not only may, but must, understand, said an ancient authority by the name of Quintilian. Senator Johnson, it is needless to

point out, has not gone to Quintilian for permission to make his meaning unmis-takeable. Neither has he consulted Ambrose Bierce who said: "Excepting in the case of capital offenders—expressions ancestrally vulgar or irreclaimably degenerate—absolute proscription is possible as to serious composition only; in other forms the writer must rely on his sense of values and the fitness of things." Senator Johnson used an expression that is "ancestrally vulgar," but his sense of the fitness of things told him it was permissible. For Senator Johnson is above all else a politician, and in politics vulgarity is not confined to diction. Senator Johnson spoke to hurt, and the chances are he succeeded.

★ ★ ★

California Literature and Business

We are informed that the Home Industry League proposes to devote one of its weekly luncheons to the celebration of California literature. We are agreeably surprised. Perhaps we were wrong in supposing that our businessmen were pretty ignorant of California literature. If this supposition was unjust we are delighted to beg pardon publicly, and we are more than ready, we are eager to make amends. Most of our purely Californian writers live and die poor, so in thinking that our merchants, manufacturers, brokers and jobbers paid no attention to homemade literature we fell into a natural error. We thank the Home Industry League for setting us right. Even if, as is likely, most of our businessmen regard the wonderful literature of our State from the merely utilitarian viewpoint, we are prepared to be pleased. That which men find useful they are apt to esteem, and a love for California literature, no matter how inspired, will soon purify itself. We can see readily that members of such an organization as the Home Industry League will find in California literature plenty of material for boosting this State. It is the boast of the best of this literature not only that it was made in this State, but that it could have been made in no other. It differs therefore from the other products boosted by the Home Industry League. Some Home Industry Leaguer with a literary turn should dip into Harte, Twain, Stoddard, Miller, Coolbrith and Sterling—to name only a few of our best writers—and extract passages in which the Golden State is praised. A superficial examination of their works would yield enough material for one of those booklets to which promotion committees are so partial. And unlike the ordinary

examples of "boost literature," this one would be Literature.

* * *

To Shield Eve's Daughters

Provisions for protecting the health and morals of women. In order to supplement the salutary laws which promote the health and morals of women by preventing their gaining a livelihood by working after ten o'clock at night, it is hereby made unlawful for any woman, whether she be an employee or otherwise, to be in any place of amusement or attend any entertainment, theatrical or other performance or exhibition, or social gathering, after ten o'clock at night, or oftener than twice each week at any hour of the day. Any woman violating the provisions of this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

There is before us the printed copy of a bill introduced in the Senate of the State of New York on April 5 of this year. Introduced by Mr. Gibbs, read twice and ordered printed and committed to the Committee on Codes, it proposes to amend the penal law in the extraordinary fashion set forth in the provision just quoted. We do not suppose that this bill ever emerged from committee. And yet, how characteristic of a certain modern trend! In the eyes of a particular kind of uplifter, woman is a creature prone to evil from birth. This sort of uplifter has studied Eve's daughters and finds them all exceedingly weak vessels. Like the Turk he would keep women virtuous by keeping them close. Once let the devil get at them and he takes their fall for granted. You may be sure that the author of this bill is a prohibitionist, again like the Turk. If he is a married man, what a life his wife must lead!

* * *

In a War of Marvels

A more kindly spirit is manifesting it-

self in the relations of men everywhere but in the zones of war, and even there it is only Prussian hatred that survives. The explanation is that the spiritual life is becoming recognized as the only life worth while. With respect to this, curiously enough, men are not wholly unselfish. Man prefers what is good for him to what is evil, and he has found that it really gets on his nerves to get angry at his fellows. In a kind of apocalypse he has seen that it is to his interest to cultivate amiability of temperament and to love rather than to dislike God's creatures. Perhaps as a result the Kaiser's slaves in time will perceive the virtue of peace and conclude that it would be well for them to call for peace at any price. Surely it is not unreasonable to consider the possibility of so colossal a metamorphosis in this war which has changed the face of the earth and brought the land, sea and air into collision.

* * *

A Great French Woman

The war is turning the thoughts of many folks to religion, and so we should not be surprised to learn that Madame Adam has returned to the Church. Madame Adam ranks as one of the greatest of living women. Her claim to this position does not rest on her great literary gifts, but on her character and personality which have brought her into terms of close intimacy with the most notable men and women of France who belong to the age in which she lived. The record of Madame Adam's eighty-one years is one of the most fascinating books of recent production. Moreover it contains one of the most

momentous chapters in French history. For this remarkable woman has lived through the Revolution of 1848, the Coup d'Etat, the agony of the siege of Paris, the civil war of the Commune and two invasions of her beloved patrie. Madame Adam, moreover, held the leading salon of her time, and was the founder and editor of an influential fortnightly, the magazine *La Nouvelle Revue*. She numbered as her friends Gambetta and Thiers among French Ministers, and such eminent French writers as George Sand, Flaubert, Victor Hugo, Alphonse Daudet, Pierre Loti, Paul Bourget, and Maurice Barrès. From her father she inherited her revolutionary ardor. She became an irreconcilable adversary of the Second Empire, and later a determined enemy of Prussian aggression. She opposed the French tendency to colonial development, Gladstone's policy in Egypt, British government in Ireland, the Magyar domination over the Slavs, and the British war in South Africa. Madame Adam knew George Sand in the evening of that author's life. They were drawn together by certain affinities. They had similar tastes, and their upbringing had not been dissimilar. The story of their intimacy is a record of a beautiful friendship which continued until the death of the novelist in 1876. Many years have passed since Madame Adam lived down her enmities, partisanship, love affairs and scandals, and now like many great women among her predecessors she is winding up her life in the bosom of the Church. She believes that only by submitting to the discipline of the Church can she best continue the traditions of her country.

The Stars of America

By Jules Bois

As night fell on the quivering fields of France,
My father sometimes took me by the hand, a child,
And, in pensive mood, showed me beneath the cloud
The Stars all shining like God's tireless eyes.

"Those gleams," he said, "are distant glorious worlds;
There, over gloom and hate, triumphs the law of love.
Wearied by cruelties of fate and man,
Son! Look up to heaven's beacons of courage and hope!"

Now, a man, I have not forgotten the lesson of the stars.
Later, leaving Paris and all my dear graves,
While darkness sought to quench for ever the light,
I saw again, more dazzling, the Stars in the American flag!

And they spoke: "We are enrolled for the great war.
Our rays are swords where God and Evil fight . . .
Washington wills, Lincoln commands, Wilson acts!
We have sworn: the country of Jeanne d'Arc and La Fayette shall not die."

And I heard thunder from across the ocean, the voice of the Allies:
"The Stars come to us! Victory is ours!
The Imperial Beast grinds its teeth, seeing its hour has come . . .
Purified by blood, Earth also will become a Star!"

Varied Types

379—JAMES O'NEILL

By Edward F. O'Day

"Tell me all about the Passion Play."

James O'Neill who was sitting in a cosy corner of the St. Francis Lounge, lifted his arms in a gesture of mock dismay and smiled. As one hand held a walking stick, it was a dramatic gesture, and as he smiles with those piercing eyes of his as well as with his mobile mouth, it was altogether a striking picture he presented. And then James O'Neill proceeded to charm me with that wonderful voice of his, that voice which Wilton Lackaye had told him the night before was "a gift of God."

"That was in 1880," he began, "a long time ago, a pleasant time for me, because I had been playing here for nearly three years continuously, and I had grown to love San Francisco. I still love it.

"The Passion Play was adapted from the Oberammergau Passion Play by Salmi Morse. He was an English Jew who came to San Francisco and started a paper called The Whip or The Spur or some such name. I doubt whether it was a success. He had traveled around the world several times, and was perfectly familiar with the Orient, so he was an entertaining talker. He spoke several languages.

"Lucky Baldwin who owned the Baldwin Theatre did not ordinarily take any interest in the plays produced there. But when Salmi Morse brought us his Passion Play, Lucky Baldwin became interested and said it should be produced, no matter how much it cost and no matter what the chances of success or failure were.

"We made a beautiful production of it, and the cast was excellent. Sam Piercey, a California actor who afterwards starred in the East and in London, played Herod. Lewis Morrison played Pontius Pilate; he wound up his career playing the Devil in Faust. Forrest Robinson, now one of the best players of old man parts in New York, played Simeon. William Seymour who afterwards became stage manager for Charles Frohman and proved one of the best stage managers in the United States, played one of the high priests. Marie Wilks played Mary; she was picked because she was the

proper type—the part didn't amount to much. I forget who played Herodias and Salome. I played Christus.

"It was played with all possible reverence. The first night audience came to scoff, and they did scoff. They howled and yelled like fiends—until the orchestra began to play. The music was very beautiful and silenced the audience. Throughout the play you could have heard a pin drop. There were only about 170 in the audience that first night, but within a week we were turning people away. In the allotted two weeks it did so much business that after a week or so we decided to revive it.

"Meanwhile certain preachers—not the important clergymen of the city, but certain ragged-edge preachers—had been inveighing against the play as a profanation of a sacred theme. They made so much objection that the critics were not permitted to say much about the play in the papers. On the other hand, the papers printed all that these preachers said in their sermons. Apparently the papers thought it bad policy to permit their critics to praise what these ragged-edge preachers denounced. But George Barnes of the Call who was a great dramatic critic at a time when real dramatic criticism flourished, praised it highly nevertheless.

"But there was so much objection from those ragged-edge preachers that when we announced a revival of the play, your twelve aldermen (I believe you call them) saw fit to take action. They liked the play well enough, but they said their constituents did not—so as a matter of politics they passed an ordinance against its further production.

"The first night of the revival a policeman tapped at the door of my dressing room and informed me that I was under arrest. I had been expecting that. He had a cab waiting, and I was taken to jail. The rest of the company was arrested too. On the following day I was fined \$50, and the members of the company were fined \$5 each. That ended the Passion Play in San Francisco.

"About four years later Salmi Morse tried to produce it in New York. A New York man backed him financially, and a tabernacle was built specially for the production. A preliminary invitational performance was given, but before it had gone very far the Chief of Police stepped on the stage and stopped it. The ragged-edge preachers had gotten in their work again. Next morning the body of Salmi Morse was found floating in the East River. It is supposed that, broken-hearted at the failure of what he considered his life work, he had committed suicide."

"Would the Passion Play arouse antagonism now?"

"I don't see why it should, considering that so many bad imitations of it have been permitted. I have in mind plays like 'The Servant in the House,' also 'Ben Hur' in which the personality of Our Savior was thrown on the stage by means of a flashlight, an absurd but effective expedient. Then there was 'The Sign of the Cross' which was a big success for seven years. And you have had the Passion Play at Santa Clara College, with which everybody was delighted. Why shouldn't Salmi Morse's Passion Play be revived?"

"You must remember that the figure of the Savior had been seen on the stage before—in the opera of 'Saul.' And then there is 'Parsifal.' What is that but a Passion Play?"

"After Salmi Morse's failure I thought that his Passion Play might be produced without objection in the form of a spectacular oratorio. So I engaged Oscar Weil of this city to write music for it. But managers were afraid to attempt it. And yet they throw away a great deal of money on poor imitations. I really think the time has come for a revival of poor Salmi Morse's work.

"Certainly the Passion Play would be a relief after all the filth we get on the stage, especially in vaudeville and the movies. People have seen so much lewdness on the stage that they have become nauseated with it.

"Meanwhile I have the honor of being the only actor on the English-speaking stage who has impersonated Our Savior."

James O'Neill has of late been prominently connected with the Biblical drama. He played the part of Jacob in "Joseph and His Brethren," a New York success. Now he is playing the part of Jesse in "The Wanderer," based on the story of the Prodigal Son.

When we had exhausted the subject of Passion Plays, James O'Neill switched the conversation to a favorite topic of his—the two O'Neill boys. The elder, James O'Neill Jr. was born in San Francisco. He is an actor and has had success on the stage and in the films. He was bitterly disappointed recently when the army doctors rejected him, for the O'Neills are fighters. The other son is Eugene O'Neill who has several one-act plays to his credit, all of them successful. We saw one of them lately at the Orpheum and all of us liked it immensely. It was called "In the Zone." I asked James O'Neill if he had a daughter.

"I have not," he answered. "It is the regret of my life."

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Perspective Impressions

Market street, the Thoroughfare That Was.

These are trying times, but we stay-at-homes should at least be patient and hopeful.

Don't let yourself be run over on any of the four tracks, for if you do you'll be suspected of opposing municipal ownership.

It may be that many of the doughboys couldn't pronounce Cantigny, but that didn't prevent them from taking it.

Now that the cars are operating on the four tracks we feel awfully sorry for Dr. John Gallagher.

Will somebody please notify the supervisors that the country is at war?

In Memoriam, Livingston Baker of San Francisco: Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

A tax-eater who uses a city motor car for joyriding should be fined and fired.

Speaking of garbage, there's a good deal of it on the municipal pay roll.

Sometimes the ordinary law-abiding citizen is puzzled to find the dividing line between IWWism and Union Labor.

Rose Pastor Stokes probably realizes that parlor radicalism doesn't pay.

George Creel says he isn't a Socialist. But does he know?

We salute Douglas Campbell of California, first American Ace.

People who wanted to catch a ferry boat during the past week, got off the stalled cars at Fremont, taking transfers to Shank's Mare.

Some public men reap their reward during life; history confers honors upon others. Which would you rather be?

At La Croix Rouge

By Catherine Postelle

Pensee took her work and went to one corner of the long table. She drew her shoulder up high so that the woman on her right could not see. The woman at the end was giving out cloth, needles, thread and thimbles and would not notice. Six weeks it had been since she had heard. Six weeks is a long time. One could not sleep for listening, one could not eat, and if the hands trembled—

The others were different. When Pensee glanced over her hunched shoulder down the long line of faces, she saw how calm they were. They made bandages as one hems a fine table cloth, or makes a flower in the end of a towel. As for Pensee a crimson blot seemed to come in the center of the bandage she held.

That was a pretty woman who sat beside her. She was very proud. She said she had two sons in the service, officers, both of them. One was instructor in a training camp; Captain Dusil, that was. The younger had just been made lieutenant. They might go to France, she did not know. One must be prepared for that.

A woman at the other end of the table began talking in a loud voice. Pensee had never seen her before. She had auburn hair much waved and curled and a very large nose, and her fingers sparkled as she drew out her thread. "If I had a dozen sons—"

There was a clattering noise, someone had let the big shears fall. Pensee started. Her heart beat so fast. She did not know why she was such a fool.

"If I had a dozen sons," the red woman began again—she had a scarlet coat hanging from her shoulders—"it is at the front I would wish them, every one—at the front."

Pensee tried not to hear. She wished to shut her ears with her fingers, but she was afraid someone would see. The words seemed to pierce inside her heart—"at the front."

A little woman looked up from her sewing. Pensee saw a tear fall on her bandage. She had a timid voice, but the words seemed wrung from her lips as she looked down the long table. "How many sons—how many sons have you at the front?"

The red woman stared. "How many? Oh! I

have none. God did not give me any children. But if I had, I would give all to my country." She shook out the folds of her scarlet coat and patted her hair with her glittering fingers.

"My God!" thought Pensee, "how brave she is, and I have but one and God knows—" She could not thread her needle and the crimson blot on her bandage seemed to grow and grow.

"We must give to the last—to the very last one. Noblesse oblige." It was Madame Charleton who spoke. She was very old. She had had many sons. They were all dead. Long ago they had gone away, one after the other, in little white coffins. Madame Charleton went every Sunday with flowers for the row of little graves. "My God!" thought Pensee again, "but she has forgotten. She is very old."

"All my time I give," the red woman began again, "seven sweaters, and casques and socks, oh! innumerable. I hate a—slacker as I hate a coward, a woman who weeps."

Pensee covered over her work, she hunched her shoulders higher. What if they knew of her tears? What if the red woman knew that when the postman turned in the little gate she ran and stopped her ears lest— But six weeks! God had made her so, very little and with such a heart that it trembled at every sound. These were brave women at La Croix Rouge.

Pensee looked again at the woman with the sparkling fingers. She hid her own knotted hands under the cloth. Working had made them like that, working for papa and Alcide, papa and Alcide, all she had in the world.

A small, dark woman with blowsy hair blustered into the room. Her voice was high and shrill. It struck Pensee's ears like blows from a hammer. She had a paper in her hand which she shook at the woman at the table. "The Americans are at the front. It is Pershing's casualty list. I thought you would wish to hear. Thirteen wounded. Only six killed. No one that we know. But one from this state. Alcide—Alcide—the print is bad—looks like Condigny—something like that."

Pensee dropped forward on the table as from a mortal wound. No one noticed. The women were counting the work, folding, sorting it

away. Pensee was blind and sick to death. Somewhere in France—a battlefield—Alcide lying there, dying alone, trampled upon,—dead, stiff and stark and cold—and she so tender of him all the years of his life, brooding over him with fond and foolish ways. Oh! God had made her so. She lay quite still, stricken with an uncompromising wound.

Then suddenly as with a rush of wings something swept over her. To the front, to the ultimate sacrifice he had gone—to his death—her son—he had kept nothing back. Oh! She knew, laughing and brave to the last. He had given his gift as a king gives a ransom, freely, carelessly,—a lustrous deed—her son, worthy of some great strong mother who with such freedom could give her gift, who could make her sacrifice with such splendid generosity.

Pensee lifted her face—sore stricken—oh! if one's country demands a son, one must look like that. The women saw. They huddled about her. "Oh! was it her son? Oh, was it your son? Oh, what shall we do?" The bravest began to weep. The red woman knelt at her feet and buried her face on Pensee's knees. They swayed to and fro and moaned as women do.

Pensee stood up. As a trembling acacia she trembled. Her voice shook in her throat, yet when she spoke it was as though she proclaimed a triumph, as of old one proclaimed a victory with wreaths and processions and triumphal arches.

"It is my son, Alcide. He is more dear than seven sons. Somewhere in France—it is for his country—he is kill!"—Reedy's Mirror.

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The Kaiser's Napoleonic System

It is curious how slavishly the German Emperor tries to imitate Napoleon. On the battlefield, happily, he has failed to rival the Corsican, but in diplomacy and statecraft he follows Napoleonic precepts to more purpose. There is something Napoleonic in the humbling of the unhappy Russians by mingled force and fraud, and Napoleon's method of ruling his conquests is apparently being copied in detail by his unimaginative German follower. The Slav and Finnish lands are, it seems, to be parcelled out among a number of German puppet Princes. The Emperor has caused himself to be invited by some Germans calling themselves the Diet of Courland to become their Grand Duke, but has declined the honor for himself, seemingly intending it for his second son, Prince Eitel Fritz. A Saxon Prince and an obscure Württemberg Princeling have been named as candidates for the throne of Lithuania, occupied in the eighteenth century by two Saxon Kings. Another of the Emperor's sons has been designated as King of Poland, though the project has been deferred owing to Austrian jealousy and Polish illwill. A German King for the Ukraine will doubtless be put forward as soon as the occupation of the country is complete. The Emperor's fifth son, Prince Oscar, has been proposed as King of Finland. It is persistently rumored that a more docile Hohenzollern will replace King Ferdinand on the throne of Rumania. Albania is still reserved for Prince William of Wied, whose hurried retirement from an uneasy throne excited much merriment in Europe just before the war. Germany will thus have on the east and southeast a fringe of dependent States, each in charge of a German Prince who will regard the Emperor as his liege lord, and who may be trusted to indoctrinate his subjects with German Kultur in the true Prussian way. We have yet to see how the Germans propose to control Russia herself. They will probably be ready to restore the Tsardom when they think that the Russians are satiated with anarchy; but for the moment Russia may be disregarded. The Emperor hopes that Great Britain and the Western Allies, tiring of the war, will make peace at the expense of their faithless Russian Ally, thus leaving him, as the King of Kings, to lord it over the subjugated Slav world, and to pursue the Eastern schemes which dazzle him, as they dazzled Napoleon a century ago.

It is a grandiose design, which would be more impressive if it were not almost an exact repetition of the design which Napoleon conceived for world-conquest. When Austria lay prostrate before him after the crushing defeat of Austerlitz, and abandoned her claims of domination whether in Germany or in Italy, the Emperor, who had crowned himself, began to make Kings. He appointed his brother Louis King of Holland and his brother Joseph King of Naples. He abolished the Holy Roman Empire, and informed the gratified Electors of Bavaria and Württemberg that they were now to be Kings. Nor did Napoleon forget his trusty Marshals. His brother-in-law Murat was made Grand Duke of Berg, with Düsseldorf as his capital, and grumbled loudly at the smallness of his duchy; Berthier became Prince of Neufchatel, and Bernadotte Prince of Monte Corvo, a Papal domain in Southern Italy. Before Austerlitz, Napoleon had proclaimed himself King of Italy, with his stepson Eugène Beauharnais as his Viceroy; and he now showered Italian duchies on his Generals and Ministers, with a Papal

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Perspective Impressions

Market street, the Thoroughfare That Was.

These are trying times, but we stay-at-homes should at least be patient and hopeful.

Don't let yourself be run over on any of the four tracks, for if you do you'll be suspected of opposing municipal ownership.

It may be that many of the doughboys couldn't pronounce Cantigny, but that didn't prevent them from taking it.

Now that the cars are operating on the four tracks we feel awfully sorry for Dr. John Gallagher.

Will somebody please notify the supervisors that the country is at war?

In Memoriam, Livingston Baker of San Francisco: Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

A tax eater who uses a city motor car for joyriding should be fined and fired.

Speaking of garbage, there's a good deal of it on the municipal pay roll.

Sometimes the ordinary law-abiding citizen is puzzled to find the dividing line between IWWism and Union Labor.

Rose Pastor Stokes probably realizes that parlor radicalism doesn't pay.

George Creel says he isn't a Socialist. But does he know?

We salute Douglas Campbell of California, first American Ace.

People who wanted to catch a ferry boat during the past week, got off the stalled cars at Fremont, taking transfers to Shank's Mare.

Some public men reap their reward during life; history confers honors upon others. Which would you rather be?

At La Croix Rouge

By Catherine Postelle

Pensee took her work and went to one corner of the long table. She drew her shoulder up high so that the woman on her right could not see. The woman at the end was giving out cloth, needles, thread and thimbles and would not notice. Six weeks it had been since she had heard. Six weeks is a long time. One could not sleep for listening, one could not eat, and if the hands trembled—

The others were different. When Pensee glanced over her hunched shoulder down the long line of faces, she saw how calm they were. They made bandages as one hems a fine table cloth, or makes a flower in the end of a towel. As for Pensee a crimson blot seemed to come in the center of the bandage she held.

That was a pretty woman who sat beside her. She was very proud. She said she had two sons in the service, officers, both of them. One was instructor in a training camp; Captain Dusil, that was. The younger had just been made lieutenant. They might go to France, she did not know. One must be prepared for that.

A woman at the other end of the table began talking in a loud voice. Pensee had never seen her before. She had auburn hair much waved and curled and a very large nose, and her fingers sparkled as she drew out her thread. "If I had a dozen sons—"

There was a clattering noise, someone had let the big shears fall. Pensee started. Her heart beat so fast. She did not know why she was such a fool.

"If I had a dozen sons," the red woman began again—she had a scarlet coat hanging from her shoulders—"it is at the front I would wish them, every one—at the front."

Pensee tried not to hear. She wished to shut her ears with her fingers, but she was afraid someone would see. The words seemed to pierce inside her heart—"at the front."

A little woman looked up from her sewing. Pensee saw a tear fall on her bandage. She had a timid voice, but the words seemed wrung from her lips as she looked down the long table. "How many sons—how many sons have you at the front?"

The red woman stared. "How many? Oh! I

have none. God did not give me any children. But if I had, I would give all to my country." She shook out the folds of her scarlet coat and patted her hair with her glittering fingers.

"My God!" thought Pensee, "how brave she is, and I have but one and God knows—" She could not thread her needle and the crimson blot on her bandage seemed to grow and grow.

"We must give to the last—to the very last one. Noblesse oblige." It was Madame Charleton who spoke. She was very old. She had had many sons. They were all dead. Long ago they had gone away, one after the other, in little white coffins. Madame Charleton went every Sunday with flowers for the row of little graves. "My God!" thought Pensee again, "but she has forgotten. She is very old."

"All my time I give," the red woman began again, "seven sweaters, and casques and socks, oh! innumerable. I hate a—slacker as I hate a coward, a woman who weeps."

Pensee covered over her work, she hunched her shoulders higher. What if they knew of her tears? What if the red woman knew that when the postman turned in the little gate she ran and stopped her ears lest— But six weeks! God had made her so, very little and with such a heart that it trembled at every sound. These were brave women at La Croix Rouge.

Pensee looked again at the woman with the sparkling fingers. She hid her own knotted hands under the cloth. Working had made them like that, working for papa and Alcide, papa and Alcide, all she had in the world.

A small, dark woman with blowsy hair blustered into the room. Her voice was high and shrill. It struck Pensee's ears like blows from a hammer. She had a paper in her hand which she shook at the woman at the table. "The Americans are at the front. It is Pershing's casualty list. I thought you would wish to hear. Thirteen wounded. Only six killed. No one that we know. But one from this state. Alcide—Alcide—the print is bad—looks like Condigny—something like that."

Pensee dropped forward on the table as from a mortal wound. No one noticed. The women were counting the work, folding, sorting it

away. Pensee was blind and sick to death. Somewhere in France—a battlefield—Alcide lying there, dying alone, trampled upon,—dead, stiff and stark and cold—and she so tender of him all the years of his life, brooding over him with fond and foolish ways. Oh! God had made her so. She lay quite still, stricken with an uncompromising wound.

Then suddenly as with a rush of wings something swept over her. To the front, to the ultimate sacrifice he had gone—to his death—her son—he had kept nothing back. Oh! She knew, laughing and brave to the last. He had given his gift as a king gives a ransom, freely, carelessly,—a lustrous deed—her son, worthy of some great strong mother who with such freedom could give her gift, who could make her sacrifice with such splendid generosity.

Pensee lifted her face—sore stricken—oh! if one's country demands a son, one must look like that. The women saw. They huddled about her. "Oh! was it her son? Oh, was it your son? Oh, what shall we do?" The bravest began to weep. The red woman knelt at her feet and buried her face on Pensee's knees. They swayed to and fro and moaned as women do.

Pensee stood up. As a trembling acacia she trembled. Her voice shook in her throat, yet when she spoke it was as though she proclaimed a triumph, as of old one proclaimed a victory with wreaths and processions and triumphal arches.

"It is my son, Alcide. He is more dear than seven sons. Somewhere in France—it is for his country—he is kill!"—Reedy's Mirror.

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The Kaiser's Napoleonic System

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The Spectator

Maude Allan Sues for Libel

A San Francisco girl, through the medium of the London courts, has started a sensation which shares with the war a place on the first page of every big newspaper in the world. Maude Allan's suit for libel against a London editor has evoked revelations of the most startling kind. The names that have been brought into this remarkable case are those of men and women whose prominence is international. First of all there is Maude Allan herself, who has won fame or notoriety—call it as you please—all over the world by her classical and other dancing, and who has done this in spite of the handicap involved in being the sister of Theodore Durant, the murderer of Blanche Lamont and Minnie Williams. Then there is Herbert Asquith, former prime minister of Great Britain, recently before the public in connection with a political intrigue to overthrow the government of Lloyd George; Mrs. Asquith, his wife, one of the most celebrated women in Europe; Mrs. Keppel, the favorite of the late King Edward VII; Viscount Haldane, Hegelian philosopher, translator of Schopenhauer and Secretary for War in the British Cabinet at the outbreak of the war; Justice Darling, a judge who has tried some of the most sensational litigation of his day and who is noted for his repartee on the bench; Lord Alfred Douglas, the sinister friend of Oscar Wilde; Prince William of Wied, late "Mpret" or Emperor of Albania; Captain Harold Sherwin Spencer, an American who was a member of the international gendarmerie in Albania during William of Wied's inglorious reign; and others of equal importance, like Joseph Caillaux, former premier of France, now about to be tried for treason, and Giolitti, the deposed premier of Italy. The most obscure name of all is that of the man who started this whole scandal, namely, Noel Pemberton-Billings, M. P. and editor of a London weekly called *The Vigilante*.

The Shocking Charges

Asquith and his wife, Viscount Haldane and Justice Darling were charged in the testimony taken during the libel action, with being degenerates. It was charged that their names, together with those of thousands of other degenerate Englishmen and women are in a book compiled for the German government, and it was further charged that this book was used for blackmail on behalf of Germany, the men and women listed in it fearing exposure so much that they were amenable to orders issuing from Berlin. William of Wied, it was testified, showed this book to Captain Spencer in Albania. A Mrs. Villiers Stewart also testified that she had seen this book. Mrs. Keppel was charged with making a trip to Holland in the interest of German intrigue. More names would have been mentioned had not Justice Darling called a halt. He said he was indifferent to the mention of his own name, but did not want others ruined by charges which he evidently considered preposterous. The existence of the blackmail book

containing 47,000 names was first asserted in an article in Pemberton-Billings' paper, but that article dealt only in generalities, and perhaps would have excited little comment had not the same paper, the following week, made an attack on Maude Allan.

The Attack on Maude Allan

It seems that Maude Allan had been appearing at the Independent Theatre of London in Oscar Wilde's "Salome," doing the "Salome" dance which will readily be recalled by those who saw her dance in San Francisco eight years ago. Pemberton-Billings' attention, it seems, was called to this dance by Marie Corelli. He wrote an article about it, saying it was a glorification of a certain form of degeneracy and adding that if Scotland Yard investigated the subscribers to the Independent Theatre it would find that their names were in the German blackmail book. This was as much as to say that Maude Allan was doing a degenerate dance because the patrons of the theatre were degenerates and would like that sort of entertainment. Maude Allan and her manager, J. T. Grein, immediately brought an action of libel

Her Salome Dance

This same Salome dance was the sensation of Maude Allan's appearance in San Francisco in 1910. At that time it was carefully explained by her manager, R. E. Johnston, that this Salome dance was not supposed to be the dance Salome did before Herod, but a vision or dream of Salome after the terrible sight she beheld when Herod ordered the execution of John the Baptist. It was a very gruesome dance, the bloody head of the Baptist playing an important part in it. The dramatic critics were variously affected by it. The public regarded it as a very morbid exhibition—and flocked to see it. Doubtless it is this dance or something like it which Maude Allan has been doing in the production of Wilde's "Salome" at the Independent Theatre.

Maude Allan in San Francisco

That visit of Maude Allan to her native city caused quite a stir. She had not been here since the execution of her brother, Theodore Durrant, having been sent abroad at that time to be educated for the stage by a well known wealthy San Franciscan, now dead. When she came here on her American tour, after having made a great success in London, she was accompanied by her father, William Durrant, who was introduced to her friends as "Mr. Allan," and also by Violet Carl Rosa, the daughter of an English operatic impresario. She gave nine performances here, and their success may be judged from the fact that they netted \$30,000. Before leaving San Francisco she gave a supper in the Red Room of the St. Francis to a number of the acquaintances she had made here. It began at eleven at night and lasted till five in the morning, and was a very merry affair. All the dramatic critics were present, with one exception. That particular critic had greatly offended Maude Allan by his animadversions on her Salome dance, and, speaking of him at this supper, she remarked to several of her guests: "I should horsewhip him, but I can't, you know, as I'm a lady." Her father took great pleasure in showing an album of photographs depicting Miss

Allan's villa on the Thames as well as her social triumphs; also in pointing out that the jewelry she wore included gifts from the Princess of Teck and others equally important.

Watson's Poem on Mrs. Asquith

Perhaps the most interesting figure in this astounding scandal is Mrs. Asquith whose high position in society has been subject to attack before. I refer to the episode of "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue." It was in October, 1909, that William Watson startled London with "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue." I suppose most people have forgotten its murmurings. It was copyrighted in this country by the John Lane Company. Here it is:

The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue

She is not old, she is not young,
The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue;
The haggard cheeks, the hungering eye,
The poisoned words that wildly fly;
The famished face, the fevered hand—
Who slights the worthiest in the land,
Sneers at the just, condemns the brave,
And blackens goodness in its grave.

In truthful numbers be she sung,
The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue;
Concerning whom, Fame hints at things
Told but in shrugs and whisperings;
Ambitious from her natal hour,
And scheming all her life for power;
With little left of seemly pride;
With venomous fangs she cannot hide;
Who half makes love to you today,
Tomorrow gives her guest away;
Burnt up within by that strange soul

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She cannot slake, or yet control;
Malignant-lipp'd, unkind, unsweet;
Past all example indiscreet;
Hectic, and always overstrung—
The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue.

To think that such as she can mar
Names that among the noblest are!
That hands like hers can touch the springs
That move who knows what men and things?
That on her will their fates have hung!
The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue.

It Astounded Everybody

The newspapers of October and November, 1909, in reprinting this poetical diatribe, hinted darkly at the identity of the woman who had aroused Watson to such fierce animosity. While the poem breathes a "saeva indignatio" worthy of Swift, it was not on account of its literary merit that it excited such widespread interest. Apparently, everybody who was anybody in London knew that when Watson dipped his pen in gall he had the wife of the then prime minister of Great Britain in mind. Granting (though of this I cannot speak with any special knowledge), that the daring characterization was faithful to life, then the poem revealed a side of a remarkable woman's character which may have been commonplace to the initiates of London society but which had never before been bared to those of us who, no matter how far removed we may be from the circles in which Mrs. Asquith moves, have nevertheless heard much of her peculiar beauty, her captivating personality, her inimitable wit and her brilliant career. In all that we had read of her there had been no hint of the darker shades which the poet threw across his picture. If Mrs. Asquith has a poisoned tongue, if she sneers at worthiness and blackens the characters of the dead, if she is incapable of friendship and cherishes insatiable ambition, then all those who had previously written of her had carefully toned down her character to make it alluringly feminine, full of the fascination of childlike irresponsibility, and in so doing, apparently, had confessed that art may not paint with the bewildering contradiction of coloring used by nature. I say nothing of the charge now made against her: it sounds preposterous.

The Original of "Dodo"

For years Mrs. Asquith has been the pet of London society. Emma Alice Margaret Tennant was her maiden name, but her friends knew her as "Margot," and when Benson made her the heroine of his well known book he thinly disguised this nickname by calling her "Dodo." She was the daughter of Sir Charles Tennant, a great ironmaster who long boasted the loftiest chimney in Scotland. Gladstone liked his daughter so much that he made the ironmaster a baronet and a trustee of the British Museum. One of Sir Charles' other daughters married Stanley, the great African explorer. From her earliest entrance into London society Margot Tennant was conspicuous and influential, but when E. F. Benson, the clever son of the then Archbishop of Canterbury, made her the heroine of a novel which immediately became a best-seller, her fame became international. "Dodo" was something of a shock to a novel-reading public which had not yet cultivated a taste for highly seasoned fiction, but it was undeniably a clever, well-written book and would have become popular even if it had lacked the adventurous interest attaching to the scarcely-hidden personality of its chief character. If examined in connection with Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways" it would supply one of those remarkable instances of parallelism which are so

often mistaken for plagiarism. Also it suggests Robert Hichens' "Green Carnation" on account of the clever nonsense with which it is crammed. No wonder Benson was suspected of having written that satire on Oscar Wilde—he was capable of it.

She Founded "The Souls"

Speaking of Oscar Wilde brings me to that curious coterie which Margot Tennant founded and which, by the name of "The Souls," was first internationally famous and then narrowly escaped becoming infamous. Oscar Wilde was a member of that eclectic association, although his name is rarely connected with it nowadays; so were Arthur Balfour, George Wyndham, Beerbohm Tree, Alfred Lyttleton, Mrs. Tree, Lady Granby and Lord Elcho. It was a coterie of hyperintellectual brilliants of the most intensive cultivation; men and women who met in musky drawing rooms to utter pale paradox and purple epigram. But in the pursuit of estheticism it very nearly developed a great public scandal, and when some of its members were threatened with destruction in the Oscar Wilde debacle, it crumbled to pieces. About the time that Watson wrote the invective on Mrs. Asquith "The Souls" had been tentatively revived, and the breath of scandal blew upon it again. Perhaps we shall find that "The Souls" supplied the slender evidence with which Germany has been trying to blackmail English men and women.

Some of Mrs. Asquith's Friends

Margot Tennant is the second wife of Herbert Asquith. She is much younger than he, as was mentioned by Prince Lichnowsky in that part of his celebrated "Memorandum" which dealt with English society. "A cheery young wife," he called her. The greatest men in Europe have esteemed it a favor to enjoy her friendship. She was a personal friend of the Czar and the Kaiser. Once when the Kaiser was in London she made a wager that she would force him to speak to

her, and by a clever maneuver she succeeded in doing so while riding in Rotten Row. So pleased was he with the acquaintance that he waltzed several times with her at a state ball in Buckingham Palace. Gladstone and Tennyson were also her intimate friends. She was the life and soul of the celebrated yachting party organized for Gladstone's diversion when he visited Copenhagen and had his interview with the Czar. Tennyson, who was a very vain man, was bored throughout the trip; and Mrs. Asquith used to tell of the rivalry which existed between the two grand old men, the one anxious to talk all the time and the other equally desirous to read aloud his favorite productions, until their fellow-passengers became so weary that they would glide softly away, leaving the statesman declaiming in solitary grandeur at one end of the yacht and the laureate intoning from the Idylls at the other. Always the fair Margot has been the favorite of the old and wise; her quizzical repartee frightens the unlicked cubs of society.

What Mrs. Asquith Looks Like

Photography, I have been told, is unjust to the contour of Mrs. Asquith's face; even words seem inadequate to describe her beauty. Her eyes, her nose, her cheeks, her chin, and the trick of her tongue in protruding timidly between dazzling teeth have frequently baffled paragraphers. The eyes are mischievous; when she is serious, gray as squirrels, but when she laughs, deeply and pellucidly blue. Fine eyebrows are matched by long sweeping golden eyelashes. Her skin is as white, as satiny, as translucent as a baby's; the fact that it remains today, when she is no longer a young woman, rosy and unwrinkled, has given rise to many stories, but it is asserted positively by those who know that she never resorts to paint or powder. Her complexion is the result of plenty of cream and porridge when she was in the nursery; also of her regular hours—until the age of nineteen she was never up after nine o'clock at night, and even now it is said to be a matter

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of unusual importance which takes her out of bed before ten in the morning. But it is her expression which makes Mrs. Asquith irresistible. Her nose is inconsequential, and critics have objected to the size and shape of her mouth; they have said that her chin is "too saucy." But the face as a whole is inexpressibly ravishing in its perpetual transitions from grave to gay, from what one admirer has styled "the divine wistfulness of a Monna Lisa to the contagious hilarity of a Beatrice." Is she the forbidding person Watson painted and the London lawsuit intimates? It seems incredible. It is true that in "Dodo" she is represented as superbly egotistic, incapable of conjugal or maternal love, and morally irresponsible; but these qualities lose their repellent aspect when joined to her Gallic vivacity, her aptitude for talking clever nonsense and her wonderful fascination of character. For the rest, it has been written of her that she is a splendid amateur actress, excelling equally in Ophelia and in ingenue roles; that she is a matchmaker with a score of successful unions to her credit, and that she has set the fashions in London season after season.

Her Style of Witty Nonsense

In order that readers may form some idea of the sort of charm which attaches to Mrs. Asquith's conversation, I will quote some of it as given by Benson in "Dodo." It must be remembered that Benson hit the mark so well that everybody in London who read his book, knew immediately whose picture he was drawing.

That's profane, but it's only out of the Catechism. Who wrote the Catechism? I always regard the Catechism as only a half-sacred work, and so profanity doesn't count; at least, you may make two profane remarks out of the Catechism, which will only count as one.

Mrs. Vivian comes tomorrow. You must be awfully good to her, and take her to see all the drunken idlers in the village. That will be dear of you. It's just what she likes. She has a sort of passion for drunken cabmen who

stamp on their wives. If you stamped on me a little every evening she would cultivate you to any extent. Shall I lie down on the floor for you to begin?

Don't you like paté? Of course one's very sorry for the poor, diseased geese with a bad inside, but there are so many other things to think about besides diseased geese that it doesn't signify much.

We must remove all the sofas out of the room, because they don't look religious, and I shall cover up the picture of Venus and Adonis. I have got the sweetest little praying-table upstairs, and a skull. Don't you think we'd better have the skull, Edith? I think it makes one feel Sunday-like. I have found two dreadfully nice lessons. I forgot the Bible was such a good book. I think I shall go on with it. One of them is about the bones in Ezekiel which were very dry.

Have some tea and give me another kidney—two, I think. What happens to the sheep after they take its kidneys out? Do you suppose it dies? I wonder if they put india-rubber kidneys in. Kidneys do come from sheep, don't they? Or is there a kidney-tree? Kidneys look like a kind of mushroom and I suppose the bacon is the leaves.

I've got an admirable conscience. It is quite good, without being at all priggish. It isn't exactly what you might call in holy orders, but it is an ecclesiastical layman, and has great sympathy with the church. A sort of lay-reader, you know.

I've upset a lot of salt over your coat. Pour some claret upon it. Oh, no, that's the other way round, but I don't see why it shouldn't do. Have some more steak, Jack? Where's the gravy spoon? Jack, have you been trying to steal the silver?

The Caddishness of Watson

When "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue" was published it was thought at first that Watson had merely embalmed in verse a little of the pungent gossip of London, but, according to the poet's subsequent confession, he was guilty of an act of caddishness. He admitted that what he knew of Mrs. Asquith to her discredit he had learned as a guest in her own home. How a man with any sense of propriety could be guilty of so flagrant a violation of the social code it was difficult to conceive. It seemed to many that this circumstance argued Watson of unsound mind. His confession seemed to make it evident that in his case the eccentricity of genius bordered on mental disorder. And yet one cannot tell about these geniuses. Voltaire lampooned Ninon de l'Enclos after she had given him money to buy books. When Watson was knighted not long ago by Lloyd George, it was thought that the present prime minister was taking a slap at his predecessor and former friend.

Justice Darling and Alfred Douglas

The present libel action brings once more the remarkable spectacle of Lord Alfred Douglas, the evil genius of Oscar Wilde, confronting the celebrated Justice Darling in a court room. For this "exceptional young scoundrel," as Henry Labouchere called him, confronted Justice Darling just five years ago, and then as now they tilted bitterly. When Oscar Wilde wrote "Salome" for Sarah Bernhardt (who refused to play it when Wilde was disgraced and jailed), he wrote it in French with the assistance of that brilliant Frenchman, Marcel Schwob. The English version included in Wilde's works is by Lord Alfred Douglas. Hence his appearance in the present libel action brought by Maude Allan. Douglas characterized the production of "Salome," which caused all the present trouble, as objectionable and disgusting. Asked whether he regretted having met Wilde, he replied: "I do, to my most intense honor. Wilde had a diabolical influence on people. He was the greatest force for evil that has appeared in Europe in the last 300 years." This is not bad, coming from Wilde's consort. We are told that there were angry scenes in the court room when attempts were made to revive Douglas' connection with the Wilde nastiness. Justice Darling ruled out this line of questioning with the re-

mark: "We are not trying Lord Alfred Douglas." Whereupon Douglas retorted that he was not there to be browbeaten by the court and would answer any questions he liked.

The Ransome Libel Action

It was in the Spring of 1913 that Douglas brought an action for libel against Arthur Ransome, who in his book "Oscar Wilde: a Critical Study," had stated that Douglas was responsible for the public disgrace of Wilde; that he had stayed with Wilde after the latter's release from Reading Gaol for mercenary motives alone; and that he had finally abandoned Wilde and left him penniless in Naples. In bringing this action Douglas committed the same folly that Wilde was betrayed into when he commenced a libel action against the Marquis of Queensbury, Douglas' father. That suit led to Wilde's disgrace and imprisonment; the suit of Douglas against Ransome (Douglas lost it) made the public aware as never before of the loathsome character of the lord and ruined him irretrievably. He stood pilloried before the world, the object of one of the most tremendous indictments ever drawn by one human being against another. For the unpublished portions of Wilde's *De Profundis* were read into the record and

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proved to be a scathing arraignment of Douglas for his treatment of Wilde. No such literary document had ever been given to the world before. These unpublished portions of De Profundis had been sealed in the British Museum in accordance with the rule of literary ethics which forbids the publication of such documents during the lifetime of those whom they would embarrass. They were not to be opened until 1960.

Lord Alfred's Demeanor

The reading in Justice Darling's court of this unpublished document wrought Douglas to a frenzy. On the first day of the reading he asked the judge to allow him to retire. "Do you feel unwell?" asked the judge. "No," replied Douglas. "Then sit down," said Justice Darling. On the second day of the reading Justice Darling noticed that Douglas had slipped away. "Let somebody fetch him," he ordered. When he was brought back Justice Darling warned him that if he absented himself again judgment would at once be given against him. Time after time Justice Darling had to tell Douglas not to be impertinent and to stop interrupting the testimony. When the reading was completed Douglas relieved himself with this outburst:

"It is the most horrible document I ever read in my life. It is the case of a man deliberately sitting down in prison writing a letter imputing low motives to another man. It is the most horrible, meanest, and most disgusting document I have ever read in my life. Here am I, ruined and hunted down by all sorts of brutes. This is the height and depth of treachery, and

meanness, and vileness, after I had made all these sacrifices for him."

A great deal of testimony given at that trial was not published in the newspapers. Letters and poems of Douglas were read which it was deemed fitting to ignore in print, and an infamous article which he contributed to a French periodical was not quoted, though it was read into the record. One London paper said that a quoted blasphemy of Douglas against the Deity "caused a shudder to pass through even the most hardened of listeners." The dilletantism of Douglas was in evidence despite his awful predicament, for when an attorney read one of his sonnets he complained that the insertion of a word had spoiled the metre. It was brought out, too, that Douglas had written an article comparing his father to Jack the Ripper. After that trial we thought we should hear no more of Douglas. Yet here he is again!

Reappearance of Mrs. Keppel

From the time when she disappeared from court on the death of her chum, King Edward VII, we had heard almost nothing of Mrs. Keppel until she appeared in the Maude Allan action for libel. The grave charge is made that she had gone to Holland at the instance of a camarilla which sought the return to power in England, France and Italy of the former premiers Asquith, Caillaux and Giolitti, this being part of the treasonable conspiracy forced upon certain prominent men and women in London under threats of blackmail. Mrs. Keppel was at first granted the privilege of proving that she had not been in Holland since the outbreak of the

war. But later Judge Darling withdrew this permission, on the ground that this whole matter was irrelevant. Whether Mrs. Keppel remains under a cloud, or whether the charge made against her is considered preposterous, it is impossible at this distance to make out. Doubtless we shall have light on the matter before long.

She Was in the Background

After the death of King Edward in 1910 this much-discussed royal favorite suddenly disappeared from the limelight. Her dramatic return at the present time reminds us that she is bound to figure in a comprehensive history of Edward's reign. Victoria's son will rank in history as a king who dissipated the gloom of a court which had long been noted for its puritanical hostility to the traditional dissipations of royalty. To give posterity an accurate conception of Edward's character it will be necessary for historians to tell of his social diversions and of the persons who contributed to his royal pleasure. Consequently Mrs. Keppel will move with enchanting grace through the pages of that yet unwritten history.

The King's Last Chum

When King Edward ascended the throne several London papers announced that he had become a model husband, but a little later some sprightly gossip was circulated anent an attempt to burglarize Mrs. Keppel's home. It was said that the object of the burglars was to get hold, for blackmailing purposes, of letters written by an exalted personage. And the London

*We are in this war to win, and
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

police imparted a soupcon of Sherlock Holmes mystery to the affairs by hinting that the crime was planned by a titled crook. When King Edward had a narrow escape from a serious accident on board Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock II, on the occasion of a trial trip, the London papers made a big sensation of the incident, but suppressed the news that Mrs. Keppel was on the yacht. King Edward in his long and frolicsome career had many feminine chums, among them the Jersey Lily, and Mrs. Cornwallis-West who is now under a cloud, but none ever engaged the royal intimacy as long or as exclusively as Mrs. Keppel. This was not surprising, for King Edward was a known connoisseur of femininity, and Mrs. Keppel had a beautiful face, a voluptuous figure, a splendid carriage and an active and merry mind. Physically and mentally she was endowed with just the qualities sure to amuse a monarch wearied with the care of government. King Edward was authority for the statement that it was the wit and tact of Mrs. Keppel which most appealed to him. That wit and tact should happen to dwell in a woman of Mrs. Keppel's loveliness was one of those happy coincidences which sometimes make kings the envy of ordinary mortals. But it would doubtless have been too much to expect that King Edward would have made Mrs. Keppel his chum if she had boasted wit and tact without beauty, for he was intensely human. All his chums had wit and tact, and were beautiful women of voluptuous proportions as well.

Mrs. Keppel's Good Luck

That there were golden advantages attached to the rare honor of chumming with King Edward was known to all, for the many marks of royal favor conferred upon Mrs. Keppel were heralded in the press of two continents. In one of their tete-a-tetes King Edward confided to Mrs. Keppel a tip on American Steel which netted her a million dollars. The king had the tip from Sir Ernest Cassel, his private banker, who, in turn, had received it from the late

Pierpont Morgan; so it will be seen that the king did not let his favorite go far wrong in the investment of her money. One Christmas the king presented her with a magnificent mansion in Grosvenor street. Mrs. Keppel's old house in gloomy Portman Square had grown distasteful to her, and the king in finding her a new dwelling, was careful that it should be within easy access of the palace. Much comment was lavished on a particular feature of this new home—a private entrance at the rear on a narrow dismal street given over to mews. An instance of Mrs. Keppel's tact may be of interest. The late Duchess of Manchester had one of the most famous chefs in Europe. When the duchess died King Edward tried to secure his services for Buckingham Palace. He was greatly chagrined to find that somebody had been beforehand with him, but his chagrin gave way to perfect satisfaction when he found that that other was the charming Mrs. Keppel. As he dined at Mrs. Keppel's much more frequently than at the palace, the arrangement exactly suited him. Queen Alexandra did not like Mrs. Keppel and resented her nickname of "Queen George." But she tolerated her, just as King Edward tolerated George Keppel, the husband of his chum. It was understood in English society that wherever the king was invited Mrs. Keppel had to be invited, too. If a hostess with her own ideas of propriety tried to make an exception to this rule she found that the king was indisposed and could not accept her hospitality. For many years George Keppel effaced himself. Finally, however, King Edward made him Orderly Officer; but his principal title was Husband to the King's Chum. And now that chum is drawn out of retirement into a nasty scandal!

Maude Allan Loses

Maude Allan lost her sensational suit, after Pemberton-Billings, the editor, had declared that he had not meant to charge her with degeneracy, only with pandering to the degenerate. And so this remarkable case comes to an end, and the prominent people nastily mentioned in it seem to have no opportunity for vindication. She who has been called "the woman with the serpent's tongue" seems to have made no attempt to vindicate herself, doubtless taking the ground that she was above suspicion. Herbert Asquith probably took the same position. The erstwhile admirer of Germany and German philosophy, Viscount Haldane, was not heard from either. The fourth who was charged with perverse practices, Justice Darling, made it plain that he thought the charge not worth answering. Mrs. Keppel, however, acted differently. Her loyalty to England was directly attacked, and she sought to defend it, but was denied the chance. The stormy petrel of the trial was Douglas, and doubtless Londoners are asking when that unhappy wretch will retire from the limelight for good and all. Poor Maude Allan was forced to testify that she was the sister of Theodore Durrant, an admission she had never made before during her public career, and the bitterness of the humiliation may have caused her to regret that she brought suit. The ending of the case is equivocal. One is left in the air, so to speak. What about the book of 47,000 names? Even at this distance from London one has a ready answer to that. Granting there is such a book, who would accept its evidence against reputable and distinguished Englishmen on the authority of that sink of every corruption, the bureaucracy of Berlin? We have not forgotten the Berlin camarilla, the unspeakably depraved Round Table.

Benny Leonard and Jim Coffroth

Benny Leonard has gone away from California after helping to raise \$38,500 for the soldiers. It is a noble sum, and it was nobly raised. Collaborating with Benny Leonard in the work was "Sunny Jim" Coffroth, whose managerial capacity is world famous in the realm of fistiana. It was Dr. Raycroft of the War Department's commission on training camp activities who enlisted the services of Coffroth. Dr. Raycroft informed Coffroth that Camps Fremont and Kearny needed \$6,000 to buy boxing gloves. Coffroth replied that he could raise enough money to buy boxing gloves for all the camps. "How?" asked Dr. Raycroft. "With Benny Leonard," answered Coffroth. So the great little fighter was appealed to, and came to California immediately from Camp Upton in New York. Boxing shows were given in San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles and San Diego. Here is the result:

San Francisco.....	\$23,000
Oakland	7,000
Los Angeles	6,000
San Diego.....	2,500
Total.....	\$38,500

It would seem at first blush that San Diego didn't turn out very well to see Benny Leonard's wonderful glove work, but it must be remembered that San Diego has one-eighth the population of Los Angeles. Actually, therefore, San Diego responded many times more handsomely than Los Angeles, which fell behind Oakland.

Two Athletic Clubs Compared

When Benny Leonard and his manager, Billy Gibson, came to San Francisco, they were put up at the Olympic Club. They lived there, took their meals there, and Leonard had the run of the gymnasium for his training. The club paid all their bills in fact, including their laundry bills and the bill for Billy Leonard's telephone messages to his mother in New York. The club even paid Billy Gibson's bar bills (he was informed by some wag that the famous cocktail had been named after him!). That is the way the Olympic Club does things. Now let us see how another club does things. Application was made to the Los Angeles Athletic Club for permission for Leonard to train in the club gymnasium. It was refused on the ground that Leonard was a professional boxer, and that no professional boxer ever had trained or ever would train in the L. A. A. C. So Leonard trained for his Los Angeles bout in Leach Cross's gymnasium. Considering that twenty-two-year-old Benny Leonard was risking his title of world's lightweight champion for pure patriotism, without a thought or an opportunity of a cent's compensation, the action of the L. A. A. C. has excited most unfavorable comment. In a scathing open letter addressed to the directors of "Bevo Junction's" athletic club, E. L. Moriarty of the sporting department of the Los Angeles "Record" had this to say:

"Yes, Leonard is a professional.

"But this tag and label business, gentlemen, this amateur and professionalism in times like ours is liable to work wrong.

"Amateurs and professionals, rich and poor, we're just men and women in a common cause and very much like we'll be on the judgment day, hoping for the best, and with our titles and riches, creeds and labels, purses or medals, netting us naught at all if the verdict go against us."

Was Joan of Arc Beautiful?

The question has been raised, and the delvers are digging into the authorities for an answer.

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All who revere her want to believe that she was as beautiful in face as in soul, and there is evidence on their side. The grandson of Bertrand Du Guesclin, Guy de Laval, who was with Joan in her campaigns against the English, wrote home to his mother that to him she seemed "a thing wholly divine, both to see her and to hear her speak." Philip of Bergamo, in his book on "Illustrious Women," published in the latter part of the fifteenth century, quoted an Italian eye-witness as describing her "of moderate stature, of a rustic countenance, not beautiful, but honest-faced, as of one accustomed to simple living and open air; she was very strongly built." "Not beautiful" may mean that she did not conform to court standards of beauty wherein cosmetics, etc., played a very large part. Perceval de Boulainvilliers said of her: "Haec puella competens est elegantiae," that is to say, sufficiently handsome. In an early mystery play she was shown "beautiful and white as the rose." Holinshed said: "Of favour she was accounted likesome." Andrew Lang insisted on her beauty; so did Mark Twain—and they had studied deeply in her history.

Copa de Oro, Not Eschscholtzia

Town Talk's suggestion that California do away with the German name of its State flower and go back to the beautiful Spanish name is interesting more and more people all the time. The following letter appeared in the "Safety Valve" of the Chronicle a few days ago:

California's Emblematic Flower Misnamed

Editor The Chronicle—Sir: I cannot imagine why, under the blue canopy, the emblematic flower of our State had to be renamed. The early Franciscan padres, who did so many good and beautiful things for this country, called the emblematic flower of California "copa de oro," which is Spanish, and literally translated means "cup of gold." Now, what could be more appropriate? California is called the Golden State. The emblematic color of California is of a yellow hue. Yellow is the symbol of constancy. All so fitting and blending. To me it is sacrilegious to change our Spanish names. We should protect them sacredly and not permit them to be Anglicized, as they too frequently are. They are a part of our early and romantic history. If any one wishes to honor the memory of "Du Eschscholtz," let them name some rugged cliff-like mountain peak for him, and not rename our beautiful golden poppy by such an unpronounceable and uneuphonious name as is "Eschscholtzia." Our Spanish names should be sacredly preserved and dealt with, as are our beautiful and rare missions, by the good and considerate landmark clubs of California.

Colusa, May 14, 1918.

—Teresa Ernst.

Jules Bois Lectures

Tuesday and Friday afternoons of next week will be the last of the lectures in the course on "French Culture from War to War" which is being given by M. Jules Bois in the Paul Elder Gallery. On Tuesday, June 11, at 3:30 o'clock, French Literature, Drama and Art will be discussed. On Friday afternoon M. Bois will take as his theme "The Points of Contact Between America and France."

Get the Tavern Habit

It goes without saying that only a program of consistent excellence could draw the same crowds to the same place evening after evening.

And the inference is plain when one sees, at Techau Tavern, a clientele to whom it has become a habit to "drop into the Tavern" for a little dance and to listen to some good singing. The Jazz Orchestra, famed for its perfect rendition of this popular form of dance music, plays at frequent intervals from the dinner hour to closing time and the evening begins and ends with Merchandise Dances, at which rich and costly favors are presented to the ladies without competition. Favors such as these have a strong attraction for the ladies, including, as they do, some of the most beautiful creations that can be purchased from Livingston Bros. They are such desirable articles as silk lingerie, sweaters, blouses and stockings. Between dances the Show Girl Revue artists entertain with ballads, arias and ragtime, sung with rare ability by fresh young voices, excellently trained.

Furs Go Way Up

Recently there was held in New York the annual spring auction of raw furs—that is, furs in the state in which they come from the trappers. The sum realized was a little more than \$4,000,000, the largest total ever recorded at a sale in New York. Some of the furs did not advance over the levels established at the mid-winter sale, but where this was the case Dame Fashion was largely responsible. Styles change in furs as well as in other things. In most cases, however, the mid-winter auction prices were exceeded, and the advances ranged all the way from 10 to 60 per cent. Comparison of the average prices at the October sale, the first of the 1917-1918 season, with those recorded at the April auction, shows that certain raw furs went up by leaps and bounds. Northern wolf pelts, for instance, advanced 140 per cent for the season, while in southwestern wolf skins there had been a total rise of 90 per cent. The increase in both grades was due in great part to their being substituted for foxes as a result of the shortage in the year's fox catch. Muskrat registered a rise of 120 per cent for the season, the black variety going up 75 per cent. The rise in beaver totaled 105 per cent, largely as a result of the 70 per cent gain made at the midwinter sale. The return of mink to more general use was reflected in an advance of 100 per cent on Northern skins and 50 per cent on those from the southwest. Prices on red fox touched record levels at the October sale, and for the season they showed a total gain of 95 per cent. Marten, often called Hudson Bay sable, went up 90 per cent. Silver fox advanced 60 per cent, and ermine 65 per cent. The increase in silver fox is one of the most notable, in view of the comparatively restricted demand for this fur, and the increasing number of farm-bred fox pelts that is appearing on the market. One of the few furs which showed no increase at the last sale was nutria. This is a South American water animal on the order of a beaver, and its fur has to be rid of the long outer hairs before it can be used. This ridding of the outer hair is known as plucking, and the chief reason why nutria did not do better at the spring auction was that the war had so lessened the supply of pluckers in America that the finishing process was much prolonged and the manufacturers delayed. The largest advance at the recent sale was in ringtail opossum, which went up 60 per cent. This increase was attributed to the fact that the manufacturing furriers had lately discovered that this kind of skin, properly dyed, made a quite acceptable substitute for kolinsky, which is a higher-priced fur. Blue fox is not only scarce but much in demand, and at the spring sale it went up 50 per cent. Marmot, used a good deal for coats,

rose 40 per cent. Russian sable, after having scored no rises at the fall and midwinter auctions, went up 30 per cent at the spring sale. Not only will the prices be sustained for the period of the war, but trade opinion indicates that they will continue to increase thereafter. Factors in a further rise in prices, it is contended, will be the import embargo placed on furs from many countries and the further depletion of the ranks of American and Canadian trappers by the war's demands for man power.

Questionings of a German Philosopher

Oh, say what made Creation's Lord become,
Sire, thine ally?
It must be as thou sayest, but I sometimes wonder why.
How came He, too, to make the pact without conditions, when
He makes conditions in the case of other mortal men?
And as to His selection of the Hohenzollern Line
To dominate all Europe and to rule by right divine
I do not doubt at all the truth of thine imperial voice,
But I sometimes fall a-puzzling at the reason of His choice.

Is God a German? I would ask. And can He haply claim
Some kinship with thy family and high-exalted name?
And is the essential spirit of Teutonic "Kultur" quite
The same as Christianity and one with Sittlichkeit?
And, if so, must we then expect that Nature's course will tend
To "Deutschland uber Alles" as the Universal End?

—E. A. J.

An Alibi

A local lawyer the other day recalled an experience of his when, as a newly fledged barrister, he was called upon to arbitrate in a compensation case in regard to certain slum property. Accompanied by an official from the city hall he proceeded to inspect the houses—there were six of them—and directly they set foot in the first one they noticed a distinctly disagreeable smell. In the second it was the same—only more so. The third one they entered was even worse. The official sniffed and sniffed. "What an unpleasant—ahem—odor," he said at length. "Can it be the drains?" The owner of the property shook his head. "Can't be the drains," he replied emphatically, "there ain't none."

Camouflage

A nervous old beau entered a costumer's and said: "I want a little help in the way of a suggestion. I am going to the French students' masquerade ball tonight and I want a distinctly original costume—something I can be quite sure no one else will wear. What can you suggest?" The costumer looked him over attentively, bestowing special notice on his gleaming, bald and shining head. "Well, I'll tell you," he said, thoughtfully. "Why don't you sugar your head and go as a pill?"



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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

How the Bidding Started

The tale of how San Francisco went over the top at the auction sale of the Stage Women's War Relief Benefit has been told already. But underneath the coup there was a fine Italian hand. It was that of a woman who loves this city ardently and did her bit to maintain its reputation for generosity. Crane Wilbur, the auctioneer of the occasion, held aloft the program and asked: "How much am I offered? New York bid eight hundred at their benefit; Chicago five hundred. Do not let San Francisco fall behind." In a second, amid a breathless silence, a woman's soft, musical voice called out, "One hundred dollars!" Wilbur gasped, there were salvos of applause, and then the bidding mounted in a few minutes to twenty-two hundred and might have continued but Mrs. Otis Skinner, the New York representative of the society, announced that in justice to the performers and the audience who had paid to see them, the bidding was closed. That evening Mrs. Giorgio Caglieri, widow of one of the founders of the Bank of Italy, radiantly described the afternoon's performance to her son Victor and announced, "And I made the first bid of one hundred dollars for the program." Her son laughed, saying, "Why, mother, that was a high beginning for these hard times. Suppose they had called you." "Well, suppose they had?" she replied, "I was ready to pay. But there was not the slightest possibility, my boy. I have lived in this city since I was three months old and I know the people too well not to be sure that the bidding would climb to a high figure in a few minutes." Mrs. Caglieri is an enthusiastic worker in the Vittoria Colonna Association and draws vivid word pictures of the distress which those splendid women relieve in our Latin quarter.

From Acting to Nursing

I met Miss Virginia Neale in nurse's garb at the St. Francis Hospital the other day. A little more than three years before I had met her when she was playing at the Orpheum. She had been several years on the stage and was at one time in Anna Held's company. When I expressed surprise at her change of occupation, she beamed as she told me she had graduated last week, and she touched the nurse's pin she wore as proudly as a Frenchman laying reverent

hand upon his Legion of Honor decoration. At a dinner at the Olympic Club given in her honor, I recall hearing her brother-in-law, a retired naval officer, expatiating upon our inevitable entrance into the struggle and her saying: "I wish I could do something to help." She said the other day that a week after that dinner she had begun her nurse's training with the idea of nursing American soldiers if need came; otherwise to go to France for the same purpose. She had lived in Paris the year preceding the war and she said the thought of the distress of the French people haunted her and impelled her to learn the right way to be of service. She is performing post-graduate duty at the hospital to make up for two months' absence during her course of training. In October she will take the state examination, then go to one of the cantonments for intensive training before going to France. Miss Neale is tall and graceful. She looks like a big doll with flaxen hair, large brown eyes and a lovely delicate complexion. When I asked her permission to write her interesting story, a pink blush suffused her face, her white teeth gleamed in a happy smile, and she said, "Yes, if you think it might encourage some other girls to take up this glorious work. So much work must be done and so many, many nurses are needed."

A Golden Jubilee

The services at St. Mary's Cathedral in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival in this city from France of the Christian Brothers were impressive in the extreme. Solemn high mass was celebrated by priests all of whom were graduates of St. Mary's College. Their vestments were cloth of gold; flowers of golden hue bloomed upon the golden-lighted altar; the most precious sacred vessels were used; the archbishop wore his most gorgeous raiment, as did the acolytes, and the golden-voiced Paulist Choristers sang. I have never heard music so spiritually exalting as their unaccompanied responses. Their crescendo and diminuendo were soul music. Rev. John Sullivan of Menlo Park, a St. Mary's graduate, preached an eloquent sermon paying high tribute to the Christian Brothers who have achieved honor in educating a large number of the most distinguished citizens in the United States and whose order labors in the work of educating youth in every quarter of the globe, while the Brothers, men of the highest culture, live ever in obscurity. The key note of his sermon was patriotism. He called attention to the many starred service flags of the Brothers' schools which draped one of the balcony railings. Within the balconies sat rosy-cheeked, wide-eyed little students from St. Joseph's Academy (the St. Mary's preparatory school), and from Sacred Heart College. At the close of the service, the Paulist Choristers walked from the choir loft to the sanctuary singing "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Bunker Hill Celebration

The one hundred and forty-third anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill will be celebrated on Monday, June 17, in Golden Gate Park. A magnificent patriotic program arranged by Charles H. Cassasa will be rendered by the Golden Gate Park Band at 2:00 p. m. All patriotic citizens are invited to attend. Celebration of Bunker Hill Day is always under the auspices

of the Bunker Hill Association, which was organized in 1861 as the Sanitary Commission which corresponded at that time to the Red Cross Society and raised thousands of dollars for the sick and wounded.

To Rebuild St. Mary's

To formulate plans for the rebuilding of St. Mary's College, recently destroyed by fire, a meeting will be held at the St. Francis at half after eight o'clock Monday night. Members of the Alumni Association and other prominent citizens will be on hand to meet Archbishop Hanna and the faculty of the college. All who desire to take an active interest are invited.

At the Cecil

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Gray motored up from Los Angeles and will be at the Cecil for several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Goodman and son George Goodman, who have been visiting Mrs. G. E. Goodman Jr., returned yesterday to their home at Walnut Creek. Miss Vera Walton of Washington, Ga., and Miss Claire White Fitzgerald are recent arrivals. Mrs. Louis Meade of Byron Hot Springs is receiving a cordial welcome from her many San Francisco friends. She will remain at the hotel for another week and is accompanied by her little daughter. Mrs. A. Dudley and Mrs. V. Woods of Philadelphia are visiting their mother, Mrs. W. L. Adams. Mrs. Woods' husband, Lieutenant Woods, is in the United States Navy. After a pleasant sojourn at the Cecil, Mr. and Mrs. John Gray returned this week to their home in Cour d'Alene, Idaho. Mr. and Mrs. Riddle were hosts at a dinner of ten covers Tuesday. Mrs. A. F. Johnson has returned to San Francisco and will make her home at the Cecil. Mrs. C. M. Cooley of Chicago is a guest. Mr. and Mrs. Wyche entertained informally at luncheon Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. George M. Perine are sojourning. After a two weeks' trip in the mountains, Mrs. H. M. Beall has returned to her apartments.

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The Stage

Sweet-and-Twenty Tells About It

Lou Tellegen is the most adorable actor in the world. I saw him in the movies and thought him very nice, but in propria persona (is that right?) he is just too sweet for anything. Such eyes! And that noble brow! And that sensitive mouth—I know he must have suffered some time in his life. And he is so tall and slender, and moves about the stage with such princely grace! I think Geraldine Farrar is the luckiest woman in the world! The play is perfectly lovely. It is called "Blind Youth," and was written by Willard Mack (you know, he was Marjorie Rambeau's husband—don't you adore Marjorie Rambeau?) and also by dear Mr. Tellegen. What brains Mr. Tellegen must have! It is the loveliest play I ever saw. I think Mr. Mack put in all the exciting parts, and Mr. Tellegen put in the French words and the dear love scenes. They thrilled me through and through. You just ought to have heard the audience applaud for Mr. Tellegen. And he was really and truly modest, and didn't realize for quite a while that all the applause was for him. But when he did, he made the nicest speech. And then everybody applauded him again. Would you believe it, I split a nice new pair of white kids. But I don't mind—I'd do it again for a nice actor like Mr. Tellegen. I liked the actresses very much, especially Marie Chambers, but not as much as Mr. Tellegen. And Mr. Porcasi was very good, but not as good as Mr. Tellegen of course. And Mark Smith was awfully good, too, but Mr. Tellegen

was the best. He talks the loveliest English, and makes the sweetest love! I have tickets for the matinee, to see him again. Goodbye.

—The Listener.

Carter De Haven at the Orpheum

Carter De Haven and Flora Parker will be the new headliners at the Orpheum next week. This pair of young artists have always been a brilliant success. They have just completed a series of comedy films which whetted the public's desire to see them in the flesh again. De Haven writes the songs and jests he and Miss Parker use. "The Honeymoon" is Aaron Hoffman's newest comedy in which Glen Anders will appear. Dixie Norton and Coral Melnotte will appear in singing, dancing and a male impersonation by Miss Norton. The Taylor Trio, one man and two girls, have a sensational wire act. The patriotic sketch "The Frontier of Freedom" which is creating a furor; Julie Ring in "Divorced"; Kathleen Clifford, "The Smartest Chap in Town," and Sallie Fisher in Clare Kummer's "The Choir Rehearsal" will be the other attractions.

"Intolerance" at the Cort

D. W. Griffith's colossal spectacle "Intolerance" will be screened at the Cort for a week, beginning Sunday. Its spectacular wonders have never been equaled. There are three love stories, each with its separate characters. The players include such celebrities as: Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Miriam Cooper, Constance Talmadge,

Bessie Love, Seens Owen, Margey Wilson, Robert Herron, Alfred Paget, Elmer Clifton, Tully Marshall and Walter Long. The special orchestration will be a feature. A daily matinee will be given.

Tellegen Continues

Lou Tellegen will begin the last week of his engagement at the Columbia Monday night. The play is "Blind Youth," a dramatic comedy in three acts. In it Tellegen appears here for the first time as an English-speaking player. The usual matinees are given Wednesday and Saturday.

New Morosco Show Coming

Coming here from the Morosco Theatre, New York, where it has held the boards for a year, Oliver Morosco's newest "fun show," "Lombardi, Ltd.," with Leo Carillo as the featured player, will be seen at the Cort Monday, June 17. Novel characterizations are said to be important factor in the success of this play. The authors are Frederic and Fanny Hatton, who also wrote "Up Stairs and Down," which will be here shortly. Grace Valentine, Warner Baxter, Hallam Bosworth, Harold Russell and the rest of the New York cast will be brought here.

A Kansas soldier is said to have written home to his mother that he had so many blankets on his bed that he had to use a book mark to see where to get in.



DIXIE NORTON AND CORAL MELNOTTE

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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays):
10c, 25c, 50c.

Rome of the Christians

By Vincent McNabb

Some one lately asked if Christianity was really the product of a horizontal limestone formation.

* * * *

When I stood for the first time on the winter-hued spurs of the Alban Hills and looked westward to the narrow horizon that was the Mediterranean, Rome itself suddenly revealed to me its indebtedness to geography.

As far as the eye could carry into the West there stretched an unbroken fenland. What seemed the one solitary mound in this dun place stood up a little above the dominant weary level, as the hill, crowned with Hugh of Avalon's Minster, stands shoulder-high above the fenland of Lincoln. The little mound, picked out here and there as with spikes of grey grass and dun-hued fungi, I knew to be the City of the Seven Hills, crowned with slender campaniles and the shadows of many domes.

When I first saw it from the fire-twisted spurs near Lake Albano I realized that the highwaymen who made it, in time, the centre of the world, had indeed chosen an abode to their liking. No death birds could have built an eyry more fit for their craft.

It lay too far inland from the mouth of the unnavigable Tiber to be open to any surprises from the sea. Yet it was too far westward from the crescent of Alban and Sabine hills to be open to any attacks from the landfolk of the hills. It was thus, by nature, a robber fastness isolated from sudden attack. When it set out on its role of robbery there were some thirty towns in the surrounding fenland. Soon there were none. But where they once stood grew the low olive tree or the lowlier grass, but no ash or elm or pine to ambush enemies of Rome.

Even as England owes much of its power on sea and land to the happy fortune that made it a precious stone set in the silver sea

That serves it for the purpose of a moat, so, too, Rome's fortunes were bound up with the robber fastness shut out from attack in a fenland waste which the robbers found or fashioned in the plains between the hills and the great Middle Sea.

For a thousand years the fastness in the black fever-haunted Campagna never opened its gates to an enemy except when he came as captive to adorn that greatest pageant of human glory, a Roman Triumph.

* * * *

For a thousand years this carrion bird of the unpassable Campagna battered on the carcasses of nations that were once great as Carthage, illustrious as Greece, brave as Judea.

Roman Law and Roman War—the right and left talons of this hawk among the nations—forced upon the cowed world that most degrading slavery, thrice more degrading than war, the Roman Peace—Pax Romana.

Rome was never a world-wide empire of self-governing States, but a city with world-spread colonies and possessions, a mighty Gens (people) with villas in a hundred foreign lands. Nor were these peoples a great Nation, but citizens of a great City.

The most coveted honor was not naturalization into an Empire, but the freedom of a great

City, which gave to its countless slaves the sufficiency and security of law and order, and to its chosen freemen alone the luxury of life.

* * * *

The best things are easiest to abuse, and easily become the worst under abuse. Caiaphas abused prophecy to abet deicide. Rome employed justice, the holiest of human things, to legalize hypocritical robbery, a crime crying to heaven for vengeance. So thoroughly did this child of Romulus follow its father's fratricidal arts that the world was soon in its keeping.

It gained the whole world, and lost its soul: the rugged soul not yet dead in Cato, and not yet buried in the Brutus whom Shakespeare raised to life.

At last the robber fastness was itself robbed, and Rome, the city of a thousand palaces, became a ruin.

A light was thrown upon these ruins by a chance fact I heard about the college where I lodged. To me it meant a key to Rome of the Pagans and of the Popes. As the college was to be raised several stories high, safe foundations were a necessity. The builders hardly bargained for so much excavation as proved necessary. Deeper and deeper they dug through courses and courses of the ruins that are everywhere the soil and subsoil of Rome. At length their digging and their anxieties came to an end at a depth of some fifty or sixty feet, when they unearthed—a wall!

Thus the master city of the world became a heaped up, deserted Monte Testaccio, Potter's Hill.

Before the doom fell the Emperors with some prophetic instinct removed their court from the doomed city on the Campagna to the splendid capital on the Bosphorus.

No sovereign coveted the potter's field. The Alarics and Genseric of the northmen were too accustomed to woodlands and meadowlands to abide in the cemetery of the Seven Hills. It was enough for them to rifle it and raze it.

Now that the Robbers found it an unfit Rome for their craft, one force alone haunted the spot like a faithful hound that would not leave his master's grave. The spirit of the Christians, whose blood the doomed city had spilled in the madness that goes before ruin, now went about the ruins as if it loved them. It braved the wolves that stole out even by day from their lairs in the Forum and Coliseum. It cowed, by meekness, the fiercer Roman wolves who hid in the same shadows and shed the same human blood. Here and there it set up amidst the ruins a few fallen columns and was found by day and night crooning unworldly chants to the God whose arm had not been stretched out to save—to the Crucified who had honored it with so many blood-sheddings.

None but the martyred followers of Christ would have so loved this city of ruins which had once hated them. But these men, to whom the threat of martyrdom was but the promise of immortality, and thus set beyond the cast of fear, were held to the spot by the noblest sentiment of man, the love of man's soul.

To understand Rome of the Pagans, you must understand brick, cement, law, justice,

robbery, the Forum, the Mamertine, and above all the Coliseum. To understand Rome of the Popes you must understand one thing alone—the soul of a man. But to many this saying is a dark saying, for this thing is an unintelligible thing.

The Popes believed in souls. Therefore they chose to dwell in undercrofts and ruins. No other sovereign, not even a robber king, would have taken up his abode in this Messina of broken arches, shattered pediments, defaced capitals, roofless palaces, charred hearths, empty temples.

But to these dwellers in the tombs the soul of a man is something that does not die even with his death. It is the one absolute that is not a mere wraithlike abstraction. It has eternal destinies, infinite possibilities, inalienable rights. To deny it is to reduce statesmanship to the mode of a moment. To believe in it is to give a starting-point to psychology, to make ethics the science of sciences, to enthrone politics as a fine art and to honor the kingdoms of men as the copies in little of a Kingdom of Heaven. For the soul is the one absolute that is also life.

To me, therefore, the City of Ruins was not a City of Death but of Life. The Celtic blood within my veins was easily stirred by the haunting memories everywhere rising from the ruins. All the days of my sojourn in Rome I was haunted as I have never been haunted before, even by the hills around the grave of Patrick. I rose up to the Presence in the grey winter morning. I found It at my side at midday in the glare of the golden midday sun. It walked with me, not only in the silent gloom of the Catacombs, but in the crowded pathways of the Pincian.

But, unlike the ancient mariner, who was haunted with fear, I was haunted with joy. For all worldly fear is but life haunted with death. But this spent brick-kiln on the Seven Hills, this looted and sacked fastness of the robbers of the world, this tyranny veneered with justice, this curse of slavery by Law and Freedom only for a few, this ruin of good done of malice prepense, this blood of Abel crying to heaven for vengeance, became under the Presence but death haunted by life, the body haunted by the soul.

I had set my heart on seeing the catacomb of San Sebastiano, where Peter of Bethsaida and Paul of Tarsus were hurriedly buried after their execution, where the first forty martyred successors of St. Peter slept near his tomb, and where the choice spirits of every age—Jerome, Dominic, Philip and the rest—consolated themselves in an undercroft of the Eternal City against the shadows of the upper world. A young friar, a mirthful enthusiastic son of the Povrello of Assisi—showed me the sombre joys of this God's Acre below ground, and seemed the very spirit of the place.

Then we came up into the church. God forgive me, I offered him a coin.

On the Holy Word I here witness that this son of the Povrello was the first and last who refused a coin of my offering.

But he laid his two hands gently on my

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shoulders, and with a smile he laid his two young cheeks still more gently in turn upon mine, in what the men of the Middle Ages called nobly the Pax.

It was the new and better Pax Romana!

* * * *

On my way homeward at nightfall along the Via Appia my mind was haunted by these disjointed phrases:

"I have done with justice. I am not a worthless chattel in a cruel world-process of Law.

"I am a Soul!

"And though I bear upon my shoulders the golden fetters of faith, I am no serf, but God's own freeman.

"For I feel upon my cheeks the hot, yearning kiss of Christ."

—From "The Wayside," publ. by Benziger Bros.

Letters

A Novel of Business

In "Flood Tide" Daniel Chase has told the story of one "big business," its rise and fall, and its effect on the organizer. The narrative is thrown into the form of a biography, beginning with the earliest recollections of a child in a New England seaport town. Richard Coffin passed an ideal childhood and youth, for though he lost his mother almost before he was old enough to remember her, his father was able to provide him with an abundance of comfort and some luxury. By nature he was a dreamer and circumstances permitted him to dream. He had a college education, and being of studious habits, his first choice was to become a professor of languages. His wise father, however, advised him to look about and take his time before making an irrevocable decision, and an examination into the real conditions under which college instructors do their work put an entirely new face on the matter. Moreover, there was a girl to be considered. A young man who enters into an engagement of marriage must be practical and progressive, and a business career offered the immediate solution. Richard Coffin accepted a small clerkship in a wholesale house, and by and by, being duly promoted to a post of some responsibility, began to dream again, this time, not of Romance languages, but of a chain of grocery stores. The methods by which this dream was made a reality, and the expansion of the scheme to include allied and contributing businesses is graphically and convincingly described. One of the youthful dreams of this successful operator had been the elimination of competition, and not the least interesting of the episodes in his career was the fulfillment of this very idea, but in a diametrically opposite sense. The history relates the complete absorption of its author into the whirlpool, so that his youthful romance came to a disastrous end. There was no time nor energy left over for "that sort of foolishness." And then, in due course there came a distaste for mere money-making and a craving for more life, which was sought first in luxurious idleness and then in the hardships of exploration in Central America, both equally unsatisfactory in bringing contentment. The speculations and mismanagement of a trusted partner brought the grocery trust to a sudden and disastrous termination, leaving Richard Coffin with little more than the old home and the half-interest his father had held in the village store, and there he found, too, his old sweetheart, whose own career, on a smaller scale, had been much the same, a hectic search after

contentment, if not happiness, which they found just where they began, after completing the circle. The book is unusually well written, and well balanced, so that the interest never lags, whether the narrative is dealing with the village life of the child, the college years of the youth, or the city experiences of the young clerk, the progressive business man or the disillusioned plutocrat. Daniel Chase is not a well-known name, and no other titles are listed to his credit. If this is a first book the author will prove well worth watching. From the Macmillan Company.

Record of War Nursing

"A War Nurse's Diary" is not precisely a diary, since it is not a daily record, nor is it dated even at intervals, and though it is, of course, a chronicle of personal experiences, the writer has displayed rare modesty in dispensing with the "perpendicular pronoun," wherever possible and giving credit to the whole staff. The account covers the first fourteen months of the war, when a hospital unit from England volunteered for duty in Belgium, and later, advanced into France. At first everything was in confusion, accommodations and supplies insufficient and nothing very certain except that services were imperative. Perhaps it is because of the restraint under which this brief story has been written that it has such gripping force. There are no hysterics, no sentimentalizing, no efforts to produce "effects," but one reads of the hasty removal of desperately wounded men to escape from bombardments, the resourcefulness through which some sort of make-shift accommodations was provided, and the courage and calmness with which desperate situations were faced, and gains therefrom an increased respect for the cheerful, practical workers who do with their might what their hands find to do. This is not a record of horror, but the occasional brief reference to special cases would almost justify the belief that army surgeons, using the means at hand, are all but equal to compassing the resurrection of the dead. There are a number of illustrations from photographs, but neither in picture nor in any other way is a hint given of the identity of the author. From the Macmillan Company.

The Shadow of Noon

By Iseult Gonne

I thought this book in my hand
When walking by the water
On the sun-delighted strand,
This grey pictureless book,
This book of weighty thought,
This so elaborate book
That some slow mind has wrought,
A strangely useless thing.

The hours of noon are done,
My shadow is twice my length
This violet afternoon
As I in my indolence
Tread on the delighted strand.
And yet when all is said,
The beauty of the place
Seems like the words I read,
A strangely useless thing.

But even the sun-flecked blue
And this elaborate book
Have got a work to do:
Not to be out of place,
To be eager, solemn and gay,
Solemn to run their race.
I neither rule nor obey
A strangely useless thing.

For the Pig

The following incident of food control in England is offered by a correspondent of the London Spectator: The owner of a pig wished to kill it and share it with his friends, but fearing he might come under the regulations against hoarding, he asked his local food committee to advise him on the point. Here is the answer: "Re killing pig—This is permissible if done in moderation."

Last Aid

Mr. Tompkins was obliged to stop over night at a small country hotel. He was shown to his room by the one boy the place afforded, a colored lad. "I am glad there's a rope here in case of fire," commented Mr. Tompkins, as he surveyed the room, "but what's the idea of putting a Bible in the room in such a prominent place?" "Dat am intended foh use, sah," replied the boy, "in case de fire am too far advanced foh yo' to make yo' escape, sah."

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Uncertainty was the dominating influence in the stock market the past week, because of the attitude of Government officials regarding the proposed new taxation measure, to be presented at the present session of Congress. Another disturbing fact was that the war industries board at Washington had recommended a continuation of the present 23½ cents per pound price for copper for seventy-five days, beginning June 1st. The market, up to this time, had been strong, and sentiment was extremely bullish, but these influences had an important bearing on the market situation. Therefore it was not surprising that prices should have receded from the higher levels. The announcement of an increase of 25% in rail rates had only a temporary effect on the rail market, as it came just at a time when the Industrial list was under pressure, and traders were not in a receptive mood. At the decline stocks were well taken, and the undertone to the market was firm, and as is usually the case whenever the news is bad, support seems to be forthcoming. The all important point in the market at this time is the question of new revenue legislation at this session of Congress or at the next session, and the immediate future of the market rests entirely on the decision to be rendered by the administration on this point. The business of the country has been established for this year on the basis of existing schedules. Any material change in them would immediately upset all calculations that have been recently made so far as profits of the various companies are concerned. To illustrate the danger to the market of a material increase in tax schedule this year, we need but cite the position of the Copper Companies. The price has been fixed for a period up to the middle of August, so that for two-thirds of the year its revenues cannot vary, while the net earnings may be completely upset by a change in the tax schedule. Until official announcement is made on this point, we anticipate irregularity in the market. However, the trade seem to be expecting a large increase in taxes, and while, no doubt, a large increase can be expected, yet it is doubtful if taxes will be as large as some of the trade are anticipating. The decline in the market to some extent has discounted the maximum taxes expected by the trade, and should the tax schedule show some modification, as no doubt it will, prices will move up again. We are not looking for a bull market in stocks, but we do believe that almost everything in the way of bearish news as a market influence has been discounted, and when the good news comes on the market, prices will be in a position to advance quickly.

Cotton—An oversold condition was responsible for the rally of something like 200 points in the market last week. After the short interest had covered, the market was allowed to react again,

and all of its advance was lost. On advances of this kind it must not be forgotten that the visible supply this year is 500,000 bales more than last year, and that spinners' takings are 2,000,000 bales less than last year. The strength in spot cotton is due to the lack of good middling cotton available, and the tenacity with which the South is holding on. There seems to be plenty of low grade cotton, and as this can be delivered on contracts, it has a tendency to keep the price of July cotton at a discount under spot prices, and is rather misleading. The condition of the growing crop continues exceptionally favorable, and barring a few isolated localities, where the weather is either too dry or too wet, the crop is said to be at least two weeks ahead of normal at this season of the year. There seems to be plenty of moisture in the localities that produce the bulk of the crop, and while there is a shortage of labor, as there is everywhere, this factor has had but very little influence on the market, and will not be felt until picking time. The present price is high enough to warrant paying good wages, and no doubt the crop will be taken care of as usual. The next two months are the most trying period in the cotton plant, and a good many things can happen to the crop, but with such a favorable start, it is reasonable to expect a large crop, if not a record one, considering the increase in acreage. There will be upturns from time to time, due to an oversold condition, but as long as the crop continues to show such good prospects, we doubt very much if present prices will hold. The export situation is such that we can hardly expect much help from this factor for some time, and with the large supply of actual cotton hanging over the market, it will take a lot of courage to advance prices more than occasional rallies.

German "Peaceful Penetration"

Incidents like the seizure of cotton stored in this country for the benefit of Germany only serve to emphasize the grip which German interests had obtained here. It had long been suspected that the big manufacturers in Germany were preparing for the resumption of work after the war by acquiring raw materials surreptitiously in this and other countries at comparatively low prices. This was in order to avoid the higher ones which a scramble would cause when peace was declared and many long-delayed demands for the materials would be put in. It would not be at all surprising if it were discovered that similar purchases had been made of copper and other metals, rubber, and wool. Wherever stores can be reached which are really owned by German interests, dealing with them will be easy. They will simply be sold to Americans, and in such a way that they cannot be turned over to the

Germans. Other interests in which subjects of the Kaiser are concerned are not so easily dealt with. Take, for example, the cases of going industries in this country which are virtually owned by various of the large manufacturers' trusts in Germany, and in some of which the Kaiser himself and his entourage are financially concerned. The Alien Property Custodian has taken them under his charge, and they are in many instances making large war profits. It would be a manifest injustice to let these profits inure to the benefit of those who set the war going, yet it would be an injury to this country to stop the industries themselves. Mr. Mitchell, the Custodian, believes the time has come to stop piling up profits for the Germans and that their interests should be sold out to Americans so as to put an end to German "peaceful penetration" of industries in this country. German industrial enterprises always remain German. They never become American, and must, therefore, be prevented from gaining a foothold here.—New York Times.

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Senator George Sutherland of Utah relates the following: One evening a young man attended a circus, where one of the big features of the show was a beautiful lion tamer. Entering the ring, followed by the lion, the fair charmer placed a lump of sugar between her lips, which the king of the forest took from her with his teeth. Instantly the youth sat up and began to take notice. "Great stunt all right," he enthusiastically shouted to the performer, "but I can do it, too!" "Of course," scornfully replied the pretty performer, who didn't like having her act minimized, "but do you really think you can?" "Most assuredly," was the prompt rejoinder of the young man, "just as well as the lion."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JENNIE VIRGINIA ENGEL, Deceased. No. 24,349; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of JENNIE VIRGINIA ENGEL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of J. E. White, attorney at law, 831-833 Monadnock Building, 681 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JENNIE VIRGINIA ENGEL, deceased.

FERDINAND J. LE CAM,

Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of JENNIE VIRGINIA ENGEL, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 25th, 1918.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney,
831-833 Monadnock Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-5-25

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DAVID J. KELLY (also called D. J. KELLY), Deceased. No. 24348. Dept. No. 9.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of DAVID J. KELLY (also called D. J. KELLY), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of DAVID J. KELLY (also called D. J. KELLY), deceased.

HELEN K. THURSTON,

Administratrix of the Estate of DAVID J. KELLY, (also called D. J. KELLY), Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 25th, A. D. 1918.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, California. 5-25-5

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARIA GAGLIARDI, Plaintiff, vs. HENRI GAGLIARDI, Defendant. No. 89657. Dept. 10.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: HENRI GAGLIARDI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion of the plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
4 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Cal. 5-25-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 89,873; Dept. 10.

JULIA SETTLES, Plaintiff, vs. E. L. SETTLES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: E. L. SETTLES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of May, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
H. I. PARKER, Deputy Clerk.

W. H. CLAY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
527 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-8-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 88832; Dept. No. 7.

IDA M. ESTES, Plaintiff, vs. EDWIN H. ESTES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: EDWIN H. ESTES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3rd day of April, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALFRED B. LAWSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 88770. SHIGETOSHI SAIKI, Plaintiff, vs. KIYOE SAIKI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

D. K. SEIBERT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: KIYOE SAIKI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of April, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

D. K. SEIBERT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-13-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ABRAHAM SOPHEY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ABRAHAM SOPHEY deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Frank J. Fallon, Merchants National Bank Building, 625 Market St., Room 615 which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ABRAHAM SOPHEY deceased.

MARGARET S. GILBERT,

Administratrix of the estate of ABRAHAM SOPHEY deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 11, 1918.

FRANK J. FALLON,
Attorney for Administratrix,
Merchants National Bank Bldg.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LEON KAUFFMAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix and Executors of the estate of LEON KAUFFMAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix and Executors at the office of A. L. WEIL, Alaska Commercial Building, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LEON KAUFFMAN, deceased.

CELESTINE, Usually Called LINNIE KAUFFMAN, SYLVAIN S. KAUFFMAN, WILLIAM H. LOWE, Executrix and Executors of the Estate of Leon Kauffman, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 8, 1918.

A. L. WEIL,
Attorney at Law,
Alaska Commercial Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 6-8-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION OF TRUSTEES FOR ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. No. 21727. Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of SUZANNE ALFERITZ, Deceased.

It appearing to this Court from the Petition presented and filed on the 27th day of April, 1918, by Celeste M. Vergez and Lyman L. Mowry, Trustees under the Will of Suzanne Alferitz, deceased, praying for an order of sale of all of their interest in certain real estate, that it would be beneficial to the estate and to all persons interested therein that said sale should be made;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, that George H. P. Alferitz, and Yvonne C. S. Alferitz and all persons interested in said estate and real property, appear before this Court on Tuesday, the 18th day of June, A. D. 1918, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. at the courtroom of this Court, Department No. 10, in the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of all of the interest of said Trustees in said real property;

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks before the said day of hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated: May 10, 1918.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

NORMAN H. HURD,
Attorney for Trustees,
604 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-18-5

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The Hoax of Spectrism
Our Confidence in Foch
“Hazard”, a War Story
Atilla, King of the Huns
Dr. Muehlon's Disclosures
The Mess in Market Street
The Marines on the Marne
The So-called “New Poetry”
The United States and Japan
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THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXII

San Francisco-Oakland, June 15, 1918

No. 1347

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The Mess in Market Street

If the people are satisfied with the mess that Mayor Rolph has made of Market Street it is absurd for a mere newspaper to complain. Nor is it any use perhaps to discuss the illegality of the Mayor's conduct. As a matter of fact nothing is illegal which the people find it to their advantage to regard as right. If the people view the paralleling of the United Railroads' tracks throughout the length of Market Street as eminently proper regardless of the law, why should the courts interfere? This is Democracy, for which we are making the world safe at considerable expense. At present the world is somewhat topsy-turvy—in San Francisco as well as in Russia and elsewhere, and we must adjust ourselves to our environment.

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Our Zealous Mayor

Mr. William M. Abbott, after reviewing an editorial in The Recorder which seems to uphold the action of the Mayor in paralleling the tracks of the United Railroads in Market Street, deals quite calmly with the law of the case, making it perfectly clear that the city had no legal right whatever to do the thing which has been done. He is apparently amazed that The Recorder should have approved the Mayor's conduct or that it should have thought it possible for any decent citizen to resent (which is the word used) the attitude of the United Railroads. The Recorder has virtually taken the position that, right or wrong, the Mayor's act should have been accepted as gracefully as possible, and that it was a mistake for the corporation to start litigation for the protection of its property. The Recorder is not peculiar in its views of the matter. This law journal thinks as does the average citizen of San Francisco regarding the rights and duties of the United Railroads, or rather as the average citizen has been thinking of recent years.

Swat the company at every opportunity, has been the general sentiment, and the result has been that our Mayor, like a zealous demagogue, has played a somewhat immoral part in dealing with the corporation. He has done his best to earn the plaudits of the people and of papers which, like The Recorder, have pronounced expediency a rational rule of action. But may not the Mayor in his zeal have gone too far? In swatting the company he has inadvertently swatted the whole city, and it may be hard to forgive him. The dear people are never so moral as when they find it inexpedient to be otherwise. And history proves that if it be painful they will not "stay put" even for a friend, and it must be admitted that the congestion on Market Street is very painful. Surely our amiable James appears to have overplayed his hand.

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Our Confidence in Foch

It is not too much to say that all the nations which are battling to preserve civilization have more confidence in Foch than they had in "Papa" Joffre. France gave Joffre to the Allies; the Allies selected Foch. They have no reason to repent their momentous decision at Versailles. Foch inspired confidence as soon as he took hold, and that confidence remains unshaken. From March 21, when the first of the present series of German drives began, we have all felt that Foch had a firm hand on the situation. This feeling is strengthened by a reading of the article Foch wrote lately for an English weekly paper. In that article Foch made it plain that he contemplates offensive warfare. Evidently he is biding his time, and will not be forced into the hazard of a decisive stroke until he is thoroughly ready. What he wrote of reserves which he calls "the prepared bludgeon," was significant. "Reserves," he said, "must be husbanded with the most extreme parsimony so that the bludgeon may be strong enough to make the blow as violent as possible. Let loose at the finish, without any lurking idea of saving them, with a well-thought-out plan for winning the battle at a point chosen and determined, reserves are thrown in all together in an action surpassing in violence and energy all other phases of battle." When will the finish come? When will Foch let loose his reserves? We do not know. But we suspect that it will not be until his reserves are augmented by many accessions of force from America. So we

must keep on sending him bayonets, and still more bayonets until he tells us he has enough.

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The Marines on the Marne

The fighting Marines have been adding another chapter to their glorious annals. The Marines, we know from their recruiting posters, are "the first to fight," and in any kind of a scrap they are facile principles. If there is any stay-at-home who does not thrill to read of their dashing exploits amid the villages round and about Chateau-Thierry, he is no true American. That Marne-watered region has soaked up the life's blood of fighting men through all the centuries whose chronicles are extant. Julius Caesar fought there with the Gauls. It was in that neighborhood that Frankish Clovis smote the barbarians hip and thigh. There were staged the obscure wars of Merovingians, Carolingians and Capetians. Charles Martel trod that ground martially, and so did Pepin the Short. Normans, Burgundians, Armagnacs, English, Spanish—if that ground could speak, it would tell of their bloody comings and goings. Thereabouts Napoleon won a victory shortly before the end of all his victories. Yes, it is fighting ground. Its soil is the dust of two-fisted heroes. And if we could borrow Gabriel's trump and summon all those mighty soldiers from its mould, there is not one of all that host but would salute the Marines as their brothers-in-arms. For a great fighter knows a great fighter anywhere, and if it were possible, all the doughty givers and takers of blows who fell by Marne-side and Chateau-Thierry would hail our gallant Marines across the centuries.

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Religion in Germany

How comes it that cruelty, inhumanity, perfidy, all sorts of Hunnish frightfulness in fact, are rampant in a nation once considered religious? Has Christianity no hold on the German people? Are the teachings of the Bible forgotten by the compatriots of Luther? The questions are asked very often. It is not easy to answer them, especially when the Kaiser lifts hands that are stained with the blood of babies in supplication or thanksgiving to the Most High. It would seem to the outsider that the Germans consider themselves religious, that their overlord regards himself as a pious man. How can they make this great mistake? A little light is thrown on the mystery by a book which had quite

Hazard

By Hugh Pollard

The little group of men in the clubroom had been discussing matters that they loosely termed psychology, and the talk developed into a heated argument upon the question of bravery in war. The disputants were eminent civilians, but their age had spared them first-hand experience of the present war.

A younger man, a Major in a Territorial battalion, was sitting near the group, and the lure of khaki was too strong for one of the speakers to resist. "What do you say, Major?" said he. "Have you found what our friend here calls 'the consciousness of moral right' the great incentive to bravery in the field?"

"I am afraid I do not know enough about the men's minds to answer that," said the Major, "but I can tell you of an incident, and leave the decision to you."

"In the ordinary way, you understand, personal valor does not much matter; some men I know are literally fearless, they do not experience what we call the emotion of fear at all, because, so far as I can understand them, their minds cannot form the image of anything unpleasant happening to themselves. The majority are not in this happy case, and do most certainly know fear, yet the fellows one would have imagined could never have stood up to the strain of modern battle fighting manage to get through with it, though many a man has told me that he felt all the time as if he were unreal—as if these terrors were happening to him in a dream.

"In the normal way the soldier's valor is not put to any moral test, for there is no choice. He simply has to go on with the rest, accomplishing his duty and taking luck as he may find it. The real test only comes in extraordinary cases, and then usually to officers rather than to men.

"One of the worst moments in a man's life is when he has to decide if it is his duty to persevere in a tight corner or whether the right thing to do is to retire and save casualties. The fear of being thought a coward may then turn a man into a fool, or the fear of being thought a fool—a criminal waster of men's lives—may turn a man into a coward.

"The incident I propose to lay before you narrows the problem to even finer limits than that. Towards the end of the third war winter we had developed a system of large-scale trench raids in which two battalions would take part. At that time the battalion to which I was attached was a more or less composite unit made up of men and officers drafted from several regiments.

"Among our company commanders were Shaw and Martin—those are not their real names, of course, but they will serve for the purpose of this story. They had been with us several weeks, and had got on very well—for we had a spell of pretty hard fighting, quite enough to show the stuff both of them were made of, and, so far as personal valor in the field went, I do not think there was a penny-piece difference between them. Honors then were not so thick as they are now, but I believe the O. C. had sent both their names up for recognition.

"Shaw was a confirmed card player, and at the time the whole battalion was mad on cards. You know how crazes run through a crowd like that; one month it will be jig-saw puzzles, then souvenirs will be all the rage, or a new card game or some similar diversion. Martin, too, played like the rest of us, and we had recently abandoned bridge for poker, which was raging for the moment all through the Division. The two men were not in any way close friends, yet there was nothing of hostility in their attitude towards one another. Fellows in the trenches get pretty sick of one another's company, anyway, and an active service mess is never an absolute Agapemone. Still, as I say, there was no bad blood—not even jealousy or friction of any kind.

"About three o'clock in the afternoon we were in the Battalion Headquarters' dug-out—a nice roomy shelter that sedulous Germans had dug deep down in the chalk, and which served us better than it had its former occupants. The Acting Adjutant had called an officers' conference on the raid we were to make that night, and, after the time and all details had been settled, he explained that owing to recent heavy losses in officers, "Corps" had decided that company commanders were to be economized, and that even in big brigade raids such as this only two company commanders were to go with each battalion, while in minor raids only two subalterns per company were to be allowed. The C. O., he went on, had not detailed any special company commanders for the night's duty, and suggested that the fairest means of deciding would be for the officers concerned to draw lots.

"We turned the subalterns out to get the N. C. O.'s together, and some one suggested drawing our tickets from a hat.

"No," said Shaw. "It's a good gamble. Let's cut the cards, for it. Any one object?"

"The suggestion was deemed excellent, and somebody produced a pocket case with two packs in it. Shaw, as our leading card expert, acted as master of the ceremonies.

"Better cut for order of drawing," he said, and the group drew their cards.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "are we all agreed; rules according to Hoyle, and the winners of the highest cards go with the raiders?" There was a little chorus of assent as he re-made the

pack and flirited it out fan-wise upon the crude table.

"The first man drew the seven of diamonds and turned it face upward upon the table without comment. The second player seemed to hesitate a moment in his choice, dabbed with a finger, and turned up the king of hearts. 'Beat that if you can,' he said. Shaw drew the knave of clubs, and Martin—the last to draw—chose a card at random and turned up the joker.

"For a moment—just a fractional second of hesitation—there was silence. Every one had overlooked the odd chance in the pack. 'Cut again or let's all—' said some one. 'No! by God,' broke in Shaw, 'the card stands. He can make it highest or lowest.' 'Damn it all!' said the first speaker, 'it's—' Then his voice trailed off into silence, for he felt what we all felt, and we knew that Martin was facing a question that no one else but himself could decide. He turned the card round mechanically and pushed it toward the center of the table; then, looking Shaw square in the face, said in a slightly husky voice, 'I make it low card.'

"Now, gentlemen," said the Major, "there was a clear case of the right of choice. Martin's action was pure common sense; it was not dishonorable, yet a number of people might consider that he was in honor bound to choose the hazardous course rather than the safe one. He gave us no explanation, nor did we ask him for one, and it was only many months afterwards and quite by chance that I learnt one of the factors that may have guided his choice. At the time that Martin underwent his ordeal his wife was within a few days of her delivery; but as I say, he never told us, never justified or attempted to explain his action, but I believe imposed silence upon himself as a penance.

"Both he and Shaw have fallen in action since, but I believe, as I believed all along, that Martin was morally the braver of the two. Still, I leave you to debate it."

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The United States and Japan

(Jabez T. Sunderland has just published through G. P. Putnam's Sons a work entitled "Rising Japan." The following review of the book is from the London Times. It will interest all who are students of American-Japanese relations.)

Modern history affords few more striking instances of the mutability of human affairs, in their international aspect, than it does in the case of the relations between the United States and Japan. Seventy years ago Japan was dragged by the United States out of the national hermitage in which she had lived in absolute isolation from all the rest of the world for nearly 250 years, and from that time onwards the States claimed to stand somewhat as parents to Japan, the child which they had brought into the world. Their citizens contributed much to Japan's education in Western science. Their diplomatic representatives, from a very early day, began to encourage Japan in her aspirations for the complete recovery of the political and financial autonomy which she had, in her ignorance of international polity, signed away when her first treaties were made with Western Powers. They were Japan's nearest Western neighbors. They had nothing to gain from her. Her territorial integrity and national independence ran no risks from them in the days of her military impotency, when Asiatic grab was prevalent among Western Powers. They became, in the progress of time, her best commercial customers. They were always proud of the progress of their child. They took, it is true, a nominal part in the bombardment of the Choshu forts at Shimonoseki in 1864 and a very substantial share in the plunder, but their share was never absorbed in the national revenue, as it was with us, and it was ultimately returned in full—the principal, not the accrued interest. Reparation was thus made for the only rift in the complete harmony, full of faith and affection, that continued between the two nations down to the first decade of the present century.

Until then it seemed as if nothing could ever arise to interrupt their friendship; and then, in a moment as it were, in the twinkling of an eye, all seemed to change, and from being the best of friends they became apparently the most bitter of enemies, as suspicious of all the future as they were forgetful of all the past. The Californian immigration question was the first cause. Japanese of the working and lower trading classes began to flock to California in tens, hundreds, and thousands. They had the indisputable right to do so under the treaties between the Empire and the Republic, and the Republican Government was bound, both in law and honor, to see that Japanese immigrants into the United States enjoyed their clear treaty rights, under the protection of the United States laws and officials, free from all molestation or disturbance. But the State of California would only admit Asiatics to reside within its limits as hewers of wood and drawers of water. It would have no equality of competition or association with them, and it, too, was within its strict constitutional rights in legislating for all the inhabitants of the State. The resultant imbroglio was overcome by the good sense and liberality of the Japanese Government. They recognized the difficulty that faced the United States Central Government and the good will by which the latter was actuated, and by restricting the issue of passports they placed a limit on the emigration of their own people. And then, when the

immigration question was settled, there followed that of the Japanese threatened encroachments on China, their suspected ambition to convert all Northern China into a sphere of Japanese influence in which Japanese commercial interest should be predominant. This was received with natural resentment by the United States, both from the selfish point of view in that they had no intention of tolerating any embargo which would close or limit a most promising field for their growing industries and Transpacific trade; and also from the purely altruistic sympathy which they, as Republicans, had for the struggling Republican government of China, which was in its political infancy and too much distracted with internal complications to withstand those that were forced on it from abroad. This difficulty was settled by tactful diplomacy on both sides. A new agreement was made in which Japan promised to observe the independence and territorial integrity of China and the principle of the open door, and the United States were satisfied that she would keep her promise.

And now entirely new conditions have arisen which render it necessary that there should be a complete understanding and the fullest friendship between the two Powers, not only in their own interests but in those of the civilization and future peace and well-being of the entire world. Both are now the enemies of Germany and both are guardians of the Pacific against German aggression. On Japan rests the burden of preventing Germany's obtaining a base on the Siberian coast from which a new campaign in submarine warfare could be initiated on the Pacific, a campaign which might be no less destructive to the interests of the Allies than that which has been waged on the Atlantic. On the United States rests the guardianship of all the Eastern coasts of the great ocean. Both nations have their tasks in protecting not only their own common welfare but that of all the world. But there are still lingering traces of the previous ill-will; and suspicion of Japan's aims, of Japan's good faith, seems to manifest itself in the view taken by certain sections of the American public as to her action in Eastern Siberia. It is perhaps founded as much on sympathy with the new democracy of Russia as on any objection to Japan's unquestionable right to take any measures which, in her own judgment, she thinks necessary to safeguard her interests when they are threatened by the most aggressive and still the most powerful empire in the world. Japan fought unaided a great war to free herself from the threat of Russian domination in the Far East, and she will have fought in vain if Russia is replaced on the Asiatic coast by the infinitely more dangerous Germany. So far from incurring mistrust by her action, she should have the full sympathy of the United States in her readiness to stem the wave of German aggression from the very moment when it first threatens to roll eastwards. That is an end for which both Powers should work together in the most complete harmony and mutual confidence, cementing, not impairing, all the elements of their time-honored friendship. They should do so for the preservation of the common interest of both, for Germany undefeated and dominant on the Asiatic coast of the Pacific would be a menace in only a less degree to the United States than to Japan.

Dr. Sunderland's book appears, therefore, at a very opportune moment, and we have no hesitation in commending both the task he

undertook and the manner in which he has performed it. That task is to show to his countrymen that Japan is not "a menace to peace, but a comrade who deserves to be welcomed in the fraternity of nations," whose civilization entitles her to a place in the world on the same plane as that occupied by the best of Christian powers. There were too many of the author's fellow-countrymen who thought and still think otherwise; and a campaign of fierce Jingoist literature was one of the marked features of the period when all was not well between the two nations, of literature in which Japan was exposed to American view as an aggressive, ambitious, and unscrupulous power, as highly organized in every detail of military efficiency as Germany, as ready to pounce on the United States as Germany has shown herself to be on France. There can now be little doubt that the campaign was fomented, encouraged, and subsidized by Germany as one of the far-seeing items in her "Welt-Politik." Both military experts and civil politicians in the United States were engaged in it, and vivid pictures of Japanese strength and efficiency, of her readiness to use both, of the success with which she was likely to do so, first making herself mistress of the Philippine and Hawaiian Islands and then invading the Western States, were exposed with such prominence that it is to be wondered that any United States citizens west of the Rockies were able to sleep comfortably in their beds when this nightmare of an invasion of ruthless Asiatic hordes was ever hanging over them. Dr. Sunderland studied his subject with care and brought a very sober judgment to deal with the facts he has accumulated. He shows plainly and convincingly that all the real interests and sympathies of Japan are in favor of peace, and, were they otherwise, how utterly chimerical are the suggestions that she could ever transport across five thousand miles of intervening ocean a force sufficiently large to threaten danger to the territorial safety of the United States, or land it if it were transported. And if it were landed, or even if the island colonies were triumphantly seized, what then? Dr. Sunderland shows that Japan would be only at the beginning of a war that might end in her own ruin. His words are so consoling to us in our present crisis that we may quote them in full:

"The resources of the United States are practically inexhaustible. She is by far the richest of nations. No other three, probably no other four, combined could sustain the drain and strain of war so long as she alone. . . . If the necessity arose she could, in a year's time, put into the field five millions of men and, in two year ten millions, thoroughly trained and provided with the most effective arms and the most deadly war appliances of every kind that the modern world could create."

The United States had not entered on the

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Perspective Impressions

First Paul Herriott, now Phil Rader. There is deep mourning in the Press and Newspaper-men's clubs.

Wonder if the Berliners are still driving nails in Hindenburg's wooden head?

With the resignation of James Woods this city loses one of the best police commissioners it ever had.

Now that the output of pleasure autos is to be curbed, a lot of people will have a new excuse for not owning a car.

If the conservation of print paper made the dropping of the comic pages necessary, would anybody complain?

Our hats are off to Madame Schumann-Heink, true woman, true citizen.

Lloyd George praises our soldiers, and he's a mighty good judge of fighting men.

Congress can't seem to remember that it is not running this war.

Germany is worrying about her markets after the war. And well she may. Can't you imagine how popular German sailors are going to be in the ports of the world?

That scheme for rebuilding France seems to have been a bit premature.

It's a long way to Paris, ain't it, Fritz?

Seven hundred thousand of our men in France! We are doing very well indeed, and criticism should hold its tongue.

An old codger who had been married thirteen times died in Illinois the other day at the age of one hundred. We suspect that that baker's dozen of helpmates shortened his life.

Has anybody heard from Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington?

We've noticed a lot of girls in the hotel tea rooms who would make mighty good war nurses.

Atilla, King of the Huns

(Translated from the French by Louis Albert Lamb.)

By Paul de Saint-Victor

Strange figure this of the Caliban of war. He mingles the ferocity of the brutes with the vices of despots; cruel as a savage chieftain and corrupt as an old sultan; he has the violence of the Mongol and Byzantine perfidy; there is in him both ogre and diplomatist. It was not alone by fear, but by ruse that he attacked the Low Empires of the east and of the west. The tiger turned cat to toy with the feeble Caesars who reigned in effigy over the world. He exploited them, he flouted them, he flattered them, and he wore them out with embassies and derisive negotiations; he demanded the impossible, sword to throat, and the impossible was rendered unto him. Rome and Constantinople drained themselves to sate the caprices of this monstrous spoiled child of force. One day he bade the Emperor Theodosius to deliver to him a rich heiress, coveted by one of the soldiery; the girl, terrified, took flight, and Theodosius, under pain of invasion, was compelled to replace her. Another time he demanded of Valentinian the chalices saved by a bishop from the sack of Cirmium: the emperor answered that he could not, without sacrilege, yield up the consecrated vessels, and offered to pay twice their value. "My chalices or war!"—that was the reply of Atilla.

From the depths of his palace of logs which harbored his rude seraglio and horde of children, this Khan Kalmouck terrified the world. It was as suppliants that the ambassadors of the empire approached the royal bark; they wandered about a long time before being admitted to the planked and palisaded enclosure. Coming before Atilla they found themselves face to face with a little pudgy, flat-nosed, beardless man, almost black, whose eyes flamed with anger.

Priscus, who was one of an embassy sent by Theodosius to the barbarian king, has handed down to us a picture of this all but fabled court. He shows us Atilla making a solemn entry into his capital, under white canopies held up by virgins. As soon as he had passed before the house of his minister Onegese, a woman emerged surrounded by servants bearing plates of meat and a tankard of wine. She approached

and besought him to taste the repast she had prepared. Atilla made a sign of assent, whereupon four men lifted to the stature of the horse a table of silver; and without touching foot to earth, the king ate and drank.

A few days afterward Atilla invited the ambassadors to a grand banquet. The Romans entered the hall, furnished with little tables and seats. In the middle of the hall was set up the dais bearing the royal table and the couch on which Atilla was reclining. At his feet knelt Ellak, the oldest of his sons, in the attitude of a slave, silent with downcast eyes. The guests were served on plates of silver, with meat in cups of gold; but Atilla ate and drank from vessels of wood. In the intervals of the feasting two minstrels stood forth and chanted in the language of the Huns the victories of the king. Their hymn transported the audience, a frenzy of enthusiasm fell upon the barbarians, which found vent in guttural cries: tears streamed from their eyes and their faces took on the furious expression of attack and defense.

Then came the jester and his contortions drew forth boisterous laughter. But through all the tumult Atilla remained unmoved, presiding in silence over the raging orgy. Only once, when Ernak, the youngest of his sons, entered the hall, a flash of joy lighted up his somber face; his eyes softened, and with a caressing movement, gently pinching the plump cheek, he drew the child to him.

Meanwhile Atilla made answer to the ambassadors of the Caesars. Two Hunnish envoys presented themselves the same day before the Emperors Theodosius and Valentinian, charged with identical messages, in these words: "Atilla, my master and thine, commands thee to prepare for him a palace, as he is about to come hither."

Well, he came, in the terrible year 451, presaged by comets, eclipses of the moon and by clouds of blood in which armed phantoms clashed with flaming lances. Never was the end of the world so near at hand. It was not an invasion; it was a deluge. Huns, Alains, Gelons, Avars, Ostrogoths, Gepides, Bulgarians, Turks,

Hungarians—Barbary in mass surged about Atilla. The animal kingdom in insurrection against man, rallying about a monster endowed with will and intelligence—even that hardly gives an idea of the peril which menaced civilization on that gloomy day. In a few days the two Germanies and the Gauls disappeared under the whirlwind of horses and horsemen. The people fled in a rout before this human tempest which pillaged, pulverized, massacred, and laid waste all that it touched, completing with the torch the work of the sword. On all hands the uproar of falling cities and the dying gurgle of throttled nations. Rivulets of blood ran together and made torrents; the forests were gorged with what the cities disgorged; and the tilled fields were wiped clean by the harrow of destruction. It was as if the Huns had brought the desert from the depths of Asia and spread it like a shroud over the ancient world.

Atilla took on various metamorphoses in the midst of the storm that he unleashed. He appeared by the light of burning cities in the form of the mythologic beast, Chimera. Some chronicles give him the head of an ass; others, the loins of a hog; these accounts deprive him of speech and represent him as giving forth only inarticulate grunts. Sacred tradition conceived him as the Biblical rod, a flail to pulverize the nations, wielded by the hand of God emerging from the clouds. Atilla himself accepted with pride this sinister surname. The legend has it that when he heard a monk speak of him as "the flail of God" he went into a frenzy of infernal delight. "The stars fall, the earth trembles, and I am the hammer that smites the world!" This is the autobiography of the King of the Huns.

By the surname which he himself had elected, the bishops addressed him, standing by at his approach, with mitre and crosier, at the gates of the cities. And there was no little element of respect in the apostrophes these men of the gospels pronounced in exorcising this Dragon of the Apocalypse.

"Who art thou?" cried St. Loup, addressing

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Gray in Spoon Harbor

By J. C. Squire

Here is an exquisite double parody—of substance and of form, of Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" and Masters' "Spoon River Anthology." It is taken from a book by J. C. Squire, entitled "Tricks of the Trade," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, containing many other imitations of the work of literary celebrities, fully as ingenious and clever as this one.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The whippoorwill salutes the rising moon,
And wanly glimmer in her gentle ray
The sinuous windings of the turbid Spoon.

Here where the flattering and mendacious swarm
Of lying epitaphs their secrets keep,
At last incapable of further harm
The lewd forefathers of the village sleep.

The earliest drug of half-awakened morn,
Cocaine or hashish, strychnine, poppy-seeds
Or fiery produce of fermented corn
No more shall start them on the day's misdeeds.

For them no more the whetstone's cheerful noise,
No more the sun upon his daily course
Shall watch them savouring the genial joys
Of murder, bigamy, arson and divorce.

Here they all lie; and, as the hour is late,

O stranger, o'er their tombstones cease to stoop,
But bow thine ear to me and contemplate
The unexpurgated annals of the group.

There are two hundred only: yet of these
Some thirty died of drowning in the river,
Sixteen went mad, ten others had D. T's
And twenty-eight cirrhosis of the liver.

Several by absent-minded friends were shot,
Still more blew out their own exhausted brains,
One died of a mysterious inward rot,
Three fell off roofs, and five were hit by trains.

One was harpooned, one gored by a bull-moose,
Four on the Fourth fell victims to lock-jaw,
Ten in electric chair or hempen noose
Suffered the last exaction of the law.

Stranger, you quail, and seem inclined to run;
But, timid stranger, do not be unnerved;
I can assure you that there was not one
Who got a tithe of what he had deserved.

Full many a vice is born to thrive unseen,
Full many a crime the world does not discuss,
Full many a pervert lives to reach a green
Replete old age, and so it was with us.

Here lies a parson who would often make
Clandestine rendezvous with Claffin's Moll,
And 'neath the druggist's counter creep to take

A sip of surreptitious alcohol.
And here a doctor, who had seven wives,
And, fearing this ménage might seem grotesque,
Persuaded six of them to spend their lives
Locked in a drawer of his private desk.

And others here there sleep who, given scope,
Had writ their names large on the Scrolls of Crime,
Men who, with half a chance, might haply cope
With the first miscreants of recorded time.

Doubtless in this neglected spot is laid
Some village Nero who has missed his due,
Some Bluebeard who dissected many a maid,
And all for naught, since no one ever knew.

Some poor bucolic Borgia here may rest
Whose poisons sent whole families to their doom,

Some hayseed Herod who, within his breast,
Concealed the sites of many an infant's tomb.

Types that the Muse of Maschfield might have stirred,
Or waked to ecstasy Gaboriau,
Each in his narrow cell at last interred,
All, all are sleeping peacefully below.

* * *

Enough, enough! But, stranger, ere we part,
Glancing farewell to each nefarious bier,
This warning I would beg you take to heart,
"There is an end to even the worst career."

The Spectator

The Poodle Dog Raid

Not since the host at a dinner party in old Delmonico's met his death in shocking circumstances—and that was all of seventeen years ago—has one of our French restaurants furnished such a sensation as we were treated to when the Poodle Dog on Mason street was raided Saturday night. There was a pretty well defined notion that the French restaurants were immune from the attentions of the morals squad, and those who cherished the notion have had a rude awakening. The French restaurants were regarded as being "safe"; they are so no longer. The raid was a business-like affair. The police took possession of the Poodle Dog very quietly, dismissing all the soft-footed attendants, and acting as waiters, bartenders, telephone operators, elevator boys and so forth until the moment came for action. And then—heart disease for a number of men, and hysterics for a lot of women. The tenderloin can't get over the shock. And any number of gay fellows are thanking their stars they weren't caught in the dragnet. This sort of thing won't make people virtuous, but certainly it will make them cautious. Is it the beginning of the end? Are our French restaurants doomed? This San Francisco institution has survived many offensives, though none ever before took the form of a frontal attack. It may be that "finis" is to be written to a spicy chapter of our annals, but I admit that I am skeptical.

The Fickert Brief

It will doubtless be urged that District Attorney Fickert has not spent much time in analyzing the law and facts of the Mooney case for the benefit of Governor Stephens. At any rate this is the truth. But why should Fickert waste time and space in this brief? This is distinctly a case in which the defense has set the pace and pointed the way. From the very beginning, especially since the days of that great orator, Bourke Cochrane, the defense has busied itself with appeals to public prejudice. It has made the case one of trial by cartoon and epigram and general abuse. Attorneys and publicity agents have appealed to the sentiments of anarchists in Russia rather than to the laws of the land. True, they have dwelt on circumstances that might properly have been considered to the discredit of persons connected with the prosecution, but, generally speaking, they have been more disposed to concentrate on the suspicions than to discover the truth. Mr. Fickert has merely answered the defendants in their own vein, being content, perhaps, to have his former arguments in court and brief suffice the general purpose. However, he has said enough in this brief to make it evident that President Wilson was at least exceedingly kind in going to the front to befriend a Tom Mooney despite the results of the operations of the machinery of justice. We may expect to hear soon from the Governor in this matter.

A Delicate Question

"Has the Governor got 'em?" asked Gus Hartman, as he entered the pendulum room where the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock was busily engaged doing nothing.

"Got what?" asked the Embarcadero Solomon. "Don't come at me suddenly with a puzzle, Gus. It ain't right in hot weather. Has the Governor got what?"

"You know," said Gus. "What Senator Johnson said he hadn't. I don't like to use the word. It's a kinduva rough one."

"Oh, guts!" said the Clockwinder. "Seems to me you're getting pretty delicate. You didn't used to be so particular, if I remember some of the stories you used to tell. Yes, I think the Governor has got 'em. What do you think?"

"I'm inclined to think he has, myself," answered Gus.

This statement surprised the Clockwinder so much that in his bewilderment he picked up an oil can and made as if he were going to work. But, quickly recovering himself, he dropped the can and the intention, and looked fixedly at Gus.

"I didn't know you were an admirer of the Governor," he said. "But I'm glad you're converted. He's a great and good man. Harry Cosgriff told me so only a few minutes ago. Since when did you begin boosting the big boss?"

"Why," said Gus with a peculiar smile, "a particular friend of mine just came up from Bevo Junction——"

"Just came up from which?" queried the Clockwinder.

"From Bevo Junction," repeated Gus. "From Los Angeles. And he was telling me about a conversation he had with a particular friend of his, a brewer, down there."

"Do they brew beer in Loce?" said the Clockwinder, and he shook his head and clucked his tongue. "O, the wicked city!"

"And this brewer," continued Gus, ignoring the aside, "told my friend that he put a lot of money into Stephens' campaign when Stephens ran for Congress. Of course I ain't vouching for the story, but my particular friend is a particular friend of the brewer and——"

"And of course one particular friend never lies to another particular friend, especially when they're talking politics," the Clockwinder interjected. "But, cutting out all this particularity, and supposing the brewer did put up for Stephens when he was running for Congress, what of it? What's it got to do with Stephens' guts?"

"I thought that would be as plain as the nose on your face," said the ex-senator.

"Better leave noses out of this, Gus," said the Clockwinder coldly. "It may seem plain, but it ain't."

"Meaning your nose?" said Gus.

"Meaning the connection," said the Clockwinder a little angrily.

"Then I'll have to elucidate," said Gus, who never loses his temper. "Have you forgotten that Stephens is a prohibitionist? And that a brewer is generally opposed to prohibition? Well, it seems to me it takes guts to accept campaign contributions from a brewer and turn prohibitionist."

"I'll reserve judgment till I hear from the Governor," said the Clockwinder.

The New Poetry

'Twas June when Mary Morgan had her child.
Her husband was in Monmouth at the time.
She had no milk, the baby is not well.
The Baptist Church has got a fine new bell.

I've been reading some of the so-called "new poetry." What I've just quoted is a fair sample. It is not by an eight-year-old child, as you might suspect offhand, but by Edgar Lee Masters of Spoon River fame. I have seen Masters described lately as a "valuable American asset." The more I look at those four lines the more I wonder what "a valuable American asset" means. To my mind the genius who used to write rhymes about Sunny Jim for the advertisements of "Force" (do you remember?) did better work than this.

God knows you might have become something else—just like me. You might have made soft little tunes, written cynical little ditties, eh? Why the devil didn't you make some money and own an automobile?

Sounds like ordinary prose, doesn't it? But you're wrong, dear reader. It's poetry, some of the "new poetry." Sherwood Anderson wrote it. He is described by Alice Corbin Henderson, an authority on this sort of thing, as a poet who, "lacking the implements of song, will tear song from his bare breast." It strikes me he lacks the implements all right, and he may have torn that from his bare breast, but—"Why the devil didn't you make some money and own an automobile?"—no, it isn't my notion of song. This sort of thing is supposed to "represent a new plasticity in poetry." Perhaps elasticity were a better word. Who was it in Moliere—George Dandin?—who discovered with amazement that he had been talking prose all his life without knowing it? If he lived today he would make

the still more amazing discovery that he had been unconsciously talking poetry.

Poor Old Prosody!

Writers of the "new poetry" are dreadfully down on prosody. They say the meanest things about prosody. They call it "the lame science," no doubt because it has to do with feet. Says Dorothy Dudley: "Prosody at best provides the poet with but a set of diagrams more or less diverting." Dorothy also speaks with scorn of "the butterick-patterns of poetry"—a fling which many of her sex will resent, for while they don't mind having prosody abused, they have a high regard for the best-sellers of Butterick, yes, and McCall too. Dorothy is a great admirer of the poet who sings of milkless Mary Morgan and the Baptist church bell. The only fault she has to find with him is that at times he weakens and lets prosody "usurp his lines." It almost breaks Dorothy's heart to find Masters speaking in an unguarded moment of "iambic tetrameter." Dorothy doesn't want verse to scan. This is the kind of Edgar-Lee-Masterly masterpiece she simply adores:

People were walking the decks and talking,
Children were singing,
And on the purser's deck
A man was dancing by himself,
Whirling around like a dervish;
And this Captain said to me:
"No life is better than this.
I could live forever,
And do nothing but run this boat
From the dock at Chicago to the dock at Holland
And back again."

That, of course, is not marred by prosody. The only feet in that are the feet of the passengers. Dorothy finds rare beauty in this variety of verse. She says it has "the terseness of the grave," whatever that is; it displays "the enterprise and the elegance of a Velasquez" (Velasquez is always being dragged in); there is in all of it, she avers, "a mad idea of unity," and for once we like her adjective. Masters, according to Doty (if I may be so familiar with Dorothy),

Masters "never writes from a sense of chic," doubtless a tremendous advantage; she admires his favorite subjects—"the paranoiac, the spend-thrift, the nymphomaniac, the dogmatist, the fanatic"; but she regrets that he "shows now and then a slight strain of idealism," a fault which is forgivable only because he doesn't commit it very often.

It's Not "Literary"

When the admiring critics of the new poetry want to condemn a poem they blast it with the adjective "literary," which is a thunderbolt of an adjective in their hands. The old poetry was literary; and the new aims to be everything the old was not, with considerable success. This is not "literary":

And I know that neither the powder on your nose,
Nor the amazing things you wear upon your feet,
Can alter the gentleness my spirit owes
To vision of you, hurrying down the street.

There is a suspicion of prosody about that, but its author, Raymond Peckham Holden, is excused on account of the overbalancing beauties he crammed into this specimen of the "new poetry." Still, I suspect that Raymond is one of the minor new poets. Were he a master-poet like Masters he'd have poetized that thought something like this:

I know that your nose is naturally shiny,
And that you buy your shoes at Katchinski's,
But just the same, kid,
You look good to me.

The Vogue of "Spectrism"

The very, very latest thing in "new poetry" is Spectrism. This school won many adherents when a book of verse called "Spectra" was published. The volume was announced as being the joint work of Emanuel Morgan and Anne Knish. Emanuel and Anne had a tremendous vogue. Critics praised their work as the greatest ever. Lecturers chautalked about them; elocutionists recited their Spectric masterpieces; the magazines were eager to buy their output; and imitators paid them the sincerest kind of flattery.

The Plain duty of every American

Your sons—the sons of your neighbors have gone or are going to Europe to fight for your flag, your liberties, your home.

They can not fight without food, clothing, bullets.

Your government relies upon you to provide the money for the purchase of these fighting requisites.

It asks you to give nothing. It asks you to lend it a little from your plenty—to redeem your obligation at a profit to yourself.

Your duty is plain, definite, imperative.

Buy War Savings Stamps.

Save something each day to invest in the next issue of Liberty Bonds.

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OF SAN FRANCISCO

Everybody who was anybody in the realms of the "new poetry" indorsed Spectrism. One great authority said of "Spectra": "They are vitalized grotesques, which at first seem like parodies of some recent new poetry, but it is only seeming." All the pundits understood just what the Spectrists were driving at, even before they read the preface of the book which contained these illuminating words:

An explanation of the term "Spectric" will indicate something of the nature of the technique which it describes. "Spectric" has in this connection three separate but closely related meanings: In the first place, it speaks, to the mind, of that process of diffraction by which are disarticulated the several colored and other rays of which light is composed. It indicates our feeling that the theme of a poem is to be regarded as a prism, upon which the colorless white light of infinite existence falls and is broken up into glowing, beautiful and intelligible hues. In its second sense the term "Spectric" relates to the reflex vibrations of physical sight, and suggests the luminous appearance which is seen after exposure of the eye to intense light, and, by analogy, the after-colors of the poet's initial vision. In its third sense "Spectric" connotes the overtones, adumbrations or spectres which, for the poet, haunt all objects both of the seen and the unseen world—those shadowy projections, sometimes grotesque, which, hovering around the real, give to the real its full ideal significance and its poetic worth.

I must give an extract or two from "Spectra," so that you may size up the genius of Emanuel and Anne:

I have written, reader,
For abstruse reasons.
Gold in the mine.
Black water seeping into tunnels.
A plank breaks and the roof falls.
Three men suffocated.
The wife of one now works in a laundry;
The wife of another has married a fat man;
I forget about the third.

Here is another dainty morsel:

I loved a woman whose two eyes,
Would block
Like cliffs my foothold in the skies.
She is dead, they say—
Dead as a peacock.

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Then the Truth Came Out

After all the down-to-the-minute critics had had their say about the beauty of this sort of thing, had told how Spectrism was helping to revolutionize poetry—and after Emanuel Morgan and Anne Knish had been deluged with letters of praise, requests for interviews, offers of lecture dates and what not—after all this, the cat was quietly released from the bag. Witter Bynner and Arthur Davison Ficke, two poets of considerable merit, confessed that they were Emanuel Morgan and Anne Knish, that they had written "Spectra" as a hoax, that their only purpose had been to spoof the adherents of the "new poetry" and to prove that these cultists don't know nonsense, piffle and drivel when they see it. Of course the revelation of this literary hoax has caused a lot of soreness. Some of the victims are claiming now that they were "wise" all the time, but they are not convincing anybody. Bynner and Ficke have made the "new poetry" absurd in some eyes which needed opening; but they haven't stopped its production—it's too easy to write and sell.

Sterling Discusses Smith

In the preface to a selection of the poems of Clark Ashton Smith of Auburn, soon to be published for the Book Club, George Sterling has a word or two to say of the "new poetry." Let me quote this entire tribute to young Smith, as generous a bit of homage as one poet ever paid to another:

"The tendency of modern poetry" is against it, and the gaunt Muse of these lonesome latter years stammers with a greater facility than marks her singing. So many, however, are congenitally opaque to "the soul and inner light of song," and hence able to view it from only an intellectual standpoint, that she does not lack followers in her shambling "progress."

Those devotees of austerity will find little to appeal to them in the rich and spacious poems that follow. In fact, even partial use of the intelligence that is their one asset will cause them to shrink from the stern conclusions involved in some of the passages of this book—to turn from its terrible vistas. Clark Ashton Smith is unlikely to be afflicted with present-day popularity.

Nevertheless, one will find in the sheer imagination of the succeeding pages evidence and proof of a precocity vast and sublime in its range, and quite unequalled in English verse; for the greatest of these poems (most of them, indeed) were written before their author had attained the age of twenty! At that age Pope had a certain hard cleverness (little more), and Rossetti had written, though not perfected, the beautiful "Blessed Damozel." But imagine either of them writing a thing at once so amazingly mature and imaginative as "Nero"! It is unthinkable.

Chatterton is commonly held up as the criterion of literary precocity; yet he was, for all his intense personality, a babbling babe compared to Smith, so far as poetry is concerned. In fact, his "poems" are mere verse and not poetry, while in the pages that follow, the discerners of pure gold will find it in heavy veins. Beside it, I can imagine nothing more ephemeral than the aridities and extravagances of free verse. In the new treason to beauty, Clark Smith has had no hand. Let us be grateful for that, as the years to come will be grateful. And let California be proud that such a phenomenon exists within her borders.

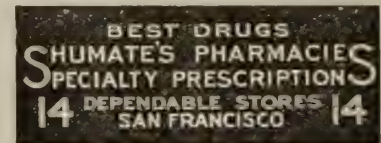
Blaney's Secret Door

Those friends of Charles D. Blaney who have

had the pleasure of inspecting his beautiful villa at Saratoga have been much interested in a quaint secret door which opens from the living room. This secret door leads to Mr. Blaney's sleeping quarters. To the casual observer this secret door is part of a bookcase. There are the books apparently, handsome books with leather backs. You do not know where the real books end and the make-believe books begin until you read the titles. Here are the titles artfully pasted on the secret door:

"The History of the Void."
"Comedies of the Secret Door."
"Unveiled Realms of Thought."
"Guess Again," a novel in three volumes.
"The Life and Letters of a Fraud."
"Where Nothing Begins."
"The Way Out."
"History of Blockheads."
"Scaled Measures of Information."
"The Perfect Attainment of Ignorance."
"False But Fair."
"Architecture, and Its Secrets Revealed."
"Desperate Devices."
"Journal of the Senate."
"Proceedings of the American Institute of Architects."

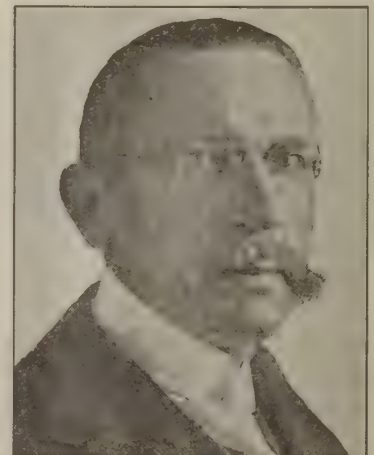
That last title would indicate that the device



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of the secret door and the book titles was the work of Mr. Blaney's architect, Willis Polk.

Feasting "Jim" Woods

It will be the fault of the many friends of James Woods if he leaves San Francisco in a dyspeptic condition. They are dining him within an inch of his life. In order properly to tell him how much they think of him and how greatly they are going to miss him, they find it necessary to put him in the place of honor at innumerable banquets and feed him with good food and compliments at one and the same time. And the compliments are all sincere. The San Francisco hotel men gave "Jim" a banquet in Tait's Pavo Real Tuesday night. The Family, of which he is a most popular member, wined and dined him Wednesday night. A throng of his friends headed by William F. Humphrey, Postmaster Charles W. Fay, "Skipper" John R. Hanify and B. F. Schlesinger will banquet him next Thursday night at the St. Francis. These are but three of a number of functions given to Godspeed one of the most San Franciscanly men that ever lived in this warm-hearted city. I notice that one of the speakers at the Pavo Real banquet was Chef Victor of the St. Francis. It was well that the great Hirtzler had an opportunity to express his admiration for the departing boss. There is nobody in town who worships "Jim" Woods so completely as Chef Victor, with the possible exception of Assistant Manager Tom Keating of the St. Francis. Other speakers were A. B. C. Dohrmann, one of the moving spirits in the Tuesday Lunch Club which will miss

Woods greatly; William H. McCarthy, Thomas J. Coleman, the successor of Woods at the St. Francis, and John Tait, who has stood shoulder to shoulder with "Jim" Woods in the execution of Herbert Hoover's food conservation policies insofar as they apply to the hotel and restaurant men of the Pacific Coast.

Starr Jordan on "Eschscholtzia"

According to Dr. David Starr Jordan, who has just written a letter to the Chronicle on the subject, Eschscholtzia, the name of our State flower, the golden poppy, is "a name hard to spell, but easy to pronounce." He does not agree with Ambrose Bierce, apparently. Bierce said that Eschscholtzia could not be pronounced properly without a mouthful of mush. And a lot of us never eat mush.

The Greatest Calamity

Nick Neary of Santa Cruz and San Francisco expressed the other day his idea of the greatest calamity that could befall the world. He says it would be—

A strike of the bartenders on the day the American troops enter Berlin!

Gavin's Tribute

Speaking of Nick Neary, he was at the St. Francis with a friend when Gavin McNab happened along.

"Mr. McNab," said the friend, "do you know Mr. Neary?"

"Indeed, yes," answered Gavin. "Mr. Neary is a close friend of mine. In fact, I do not know any man who is closer than Mr. Neary!"

Sterling's Song Wins

Wasn't it Tyrtaeus who went into battle chanting his martial elegies for the inspiration of his Spartan brothers-in-arms? It happened so long ago that I'm not quite sure. And what was the name of the minstrel who led the Norman hosts of William the Conqueror onto the field of Hastings, that day in 1066 (date familiar to every school boy) when Saxon Harold bit the dust? Well, George Sterling is not a soldier, but he'll be present in spirit somewhere or other in France when the 81st Field Artillery goes clattering into the fray. For Sterling is the author of the regimental song of the 81st, a martial lyric of patriotism all compact which is called "The Flag." Right proud is the 81st of this song, from Colonel William F. Littebrandt down to the youngest doughboy. For the 81st won the regimental competition by their singing of Sterling's song in the songfest at Stanford Stadium last Sunday. It was sung to the tune of that inspiring Welch marching air, "Men of Harlech."

The Success of Leo Carillo

On another page is the announcement of the coming of "Lombardi, Ltd." with Leo Carillo as the featured player. I prophesy a great ovation for Leo when he makes his first appearance here as a "regular actor." We saw Leo some time ago in vaudeville, and approved his work, but now he treads the boards of "the legitimate," and his friends are prepared to do him honor. They know he has made good, for they have read of his success on Broadway, where "Lombardi, Ltd." had a long, long run, due principally,

*We are in this war to win, and
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

the New York critics said, to the comedic talents of our own Leo. It doesn't seem so very long ago that Leo Carillo made his first appearance in the art room of the Examiner, a modest young fellow from Santa Barbara who wanted a chance to learn the ins and outs of newspaper art. And yet that must have been all of fifteen years ago. He came to the right place to learn the art game of journalism. There wasn't in the country a better art staff than that maintained by the Examiner in those days. Harry Raleigh, now a famous illustrator and portrait painter in New York; Max Newberry, Merle Johnson, Bill Stevens, Gifford Ryder, "Hyp" Igoc, all of whom have since made metropolitan reputations; "Virgie" Nahl and Dan Sweeney, who preferred to stay here and have no occasion to regret doing so—these were some of the men in that art department. Leo Carillo was eager to learn, and had talent; so he was immediately popular. His amazing knack of imitating all sorts of animal sounds added to his popularity. It was this gift which led him to the stage. Ashton Stevens brought him to the attention of John Morrissey, there was a try-out at the Orpheum, and Leo Carillo put his pen and ink and wash colors away and proceeded to make the acquaintance of grease paint. From that time to the present day he has been climbing steadily in his profession. Carillo belongs to one of the most distinguished of Californian families; the Bandinis and de Bakers are relations of his.

A Plagiarism?

Shane Leslie, a very graceful poet, recently wrote the following epitaph on an aviator:

Another one of mortal birth
Hath set his spirit free.
Lie very lightly on him, Earth,
Who did not tread on thee.

Is this a plagiarism, or unconscious cerebration? Certainly it echoes one of the most famous epigrams in the language. Sir John Vanbrugh was a great Restoration dramatist. His "Provoked Wife" gave Garrick one of his best parts. Sir John was an architect as well as a comic playwright. He built Blenheim and other great palaces. All his buildings were grand, but they were not entirely livable. In fact he built on lines which Gray might have been describing when he wrote:

Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages, that lead to nothing.

Well, when Sir John Vanbrugh died, Abel Evans wrote this epigram, which Shane Leslie has surely read somewhere, sometime:

Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

Letters

Ernest Poole's Third Novel

When Ernest Poole's first novel, "The Harbor," made its appearance, it was recognized at once as a book of unusual interest and importance. It was followed by "His Family," equally good, just as individual, but entirely different. Now comes "His Second Wife," which leaves no room for question but that the author has found firm foothold, and that he is at the same time excellent, original and different. We have had innumerable stories of second wives, but never one like this. Joe Lanier was an architect who should have been an artist too. He had the ability and the aspiration, but he also had a wife. Amy cannot be called a bad woman, but she decidedly was a bad wife for that particular husband, for Amy worshipped success, the kind of success that is measured by money and the things money will buy. She was young and beautiful and extrava-

gant, and wasted no sympathy on ideas that did not pay as she measured payment, so she set herself to work deliberately and intentionally to separate Joe from his friends who, in her estimation, were holding him back. Under her stimulation he ceased to be an architect but became a speculative builder, a gambler in real estate. Money poured in, and poured out nearly as fast, for Amy's creed was that a husband's love was measured by his lavishment, and that it was kept by never letting a man feel too secure. There should always be before his eyes the possibility that some other might oust him from his place. The Laniers belonged to a rather gay set who danced and dined and dressed and rarely spent an evening at home unless they were entertaining, but for all their apparent intimacy, they had only acquaintances, not friends capable of giving either sympathy or assistance in an emergency. Amy's younger sister Ethel, left alone by the death of her father, came from a western town to make her home with the Laniers in New York, and, though Ethel was still under the influence of her old teachers in the high school, and believed in art and uplift and a life of something more than pleasure, she was rapidly losing her ideals in an orgy of shopping and spending and preparing to take her place in society as known to the Laniers, when Amy died suddenly, before she was formally brought out. Ethel remained to take care of her sister's child and the almost inevitable result was that in little more than a year she became, also, the wife of her brother-in-law. All this is preliminary to the main interest, which resides in the readjustment of their two lives. Joe, who had been strictly trained by his first wife into the acceptance of her theory that material advancement was the only thing worth while, does not realize that Ethel is of a different nature. Indeed, considering his associations, he was hardly likely to, and he was becoming more and more absorbed in money-getting. They were happiest in a period of comparative poverty when retrenchments were in order, but the next financial wave established them as really rich, and the so-called friends who had been avoiding them flocked back. Possibly an understanding would have been reached sooner had Ethel, the second wife, not been the sister of the first, and associated in Joe Lanier's mind with extravagance and gayety. Amy was always there and her silent influence was louder than words. She haunted the house and her dead hands stretched between husband and wife until— Let the reader discover the unusual climax and the terms of readjustment. This is one of the most satisfactory books that has appeared in a very long while. Though the book runs to full three hundred pages it leaves an impression of compactness not often achieved. The third book not only sustains the author's reputation but raises it to a greater height. From the Macmillan Company.

"First the Blade"

Clemence Dane's first novel "A Regiment of Women," gave her a reputation, but it is always well to wait a bit and make certain that a first success is not accidental. Judging by Miss Dane's second effort she has originality to go with her ability, and if her next novel comes up to these two she can be accepted without further question. "First the Blade" carries an explanatory sub-title, "a comedy of growth," but it should be distinctly understood that this is real comedy, not farce. It is real growth, too, even if it has not reached full perfection by the end of the book. Laura is a wistful child about eight years of age when we make her

acquaintance. She was fatherless, and very deeply attached to her mother, who died while she was away at her grandfather's. Laura could have understood death, or at least its finality, but Aunt Adela who had charge of the little girl, thought to soften the intelligence by telling her that mamma had gone to the Heavenly Father to get well, and a superlatively good little Laura might hope to see her again. The result was that the child expected mamma's arrival any day or hour, and much of her naughtiness was the outcome of the misunderstanding, for she would watch the road and refuse to go on walks and excursions, giving no explanation, but only making scenes. She was a precocious little thing and as credulous as a child of her years should be. One clear day, having a distant view of the Crystal Palace, she identified it with the Celestial City of her Pilgrim's Progress, so she stole away to go to mamma. No worse fate befell the little pilgrim than to fall in with Justin, a youth of fourteen years, on his way home from school. Justin speedily corrected her error, and, as he lived in her own village, took her home to his mother. This is the beginning of their friendship, and of an interesting story of love complicated by unusual features. From the Macmillan Company.

Mark Sullivan's Appeal

Mark Sullivan's "Wake Up, America!" is a stirring appeal to us to be up and doing, but it would be more of a practical success if he had told us just whom he means by "America." As far as the people are concerned, just the ordinary man on the street and woman in the house, it is rather difficult to see what more they can do. If there is any part of America that needs wakening it is Congress and those heads of departments who talk and do little. Mr. Sullivan's booklet is vivifying, but his galvanic battery is applied to the wrong place—unless he would like a people's army to march on Washington and by their bodily presence remind the legislators that they are assembled for work. From the Macmillan Company.

KING COAL

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LOW IN ASH.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Just Like Captain Reese

Of course you remember Captain Reese of the "Mantlepiece" in the Bab Ballad who did any number of disagreeable things out of a sense of duty. "It is my duty, and I will," was the dutiful captain's favorite expression. I am reminded of Captain Reese by the women who were on the panel for jury duty in Judge Cabaniss's court the other day when the first of the Baker Street vice cases was tried. There were seven of these taleswomen. Knowing the extremely nasty nature of the evidence which would be submitted to the jury, Judge Cabaniss told this septet that he would excuse them from service. Of course the judge thought that they would thank him and withdraw. Judge Cabaniss has had a lot of experience with humankind, but he was not prepared for what followed. The septet withdrew and talked it over. What happened at that conference we can only surmise. But anyway, the seven women returned and told the judge that they considered it their duty to serve, no matter how shocking the case. To say that Judge Cabaniss was dumfounded is putting it mildly. He was astounded, and I imagine, deeply shocked. Their strict construction of duty failed to move him to admiration. However, there was nothing to do but accept the situation. The Gordian knot was cut later on when the assistant district attorney dismissed the women from the box. The vice case was tried before a stag jury.

A Study in Psychology

There is material here for a study in psychology. What was the real motive which prompted these women to act as they did? Was it a sense of duty? I take leave to doubt it, though I know that in doubting the declarations of seven women I am taking my life in my hands. Perhaps I am a fool for rushing in to solve a puzzle of feminine psychology. But I don't think it was duty which impelled these women. To put it bluntly, I think it was curiosity. The female is the curious sex. That's

a generalization, and there are many exceptions, of course. But these vile Baker street vice cases have excited the curiosity of some women ever since the miserable defendants first appeared in the police courts. At every hearing women were present, and some women always failed to leave when the judges considerably pointed out that their ears would be outraged if they stayed. I do not say that this was necessarily a wicked curiosity. Most women are happily ignorant of the depths to which depraved humanity can sink, and this very ignorance prevented them, no doubt, from realizing how out of place they were at such hearings. Doubtless, too, one experience was sufficient for most of them. It is a good thing that the action of the assistant district attorney kept women off that Tobin jury. Had they served they would probably have regretted it to their dying days. For the old adage is true: you cannot touch pitch without being defiled.

Ray Baker Married

From my heart I congratulate Ray Baker on the happiness which came into his life when he was married Wednesday to the lady of his choice. Mrs. Baker was here a number of times as Mrs. McKim, before she became Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, so we had an opportunity to learn what a charming woman she is. It is not so very long since Ray was in town on business connected with his work as Superintendent of the Mint, but he didn't breathe a word about his romance. The wedding was celebrated at Mrs. Vanderbilt's country home in Lenox, Mass. Captain Isaac Emerson of Baltimore, her father, gave the bride in marriage. The wedding tour will be made in Mrs. Baker's private car, and will bring the happy couple to San Francisco, so their friends will be able to repeat in person the nice things they have been wiring to Ray ever since the news was first published.

Those Hope Diamonds

Now that May Yohe-Hope-Strong-Smuts is in town, it is probable that the story of the Hope diamonds will be revived. Every time May Yohe's name, or the name of her first husband, Lord Francis Hope, is mentioned, it seems necessary to retail that ancient myth concerning the bad luck which dogged the owners of the Hope diamonds. For it is a myth. The Hope diamonds were neither more nor less lucky than any other stones. The story was originally fastened on the Hope diamonds by a yellow journalist, and it grew as it got older, until its author could scarcely be expected to recognize it.

The Drive for Nurses

The Pacific Division of the American Red Cross has extended the period of its drive for nurses, according to the announcement made by Miss Lillian L. White, director of the Bureau of Nursing for the division. Originally the drive which started June 3, was to have continued for a period of ten days, but that time was not sufficient to enroll the quota of 610 nurses allotted to the division. Miss White figures that at least 800 applications must be on file to assure the requisite number of 610 enrollments. From all accounts there have not yet been 800 applicants. In fact, it is doubtful if over the 610 allotment has been covered by

applications. There seems to be a question on the part of many nurses as to whether they will have the same standing by enrolling through the Red Cross as they would have if they enrolled with the Army and Navy. Surgeons General Gorgas of the Army and Braisted of the Navy have asked the Red Cross to enroll these nurses. They will be a part of the Army and Navy forces and come under Army and Navy regulations. The enrollment was put into the hands of the American Red Cross because it was thought that organization was better equipped to get the desired results in the shortest possible time. If the Pacific Division is to go over the top, as it has done on every occasion in the past, it will be necessary for nurses to file their enrollment applications immediately.

Concert at Fine Arts

A program of ultra modern composers has been arranged by Madame Emilia Tojetti for the ninth concert in the second series of Half Hour Musicales being given in the Palace of Fine Arts as an illustration of the "Co-relation of the Arts." Mr. Raymond White, pianist, will render compositions by Ravell, Percy Grainger and the late Debussy. The program will conclude with a group of songs sung by Mrs. Anna Neale, and piano selections by Miss Jessie Clyde. The concert will begin promptly at 2:30 Sunday. The public will be admitted only between numbers.

An Exhibition of Great Masters

In addition to the one-man exhibition of the paintings and pastels by William P. Henderson, installed in the old Chase gallery, which is attracting very general attention, another gallery of paintings will be opened this week when canvases by Piloty, Clays, Gerome, Schreyer, Louis Lelair, Benjamin Constant, and other well-known artists of the latter part of the nineteenth century, will be placed on exhibition. This collection which is now in process of installation in the large gallery to the right of

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the rotunda, is a part of the permanent collection of the San Francisco Art Association. Several new loans of American paintings have recently been added to the American collection, which is now rehung in galleries to the left of the rotunda, and a very fine landscape by C. Troyon has been added to the gallery of paintings in the Phoebe A. Hearst Loan Collection.

Bunker Hill Celebration

The Golden Gate Park Band under the leadership of Professor Charles H. Cassasa will render an inspiring patriotic musical program on Monday, June 17, at 2 p. m., in commemoration of the one hundred and forty-third anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill. The feature of the exercises will be the rendering by the band of the song, "The Sword of Bunker Hill," made famous in years past by the great English tenor Alfred Wilkie, who sang this song on many of the anniversaries of the Bunker Hill celebration. For over fifty years these celebrations have been held in California under the leadership of its honored president, William C. Badger, and his successor, Samuel Holladay. Many of the youths of California will remember the stirring narrations of Walter Leman, veteran actor, and William S. Barnes, Samuel Shortridge, Hon. George C. Perkins, Preston and others. Also the rendering by Joaquin Miller, poet of the day, of his famous poem, "Columbus."

At the Cecil

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was the guest of honor at an informal luncheon at which Mrs. Frederick Van Schrader Sr. was the hostess Wednesday. Mrs. Dora Ahlborn, who has been visiting her son in Honolulu, returned Monday to make her home at the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Freden were hosts at a dinner of twelve covers Sunday. Mrs. William Buchanan and her daughter, Mrs. S. B. Lane, have arrived from St. Louis for an indefinite stay. Mrs. S. B. Zeigler of Paris returned this week after an enjoyable visit with friends in Iowa. Prior to the war Mrs. Zeigler made her home in France, but for the past two years has been sojourning at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. McMurtie of Pittsburgh are enjoying their visit at the hotel. Prior to their departure for their home in Santa Barbara, Mr. Walter Hawley and Mr. Theodore Hawley gave a dinner Sunday. A cordial welcome is being accorded to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Roberts of Davenport. Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Lastreto of Menlo Park have been at the hotel for the past week. Miss Margaret Murray of Ontario will be at the hotel for a fortnight. Mrs. C. S. Wilcox, a society woman of Cincinnati, is registered. Miss Annie Cobb will not return to her home in Pasadena until the latter part of June.

For the Families of Artists

An art sale in aid of the families of French and Belgian artists is to be held at the St. Fran-

cis Hotel Borgia Room from June 17 to June 26, inclusive, open to the public daily from 2 until 6, under the patronage of His Excellence, the Belgian Minister. The French Ambassador writes from Washington concerning this enterprise: "The ties between French and American artists have always been of the closest, and the word 'Beaux Arts' is between them a sort of shibboleth, symbolizing their common aims and their personal amity. What we are doing on this side of the water in these hard times will increase the long-established friendship between those men in France and in the United States who have devoted their lives to the call of art." France and Belgium have given to the world a priceless legacy of art. Much that we have accomplished in sculpture and painting, since the Renaissance, has come to us through the French and Belgian schools and through the courtesy they have extended to the American students who have gone to these countries for study. It is time for us to open our hearts and give generously in this hour of need. The appeal today is not only to the artists and the art collectors who have given so abundantly, but to the public, that it will come to the aid of these families in distress. All works of art will be protected at this sale, as the donor may place his own lowest valuation on his gift. The proceeds of the sale will be distributed through the American Embassy in Paris and through the Central Committee for Belgium Relief in Washington.

Satisfied Patrons at the Tavern

I am always glad to put in an evening at Techau Tavern, because I am always sure that I shall be well entertained. I like dancing, but I am a regular crank about the music I dance to. Now, the Jazz Orchestra at the Tavern is an institution—first cafe in America to introduce jazz music, you know, and just bound to keep up to its record. So I'm sure of my dance music and I'm sure of my dance floor—none better anywhere. Then, too, the feminine contingent just dotes on the Merchandise Dances, and I don't blame 'em. So I am always sure that the ladies in my party will be pleased. These favors look pretty nifty to a mere man and the ladies rave over them—nice, fluffy, silky things, you know, lingerie and so on. They present them to the ladies without any competition, at the dinner hour and after the theatre. They all come from Livingston Bros. As for me, I don't mind saying that the Show Girl Revue makes a hit with me. I like singing, and they can surely sing.



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The Stage

Crane in "The Rivals"

One of the most interesting announcements that has yet come from the Greek Theatre in Berkeley is that William H. Crane, America's veteran actor, is to appear in a revival of Sheridan's "The Rivals" to be given in that theatre on Saturday evening, July 18, during the University's Summer Session. The production is under the auspices of the Players' Club of San Francisco, of which Mr. Crane is an honorary member. The eminent star will be assisted in the presentation of the classic comedy by Emelie Melville and the Little Theatre players. Mr. Crane will play Sir Anthony Absolute, in which character he appeared in the famous all-star cast of the same play twenty years ago. At that time, the cast included, beside Mr. Crane, the following notable names: Joseph Jefferson, Nat Goodwin, Robert Taber, Joseph and Edward Holland, Francis Wilson, Mrs. John Drew, Julia Marlowe and Fanny Rice. Hardly second in interest to the news concerning Mr. Crane, is the announcement that Emelie Melville, a well beloved character on the American stage since she first associated with Edwin Booth and John McCullough, is to play Mrs. Malaprop. Emelie Melville was a reigning favorite in San Francisco with Lotta, and her fame, like that of her contemporary, has not faded with the passing years. The names of Mrs. John Drew and Emelie Melville have long been associated with the character of Mrs. Malaprop, and since the death of the former, it is doubtful if there is another actress on the American stage better qualified for the part. The version of "The Rivals" to be used is one which Mr. Crane brought from New York for this performance, where he obtained it from the younger Joseph Jefferson. It was made from the elder Jefferson's prompt book, and contains all the old actor's arrangements of scenes and stage business. The supporting cast from the Players' Club, which includes among others Pearl King Tanner, Mae Frances O'Keefe, William S. Rainey and Rafaele Brunetto, is under the direction of Reginald Travers.

Leo Carollo in "Lombardi, Ltd."

Oliver Morosco will present his biggest New York hit of the past season, "Lombardi, Ltd.," at the Cort on Monday night. This comedy is by Frederic and Fanny Hatton, authors of "Upstairs and Down." The presentation of the comedy here will be identical with that at the Morosco Theatre, New York, as the organization comes direct from its run of 302 performances, and with Leo Carillo and the original New York cast intact. "Lombardi, Ltd." is in three acts with scenes in fashionable Fifth Avenue, New York. The story is woven about Tito Lombardi, an artistic, temperamental and volatile Italian, designer extraordinary of fashionable millinery and gowns. Surrounded by beautiful

models, mannequins, ladies of fashion, etc., temptation and debts overwhelm him. A charming love story runs through the amusing scenes. In addition to Carillo the cast will include Grace Valentine, Winnefred Bryson, Hallam Bosworth, Mary Kennedy, Marion Abbott, Inez Buck, Ina Rorke, Mona Moore, Helen Walcott, Charles Wellesley, Warner Baxter, Harold Russell and others.

Lucille Cavanagh at the Orpheum

Lucille Cavanagh, who will head the Orpheum bill next week, is a great dancer. Her dance and song are superlative. She is supported by Frank Hurst and Ted Doner. Livingston Platt is responsible for the scenic investiture of the act, which is unique. The music and lyrics are by Charles McCarron. Miss Cavanagh began her season at the New York Palace and scored so emphatically that a four-weeks' run was necessary. Marie Nordstrom (in private life Mrs. Henry E. Dixey) is remarkable for her versatility, as she is equally at home in emotional drama, musical comedy and vaudeville. She captured New York with her splendid rendition of "The Wife" in "Bought and Paid For." Her sister, Frances Nordstrom, has fashioned for her a little whimsicality called "Let's Pretend," with one number, "Twenty Years from Now," from her own pen. Prince Joveddah, a Rajah of India, master mind of mental mysticism, assisted by Princess Olga and Costa Valata, will present some new mind reading and thought transference. Princess Olga is put by Prince Joveddah into the seventh state of hypnotism, known as the crystal gazing or clairvoyant stage and answers all questions. Paul Gordon and Ame Rica are entitled to call themselves the versatile sensations of cycling. They also display ability as singers, dancers and comedians. Margot Francois appropriately styles her performance "Peculiar Doings on Stilts," for she makes all sorts of apparently bone-breaking falls. Miss Francois has a male partner and the two offer a bumpty-bump act which is both funny and skillful. The other attractions will be Sallie Fisher in "The Choir Rehearsal"; Dixie Norton and Coral Melnofte; and Carter De Haven and Flora Parker in new songs.

Columbia Attractions

Lou Tellegen in his dramatic comedy "Blind Youth" will close his engagement at the Columbia this Saturday night. Both play and players have met with distinctive success here. There will be a matinee Saturday. The Columbia will be dark for two weeks commencing with Monday. The Government's own motion picture, "Pershing's Crusaders," is announced, as is also David Belasco's latest production, "Polly with a Past," coming here direct from its run at the Belasco Theatre, New York, without a stop en route.

Corporal Spud Murphy

Corporal Spud Murphy of Fall River, Mass., upon seeing half a dozen forms stealing through the darkness toward his listening post, gave warning to his two companions. Stealthily they crept forward until they had gone thirty yards, when they opened fire on a German raiding party, which scattered immediately. Suddenly a grenade came hurling through the air from an unexpected direction and knocked Corporal Murphy unconscious.

Fortunately it was dark or the man would

have lain bleeding through the day. The section west of Montdidier is too active to expose soldiers to almost certain death by removing wounded in the daylight. Consequently Corporal Murphy arrived, still unconscious, at a field hospital several miles behind the lines a few hours later. His eyes, head, and face, except the tip of his nose, and his mouth were swathed in bandages. - And there were more yards of bandages around his chest and ribs.

The tag said that his left eye was gone; that a fragment of the grenade as large as a thumb was in the back of his neck; that his lung was punctured, and that air was escaping through his chest.

Life still existed inside the mangled body, though it was faintly flickering.

"Put him into bed," said the receiving surgeon. "Apply hot-water bottles. We dare not operate now, but we may save him."

Several hours later the major commanding the hospital entered the ward and was surprised to hear the voice of the corporal, who had recovered consciousness. The corporal knew that he was in bed and that there were other soldiers around him and he was puzzled. The major listened and discovered that the voice coming from the bandaged head was saying, "What is your name, Buddy? I'm Spud Murphy. Didn't I know you in the Philippines?"

The same question was put to each wounded comrade near by.

"How are you feeling, Corporal?" asked the major, approaching the bed.

"Fine and dandy," replied Spud. "Have you a cigarette?"

"Better get a few hours' sleep now," said the major.

The next morning the corporal was operated upon. Pieces of iron were taken from his body, the blood was pumped out of his lungs, and the hole in his chest was patched up. When the patient recovered from the effects of the ether, an orderly put a cigarette in his mouth. The corporal stretched on his bed, watched the smoke through one blackened eye, and said: "This is the life, ain't it, Buddy?"

Though the operation took place only a few days ago, the surgeons declare that the man is in a fair way to recover. He is always cheerful, and "fine and dandy" is always his reply when asked how he feels.

"I know that my soldering days are over, but I got some Boches before I stopped fighting," he says.

—Washington Evening Star.

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A Man's Confession

By Arthur Symons

It was a year before the war began that, as I was walking along the Boulevard des Italiens in Paris, I met a friend I had not seen since our separation. The moment was embarrassing. He held out his hand to me. I took it, and, after a few words, we sat down outside a café, where we took our afternoon apéritifs.

I knew his reputation. He had written three plays for the vaudeville, he had made a fortune, was the proprietor of several journals, went everywhere, was liked and hated; had lived, one supposed, on bad terms with his wife, who also was supposed to live after her own fashion. He confessed to me that he had lost his illusions; that he didn't even hate his enemies.

"You," he said, "cannot imagine into what extreme depths one can descend—into indifference. Pascal said that it is absurd. Here one meets stupid people, who want to destroy you. What is joy? A lost treasure not even my last million can ever bring back again to life."

I said: "In legends the devil pays in gold for the souls he buys. The pact signed, the gold is changed into dead leaves."

"Ah!" he cried. "What are those to me now? One never signs twice over with Satan. So you find me cynical?"

"Certainly, as most men and women are."

There was a silence; then he went on: "The world has broken away from reality and the supernatural. God has given us terrible permissions—never that of suicide. One can't even hang himself in any kind of decency. Even when the Antichrist comes he may hold the world in both his hands, but save never a soul nor a life."

"Folly," I said, "that leads to shameful things."

"No, no," he continued, in an irritated tone; "besides, we others, we have no children."

I gazed at him with stupor.

"I tell you," he said, "our names go on; but as for us, we are not even fathers. Men called Buloz a genius, but he revealed nothing."

"What, you surely don't want to see a drunken brute assassinate a child?"

"I am not exactly wicked, but none can stem the torrent of our times. You know, I suppose, that I have had success at the theatre. Yet a kind of spite gives me the desire of offending fortune and of serving the public as it ought to be served."

I said: "You have, I know, certain incidents in your life that you have told no one; that you might perhaps tell me."

He looked at me for a long time in silence, lighted a cigarette, then said: "You shall hear what no one has ever heard before."

This is the story he told me. I give it more or less in his own words:

I invented (he said) a shameless Bacchanal, shameless even for the Theatre of Bacchanals to which I destined it. I hardly dared read the MS. to the actors. The principal part of the leading lady consisted in her saying, at intervals, from the beginning to the end: "I am a prostitute." The actress who had to play that part was the only one whom my play didn't disquiet. The censor passed it.

For myself I felt ashamed. They said to me: "Don't fear. If the first performance is successful a hundred others will follow; you will have glory and fortune." The actors who spoke such words, these were the creatures I plunged into depths of ignominy, and who never minded

it. So I never used my own name as the writer of the play, but let it be acted under an imaginary name instead of mine. I was strangely curious as to what was going to happen.

The public never for a moment hesitated. Two hundred performances were given; even those did not satiate their abject appetite. When I entered the wings the director, the actors, the actresses, bowed before me. I was famous there—in that one, that ignoble but satisfying world, the world of the theatre. Yes, the only satisfying world we possess.

I made an immense future; and the actors, after their success, no longer acted my plays, but their own. There you see all the difference when those comedians take to heart a piece they suppose was written solely for them. Canaille! you say. Yes and no. Take Réjane, for instance. The genius of Réjane is a kind of finesse: it is a flavor, and all the ingredients of the dish may be named without defining it. The thing is Parisian, but that is only to say that it unites nervous force with a wicked ease and mastery of charm. It speaks to the senses through the brain, as much as to the brain through the senses. It is the feminine equivalent of intelligence. It "magnetizes our poor vertebrae," in Verlaine's phrase. It is sex civilized, under direction, playing a part, as we say of others than those on the stage. It calculates and is unerring. It has none of the vulgar warmth of mere passion, none of its simplicity. It leaves a little red sting where it has kissed, and it intoxicates us by its appeal to so many sides of our nature at once. I say again, Réjane can be vulgar, as Nature is vulgar; but more than any actress she is the human animal without disguise or evasion; with all the instincts, all the natural cries and movements.

In her is the supreme merit of acting. Don't for a moment imagine I shall give you the name of the actress who first acted her part in my play. She had the devil in her body, and sinned with all her senses. A genius, great, supreme? Never!

In any case, I certainly had made an unpardonably mischievous trick in my comedy. Yet the talent and mimicry had their own merit: merit, no; what can I call it?—a shameless and nameless horror.

This pleased the public; I hated the spectacle, but a certain something in me drove me to find there an unheard-of bitterness; there, in my box, where, hidden, I saw all, I saw all.

I have known the vile and unutterable sadness of stage players; the anguish of the clown in the arena who jests because there is no merriment in his heart, who cannot even blush under his paint. I have known what it is to see actors set their wits at those who vied conceits with them in downright emulation. And I have dreamed of five hundred actors that danced before me, like the faces which, whether you will or no, come when you have been taking opium.

Sometimes I thought of going to confession; but when the thought of my children entered my mind, I began wondering: can there be one day, perhaps, when, through my own sins, I shall see my daughter fall into the snares of the theatre and play such scenes as mine before an equally hideous audience? I realized my own corruption. But when I saw in the stalls families, honest families, who understood my

meaning and who listened to all this derision, impiety, adultery and luxury, I was, finally, aghast. I waited for some crisis that hung before me as a crisis abominable, unendurable, unimaginable. It came.

I needn't remind you that I married my wife because I loved her, because she loved me. You know her beauty, her grace, her exquisite refinement. She liked living rather out of the world; knew only vaguely and never at any time approved of all my traffic with the theatres. She was all I had to care for; only so utterly different from the casual women I knew. I had never told her of my miserable play. I imagined she would never discover in me the writer of it.

One night, sadder than usual and agitated with strange presentiments, I took my usual place in the box where I always hid myself. Suddenly I saw in the opposite box my wife with certain stupid friends of ours. She was pale, cold, with an expression of disgust such as I had never seen in her face. Then I saw the spectre of my conscience; I found myself face to face with implacable justice. I buried my head in my hands to escape the horror of it.

Then I saw, felt, realized, all she had seen and heard and that had revolted her, made her indignant. She saw things and she judged them, and she judged me! I imagined that if there were a last judgment it might resemble this. I felt as if I were flagellated with lashes of burning steel. I knew that the man in me she had loved had fallen away from himself. I was a mask, and not a man.

When I had opened my eyes the curtain fell, and the people went out slowly. My wife was there, always in the same attitude, in the same stupor, pale, silent, irritated. I was dead for her behind this curtain that she regarded fixedly, dead in this dust, in this charnel-house of corruption. Between us now there remained, for the whole of our lives, an abyss.

I did not go around to see her; I feared the words of our friends, and her eyes and her ominous silence. I returned home later than usual. Strange and feverish sensations tortured me. Even my house seemed no more my house; and as I entered, it was myself and yet not myself. Writer of this atrocious comedy, associate of the comic actors, whose degradation she had seen, I was no more the man she had loved and married. Ah! the night I spent: the first night since our marriage I had ever spent alone.

At that point of his narrative he stopped abruptly.

"Ah," I said to him, "what agonies you must have endured!"

He interrupted me. "When one has cast off his bodily raiment, as a snake his skin, one becomes a changed man, changed for the worse. There was no explanation between my wife



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and myself. I dared not provoke it. She humiliated me with her coldness and her air of one who never puts aside the virtue, as women call it, of her conviction, her final conviction. When she tried again to break the ice (to use an image) I received her haughtily, as an offended man. As she has no more love for me left in her, all was over. So I left her alone in her chagrin, her anger, her solitude; and as my house seemed no more as it used to be, I sought distraction everywhere but there. We went our own ways, she and I. We became, under the same roof, strangers to each other, and in truth—this is the absolute truth—on that night of her revelation we died, she and I, as literally as we lived."

The United States and Japan

(Continued from Page 6)

great war when these words were written, but they are prophetic of what the States mean to do and can do, though perhaps not quite so quickly as in this estimate, now that they are in it. Is it at all likely that the sober minded statesmen in Japan have ever failed to appreciate America's real and potential strength or that they could seriously contemplate, at any time or for any cause, save that of national honor, "provoking a conflict in which both nations would lose vast treasure and both pour out nobody can tell how much blood; which would kindle hate that generations of time could not overcome between two great peoples that ought to be friends forever?" Nothing in their past records gives ground for believing that they would do so. Japan has her Jingoists, and they have, in this particular controversy, been as loud-voiced as those of the United States. She has her pro-Germans, both in the press and among the people, who sympathise with Germany's aims in the West and are ready to follow her example in the East. But the Government and the bulk of the nation are steadfast and true. They know where their real interests lie; and they may be most confidently relied upon to maintain the highest traditions of the honor of the Samurai and fulfil their international obligations to the last clause, and, hand in hand with the Allies, to see this war through to its finish. Neither United States citizens nor ourselves need have any doubt of them. Those who have should read Dr. Sunderland's book, which we commend to them, in its style as well as in its matter, with all confidence. It is called "Rising Japan." Our idea of its proper title is "Risen Japan." And Japan, having risen, will, we believe, never risk the fate that, we trust, is impending over Germany.

Atilla, King of the Huns

(Continued from Page 7)

him from the turrets of Troyes. "Who art thou, that scatterest the peoples like straw, and grindest crowns to dust under the hoofs of thy charger?"

"I am Atilla, the Flail of God."

"Oh," replied the bishop, "thou art welcome Flail of God, of the God whose servant I also am. Be welcome; it is not I who would stay thee." And going down from the walls with his clergy, he opened the double door and, leading by the bridle the charger of the King of the Huns, brought him into the city. "Enter, Flail

of my God, and go whithersoever His arm may guide thee."

Atilla entered Troyes with his army, but a miraculous veil enveloped the city—a mirage concealed it from the eyes of the barbarians, so that they passed on, believing that they were traversing a vast plain beyond which lay the city of their lust.

Alas for the western world if Aetius had not vanquished Atilla on the Catalaunic fields. Gigantic battle of baffling significance! Two hundred thousand dead; cascades of blood leaping into the little brook until it becomes a mighty river; Atilla entrenched behind a palisade of wagons, raging like mad before a pyre of burning saddles, prepared for his own holocaust in case his camp was carried by storm. In truth a combat of gods and giants worthy of the Eddas.

Aetius surpassed Marius and equaled Caesar in this epic fray, but alas, glory has shed on his name only a dubious ray. History is unjust indeed, not to set up altars to her latter-day heroes—Probus, Posthumus, Stilicon, Aetius, who so magnificently stood the shock of the barbarians and, Joshua-like, commanded the setting sun of Roman civilization to stand still. But it is of the nature of barbarism to make night around its seat; men and things grow dark at its approach; civilization becomes barbarian in fighting it; and the wounds of shadow strike home equally to victor and vanquished. Victories against it fail to subjugate the imagination, their laurels are but crowns of thorns, there remain of them hardly more traces than of a wolf hunt in the fastnesses of the forest. Atilla and the night!

—Reedy's Mirror.

The Oakland Exposition

In line with the policy of war conservation, cash prizes will supplant ribbons, trophies and other time-honored badges of distinction in the States and counties awards, according to General Manager George B. Keefe of the Pacific Coast Land and Industrial Exposition, to be held at the Civic Auditorium in Oakland. With the awards committee Keefe has completed a generous budget to cover the competitive prizes. The list includes the first exhibit set up in the States and counties exhibits, the best individual display, the most unique as well, and for the many varieties of apples, oranges, cereals, dried fruits, grapes, wines, nuts, cotton, rice and other products. Yolo, the first of the counties to give a hint of its exhibit, has announced that it will be in keen competition for some of the prizes, "in anything grown anywhere in California," which this county fortifies with many gold medals from the P.-P. I. E., the California Land Show in San Francisco last fall, as well as trophies from every big exposition in the world. In the States and counties exhibits, there will be as well a thoughtfully planned food conservation exhibit and demonstration department with trained domestic science leaders and prizes for the efforts of the competitive schools, women's clubs and other organizations. "This exposition has been carefully planned," declares Mr. Keefe, "and the cash prizes have been applied with the utmost care that the ultimate purpose may be fulfilled, that of making the exhibits instructive and educational. There will be nothing of the village fair about the exposition, as it will have

a nation-wide appeal and will be representative of the West and its helpfulness."

With An Everlasting Love

The Love of God for me began
Long before I became a man;
Before my lips could speak His Name,
Before from out the dark I came!
Within His mansions I was known
Before He made a Cross His Throne,
When not a seer with Him had talked!
Where with Him not a saint had walked!
Where melt in clouds man's hidden ways,
Deep in the dim eternal days,
His eyes across time's troubled sea,
Went peering forth in search of me.

—Edward Shillito.

Triolet of Deplorable Sentiments

I wouldn't sell my noble thirst
For half a dozen bags of gold.
I'd like to drink until I burst,
I wouldn't sell my noble thirst
For lucre filthy and accursed—
Such treasures can't be bought and sold!
I wouldn't sell my noble thirst
For half a dozen bags of gold.

—Theodore Maynard.

The Wife—Our married life has been a long series of battles, beginning with our wedding day.

The Husband—Indeed, there was an engagement before that.

First Partner—Is the typist getting so that she can do things without being told?

Second Partner—Yes, she resigned yesterday without my telling her to!

James—Bump says he won't take back seat for anybody.

Jones—He will at a church, but he won't at a burlesque show.

Willis—The market broke this morning.

Gillis—Whom?

Bibb—He doesn't like the measures she takes to criticize him.

Babb—No; she tells everybody he's every inch a fool.

Photographer—It will make a good-looking picture if you put your hand on your father's shoulder.

Father—It would make a more paternal looking one if he put his hand in my pocket.

Knowitall—I saw him yesterday with three sheets in the wind.

Simpleman—What! Has it got so far that his wife makes him hang out the wash?

Billy—Is he in good odor with her?

Tilly—Of course; his flattery is just so much incense to her.

Jiggs—The war news always speaks of a "listening post."

Biggs—If a post can listen, it certainly can't be as deaf as the one we've heard of all our lives!

SAN FRANCISCO BLUE BOOK

31ST ANNUAL EDITION FOR 1918

The Private Address Directory of Representative Families
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Each week we realize more and more the uncertainties confronting us. Heretofore we were all concerned about the military operations in Europe. Last week we were shocked by the news that the war was brought up to our very shores. Enemy submarines operating close to our coast, succeeded in sinking a number of American ships. The remarkable feature is the manner in which the market absorbs and resists these various shocks. A little selling developed, causing only moderate recessions followed by dullness and a rallying tendency later in the week. The action of the market, under the circumstances, is an indication of the moderate extent of public interest. Stocks are in strong hands, otherwise the effect would be more severe. This, in itself, however, does not necessarily mean that we are going to develop into a bull market. To do this, the outsider must be more eager to buy, and this can hardly be expected until a different state of facts is before him: assuming that the Allies will be able to hold their present position in Europe; that we on this side will be able to protect our shipping from further losses by the submarine; the fact that Congress is about to engage in the most drastic tax legislation in the history of America; and the question naturally arises, if taxes are doubled or nearly so, will it be possible to maintain present dividends. We think there is some doubt on the subject. Nearly all of our industrial corporations are benefited by the war, and it is only reasonable to expect them to pay a just proportion of their profits to the Government. Taxes will be high, but not so high that stockholders will be deprived of their usual dividends, except possibly in some cases where corporations are too heavily over-capitalized. All the fundamentals are along the constructive lines of the market, and with enormous crop promises, there will be plenty of prosperity even though the Government will exact a goodly share for war purposes.

Cotton—The market recently has given signs of an oversold condition, and, as a result, has rallied quickly from all breaks. Not even the bearish Government report, showing a condition that was almost a record for this season of the year, had any effect on the price. However, the Government figures were about as expected by the trade, and they had lost their effect. Next month's report will give the acreage with the condition, and this is expected to show an increase of from 3 to 5 per cent over last year.

There is a growing sentiment that present prices are not unreasonable, and this has brought in a moderate amount of investment buying. The future of the market, however, remains to be tested by the actual weight of cotton rather than by sentiment. The large supply in this country must be cared for, and will be carried into the next crop. The only offset to this at

the moment is the fact that crop conditions may change, and usually do a little later in the season, and the result may be a buying movement, to hold or possibly advance prices. Until that time comes, however, there is really no basis on which to bull cotton, and when the technical conditions have been modified, a sagging tendency should again develop. The market seems to be mostly professional, and there is a good deal of switching from new crop months to old, and back again. The high prices being paid for middling Spot Cotton keep traders from selling the July option short. There is a scarcity of middling cotton both in New York and in the South, but there seems to be plenty of low grade cotton that can be delivered on July Cotton, and this accounts for the difference between middling Spot Cotton and the July option. Late in the week a few reports of boll weevil made their appearance, and as this is rather early for this pest to make its appearance, it only goes to show what can be expected later on when the crop killer gets ready for business.

'Nuff Said

O beware of the tongue that with venom is tipped,

Whose point into slander's vile poison is dipped.

Whose words as they come are like sword blades of ill,

That wound, maim and slash, and too often that kill.

Let no ear be too willing to list to its tale,
For, failing a hearer, its venom will fail.

When at one word some good reputation lies dead,

Turn a deaf ear to slander and murmur, "'Nuff said."

O beware of the tongue that will gossip and prate

About things that occur in the nation and state.

That starts a false rumor, and passes it round,
And in it no vestige of truth can be found.

Let no ear be willing to list or to heed,
For, failing a hearer, the gossip indeed

Can not tell the tale if you but shake your head,

And give this wise counsel 'gainst gossip,
"'Nuff said."

O beware of the tongue of the pessimist style
That wags to make people feel sad all the while,
That never has learnt to speak words of good cheer,

Whose hearers will always go off feeling queer.
Let no ear be willing to give it a chance

To run down life's joys and life's woes to enhance.

When the pessimist murmurs, "We'd best all be dead,"

Just take him to task with this motto, "'Nuff said."

First Broker—What do you generally give your waiter?

Second Ditto—Oh, if he serves me well I give him a tip of a quarter; if badly I give him a tip on stocks.

"Our child is backward. Four years old and takes no interest in Shakespeare." "That does not necessarily indicate that the child is backward. He may believe that Bacon wrote the plays."

Sillicus—When is the best time to ask a girl to marry you?

Cynicus—Not until you are reasonably sure she won't.

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Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,235,750.50
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Number of Depositors.....	63,907

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The Compleat Criticizer

(From an Unidentified Black River Falls, Wis., Paper.)

The piano recital by Harald Gulbrandsen Friday evening was a financial as well as a musical success. It has been seldom that our people have witnessed anything in this line of a superior nature, even from professors in the art much older in years. He exhibited a talent that was surprising to the Black River Falls friends, and earnest appreciation was frequently made manifest throughout the entertainment. His fineness of touch was readily observed, while his calm and unostentatious vigor was the admiration of all observers, while in his violent passages, in which the keys were being touched off at the rate of 300 per minute, more or less, there was little swaying of the body, and about the only noticeable change of expression was a slight reddening of the face and the tightening of the cords in the cheek and neck.

Butler Glaenger took down a presumptuous playwright recently at the Players' Club in Grammercy Park. "I've written a play on the social evil," the man said pompously. "Something on the order of Ibsen's 'Ghosts,' you know. Yes, I bby and I are pulling in the same boat now." "But not," smiled Mr. Glaenger, "with the same sculls."

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 88770. SHIGETOSHI SAIKI, Plaintiff, vs. KIYOE SAIKI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

D. K. SEIBERT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: KIYOE SAIKI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of April, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

D. K. SEIBERT, Attorney for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-13-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARIA GAGLIARDI, Plaintiff, vs. HENRI GAGLIARDI, Defendant. No. 89657. Dept. 10.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: HENRI GAGLIARDI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion of the plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk

JOHN J. MAZZA, Attorney for Plaintiff,
4 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Cal. 5-25-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 89,873; Dept. 10.

JULIA SETTLES, Plaintiff, vs. E. L. SETTLES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: E. L. SETTLES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of May, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
H. I. PARKER, Deputy Clerk.

W. H. CLAY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
527 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-8-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 88832; Dept. No. 7.

IDA M. ESTES, Plaintiff, vs. EDWIN H. ESTES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: EDWIN H. ESTES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3rd day of April, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALFRED B. LAWSON, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DAVID J. KELLY (also called D. J. KELLY), Deceased. No. 24348. Dept. No. 9.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of DAVID J. KELLY (also called D. J. KELLY), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of DAVID J. KELLY (also called D. J. KELLY), deceased.

HELEN K. THURSTON, Administratrix of the Estate of DAVID J. KELLY, (also called D. J. KELLY), Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, May 25th, A. D. 1918. A. COMTE, JR.

Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, California. 5-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JENNIE VIRGINIA ENGEL, Deceased. No. 24,349; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of JENNIE VIRGINIA ENGEL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of J. E. White, attorney at law, 831-833 Monadnock Building, 681 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JENNIE VIRGINIA ENGEL, deceased.

FERDINAND J. LE CAM, Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of JENNIE VIRGINIA ENGEL, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 25th, 1918.
J. E. WHITE, Attorney,
831-833 Monadnock Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-5-25

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LEON KAUFFMAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix and Executors of the estate of LEON KAUFFMAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix and Executors at the office of A. L. WEIL, Alaska Commercial Building, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LEON KAUFFMAN, deceased.

CELESTINE, Usually Called LINNIE KAUFFMAN, SYLVAIN S. KAUFFMAN, WILLIAM H. LOWE, Executrix and Executors of the Estate of Leon Kauffman, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 8, 1918.

A. L. WEIL, Attorney at Law,
Alaska Commercial Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 6-8-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON APPLICATION OF TRUSTEES FOR ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. No. 21727. Dept. 10. In the Matter of the Estate of SUZANNE ALFERITZ, Deceased.

It appearing to this Court from the Petition presented and filed on the 27th day of April, 1918, by Celeste M. Vergez and Lyman I. Mowry, Trustees under the Will of Suzanne Alferitz, deceased, praying for an order of sale of all of their interest in certain real estate, that it would be beneficial to the estate and to all persons interested therein that said sale should be made;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, that George H. P. Alferitz, and Yvonne C. S. Alferitz and all persons interested in said estate and real property, appear before this Court on Tuesday, the 18th day of June, A. D. 1918, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. at the courtroom of this Court, Department No. 10, in the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of all of the interest of said Trustees in said real property;

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this Order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks before the said day of hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated: May 10, 1918.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge of the Superior Court.

NORMAN H. HURD, Attorney for Trustees,
604 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-18-5

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
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Julius Calmann

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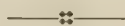
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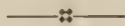
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ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXII. No. 1348

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, JUNE 22, 1918

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IN THIS ISSUE:

Speaking of Peace
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In the Days of Bolshevism
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Dr. Jordan and "Viverols"
Garibaldi's Bride of an Hour
Make the Sidewalks Narrower!
The Passing of Frank Wedekind
Our President in the French Institute
Analyzing a "Wonderful Frenchman"
The Value to California of Her Poets
"The Defense of the Accused", a Story
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TOWN TALK

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Speaking of Peace

Just what is happening in the war none of us is permitted to know, but in a general way it is not hard to perceive that the Teutons are making greater sacrifices than ever and that they are not gaining their objectives in a way to make them feel much encouraged. Indeed, we may easily argue encouragement for ourselves out of the situation, for at least we are confident that we have better staying powers than the enemy and we flatter ourselves that he will be inclined to general demoralization when the tragic truth gains access to his mind. There is very little talk of peace among the Allies, but the Teutons have never quit talking about it since the first battle of the Marne. Only they have never been able to discuss the matter in an honorable way; in the matter of peace as in the matter of war, instinctively the Hun figures on misleading the other side.

* * *

The Price of Gas

Bearing out what was recently observed in Town Talk with reference to the danger of shortages in staple, essential products, a recent rise in gasoline was explained by the Shell Company. According to the officers of this company, the price of refined oil was raised because the price of crude oil had been raised. This of course was a situation that came about precisely as the night follows the day. We were glad to see that it was a foreign company (the Shell) that played the leading role in this occurrence. The Shell Company represents financiers of the Netherlands, gentlemen who are taking an active part in the financial affairs of this country and exploiting our industries. They are evidently reaching out to get the business of Standard Oil, which is a strictly American company and in every sense deserving the support of Americans. But with reference to this we are cold blooded: we wish only to point out that with respect to oil as with respect to other things we must have—we must make production worth the while of men who have the desired materials in the ground.

The Gubernatorial Contest

Our political writers are taking it for granted that individual popularity is pretty sure to win in the next gubernatorial contest. They hold that individual popularity plus pull will overcome all opposition. Taking this view as conclusive, Mr. Francis J. Heney would seem to have a great advantage over all rivals, for, according to political gossip, Mr. Heney has the support of the Administration at Washington and the Federal Brigade is with him to a man. Now Mr. Heney may be thus advantageously situated, and considering how fine a showing he made when he was a candidate for the Senate against James D. Phelan and the Hi Johnson machine, assuredly he is to be most seriously reckoned with in the gubernatorial campaign. But this is one of those singular cases where the political support a man has may prove an element of weakness. Presumably Heney is supported by the Federal Brigade not because of the love the politicians bear him in Washington but because of his reputation as a vote-getter and the belief that he has been growing in the public eye. In other words, he is loved for his potentialities, and if, as it is rumored, the President's son-in-law is to be a Presidential candidate, the probability is that nobody connected with the Administration would interfere with Heney's plans. Indeed, all would be behind him if McAdoo thought it worth while to build up a Heney machine in California. But here enters the element of weakness. Republican politicians are closely watching the situation, and they are not likely to facilitate the progress of Mr. Heney in the interest of Mr. McAdoo. As they are now united, it does not seem to them difficult to elect a good Republican either to the office of Governor or to the office of President. Consequently there will be a great deal of enthusiasm behind the Republican party, and the gubernatorial nomination is of so much importance to the National party at this time that Republican leaders will be virtually whipped into line to compel harmony. Meanwhile, of course, a great political machine will be built up by the Administration, but the probability is the war will be over before the next Presidential campaign and that new political powers will be developed throughout the country. At any rate there is a hot time ahead for all folks concerned.

* * *

Make the Sidewalks Narrower!

Owing to the admirable enterprise of

our Mayor and supervisors in putting four tracks on Market street, traffic is somewhat congested. This, we hasten to add, is not the fault of our Mayor and supervisors; it is solely the fault of the traffic. This slight congestion of Market street traffic has worked a terrible hardship on those splendid fellows, the jitney drivers, who would gladly maintain a jitney service on Market street at great personal sacrifice, if room were made for them. We propose that room be made for them, and that without delay. We propose that the Market street sidewalks be made much narrower than they are at present, thus providing more space for vehicular traffic, especially that of the jitneys. The center of Market street will then present a busy spectacle, with four lines of street cars, and four or even five or six lines of motor traffic moving swiftly up and down, while pedestrians step lively this way and that in their progress from curb to curb, an exercise which will be of the utmost benefit to those who have torpid livers. It is to be expected that many will object to the narrowing of the Market street sidewalks. There are objections to all reforms. But our Mayor and supervisors know how to disregard protestants. Their long experience in ignoring kickers will here stand them in good stead. Of course, when the sidewalks are cut down pedestrians will jostle one another more than at present. But this condition can be governed by a few new ordinances. The supervisors should at once pass an ordinance prohibiting pedestrians from walking two or three abreast. The excellent Chinese way of walking single file should be enforced. Another ordinance should prevent all except policemen from stopping on the sidewalks to hold any sort of conversation, a most unnecessary procedure and a great waste of time. Still another ordinance should prohibit people from pausing to look in shop windows. Shoppers must be compelled to enter shops without lingering even for a moment over the displays behind the plate glass fronts. This arrangement will eliminate the useless practice of window-shopping. With these and a few other ordinances, the narrowed sidewalks will probably accommodate most of the present pedestrian traffic. If congestion continues an ordinance can be passed that pedestrians shall not use Market street more than, let us say, three times a week. This would give everybody a chance. As to the expense of cutting down the Market street sidewalks—we propose that it be assessed against the United Rail-

roads. Our Mayor and supervisors are achieving great success in their enthusiastic attempt to bankrupt this corporation, and making it pay for the improvement, we suggest, will undoubtedly hasten the U. R. R. into the hands of the auctioneer. This plan of ours is placed freely at the disposal of our Mayor and supervisors. The wonderful business ability they have displayed in solving many municipal problems—we point with pride to the garbage problem—assures us that in the execution of this new improvement they will run true to form.

★ ★ ★

In the Days of Bolshevism

Let us consider the case of Leroy Nickel, who is looking after the properties of Henry Miller, the butcher and cattle king of other days. This is a case that serves to remind us what lengths the Republic of the Founders has traveled since the day when it wandered from its leading strings. Men who once had an affection for old-fashioned fundamentals are now more progressive than were the most progressive of old-time Christian soldiers in the heyday of Hi Johnson and Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Leroy Nickel complains that the United States has been threatening through the Collector of Internal Revenue, to seize the preposterously large Miller estate which represents the facile loot of other days. We infer that Mr. Nickel is making a noise in the hope that he may be heard, like the man of other days whose coach was held up by some

Dick Turpin of the highway. By his outcry he hopes to scare off Uncle Sam. How absurd! Since the days of Roosevelt, Christian soldiers have made the country safe for Democracy, thus enabling Democracy to repeat its performance of the days of the Gracchi, taking for the state what was formerly the property of private individuals. Uncle Sam is not to be scared off at present; neither in the interest of reactionary principles, nor for the benefit of Mr. Leroy Nickel. This gentleman is probably considered lucky enough to have so much property as the result of a wise investment in the hand of a rich man's daughter. Whatever did LeRoy Nickel do for his country, aside from the practise of frugality? He is entitled to no more protection than the country allows for its police and military power, the cost of which apparently he has been caught red-handed in the act of avoiding. In the days of the Gracchi it would be thought advisable to punish him by confiscating the property left by his father-in-law. And this is precisely what the I. W. W. would advocate in our day. Now the I. W. W. may be generally regarded for the present as too radical, but as a matter of fact they are practically as progressive as was Teddy Roosevelt in the period when he urged that we abandon the Constitution and submit Supreme Court decisions to the arbitrament of a plebiscite. Teddy in his heyday was an I. W. W. in everything but sabotage, and here he is, *mirabile dictu*, "coming back" with the aid of the good old

G. O. P. Now, all things considered, our advice to Mr. Leroy Nickel is to accept gracefully whatever the gods provide. True, Uncle Sam seems now inclined to the principle of confiscation, but was there ever a case that seemed more emphatically to justify the spoliation of the individual for the benefit of the country? We think not. Mr. Leroy Nickel is a gentleman who does not represent one of the favored classes of this day and generation. Neither by tending his flocks, as David did, nor by the sweat of his brow, after the manner of one of the artisans in Babylon, has he contributed to the wealth of his prosperous country. We have no sympathy with a gentleman who comes into court with manicured hands. We are of the Jacobins and we sympathize with the idealists of Russia who are known as the Bolsheviks. Those folks seem to have most of the idealists of our government with them, a government of men from the Southland where the white trash grow, most of whom, by the bye, were too poor to pay any income tax until they entered the profitable profession of politics. This is not a good time to draw attention to Dick Turpin while he collects taxes of any kind for Uncle Sam. The people need the money, and the more they take from the idle rich the less they will have to pay themselves. It is well to remember that as bad as were the Gracchi they won immortal distinction for their mother by proving themselves the worthy sons of their father's wife.

An English Drinking Song

By Geoffrey Howard

Landlord, I mean to sing tonight;
Tonight I mean to sing.
But bring no wine, nor red, nor white,
Nor no such filthy thing.
To sit in an inn, and soak with gin,
Is hateful to my mind;
The glass I clink is crowned with drink
Of a purely temperance kind.

With drink of a temperance kind, my lads,
My foaming cup is crowned.
So uncork the Bovril, Landlord, dear,
And pass the Cocoa round
And round,
And pass the Cocoa round!

You Poets of a drunken Muse,
Are men of little note.
You have to booze and booze and booze,
To get your wits afloat.
Of Christian beer and right good cheer
You make a great parade.
But I can bawl above you all
On gassy Gingerade!

On gassy Gingerade, my sons,
A beverage light and sound
So decanter the Lime-juice, Landlord, dear,
And trot the Kola round
And round
And trot the Kola round!

Milton and Homer both were bards
Of a highly tedious kind;
For why? because these self-same cards
For half their lives were blind.
But Byron, who declared that wines
With him did disagree,
Could write the most astounding lines
On stinking fish and Tea.

On stinking fish and Tea, my boys,
(At one and nine the pound),
So, Landlord, get the Kippers cooked,
And rush the tea-pot round
And round,
And rush the tea-pot round!

Marlowe and Shakespeare won renown
As Poets, it is true;
And at the Mermaid would sit down
To beef and barley brew;
But Shaw eats cake and shies at ales,
And his plays are just as good.
And Garvice writes his serial tales
On purely cereal food.

He lives on cereal food, my friends,
And so does Ezra Pound.
So, Landlord, open the Plasmon tin,
And pass the Nutto round
And round,
And pass the Nutto round!

But I've one more proof, and a better one still.
For the most conclusive sign
That in order to sing you need not swill,
Are these here lines of mine.
My songs, while men shall see the sun,
With wonder they'll review;
And the best of it is that the whole thing's done
On Mineral Waters, too.

On Ginger-pop I sing until I drop
And flounder on the ground.
So, Landlord, carry me out with care,
For your inn is turning round
And round,
Your inn is turning round!

The Value to California of Her Poets

By Edward F. O'Day

Address Delivered at the Luncheon of the Home Industry League last Thursday when the League Honored the Poets of California.

When gold was discovered in California in 1849 the world made the acquaintance of California as a great rough land of virgin wealth. When the Overland Monthly was established in 1868 the world suddenly realized that California was a land of literary art.

Three poets who helped to establish the Overland became world-famous and shed lustre on the Golden State. First and foremost was Bret Harte. It was Bret Harte who first made the world realize that California was cultivating literature. "The Luck of Roaring Camp" was as much of a sensation in London and Paris as it was in New York and Boston. And that humorous masterpiece, "The Heathen Chinee," was just as great a success. The international celebrity of Bret Harte was not an accident or a nine days' wonder; it has continued to the present time. Mention California today to people who have never visited California, and at once they think of Bret Harte. Mention Bret Harte, and at once they think of California.

Bret Harte wrote a poem about San Francisco, beginning with those famous lines:

Serene, indifferent of fate
Thou sittest at the western gate.

It has fixed the character of our city for people all over the world. It was an interpretation and a prophecy. He wrote a poem on our beloved Mission Dolores, called "The Angelus" and beginning:

Bells of the past whose long forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tingeing the sober twilight of the present
With colors of romance.

This was the first poem of major importance celebrating any of our now famous Missions. If Bret Hart had done nothing else but call the attention of the world to our romantic old Missions he would be worthy of our profoundest gratitude, for our Missions have drawn travelers to California as the poems and novels of Sir Walter Scott have drawn them to Melrose and the Scotch Highlands. There is no monument to Bret Harte in California, but there ought to be one.

Charles Warren Stoddard was another poet who helped to call California to the attention of the world through the pages of the Overland Monthly. It was in the Overland that the first of his "South Sea Idyls" were published. A little later others were published in the Atlantic Monthly of Boston. William Dean Howells, who was at that time editor of the Atlantic, has told us what a sensation these Idyls made among the cultured readers of that magazine. Indeed, they were so successful that a London edition was brought out before they appeared in book form in this country. And so once more literary glory was shed upon California, this time by the prose work of a poet.

While Charles Warren Stoddard was writing his first poems in San Francisco he received one day a letter from a young man in Oregon. The young man's name was unknown to him, but Stoddard was deeply interested because the young man, like himself, was beginning to write poetry. Quite a correspondence ensued, and finally the young man of Oregon announced that he was coming to San Francisco to breathe its inspiring literary atmosphere and to make his home here permanently. Stoddard met him at the Ferry. The first words the stranger from Oregon said to Stoddard were:

"Come, let us go and see the poets."

For this innocent young man from Oregon thought that the poets of San Francisco must have a club where they met every day to read their poems to one another. That young man was Joaquin Miller.

It was the poets of California who brought Joaquin Miller to our State, and though in later years he was lionized in New York, London, Paris and Rome, he was never entirely happy until he got back to California.

Bret Harte left California in 1871, never to return. Joaquin Miller resided in this State to the end of his life. Pilgrims came from everywhere to visit him at The Heights above Oakland. His greatest poems went forth from California to all the world. And what great poems they were! One of the great English critics declared that "Columbus," written in California, was the best poem ever written in America. Looking down from his Heights, Joaquin Miller sang imperishable songs of the Sierras, of Shasta, of Yosemite, of our Ocean, of our incomparable San Francisco Bay. Great authors of other lands have been honored with statues in Golden Gate Park, but there is no statue there to Joaquin Miller.

It was the influence of Warren Stoddard, a California poet, that brought Joaquin Miller to California. That shows that a poet can do things as well as sing about them! And Stoddard's influence was exerted upon another even more celebrated than Joaquin Miller. As a young poet just spreading his wings in San Francisco, Stoddard lived in a crazy, ruined house on Rincon Hill. It was a quaint and curious lodging, and its walls were hung with trophies of his first visit to the South Seas. One day a pale, emaciated young man with burning eyes and the long locks of a poet climbed the rickety steps that led from Second and Harrison streets to Stoddard's ramshackle dwelling. When Stoddard answered his knock, he introduced himself. He had read Stoddard's poems in the San Francisco papers. He was without money and without friends, and he longed for companionship. The two young men spent the afternoon in conversation. The talk was principally about the South Seas. When the stranger left Stoddard that afternoon it was with the determination that some day, somehow, he, too, would visit the South Seas. That young man was Robert Louis Stevenson. We know that he went to the South Seas, that he did immortal work there, and that he was buried there. And so the whole current of Stevenson's life was turned into a new channel by a poet of California.

The third poet of the Overland was our beloved Ina Coolbrith. What has Ina Coolbrith accomplished for California in a practical way? Many things.

Years ago the great Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, compiled an anthology of American poetry. One of the poems was called "When the Grass Shall Cover Me." Whittier could not find the name of the author, so in his anthology he marked it Anonymous. When the anthology appeared literary critics seized on that poem. It was republished in papers all over the country. A question arose as to who wrote it, and finally the truth was made known. Then the eyes of every lover of poetry in the United States were turned to California and to Miss Ina Coolbrith.

When Joaquin Miller set out on his first famous visit to Europe, Miss Coolbrith gave him a wreath of California laurel, asking him to

place it on Lord Byron's tomb. There was a fitter controversy going on at the time, for Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," had made certain grave charges against the character of Byron. So when Joaquin Miller went to Lord Byron's tomb to place Miss Coolbrith's wreath upon it, there were some who thought that no such honor should be paid to his memory. But Joaquin Miller persisted, the wreath was placed upon the tomb of Byron, and incidentally attention was called to the dilapidated condition of the ancient church where Byron was buried. The result was that the church was beautifully rebuilt. And so the influence of a poet of California reached across the Atlantic to make English literary history.

Ina Coolbrith's influence was exerted at home, too. When Miss Coolbrith was librarian of the Free Public Library of Oakland, a boy of the streets used to go to her for guidance in his choice of books. He was a wild little fellow, but hungry for knowledge. Miss Coolbrith directed him to books which increased his interest in literature. Before he died not so long ago, an author of international fame, that boy—for he was always a boy—wrote a beautiful letter to Miss Coolbrith expressing his appreciation of what she had done for him in his formative years. His name was Jack London.

Ina Coolbrith's poetry is known to all who value true poetic inspiration. And among her best poems is "California," the noblest ode inspired by any State in America. Her sonnet "Copa de Oro" has made our State flower known to many who have never seen a Golden Poppy.

Poets like prophets are not much honored at home. But California has known how to appreciate Miss Coolbrith. During our World's Fair she was crowned with a chaplet of California laurel and saluted as poet laureate of California. In the past California may not always have appreciated her poets; but what California did to honor Miss Coolbrith will excuse many another oversight.

It seems to be the happy fortune of California that at stated intervals the eyes of all who love literature are turned in her direction. It was so in the case of Harte, of Stoddard, of Miller and Miss Coolbrith. It happened again when Edwin Rowland Sill was living in Berkeley

(Continued on Page 17)

OTHERS NOT SATISFACTORY—NOW TRY "CALTEXT."

The inventors of the new improved double vision lenses realized that the old style bifocals were limited in their usefulness. They at last solved the problem of perfect bifocals by producing the "Caltext" One-piece Invisible Bifocals. These wonderful lenses are ground from a single piece of glass, eliminating all distortions and insuring a satisfactory, reliable and comfortable lense in every respect.

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Perspective Impressions

If May Yohe has come back, what's to prevent anybody from doing the same thing?

We used to say, "Tell that to the Marines," but hereafter we shall be satisfied to fight like 'em.

"Peace by understanding" is the latest Teuton slogan. Unfortunately, a Teuton understanding is not the same as a gentleman's agreement. It is only a scrap of paper.

The Administration is said to be making up to the Bolsheviks. Well, even Borglum was eventually discovered. It is on this principle of better late than never that we are solving all the problems of the war, making victory assured.

There is no better form of government than democracy, provided it be designed to safeguard the interests of all the people who are devoted to the welfare of the State. Other kinds of democracy lead inevitably to demoralization and ruin, and are not fit for the government of human beings.

Whatski has become of Trotsky?

In C. C. Moore the State Council of Defense at last finds its life.

We admit that we don't know much about the Jugo-Slavs.

Wonder what John Perrin of the Capital Issues Committee thinks of the new budget?

The people of Austria are demanding a peace without victory.

Germany and the Ukraine have signed "a provisional peace treaty." We are reminded of the fate of the young lady from Niger.

The Czecho-Slovaks have taken Tomsk and Omsk. We are not told from whomsk they have taken themsk.

In support of his measure to limit debate, Senator Underwood said that half the time devoted to Senate sessions was wasted. If he had said three-fourths, he'd have been conservative enough.

Are any of our local Sinn Feiners worried by the arrest of Jeremiah O'Leary?

Is Hearst or the typesetter responsible for Hearst's bad Latin?

Kahn vs. Randall. In other words, common sense vs. fanaticism.

We have a wet and dry problem; but it's garbage, not booze.

How many supervisors will owe their political downfall to the budget of 1918-19? Let us wait and see.

A lot of United States Senators think that every time their tongues wag the world wags with them.

In any home, when paterfamilias returns from work:

Wife—So glad, dear, that you're safe and sound.

Husband—Thanks, wifey. But I didn't cross Market street today.

Thriving Zionist Colonies

When the Anglo-Egyptian Army which is invading the Holy Land under General Allenby reached the territory lying between Jerusalem and the Mediterranean, it made a discovery which proved both George Bernard Shaw and Israel Zangwill to be in error.

Shaw had stated, in opposing the Zionist scheme, that the Jews had, since Old Testament days, been townspeople, merchants, and artisans, and could not be made to go back to the fields. Zangwill had placed his hopes on a future Zion to be organized and colonized after the war. The soldiers of Allenby found thousands of acres cultivated by immigrant Jews dwelling in a dozen or so communities similar to the townships of New England.

Moreover, these communities, in spite of the drastic measures of the Turkish Government elsewhere taken in regard to the requisitioning of produce and taxation, were found to be in a thriving and prosperous condition and far superior, as to scientific cultivation and housing, to the Arab farmers or those of the Turkish crown lands in the Plain of Sharon.

Why the Turks left this Garden of Eden comparatively unmolested is a mystery, except on the assumption that they had learned the fable of the "gallina quae quotidie ovum pariebat aureum" and determined to take no chances. Requisitions of produce had been limited; the number of men taken for conscription comparatively small, although in the autumn of 1917 a number of arrests had been made in one community on trumped-up political charges, and the prisoners sent to Damascus. Another community was at one time sorely put to it to provide housing and labor for the Jewish artisans of Jerusalem whose work lost its market on account of the war. These were principally workers in brass and silver and weavers of carpets.

Most of these, succeeding the British occupation, have joined those of their race at Ben

Shamen or gone back to ply their old arts in the Holy City. Ben Shamen, among the foothills of Mount Ephraim, is said to be rapidly reviving under the new rule. It was started in 1910 as a combined community of arts and crafts and an experiment in agriculture. When Allenby found it there were about 120 Jews there, with an acreage that had been increased from 200 to 600 in two years, under olives, apples, and corn. Most of the people were from the Betsalel, the arts and crafts school in Jerusalem. They dwelt in stone houses looking down on the great plain of corn land which stretches from Lydda, on the Jaffa-Jerusalem highway, to the sea. Here before the war the men worked in brass and silver, and their wives wove carpets or made lace. With a wonderful power of adaptability, when they lost their market they quickly turned to the fields.

Another colony found on the Jaffa-Jerusalem road was Moza, where five or six families were busily engaged in redeeming a rocky plateau and placing it little by little under cultivation. Here the people live by their vineyards and orchards. One family specializes in dairy farming, another supplies vegetables to the Jerusalem market. Among their farms are those of Arabs who have been cured of their nomadic habits of centuries and have settled down to till the soil.

But these are only the smaller colonies and there are many others like them—Petach, Tikveh, a typical garden town; Richon, with some 3000 inhabitants; Beer Tobiah or Kahtiniyah, Ekron Katrah, and many more.

Two typical colonies of the plain, as the Judean Plateau is approached, are Rishon Le Zion and Rehoboth. The former is the oldest of all; it lies a few miles southwest of Jaffa and was founded in 1882 by about fifty families of Russian Jews. After some fifteen years of varied prosperity and stagnation, which were mainly surmounted by the munificent assistance

of Baron Edmond de Rothschild, it was when the war began and has been ever since, a thriving agricultural settlement well known throughout the Levant on account of the attribution of its name to the good wine produced by the Palestine colonies and Rishon Le Zion in particular.

It has the largest wine cellar in the world—larger even than those of Rheims and Marsala. It also has three wells, a club, a library, and excellently appointed public baths, which have been tested to their limit since the British soldiers arrived. At Rishon Le Zion there are more than 1500 inhabitants living in stone houses—rescued from the debris of Biblical buildings—with almost every modern accommodation, each with its garden around it. It is said to be in prime condition as to physical and mental activity, and cultivates some 3000 acres.

A fine palm grove was observed by the British soldiers, and long avenues of trees along the streets, which gave the settlement the appearance of an oasis amid rolling plains—flowery green enough during the rainy season, but dry brown in the summer now coming—which lie between the coast and Remleh.

Four miles south of Rishon Le Zion lies Rehoboth, which was founded in 1890 by Russian and Polish Jews. It has a population of

(Continued on Page 19)

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The Spectator

The Psychology of the Cliff House Host

Sitting in the Cliff House recently, I had the opportunity of studying the secret of John Farley's drawing power as an entertaining host. I heard him explain to a very charming lady that he sometimes swam to the Seal Rocks to bring milk to the mother of a baby seal. The lady believed him. A little later I saw him at the bar where two gentlemen were displaying something of curiosity regarding the picture of a very pretty nude. The lady was reclining on the sands absorbed in meditation. There was nothing vulgar in the pose. It seemed quite natural for the lady to ignore the fashions in dress while being wholly rapt in the chaste subject of her thoughts.

"Who is the lady?" asked one of the visitors, addressing himself to Farley quite seriously and soberly studying the nude, as though it were an ornithological specimen in the Academy of Sciences.

Mr. Farley took a squint at the picture, and then answered the question like the superintendent of an art gallery expounding the mysteries of a picture with a story.

"That lady?" he began; "well, I'll tell you," he said quite solemnly: "That lady used to live on Sutro Heights many years ago. She used to go in swimming every morning long before people came out here in automobiles to see what they could see. Feeling comparatively safe, she took off her clothes on the sands and plunged in for her morning dip and—"

Farley's auditors were all attention.

"As you can see," he said, "the lady had some pulchritude."

"Yes, indeed," somebody remarked.

"But that was not why she took her morning dip in the altogether," said Farley. "I give you my word she was no Powell street chicken. She was a lady."

"Yes, yes," said a man standing at the bar, "but what happened?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said Farley, slowly.

"I'm all ears," said the stranger.

"As you see her sitting," said Farley, "so she sat one morning after somebody had purloined her clothes. She was weeping and dripping, making a very beautiful picture, and, to tell you the truth"—Farley paused.

"Yes, go on," said the stranger.

"Well, to tell you the truth," said Farley, "I don't blame the artist for sneaking up on this marine September morn and making a sketch of the beautiful lady."

The Clockwinder Boosts the Beach

My friend, the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, was far from his moorings the day when Farley told the story I have related above. I met him at the Cliff House studying the picture with a history.

Asked what he was doing so far from the Ferry tower, the waterfront philosopher told me that he had been visiting the beach for

twenty years, indulging in reverie for the good of his nerves.

I asked him what he meant and he continued:

"Well, I don't know if it's reverie that does it, but there's one thing certain—there's more virtue in the ozone, sun and water of our ocean beach than of anywhere else."

The Clockwinder spoke so seriously that he arrested my attention.

"You know a lot about politics," I said, "but where did you study hygiene?"

"Listen," said the Clockwinder, "I learned a good deal on the beach studying politicians who couldn't be cured but who came back right out here taking the greatest rest cure in the world."

"What politicians?" I asked.

"Politicians with impaired nerves," was the reply. "You didn't know, I suppose, that Denny Sullivan, Chief of the Fire Department, was living in a house on the beach trying to learn how to sleep when the last alarm that he ever answered was turned in from the heart of San Francisco?"

"No, I didn't know."

"Well, he was," said my friend of the Ferry Tower, who thus compelled my attention. I listened and I heard the whole wonderful story of the politicians who have been made whole by the radium and water that Nature dispenses along the ocean front from the Cliff to Lakeside.

Taking the Cure

Denny Sullivan was only one of many. One of the pioneers who went in search of our beach elixir was Bob Fitzgerald, a clerk at the City Hall. One of the latest to avail himself of the unbottled and mysterious element distilled by the alchemy of Nature is Charley McDonald, the veteran of the Police Department clerical force. Dr. Washington Dodge studied the virtue of the Ocean Beach when he was the Assessor of San Francisco, and he got strong enough to get married when folk thought he was down and out. That was about the time that Fremont Older of the "Bulletin," somewhat run down by overwork in journalism, took to swimming in the early morning hours at the end of H street. Sam Rucker, the furniture magnate, formerly Mayor of San Jose, was in shattered health in those days, but restored a robust constitution doing the nervic grind in the cold and damp of the Ocean Beach. Jack Tait attributes his strength as an athlete to his devotion to the ocean tides at all hours, and one of his favorite stories is of the nervous wrecks who have come back as a result of having accustomed themselves to the ascetic and strenuous life of the sands near the Great Highway. One of them is Jack Suits, I believe.

"Why," said the Clockwinder as he rambled on, "this is where my friend 'Tiv' Kreling is offsetting the strain of his job as Sergeant-at-arms of the Board of Supervisors. Tait rents a garage on the beach and Kreling runs out there to change his togs. He takes the regulation cure that beats Carlsbad all hollow—a dip in the briny and then a good baking by beating the Kaiser to a place in the sun."

The Sun Baking

"A place in the sun?" I asked.

"Yes," said the Clockwinder, "this is one of

the mysteries of the beach—the number of places in the sun along the picket fence that divides the highway from the sands of the beach. By piling up the sands we get protection from the winds and there bake and bask. Here one finds whole clubs—like the Indoor Yacht Club and many others—taking the cure!"

"Is that what you call it?" I asked.

"That's the name Farley gives it, and he can enumerate all the ways the cure is taken out here. First there is his way—plunging into the ocean in the early morning and swimming out to the rocks before breakfast. He says that explains his longevity without the aid of prohibition. Then there are other ways. For instance, men and women come out here and walk the wet beach barefoot. You can meet folk doing this all the way from the base of the Cliff House to the wireless station. Farley says that he has met among them men who dance at the Cliff House at night. They keep young walking the beach in the morning and taking hot coffee of the Farley brew later on. Then there are the folk who bake in the sun. Say, instead of sending folk to the mountains to parboil and fall for that bunkerhill stuff of artificial mud baths and salt water that acts the same as Epsom, why shouldn't we celebrate our ocean beach? There's nothing like it in all the world. As Farley says, 'It beats other beaches because the water carries ten per cent of sand to whip up the skin.' I don't think he knows anything about it, but he's the authority out here and I'm willing to bank on what he

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says—even about nudes, baby seals and soft-shells here.

Fashions on the Sand

"You're quite an authority on the beach, yourself," said I to my friend of the bilgewater zone.

"But I merely know a little about what goes on out here," modestly observed the Clockwinder. "And let me tell you, sir, that it's a fine place wherein to study human nature in its variety. For instance, you can study fashions here better than in Powell street or the St. Francis."

Thinking the philosopher was spoofing, I thought it was my turn to smile, but the man was serious. "Oh, I mean what I say," he remarked. "I've come to the conclusion," he said, "that our moral squad of pulpiter peep-holders like Paul Smith, whatever else they have done for the improvement of public morality, as morality is known to Mrs. Grundy, have not done much for what used to be known as decency by the prudes of the pre-mannlaw period. And it is this matter I have in mind when I speak of fashions on the ocean beach. Now the probability is you know only of the fashions nocturnally studied at the Cliff House when the jazz band begins to play. It happens that to folk like you who live the shut-in life the beach itself is a wonderful revelation, full of news, gossip and fashion studies."

Asked what he was driving at, the Clockwinder continued: "As a result of the concrete work that has been done along the beach near the Cliff, scores of fine motor cars are parked near the entrances to the stone stairways every day from early forenoon until sunset. Nearly all the occupants of these cars wander down the beach and cultivate the nut-brown hue. Some of them have children and maids who go into the surf and wade. Most of them are attended by nice soldiers. Say, the beach we used to keep away from has become a popular resort like the typical Los Angeles beach. Peo-

ple have discovered that even on windy days there is warmth and burning sunlight on the beach, and it is black with people even on week-days, thousands of them. Above all, there is more flirting to the square inch on the beach than even at Waikiki. Go out there and look, and see if what I say isn't true about the fashions. Everything seems to be worn negligee, as it were, and the soldiers are becoming regular gallants, they are so attentive to the ladies. They are all over the beach and the Cliff House, which seems to be known to most of them, for publicity through the years has done its work. Everybody seems to know the famous resort."

Just a Case of Brutality

The Clockwinder has only one complaint to make about people at the Ocean Beach. "The Administration has made them all very moral," he said, "speaking of morality in the narrow sense, but the probability is you have heard nobody complain of the brutality to be found in the museum just below the Cliff House."

"I haven't heard about it," I said.

"No, and perhaps you never would if I hadn't dropped out there," said the Clockwinder. "It isn't the kind of immorality that your Paul Smiths talk about, but it is much more revolting than the usual guff discussed in the church. Listen: In that museum is kept a seal who is put away in the evening. Then he begins howling in a way to appeal to the emotions of any imaginative person. The seal, you know, is an intelligent animal. It must be tough to be kept locked up in a circus in the prohibition towns of Ohio, but what shall we say of a seal who is brought Tantalus-like to the very edge of the Pacific to smell the brine of the ocean and suffer from his tantalizing environment?"

The Clockwinder hesitated, and then remarked parenthetically, "Isn't it time for somebody to snuffle and mirror the heavens in his eyes while remarking 'Let us pray'?"

I confessed I thought it was.

The Clockwinder continued. "I don't want to roast Jarvis of the museum," he said; "why should I? He's only catering to those insensible mutts who ride in glass cases to the beach. Where are the members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals that rush in to complain when a dog is employed in vaudeville? Where are the dear ladies who are shocked when a scientist chloroforms a pig for the benefit of humanity? You never hear any of them howling about the poor seal." The Clockwinder went his way with a grunt.

"California Poets' Day"

"The money value, to the industries of California, of the poets of the State will be officially recognized by the manufacturers and wholesalers who constitute the Home Industry League." So read the first announcement of the movement to boost our poets because their ware are "made in California." In subsequent press matter it was pointed out that the movement was designed to "speed up" the buying of home-made poetry. The credit for the movement was given to Baldwin Vale, president of the Home Industry League, otherwise "patent attorney and inventor of traction plows," but he modestly transferred it to Chauncey McGovern, publicity director for the League. Mr. Vale was quoted as saying that the "poetry drive" was not actuated by "sentimentality" but by "business" considerations. It was pointed out that the California poet spends his "living-money" in California; also that when his book of poetry is published in California "it means

just so much more money for our California printers, paper people, cotton, leather, ink, glue, gold foil and other manufacturers," to say nothing of wages paid for labor. And so all the poets of California were asked to be the guests of the Home Industry League at luncheon at the Palace Hotel. The poets must have been startled at this discovery of their commercial value. They did not respond in large numbers. And yet there were enough on hand to make the "California Poets' Day" of the Home Industry League quite a success. There was much enthusiasm at the luncheon. The Home Industry Leaguers seemed to show a genuine interest in their guests. Will this enthusiasm "speed up" the sale of the works of the Californian poets? Will Home Industry Leaguers soon be quoting Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller, Ina Coolbrith and George Sterling, Clarence Army and Clark Ashton Smith? I for one await with eager interest an answer to these questions.

A Poet Presided

The toastmaster of the luncheon was Charles K. Field, editor of *Sunset*. It was a happy choice, for Field presides with grace and wit—and is himself a poet. Field's one volume of poetry (which went through three editions and is now quite scarce) bore on its title page the name of "Carolus Ager," a disguise it doesn't take much knowledge of Latin to penetrate. In connection with his claim to the bays Field told a story which the Leaguers enjoyed hugely. He said that on the occasion of a visit to California made by the late Eugene Field, he had the pleasure of taking the author of "Little Boy Blue" to see Joaquin Miller. Eugene and Joaquin talked poetry for hours, with Charlie acting as listener. But finally he could stand it no longer, and introduced himself into the conversation with the remark:

"I, too, am a poet."

Eugene Field told the story at a public banquet in this city, much to Charlie's embarrassment.

Other Poets on the Programme

Field called upon Fred Emerson Brooks, a poet who is a special favorite in the Home Industry League, to recite, and Fred gave the audience his comic poem on "The California

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Flea." Brooks was also represented by his song, "Mother and I," beautifully sung by Al Larsen. Justice Melvin of the Supreme Court sang with great gusto and comic effect W. J. McCoy's setting of "The Heathen Chinee." This was written by McCoy and sung by Justice Melvin many years ago at the well-remembered Bret Harte Jinks of the Bohemian Club. George Sterling was called upon for a speech in which he thanked the League on behalf of the poets for the recognition extended to them. Mrs. W. E. Travis, who writes music and poetry under the pseudonym of "Lawrence Zenda," gave a charming rendition of Sterling's song "Before Dawn." Clay Greene recited with powerful effect Sterling's "Binding of the Beast," a masterpiece of war poetry first given to the world in the columns of Town Talk. Edward F. O'Day of Town Talk gave an address on "The Value to California of Her Poets." At the request of members of the Home Industry League it is published in this issue.

"Andy" Wood as a Sonneteer

Andrew Y. Wood, publisher and Bohemian clubman, surprised the assemblage by appearing in the role of poet. He read a sonnet called

The Industrial Poet

How shall we praise the glories of this land,
Its turquoise skies, its opal-tinted seas;
Its fruitful fields, its flower-spangled leas,
That stretch from shore to where great mountains stand.
Its cities built by man's laboring hand,
Its forests of divine, up-reaching trees,
All beauties that the eye of commerce sees,
Set in a paradise at God's command.
Words are but weak that paint the sunset's glow,
Or seek to limn the lily of the fields;
Or show the substance that to labor yields—
The streams of wealth that from this fountain flow.
We but proclaim at industry's behest,
The golden progress of the virile West.

Dr. Jordan's "Vivérols"

One item of this interesting programme I have reserved for the last. I refer to Dr. David Starr Jordan's recitation of his poem "Vivérols." Most people do not think of Dr. Jordan as a poet. It is true he has never gathered his poetry between book covers; that may come later, for he is an inveterate publicist. Dr. Jordan's poems have been published from time to time in the newspapers. The best of them, undoubtedly, is "Vivérols." Edmund Clarence Stedman, a poet and a cultivated critic of poetry, included "Vivérols" in his American Anthology. And it has appeared in other collections. Before reciting it Dr. Jordan stated that he only wrote verse at sea, having no other time to cultivate what he called his "thin streak" of poetry. "Vivérols," he said, was written after a tour of Auvergne. The index of his guide book listed the town of Vivérols, but on turning to the page where Vivérols, should have been described, Dr. Jordan found no mention of it; nor could he learn anything about it. He said that the name was evidently a corruption of Vivéropolis, the Town of Life. (Query: Did the French ever give their towns hybrid names?) He stated also that in printing the poem in his anthology Stedman changed the first words "Somewhere in France" to "Beyond the sea"—just why, Dr. Jordan did not know. "Vivérols" will remind some of "Carcassonne." It is not well known, so I am going to quote it:

Vivérols

Somewhere in France, I know not where,
There is a town called Vivérols;
I know not if 'tis near or far,
I know not what its features are,
I only know 'tis Vivérols.

I know not if its ancient walls
By vine and moss be overgrown;
I know not if the night-owl calls
From feudal battlements of stone,
Inhabited by him alone.

I know not if mid meadow-lands
Knee-deep in corn stands Vivérols;
I know not if prosperity
Has robbed its life of poesy;
That could not be in Vivérols,
They would not call it Vivérols.

Perchance upon its terraced heights
The grapes grow purple in the sun;
Or down its wild untrodden crags,
Its broken cliffs and frost-bit jags,
The mountain brooks unfettered run.

I cannot fancy Vivérols
A place of gaudy pomp and show,
A "Grand Etablissement des Eaux,"
Where to restore their withered lives
The roués of the city go.

Nor yet a place where Poverty
No ray of happiness lets in;
Where wanders hopeless beggary
Mid scenes of sorrow, want, and sin.
That could not be in Vivérols!

Perchance among the clouds its lies,
Mid vapors out from Dreamland blown;
Built up from vague remembrances,
That never yet had form in stone—
Its castles built of cloud alone.

I only know, should thou and I
Through its old walls of crumbling stone
Together wander all alone,
No spot on earth could be more fair
Than ivy-covered Vivérols!
No grass be greener anywhere,
No bluer say nor softer air
Than we should find in Vivérols.

Love, we may wander far or near,
The sun shines bright o'er Vivérols;
Green is the grass, the skies are clear;
No clouds obscure our pathway, dear;
Where love is, there is Vivérols—
There is no other Vivérols.

Of Local Interest

Ernest Glendenning, who used to be juvenile at the Alcazar, is in "the fighting Marines."

Brigadier General James G. Harbord, who was at the Presidio in 1914, is acting commander of the Marine Division in France.

The late Raoul Lufbery, the first American ace, worked as a waiter in the White Palace Hotel in 1908. That was Murray and Ready's "hostelry" at Eleventh and Market streets.

To the Town Clerk of Lenox, Mass., Ray Baker gave his age as 39, and Mrs. Vanderbilt's as 33.

Harry Fox, who used to entertain in Jack Morgan's historic "Orchard," is in New York vaudeville with the Dolly Sisters.

Rube Goldberg, whose first success was made on the "Bulletin," played a prominent part in the recent Lambs' Gambol.

The Visitors' House at Camp Merritt, N. J., is in the Mission style of architecture, showing that this style is becoming known in the East.

Mrs. Ben Lathrop, president of the American Fund for the French Wounded, announces in New York that a chain of dispensaries will be opened to care for the children of France.

New York headquarters acknowledge \$5000 for Armenian and Syrian relief, and \$1000 for Serbian relief, contributed from San Francisco.

In the latest list of donors to the Secours National Fund, William H. Crocker is down for a substantial sum.

Senator Hiram Johnson attended a conference with Will H. Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee, in Washington a few days ago.

Vallejo's Suggestion

Through the medium of the Chronicle's "Safety Valve," people continue to voice their approval of the suggestion that California abandon the German "Eschscholtzia" as the name of its State flower. The other day the Chronicle had this letter from N. P. Vallejo:

Editor The Chronicle—Sir: In this article I appreciate

"Carry on"

That is the fighting slogan in France.

"Carry On" must be the slogan of every genuine American here at home. We must "carry on" to the limit of our resources—to our last dollar if need be to win.

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the fact that I am thrown into the pervading influence of literary people, and do not question them regarding the naming of our State flower, for I wish to join in pleasantly and forget, for the time being, the grave thoughts of war and the high cost of living. I desire to write in terms of admiration of the works of the authors I am mentioning, for to do otherwise would be in bad taste. It gives me pleasure to mention their names and prove that I have read and appreciated their interesting writings. In our State history the State flower is called "The Flame Flower," Ina Coolbrith points it out as "La Copa de Oro," Fred Emerson Brooks styles it "The California Poppy," Joaquin Miller designates it as "The Golden Poppy" and Edwin Markham entitles it "The Yellow Poppy." In these war times there seems to be a foregone conclusion that our State flower's name is to be changed by a special act in Sacramento, and the unpronounceable name of "Eschscholtzia Californica" dropped. I ask the public to permit me to suggest another Spanish name for the California beauty, and it is "La Amapola." If names occur naturally in the course of conversation, it is well to realize that to speak of our State flower as "La Amapola" is equally as beautiful and appropriate as "La Copa de Oro."

N. P. Vallejo.

"That Wonderful Frenchman"

Likewise in the "Safety Valve" one Albin Putzker of Berkeley voices a protest against given up the name of the German Eschscholtz. He points out that the name was given to our golden poppy by "that wonderful Frenchman, Adelbert de Chamisso," whom Mr. Putzker calls "the greatest man who ever landed on our coast." Chamisso was indeed a wonderful variety of Frenchman. Born in Champagne, France, in 1781, his original name was Louis Charles Adelaide de Chamisso. He changed it, and is always known as Adalbert von Chamisso (not de Chamisso). When he was a boy his parents took him to the French city of Berlin. In 1796 he was page-in-waiting to the Queen of Prussia. In 1798 he entered a Prussian infantry regiment. Shortly after this, his parents returned home, but he stayed in Prussia. In 1803 he founded the Berliner Musenalmanach, which doesn't sound like a French periodical, in col-

laboration with Varnhagen von Ense, who doesn't sound like a Frenchman. In 1805 he accompanied his regiment to Hamelin; and when the French took the place after the Battle of Jena, he was paroled. "That wonderful Frenchman" had been fighting with Prussians against Frenchmen. He returned to Berlin. In 1813 he published his famous story of Peter Schlemihl, "the man who sold his shadow." It was written in German to amuse the children of a German friend. In 1815 he went on the "Rurik" expedition with von Kotzebue and Eschscholtz. On his return to Berlin he was made custodian of the botanical gardens, also elected a member of the Academy of Sciences, not of Paris but of Berlin. In 1829 with Schwab and von Gaudy (were they French?) he edited the Deutsche Musenalmanach, in which his poems were published. One of his best poems has the French title of "Frauen Liebe und Leben" and was set to music by the French composer, Schumann. He also wrote such well-known French works as "Bemerkungen und Ansichten" and "Übersicht der Nutzbarsten und schädlichsten Gewächse in Norddeutschland." Truly, von Chamisso was a "wonderful Frenchman."

A Suggestion from Fresno

The Fresno Mirror is interested in the proposed change, but makes a new suggestion concerning the name. Says the Mirror:

Town Talk, our esteemed San Francisco contemporary, wants the name of the California poppy changed from "Eschscholtzia" to "Copa de Oro." It dislikes the former name for two reasons. In the first place, it is a German name; in the second, it is an ugly name. Copa de Oro is Spanish and means "cup of gold." The only objection to this name is its length. George Sterling, the poet, suggests "Dormidera" (the sleeper), another name applied to the flower by the Spaniards. This is shorter than the other Spanish name and more musical. But why not try to find a short and expressive American name for the California poppy?

Wilson in the French Institute

We are all interested in the election of President Wilson to the French Academy of Moral and Political Science, for this is an honor sparingly conferred. Cardinal Mercier and former Premier Salandra of Italy were elected at the same time. As an indication of the swiftness with which the crisis of civilization has raised men to international celebrity I may point out that our President is the only one of the three new Academicians who was mentioned in the last edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, and he was given less than four inches in that work. In mentioning the latest honor conferred on our President most of the papers have spoken of his election to "the Acedamy." This is misleading. "The Academy" is not the Academy of Moral and Political Science, but the Academy of Language and Literature to which such men as Anatole France, Paul Bourget, Edmond Rostand, Rene Bazin, Eugene Brieux and Marcel Prevost belong, and to which "Papa" Joffre was recently elected on the strength of his having written an account of Timbuctoo. This Academy has been "the Academy" ever since it was chartered by Cardinal Richelieu. The Academy to which President Wilson has been elected is of more recent foundation. That passion for reorganizing everything which distinguished the French Revolution caused the rulers of France in 1795 to create the National Institute with three branches or academies: First, that of physical and mechanical science; second, that of moral and political science; third, that of literature and the fine arts. This last was "the Academy" started by Richelieu. Napoleon as First Consul suppressed the Academy of Moral and Political Science as being subversive of government. It

was restored at the proposal of the historian Guizot in 1835. It is to this Academy that President Wilson has been elected. But in the National Institute as it now exists, the Academy of Language and Literature takes precedence, is "the Academy." As a member of the Institute President Wilson will have an annual allowance of 1200 francs. Some day, when this war is over, he may go to Paris and occupy his fauteuil side by side with Mercier.

What a Change!

Browsing among my books the other day I happened on this passage from Prichard's "Researches into the Physical History of Man":

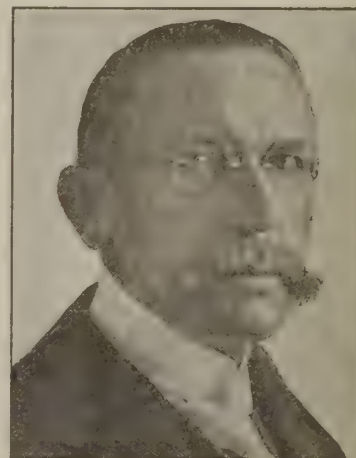
"In two remarkable traits the Germans differed from the Sarmatic, as well as from the Slavic nations, and, indeed, from all those other races to whom the Greeks and Romans gave the designation of barbarians. I allude to their personal freedom and regards for the rights of men; secondly, to the respect paid by them to the female sex, and the chastity for which the latter were celebrated among the people of the North. These were the foundations of that probity of character, self-respect, and purity of manners which may be traced among the Germans and Goths, even during pagan times, and which, when their sentiments were enlightened

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Do You Know This About Garibaldi?

On April 28 there passed away at her villa near Fino Mornasco in Italy, in her eightieth year, Donna Giuseppina Raimondi, the heroine of a little known episode in the life of the great Garibaldi. Returning in 1859 from an unsuccessful attack on the Austrian front of Laveno, the Liberator was riding along the road to St. Ambrogio when he was met by a carriage, whence a beautiful girl descended and, resolutely approaching him, asked for an interview. This brave young patrician, daughter of the patriot Marchese Raimondi, bore important secret information of the enemy's movements. Entering the wayside inn at Robarello, Garibaldi wrote a letter which he entrusted to her care for the Royal Commissioner at Como. A month later came the betrayal of Villafranca; and Garibaldi in the course of his wanderings, became the honored guest of the Marchese at Villa Raimondi. There an injury caused by a restive horse sent him to bed, and for some days he was nursed with tender solicitude by the young messenger whose courage and beauty had left an abiding memory in his heart since he met her six months before on the road to St. Ambrogio. The charm of feminine grace and family ambition on the part of the old Marchese did their work. Political considerations led Cavour to favor the alliance. On January 20, 1860, the marriage took place in the private chapel at Villa Raimondi.

The Bride of a Single Hour

But Giuseppina had not lived eighteen Italian summers heart-whole. As the bridal party was leaving the chapel a Garibaldian officer rode up



"SMILING PAT" O'BRIEN

The author of "Outwitting the Hun" will lecture here under the direction of Paul Elder.

and handed the General a letter. Garibaldi opened it, read it; then turned to his bride and said:

"Permit me, I must speak to you a moment."

Entering a rustic arbor together, Garibaldi showed her the open letter, and with that metallic, penetrating voice which once heard could never be forgotten, demanded:

"Is it true?"

"Yes, it's true," was the answer.

"Then," said the angry General, "you are only a —."

In a calm, steady voice came the retort:

"They told me you were a chivalrous hero; I find you are only a coarse soldier."

Garibaldi, who had his hand on a chair, flung it from him, mounted his horse and rode away. Giuseppina, her troth plighted to a handsome young Garibaldian officer, Caroli, had been sacrificed to family pride and *raison d'etat*. The young wife of an hour, thus repudiated, always refused to give any explanation of the dramatic scene. Disdaining all attempts to defend herself, she bore her secret in dignified, silent abnegation until her death. Caroli, three years later, gave a soldier's life for Poland. Garibaldi turned to lead the Thousand and win a kingdom for Victor Emmanuel. Twenty years later the marriage was annulled.

Y. M. C. A. Tank Free to Soldiers

A uniform is the only pass which soldiers and sailors need to enjoy the free use of the big salt water swimming pool of the San Francisco Young Men's Christian Association at 220 Golden Gate Avenue. More than 500 men in uniform enjoy the free use of the pool each week, it is announced by S. Wiley Winsor, physical director of the local Y. M. C. A.

We are in this war to win, and we have absolute confidence in the wisdom of our President. It is our belief that as the leader of Democracy he is the great American Man of Destiny.

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

to their feet with applause. Billy has sung war songs all over San Francisco for the benefit of the Red Cross. His sobriquet is the "Little George Cohan of San Francisco." Phyllis, a dainty, charming little girl with satiny red curls, met with as much favor and appreciation as her brother. She wore an attractive red satin costume, finished off with the Stars and Stripes, and bearing a beautiful silk American flag, rendered the flag dance with much grace and charm, winding up with a thrilling patriotic climax. The little children were the hit of the "big sing."

Wartime Dress Abroad

On the return of the Labor Commission to the United States—that very successful commission of which E. O. McCormick was a member—Mrs. Helen Grenfell of Colorado gave an interesting interview about its work. She had this to say about certain wartime conditions:

"Of the superficial notes I made, the lack of evening dress everywhere abroad bears with me closest. Only once while we were gone—two months—did I see evening dress, and we were constantly entertained at the best homes and went frequently to the theatre and opera. I saw 'Rigoletto' at the Paris Opera—not an evening dress on man or woman. I went several times to the theatre in London; not once did I see evening dress. At a dinner in Warwick Castle two ladies wore décolleté, and they apologized, explaining that the gowns were from before the war, which was evident. I don't believe that any one in either France or England has bought any new evening clothes since the war began. Certainly it is distinctly not in vogue to wear any. And there is no butter, and little sugar. When a person beside you at dinner opens a silver case and offers you a saccharine tablet you realize he is being especially generous. Butter is almost impossible to get. Once outside Paris I managed to purchase half a pound at \$1.75 a pound. Later I was informed my purchase was in violation of the law."

Lieutenant Robinson Here

Lieutenant A. G. Robinson, who arrived in town last week, probably enjoys the distinction of being the only officer in the navy assigned to a war craft bearing the same name as himself. He is to be ordnance officer of the destroyer "Robinson," now being rushed into commission at the Union Iron Works. Meanwhile he is being entertained by his mother, Mrs. Clay M. Green, at her Sutter-street home.

The Benefit Art Sale

The exhibiton and sale now being held at the St. Francis Hotel, in the Borgia Room, in aid of the families of French and Belgian artists, is a most beautiful and representative one. The collection of paintings and bronzes has been given by various artists, foreign and American. Many of the art galleries in the East have given of their famous collections. Among the pictures is a Sorolla. Jules Guerin of Exposition fame is represented. The sale will be open to the public until June 26. It is held under the patronage of the Belgian Minister. Among the patrons are the French and Belgian Consuls, Senator Phelan, Bishop Nichols, the Ven. John A. Emery, Mayor Rolph, the Rev. Charles Ramm, President Wilbur, President Wheeler, Admiral Gove, Colonel Febiger, William H. Crocker, and Judge Morrow.

Where to Train for Nursing

The demand for nurses is so great that the Red Cross is having numerous inquiries as to where training may be acquired in the shortest possible time. Miss Lillian L. White, director of the Bureau of Nursing for the Pacific Division, has answered these queries as follows:

A twelve weeks' course is to be given at the University of California, June 24 to September 14, upon completion of which college graduates will be entitled to one year's credit in any accredited school of nursing. Application should be made to the Dean of Women, 205 California Hall, University of California, Berkeley.

High school and normal school graduates who have completed satisfactory work in chemistry, biology and physiology, nutrition and cookery may be admitted to any accredited school of nursing with six months' credit.

High school and normal school graduates who have not had this preparatory work will be able to obtain it at the Santa Barbara Normal School, the course running from June 24 to August 30.

It may be necessary to transfer women for the last year of training to military hospitals where the course would be completed while in national service. At the end of this time students will be eligible for examination for State registration.

The demand for nurses, not amateurs, will be overwhelming from now on, and the American nurse will have the world for her field.

Fine Arts Concert

The Half Hour Musicale Sunday afternoon in the lecture room of the Palace of Fine Arts will have a programme of rare quality. The well-known violinist Arthur Conradi, accompanied by Frederic Biggerstaff, will play the "Sonata for Violin and Piano" by Caesar Frank. Three more solos will be rendered by Mr. Conradi, the compositions by Vieuxtemps, Cui and Wieniawski. Easton Kent, the well-known tenor, will sing several solos accompanied by Benjamin Moore. The concert, free to the public, will open promptly at two-thirty, and the audience will be admitted only between numbers.

At the Cecil

Brigadier-General and Mrs. Edward McClelland gave a dinner in honor of Brigadier-

General and Mrs. Charles Treat at the Cecil Sunday. It was a small affair, but was most enjoyable. Mrs. F. J. Steward and Miss Mildred Steward of Tucson, Ariz., arrived this week and will be at the hotel for an indefinite period. An informal luncheon was given by Mrs. Clapp and Mrs. Henry Thursday. Mrs. A. N. Currier of Iowa City is receiving a cordial welcome from her friends in this city. Miss Martha Armstrong, who spent last autumn and part of the winter at the Cecil with her mother, returned this week from Coronado and is staying with Mrs. Charles Graf. Miss H. D. Brown of Chicago will be a guest at the hotel for several weeks. Ten guests enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Adams at dinner Thursday. Prior to her departure for the East, Miss Tuxton gave a luncheon and bridge Monday. Miss Tuxton and her maid have been at the hotel for over a month. Mr. and Mrs. John Davis of San Francisco are making their home at the hotel. Motoring from Los Angeles, Mrs. B. M. Moss arrived Monday. She was accompanied by her two daughters and son, Rex Moss. Among the recent arrivals at the hotel are Mrs. D. S. Wegg of Salt Lake City, Mr. and Mrs. John Butler, Mr. Harry Smith of Tiensin, China, Mr. B. Rockwell, Mrs. Charlotte Mead, and Mrs. Marie Lowe of New York City.

Satisfaction at Techau's

How many times have you planned an evening's entertainment, looked forward to it with pleasurable anticipation, and then been bored to death and gone home disgusted? That never happens to those who choose the Tavern as their place of recreation. The programme is always full of life, light and laughter. You dance when you feel like it, which is most of the time, or you sit and let the singing of the Show Girl Revue Corps charm you with the sweetness of old ballads, enliven you with the snappy lilt of rag-time, or thrill you with the grandeur of operatic arias. The merchandise dances are a novelty which the ladies in particular will appreciate. There are the most costly favors, which are presented without competition at the dinner hour and after the theatre. These are all of silk and include the best and most modish creations to be obtained from Livingston Bros. Taken all in all, there is no better way to pass an evening than at the Tavern.

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The Passing of Frank Wedekind

By Barrett H. Clark

The death of Frank Wedekind a few weeks ago made little stir in the American press. In times like these the death of a literary man is perhaps not of paramount importance when compared with the failure or success of our troops along the western front, but Wedekind was a man whose achievements deserve a few words of passing notice. It will be recalled that not long before the outbreak of the war his most famous play, "Spring's Awakening," was suppressed as immoral by the police of New York City—or was it the Comstockians?—and the matter was widely discussed in the public prints.

The passing of Frank Wedekind marks the close of an interesting epoch in German art. Early in his career Wedekind allied himself with a group of young men in Munich who were later to cause something of a revolution in German literature. He was one of the Ueberbreitl' group, and for some time he sang his own songs in cabarets. He was an exponent of naturalism when naturalism was the idiom of the day, and he it was who carried naturalism to its logical, or illogical, conclusion. His songs, his longer narrative poems, his tales, and finally his plays were all original contributions to the movement which reached its height in Europe by the end of the last century.

Wedekind was never popular in his own country. His name was familiar there much as the name of Theodore Dreiser is known in the United States; both are writers the austerity of whose art will always preclude popularity—the only difference being that Wedekind's work was at least respected by those who either did not care for it or frankly did not understand it.

Superficially, Wedekind was a crude and abnormally cynical naturalist; an Artzybashef without the thin veil of wistful poetry. His preoccupation with questions of sex was a painful obsession. Life to him seemed a cesspool of floating horrors. Certainly "The Earth Spirit" and "Pandora's Box" convey this impression, and "Music," "Oaha," and the shorter plays emphasize it. But there is something more. Beneath the accumulation of horrors, through all the corruption of modern life, even in the vile atmosphere of brothels and gambling dens, there is a ray of light, of pity. Wedekind's pity is not Dickens'; his sympathy is not even the cynical sympathy of Thackeray; it is more like that of Bernard Shaw, the pity aroused by a sense of the terrific waste in modern society.

"Spring's Awakening," for example, is at base a cry of protest against the conspiracy of silence. Young and beautiful adolescents, ignorant of the elements of sex, come to inevitable grief. The awakening of their Spring is accompanied by dire tragedy simply through the stupidity or prudery of their parents. A young and beautiful girl dies; a promising youth is driven to suicide. His spirit rises from the grave where his body lies, and speaks; he tells the mysterious gardener who stands at his side that he is going back to his grace, "and laugh!"

Wedekind's sympathy arises from his pagan love of physical beauty. Nowhere else is his paganism so much in evidence as in his early works. His joy in the human body, in the God-given physical being, is observable in the character of the young girl in "Spring's Awakening," and his cynicism is directed not primarily against society, but against the girl's parents;

and in the case of the boy to his parents and his schoolmasters. In the story of "Mine-Haha" he sings the praises of the human body. In one place he says of his heroine that in later years all she remembered of her schoolmates was "the way in which they walked."

Unfortunately this serene paganism almost disappears in the later works: Wedekind was carried along on the wave of pure naturalism. "The Earth Spirit" and "Pandora's Box"—the second a sequel to the first, and together called "Lulu"—are a series of more or less connected scenes depicting the steady degeneration of a sensual woman, who sells herself in turn to the highest bidder. The culminating scene in the second play is almost beyond endurance on the stage. "Music," one of the bitterest plays he ever wrote, relates the story of a music student, of her seduction, of the birth of her child in jail, and finally of the arrival of her teacher, the man who ruined her. He tells the down-trodden, heart-broken creature that now she will be able to sing a song!

Wedekind's latest period is rather puzzling. It seemed as though he had worked the naturalistic vein to the utmost; he had exposed the merciless joke of civilization and drained the

cup of modern life to its dregs; there was nothing more to say. He then resorted to supernaturalism—a mixture of naturalism and mysticism. Up to the time of his death he was still experimenting in quest of a new medium; but somehow he had failed to discover exactly what he was looking for. Perhaps he would have discovered it—he was only 54—though it is more likely that the younger generation—Carl Sternheim seems the logical candidate if he is still alive—will evolve a form of drama with all the power and sincerity of Wedekind, but combined with a clearer and saner vision of life.

Wedekind's personality is not easy to understand or estimate. Even those who knew him were sometimes at a loss to account for him. He was a man of indomitable and uncompromising power and determination, which he had developed through long years of struggle. He once spent several months in jail for lese-majeste, and he had known poverty, disappointment, and contempt at the hands of critics. It is said that when he appeared in vaudeville he used to revile and insult his audiences. Even in later years, after his plays had brought him a certain prestige and respect, he never for a moment played for popular applause. The last



MISS FRANCES DOUGHERTY
A talented San Francisco girl who will make her first appearance on the stage of her "home town" at the Orpheum next week.

twelve or fifteen years of his life were spent in Munich, where with his wife and children he lived the life of a respected citizen.

Wedekind and his wife were in the habit of assuming the two most important roles in the various Wedekind plays and touring the country, playing with local companies in anywhere from one to ten plays, sometimes for several weeks at a time. Only Wedekind's plays were produced. In the choice of plays, in the stage management, and in the acting, there was never the slightest attempt to catch the popular fancy; indeed, it often seemed as though the Wedekinds were acting for their own pleasure alone. I once saw Wedekind act in "Oaha"; through-

out the performance he held the audience spell-bound by the power of his personality. Rarely have I witnessed such convincing and sincere acting. I could scarcely believe that he was not improving, but I was told that he impressed the audience in all his roles in the same way. My impression of the man is recorded in a little article I wrote immediately after the performance:

"As the curtain rises a short, yet somewhat angular, man is seated at a desk. His face is hard, with deep lines about the mouth; he has small, deep-set eyes, steely cold; a short bristly moustache, and red close-cropped hair. The huge eye-sockets appear green, accentuated as

they are by the make-up, and the eyes themselves seem more horrible as they peer at nothing. They somehow give one the impression of correlating facts. This editor's associates, hideous caricatures, come to their chief for instructions, and the still more hideous chief deals them out in his dead metallic voice. An irritating cackle is the only sign of his having heard what they have to say. His very presence chills the audience."

Frank Wedekind was not a sympathetic figure; he was neither a very great poet nor a very great dramatist; but he honestly endeavored to paint life as he saw it. He was a sincere artist.

—New York "Times."

The Stage

Leo Carillo in "Lombardi, Ltd."

I met the First Nighter on Powell street, and we joined the supper crowd that was surging toward Tait's.

"Where've you been?" I asked.

"To the Cort," replied the First Nighter.

"Who were they trying?"

"Leo Carillo."

"What was he charged with?"

"Being a comedian."

"What was the verdict?"

"Guilty."

"What will he get?"

"Two weeks, S. R. O."

"Was it his first offense?"

"No, he got a year in New York."

"Where did he serve it?"

"On Broadway."

"He used to be an artist, didn't he?"

"He still draws."

"From life?"

"From all walks of life."

"Does he do portrait work?"

"He has done one full-length."

"Of whom?"

"Tito Lombardi."

"In oils?"

"No, in grease paint."

"Who is this Lombardi?"

"A modern Mantalini."

"A which?"

"A man dressmaker."

"I don't like the type."

"You'd like this one."

"Is he different?"

"Almost too good to be true."

"Does Carillo do him justice?"

"A speaking likeness."

"This Carillo must be a great artist."

"You've said it."

"By the way," I said as we revolved the door into Tait's, "is there any good show in town?"

"Yes," he answered, "Leo Carillo in 'Lombardi, Ltd.'"

"Then you've been talking about a show all the time!" I exclaimed.

"I've been talking about the most delicious show and the cleverest comedian we've had in a long, long time," said the First Nighter.

—E. F. O'Day.

Lucille Cavanagh and Others

Lucille Cavanagh is as pretty as her own picture, and dances with American vivacity. The Orpheum audience of experts thoroughly approves of Lucille's feet and the way she uses

them. They are good looking feet, attractively supported. And, like White Wings, they never grow weary. How Lucille does kick with them! It is nothing for Lucille to bring instep and eye into juxtaposition. It matters not which instep or which eye. The ambidexterity of Lucille's feet is what makes them bill-toppers. Lucille has two boys with her, and a number of costumes. One of the boys excels as an eccentric dancer. All the costumes are beautiful. Some of them are scanty, but not too much so. The modesty of the Orpheumite is not shocked. Martin Beck specially presents Lucille, proof that she has borne the scrutiny of a severe critic. Lucille will be seen again next week. So will Carter De Haven and Flora Parker. The always ultra Carter wears the very latest agony in dress clothes, including a recherche top coat in the fashion of the day after tomorrow. It would be interesting to know how many chaps of draft age cherish a secret ambition to dress like Carter. The Princess Olga is Leona-Lamarring at every performance. But she refuses to tell when the war will end.

E. F. O'Day.

"Smiling Pat" Is Coming

"Smiling Pat" O'Brien is coming home. Since leaving San Francisco as lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps, he has gone through sensational experiences. Fighting in the clouds he was shot and fell 8000 feet into the German lines, but escaped death. On his way to prison, directly under the eye of his German guard, he leaped from the window of the train going thirty-five miles an hour. He was somewhere near Strassburg, eighty-five miles inside of Germany. Injured as he was by his fall from the train, and with his reopened wounds, he managed to escape pursuit, and for seventy-two days he struggled through this enemy country, through Belgium, tunneled under the electric barbed wire fence on the border and escaped into Holland. When he reached London, King George ordered him to the palace for an audience and found his story so amazing that he spent fifty-five minutes with him. Lieutenant O'Brien is only twenty-seven years of age. He is now on a three-months leave and is seeking a transfer to the American Army in order that when he re-enters the struggle he may fight under the flag of his own country. In the meantime he is touring the United States, holding great audiences spellbound with the story of his wonderful experiences. His visit to San Fran-

cisco is under the direction of Paul Elder, who has arranged for him to appear at Dreamland Rink, Tuesday evening, July 2, and at Oakland Auditorium, Wednesday evening, July 3.

Miss Cavanagh Continues at Orpheum

Lucille Cavanaugh, who is making such a hit at the Orpheum in her kaleidoscope of song, dance and color, will enter on the second week of her engagement and will vary her programme. Her associates, William Hurst and Ted Doner, will also introduce new numbers. Wellington Cross, on account of his great stage popularity, is known as the American musical comedy favorite. He sings and tells stories. Barry and Layton, two clever young men of versatility, will offer a novelty called "The All 'Round Boys," in which they entertain with dancing, comedy and skating. Frances Dougherty, who left this city some time ago to try a stage career in the East and met with instantaneous success, will present a characteristic melodic diversion. Miss Dougherty has an agreeable voice and an arch and vivacious manner. A number of theatre parties have been arranged in her honor. The Misses Black and White are clever acrobats. Aaron Hoffman's comedy, "The Honeymoon," in which Glen Anders and company recently scored a great hit, will return for next week only. Comedy and daring crowd each other for first place in a really remarkable aerial surprise accomplished by Stewart and Mercer. The girl devotes her time entirely to supergymnastics. Joveddah, the Rajah, assisted by Princess Olga and Costa Valata, will continue their feats of mind-reading. Carter De Haven and Flora Parker will close their engagement with new songs.

Carillo's Second Week

Oliver Morosco's production of the brilliant comedy "Lombardi, Ltd.," with Leo Carillo as featured player, enters upon the second week of its very successful Cort engagement Sunday night. Theatregoers of New York sat up and took notice of Leo Carillo a year or so ago when this clever comedian made his first Man-

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hattan appearance in legitimate comedy as the chauffeur in "Upstairs and Down." So warm was his reception that when Morosco put on "Lombardi, Ltd.," he decided to elevate Carillo to stardom. The producer's judgment has been thoroughly vindicated, for Carillo scored most emphatically as the temperamental modiste of "Lombardi, Ltd.," a part to which he is ideally fitted. Carillo's reception at the Cort last Monday was an ovation. This is the actor's native

city and his many friends were out in force. "Lombardi, Ltd." was written by Frederic and Fanny Hatton.

Pershing Film Coming

The Government's own stupendous film attraction, "Pershing's Crusaders," will be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre commencing next Saturday night, June 29. This film is to be offered by special arrangements in San

Francisco and only two or three other Pacific Coast cities and will show how the boys are following the flag to France. It is the sensation of the hour throughout the East and every element of public interest should be behind the film. As the Government is desirous of having as many people as possible see this picture, the prices during the Columbia engagement will be 25 and 50 cents. The advance sale of seats begins Wednesday.

"The Defense of the Accused"

(Translated from the Russian of Alexander Kuprin by Alex. Bakshy.)

(Reprinted from The Lantern by request.)

"I admit, my lords, I murdered him!

"But I cast aside the loophole with which the results of the medical examination provided me.

"I murdered him with a sane mind and clear memory. I murdered him, conscious of the end, convinced and cool, and without the slightest regret, or fear, or hesitation. Were it in your power to raise him to life again, I would repeat my crime.

"He haunted me every moment of my life. He assumed thousands of human faces, and was not even averse—oh, shameless wretch!—to disguise himself as a woman. He pretended to be my relative, my good friend, my colleague, my acquaintance. He made up his face to imitate all ages, save that of a child, in which he always failed and looked merely a fool. My life was filled with him to the brim and was virtually poisoned.

"The most depressing thing, however, was that I knew beforehand every one of his words, gestures, and actions.

"When he met me in the street he always spread open his arms and exclaimed in a sing-song voice:

"Ah! how d'you do? . . . I haven't seen you for ages! Well, how are things going?"

"And instantly answered himself, though I had never asked him anything:

"Thank you. Pretty fair! Mustn't grumble, you know. And have you read in this morning's paper about—?"

"If at the same time he happened to notice that I had a swollen cheek or a sty, he never missed the occasion to neigh out in his usual way:

"Good heavens, old man, what a face you have! Where have you managed to get it? Oh, it's a most wretched thing to have!"

"He knew full well, this scoundrel, that it was not the swollen cheek that gave me pain, but the fifty idiots who had asked me the same stupid question before him. He craved for my agony—torturer! He used to call on me in the very hours when I was plunged up to the

ears in urgent work. He seated himself and said:

"H'm! I seem to have interrupted you?"

"And for two whole hours he would keep on chatting most boring trash about himself and his children. He saw me convulsively clutching my hair and ferociously biting my lips, and revelled at the sight of my humiliating tortures.

"After he had poisoned my working mood for a whole month he would get up yawning and say:

"With you one always goes on talking too late. And I have yet lots of things to see to."

"In a railway carriage he opened a conversation invariably with one and the same question:

"Pardon me asking you, sir. Are you going very far?"

"And next:

"On business?"

"Pardon me, are you married?"

"Oh, I have studied his detestable habits only too well! Closing my eyes, I can vividly see all his features. Here he is patting me on the shoulder, on the back, and on the lap, wildly gesticulating before my very nose, which makes me shudder and shrink, holding me by the button of my coat, breathing straight in my face, spraying me without mercy. Here he is shaking his foot under the table, which makes the lamp-globe jar. Here he is tapping on the back of my chair during a long interval in conversation and drawling significantly: 'Just so! Just so!' and tapping again and again drawling 'Just so! Just so!' Here he is rattling with his bony fingers on the table, coming out with the trump cards he had kept up his sleeve and cracking out: 'What about this? How's that, and that?'

"Here in the midst of a heated Russian discussion he is advancing his favorite argument:

"Now, old chap, you are talking nonsense."

"Why nonsense?" I ask timidly.

"Because it's all bosh."

"I am not aware of any evil I have done to this man. But he swore to make a hell of my life, and he did. Thanks to him, I feel nothing but repugnance to the sea, the moon, the air, poetry, painting and music.

"Tolstoy?" he shouted himself hoarse in speeches, in letters, in papers. 'Transferred all his property to his wife, whilst himself . . . And what about the way he treated Tourgenyev? . . . Made boots. . . The great writer of the Russian land. . . Hurrah!'

"Pushkin? Oh, he indeed created a language. You remember, of course: 'The night is calm in Ukraine. The sky's transparent. The air is breathing. . . . But his wife, you know, she was . . . h'h. . . Do you know what the gendarmes did to him? Ah, here is something—hush!—no ladies here, are there? You remember those verses, don't you?—

'We are going in a boat,

'Neath the boat is water . . .'

"Dostoyevsky! Have you read how once in the middle of the night he came to Tourgenyev to confess his sins? . . . Gogol—do you know what actually was the disease he suffered from?"

"I visit an exhibition of pictures and stop before an evening landscape full of calm and peace. But he has followed on my heels. He is already behind me, saying with an air of authority:

"This is not at all bad, to be sure—distance, atmosphere—the moon stands out like the real thing. You remember, Nina, the Tipyaevs have a supplement to the Illustrated News? Very much the same effect."

"I am at the opera, listening to the music of 'Carmen.' But he is there already. He has seated himself right behind me, he has put his feet on the cross-bar of my chair, and is now humming the tune to the duet of the second act. I am conscious that every movement of his body rouses a feeling of repulsion in me. And I also hear him say in the interval, raising his voice specially for me:

"Marvelous records the Zadaodvs have! A real Shaliapin. Absolutely impossible to find the slightest difference."

"I can swear it was nobody but him who invented the street organ, gramophone, bioscope, photophon, biograph, phonograph, auxetophon, patephon, musical-box, monoplane, piano-player, motor car, paper collars, oil prints and newspapers.

"There is no escape from him. At night I sometimes ran away to a desert place by the sea, to lie down in solitude on a high precipitous cliff. But like a shadow he stealthily followed me, and suddenly uttered with confidence and self-satisfaction:

"What a lovely night, Alice, isn't it? And look at the clouds! Just like in a picture. And yet, if an artist had painted like this—nobody would believe him."

"He killed the best moments of my life—the moments of love, the sweet lovely nights of my youth. How often, when I strolled, arm in

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arm with a taciturn, pretty and poetic being along a path with scattered spots of moonlight, he suddenly assumed the likeness of a woman, and, drooping his head on my shoulder, said, with the voice of an ingenue dramatique:

"Do you like to dream in moonlight?"

"Or:

"Are you fond of Nature? I adore Nature—"

"He had numberless images and faces, this torturer of my soul, but always remained the same. He assumed the likeness of a professor, a doctor, an engineer, a woman-doctor, a barrister, a girl-student, a writer, a wife of the registrar, a landowner, a government official, a passenger, a visitor, a guest, a stranger, a playgoer, a reader, a neighbor in the country. In my earlier days I was stupid enough to believe that these were separate beings. But he was one.

"The bitter experience of life at last disclosed to me his name. He was the Russian 'intellectual,' the would-be educated man of the middle classes.

"If he did not personally torment me, he everywhere left his impress, his visiting card. On the summits of the Caucasian mountains I found the bits of orange peel, the empty sardine tins, and the bits of sandwiches he had left behind. On the Crimean rocks, on the top of Ivan's belfry in Moscow, on the granite rocks of the Imatra Fall, on the ancient walls of Bahchisari, in the Lermontov grotto—I saw the inscriptions he had made:

"Annie and Alec."

"Ivanov."

"A. M. Phohohvostov, from Sarapul."

"Ivanov."

"Nini Pechorina."

"Ivanov."

"M. D—, P. A. R—. Nick and guide Achmet."

"Ivanov."

"Thophim Sinepupov. Samara."

"Ivanov."

"Rebecca Isaacson, from Minsk."

"Ivanov."

"From this summit enjoyed the beauty of the panorama.—Nicodim Ivanovich Bezuchny."

"Ivanoc."

"I read his verses and notes in every visitors' book: in the Poushkin house, in the Lermontov hut, in the ancient monasteries. 'This place was visited by the Troyakovs from Pensa, who here helped themselves to salmon and kvass, and wish you the same.' 'Visited the dear and glorious home of the great Russian poet. Teacher of calligraphy in the Voronej High School for Boys—A. Chickkin.'

"Glory to thee, Ai-Petry-giant,

Thy mighty crest has climbed defiant,

Clad in the kingly dress of fir-trees.

Retired Lieutenant Curtis."

"I only had to open any Russian book to come instantly across him. 'Read this book—Paphnutenko.' 'The author is a fool.' 'The author has never read Karl Marx.' Or suddenly a criticism as long and dull as ditchwater scribbled in pencil on the margin. It was also he, of course, who made dogs' ears in all books, tore out pages and used them for snuffing candles.

"My lords! Indignation is stifling my speech. This man dishonored and made ludicrous and vulgar everything that I held dear, lovable and touching. For years I struggled with myself,

trying to suppress my rage. But time rolled on. My nerves grew more excitable. I saw that there was not air enough for both of us to breathe. So one of us had to go.

"For long I had felt that some trifle, some silly accident, would drive me to a crime. It happened just as I had expected.

"You know the circumstances. The carriage was so crammed that the passengers almost sat on each other's heads. Yet he, with his wife, a schoolboy son, and a heap of belongings, occupied two whole seats. This time he wore the uniform of the Ministry of Education.

"I came up and asked:

"'Could you, please, spare some room on your seat?'"

"He answered like a bulldog over a bone, without even looking at me:

"'No. There is another gentleman sitting here. Those are his things. He will be coming presently.'"

"The train started off. I purposely remained standing near him. We went about ten miles, but the gentleman did not appear. I kept on standing, silently fixing my eyes on the schoolmaster. I hoped that he still had some conscience left in him.

"In vain. We did another fifteen miles. He produced a food-basket, and the whole family had their meal. Then they made tea. About the sugar a family row broke out.

"'Peter! Why did you take a lump of sugar on the sly?'"

"'I didn't, father. I take my oath.'"

"'Don't swear and don't tell lies. I purposely counted the lumps in the morning. They were eighteen then, and now only seventeen—'"

"'I swear—'"

"'Don't swear. You must be ashamed of telling lies. I can forgive you everything but a lie. Only cowards lie. He who lies can steal and commit a murder, and even betray the Tsar and his country. . . .'"

"And on he went in the same vein. I heard these speeches from him in my poor childhood, when he was first my governess and then my schoolmaster. Later I read them in his public-spirited articles in the moderate press.

"I stepped in.

"'You are here reprimanding your son for telling a lie, and at the same time, in his very presence, you are lying yourself when you say that this seat has been engaged by a gentleman. Show me this gentleman. Where is he?'"

"The schoolmaster's face grew purple and his eyes protruded.

"'Will you, please, refrain from interfering with other people's business when nobody wants to know your opinion? Fancy everybody interfering with you! I say, guard, this gentleman has all the time been impudently interfering with people who have nothing to do with him. I ask to be protected from such a nuisance. Otherwise I shall report to the police and enter this in the book of complaints.'"

"The guard reproved me in a fatherly way, and went out. The schoolmaster, however, could not cool down.

"'If nobody interferes with you, you must not interfere either. And this man wears a respectable dress, looks an "intellectual." Were it a moujik or a laborer who allowed himself such liberties—well. But an "intellectual!"'

"In-tell-ectual!" The hangman called me a hangman. This finished it. He passed his own

sentence on himself.

"I drew out a revolver from my coat pocket, raised the cock, and, aiming straight between the schoolmaster's eyes, calmly said:

"'Say you prayers.'"

"With his face turned white, he could only shout:

"'He-elp! He-elp!'"

"But these were his last words: I pulled the trigger. . . ."

"I have said all, my lords. I can only repeat: I neither regret what I did nor repent of it. There is only one terrible thought that torments my soul and will ever torment me until the end of my days—no matter where I shall spend them: whether in a gaol or in a lunatic asylum:

"This man has left a son. What if the son has inherited the whole of the father's nature?"

The Value to California of Her Poets

(Continued from Page 5)

and writing great poems like his "Winter in California," a glorification of our winter climate. It happened, sadly this time, when poor unhappy Richard Realf, the author of that masterpiece, "Indirection," killed himself in Oakland. It happened when Edwin Markham wrote "The Man with the Hoe." That poem was a clarion call to the proletariat of the world. It has been translated into several languages. And it happened again when Ambrose Bierce called the attention of two continents to "A Wine of Wizardry," by George Sterling.

In the list of poets who have celebrated California, George Sterling has an honorable place. I need only remind you of his great Yosemite Ode, his Ode written in celebration of our World's Fair, and his many poems on San Francisco, Monterey, Carmel and other wonder places of California.

Of course there are many other poets who have shed lustre on California, who have called California to the attention of the world. Not all of them are Californian poets. Bayard Taylor loved California and wrote beautiful poems about this State when it was little known. So did Helen Hunt Jackson, but of course her greatest service to California was in writing "Ramona." Long after Stevenson had been honored with a Memorial in our Plaza, a Memorial famous throughout the world, it was discovered that he had celebrated this city in a poem of eloquent tribute.

In conclusion I must call attention to one very notable occasion when the poets of California rallied to a great cause. I refer to the work of the poets after the catastrophe of April, 1906. If there was ever any doubt as to how our poets regarded San Francisco, it was set at rest by their expressions of love at that time. All of them proclaimed their faith in the future of an indomitable city. Joaquin Miller, Ina Coolbrith, George Sterling, Louis Robertson, Dr. Taylor, Samuel J. Alexander, John Vance Cheney, Edwin Markham—these are only a few of the poets who gave of their spiritual strength to hearten our stricken people. Surely this is no small thing. The men who make the songs of California are not less worthy of our gratitude than the men who make its wealth and prosperity.

SAN FRANCISCO BLUE BOOK

31ST ANNUAL EDITION FOR 1918

The Private Address Directory of Representative Families

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Stocks were strong and buoyant the past week under the leadership of U. S. Steel, and, while there was very little snap to the general list early in the week, the whole list finally responded to the bullish enthusiasm in Steel, and at the close of the week prices were only off fractionally from the high point for this move. Rumors of extra dividends in the Steel stocks were the principal factor in advancing these issues. Copper shares finally turned higher on reports that the Government would investigate the cost of production, and if it was found that copper metal prices were too low, an advance would be allowed. There were also rumors that the Government was to abandon its price-fixing attitude, and follow the course of England, and allow the corporations to make all the money they can, in turn taking 80 per cent away from them through taxation. These rumors all had a favorable effect on the market. The Railroad list was inclined to lag, as speculation in this class of stocks is only confined to the standard rails, and the low price rails are not in favor. The Specialties like the Tobaccos, Baldwin, and the Motor stocks, seem to command the attention of the professional trader. These issues all scored a good advance, although there was considerable profit taking that put them back a few points from the top. There was no news of importance the past week. The fact that the German drive seems to have spent its force, helped sentiment, and no doubt caused some buying. There seems to be very little stock on the market, and it becomes easily oversold. Taking a long range view, it appears that allowing for the moderate dips and bulges because of day-to-day developments, the final trend of the market must be established by the coming legislature. From time to time there will undoubtedly be considerable variation in opinions with regard to particular schedules, but the fact remains that where such a vast amount of money is to be realized, corporate earnings must be materially affected. The best opportunity for investors is to select such stocks as will not be materially affected by the change in tax schedule, and the rails are undoubtedly the most prominent in this class. We would suggest the advisability of reducing industrial holdings on the bulges, and re-investing in the rails on declines. Crop prospects could not be better in the large producing states, and already harvesting of wheat and oats has commenced in the South, with every indication of a record yield. The Cotton crop and Corn crop promise large, and everything points to increased tonnage that is bound to mean prosperity in all lines of trade. This is one factor that should not be overlooked, regardless of other conditions that may arise, and is really the only sound

basis from which to make a forecast of higher prices for all securities.

Cotton—Several private statisticians issued their reports last week on the growing crop outlook, and the probable yield of cotton this year, based on the returns from their correspondents. The estimated yield was from 15,500,000 to 16,500,000 bales, and that there was an increase in the acreage over last year from 3 to 4 per cent. Notwithstanding these large estimates, the market was only affected temporarily, and after the selling on this news was over, the market recovered all of its loss and the news was soon lost as a market factor. No doubt present indications are for a very large crop, as they usually are at this season of the year, and perhaps more so this year, due to the large amount of fertilizer that was used, and the good growing weather. Rains in Texas and Oklahoma, followed by high temperatures, have put the crop in these two states in excellent condition, and while there has been talk of too much rain in the Eastern belt, the past week has been dry with plenty of sunshine. If these favorable conditions continue throughout the month, the Government report up to June 25 should forecast the largest crop of cotton ever raised in this country. However, if we are to judge crop conditions this year by past years, we should anticipate a change in conditions, and no doubt the market is acting on the anticipation of coming events rather than on the past. Consequently we have had, during the past week, a demonstration of the market, strong with news continuing bearish. Before long we will enter into the period of higher temperatures, or perhaps an insect scare. It is because of all this that we feel that the best opportunities are on the long side of the market, and would therefore take advantage of the breaks on which to buy the new crop options.

Don't Want Government Control

Attention is being called to the restiveness of the British 'public, and more especially to the mercantile portion of it, at the governmental interference with business and industry. Under the stress of war conditions official control is submitted to, but it is felt that such control should not continue after the declaration of peace. This was one of the conclusions reached by the Committee on Commercial and Industrial Policy After the War, but the declaration to that effect has not been regarded as sufficiently decisive. It was felt that some organization should be effected to see to it that attempts at nationalization should be checked. As a result there has been formed the Imperial Association of Commerce, with Lord Inchcape as president and F. M. Fisher, formerly New Zealand Min-

ister for Marine and Trade, as director. Lord Inchcape urged, in a letter read at the first meeting of the association, that the mercantile interests show a strong front against the disposition to nationalize everything, or else the commercial supremacy of the country would disappear. Mr. Fisher said they wished to preserve, by the force of public opinion, the freedom of trade with as little interference and restriction as possible. Stronger still were the remarks of Sir Herbert Hambling, manager of the London, Provincial and South-Western Bank. As a financial member of the Council of the Ministry of Munitions, he said, he had been able to get some insight into Government methods, and if they wanted sheer inefficiency, or if they wanted nothing done, commend him to the civil servant. They must fight to the bitter end to see that the commerce of the country never came under Government control. His advice was to resist Government interference to the very utmost.—New York Times.

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Thriving Zionist Colonies

(Continued from Page 6)

more than 900 souls, including 270 Yemeni Jewish workmen, whose introduction has proved a great success.

So far the British have found eighteen independent rural communities within their zone of occupation, nearly all the inhabitants of which are Russian or Polish Jews, who when the war began were gradually attracting to them well-educated Jews and Jewesses from the towns—from Jerusalem, Damascus, and even from Beirut. After three and a half years of war they have a population of 10,000 who patiently cultivate more than 6000 acres.

Their houses are mostly one story and a half in height, cleverly erected from the stone cut centuries ago lying about. Each has a garden and a stable and fronts on a main street, usually lined with mulberry trees. In the rear of the dwellings spread the great communal farm lands. Most of the communities have a group of communal buildings, including a "Beth-am" or people's house, similar to the New England town hall, but built of stone that would be worth thousands, a synagogue, and a library.

As to administration, social and political, they are all of the same type; they are governed by their vaads, or village council—the Selectmen of a New England township—which, however, have far greater power and responsibilities than the town councils in Europe or America. They are elected annually by all the adult landowners and resident taxpayers of three years' standing, independently of sex.

They are responsible for the division of taxation, local and imperial—before the British occupation—among the colonists for school and religious institutions, public health and registration of births, deaths, and marriages and titles to land. The general policy of the colonies is directed and their needs looked after by an elected federal committee which is in touch with the European Zionist organization.

In the month of April there was a resolution before this federal committee to refund to the village of Katrah the sum of \$17,500, to which extent it had been damaged during a bombardment last January.

Here, therefore, is a quasi-federal state of immigrant Jews made up of many independent colonies, proving two things: that Zionism is an established fact, and the Jews of the city, if they get the opportunity, will profitably till the soil.

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ELIZABETH HUTCHINGS, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS R. HUTCHINGS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: THOMAS R. HUTCHINGS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect and wilful desertion of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 4th day of February, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
901-8 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-22-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DAVID J. KELLY (also called D. J. KELLY), Deceased. No. 24348. Dept. No. 9.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of DAVID J. KELLY (also called D. J. KELLY), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of DAVID J. KELLY (also called D. J. KELLY), deceased.

HELEN K. THURSTON,
Administratrix of the Estate of DAVID J. KELLY,
(also called D. J. KELLY), Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, May 25th, A. D. 1918.
A. COMTE, JR.

Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, California. 5-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JENNIE VIRGINIA ENGEL, Deceased. No. 24,349; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of JENNIE VIRGINIA ENGEL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of J. E. White, attorney at law, 831-833 Monadnock Building, 681 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JENNIE VIRGINIA ENGEL, deceased.

FERDINAND J. LE CAM,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate
of JENNIE VIRGINIA ENGEL, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, May 25th, 1918.

J. E. WHITE, Attorney,
831-833 Monadnock Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-5-25

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LEON KAUFFMAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix and Executors of the estate of LEON KAUFFMAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix and Executors at the office of A. L. WEIL, Alaska Commercial Building, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LEON KAUFFMAN, deceased.

CELESTINE, Usually Called LINNIE KAUFFMAN,
SYLVAIN S. KAUFFMAN, WILLIAM H. LOWE,
Executrix and Executors of the Estate of Leon Kauffman,
Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 8, 1918.
A. L. WEIL,
Attorney at Law,
Alaska Commercial Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 6-8-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARIA GAGLIARDI, Plaintiff, vs. HENRI GAGLIARDI, Defendant. No. 89657. Dept. 10.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: HENRI GAGLIARDI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion of the plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
4 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Cal. 5-25-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 89,873; Dept. 10.

JULIA SETTLES, Plaintiff, vs. E. L. SETTLES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: E. L. SETTLES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of May, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
H. I. PARKER, Deputy Clerk.

W. H. CLAY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
527 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-8-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 88770. SHIGETOSHI SAIKI, Plaintiff, vs. KIYOE SAIKI, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

D. K. SEIBERT, Attorney for Plaintiff.
The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: KIYOE SAIKI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of April, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

D. K. SEIBERT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
322 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-13-10

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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, JUNE 29, 1918

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* * *

Berlin Wants Reprisals

Berlin now protests against Hun hangings in America, pretending to believe that, notwithstanding our general attitude toward humanity, we may have to be disciplined by the savages and conscienceless barbarians who sank the "Lusitania" and slaughtered doctors and nurses of the Red Cross, not to mention the employment of diplomats to commit all kind of high crimes and misdemeanors. Outrages against Germans have been committed by private citizens in this country, but our Government is not to be accused of Prussian faith or Hunnish heartlessness. We deplore the brutality of private citizens and we shall do our best to enforce the law against criminals of all kinds, but as time runs

on it seems that we shall have to make war on the Government of the Huns as we made war on the barbarians of the Philip-pines. Is the Yankee ingenuity that accomplished the capture of Aguinaldo exhausted? We think not. We still have faith in the genius of our detectives, of the men who were employed to match their wits against the much exercised talents of the German foreign office. In that competition the German foreign office was badly beaten. Would it be impossible for Americans to trap the Kaiser or the Crown Prince or some of the military chiefs who are skilled in devising ways and means of brutalizing the business of war? It would not be conventional to end the war in this way, but this is not a conventional war. Almost any old way of putting the Kaiser or his chiefs beyond the power of making what the average Hun would justify as a reprisal would receive the approval of all the world.

* * *

Premature Discussion of War Issues

Nearly all the issues of the war will have to be settled immediately the war is over. Why consider them now, then, except for academic discussion? The Kaiser of course has his own purpose; he is camouflaging the public of Germany and trying to provoke quarrels among his enemies. However, it is interesting to speculate about some of the questions of the war; about such a question, for instance, as the disposition to be made of Constantinople. Here is a problem of vital interest to the British Empire. It is perhaps of more importance than Alsace-Lorraine, and it is a question as old as the hills. Constantinople and the narrow straits upon which it stands have occasioned the world more trouble, have cost humanity more in blood and suffering during the last five hundred years than any other single spot on earth. In itself it is not a place of great commercial importance; its foreign trade is comparatively negligible, being rather less than a town like Trinidad. It is not the key to the world or even to Asia or Egypt, but it dominates a great highway of commercial traffic. It commands the only waterway between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, and it is of importance therefore mainly to Russia and Rumania, yet neither of those countries has ever held the Porte. Under its five centuries of Ottoman rule it has been a menace to Europe, but chiefly to Russia whose natural desire during the early stages of the war was to secure a

control of those straits and obtain a port in Europe. Doubtless, therefore, the Kaiser thinks Germany fortunate, this question of Constantinople having been eliminated, for with the Kaiser everything that has been settled in this war has been settled forever, and therefore the fate of Constantinople will bother the Teutons no longer. Here is an age-old question that has been settled in a jiffy by me und Gott, and there are many Germans who believe all that the Kaiser tells them; but the question of Constantinople is as far from settled as are some of the questions of the lost German colonies. Like many other questions it will not be settled until after the war. So it is hardly worth while discussing them at this time. But in all probability the whole matter of the narrow waters near Constantinople will be settled by internationalization. This, at least, is a possibility of practical politics. For after all Constantinople has no value to any State except as a free highway for commerce.

* * *

Irishmen Waking Up

When T. P. O'Connor was in San Francisco on a mission for which he had been selected by his dying chief, the great John Redmond, he made a speech in which he roundly denounced Sinn Fein. It was not a rhetorical utterance; it was closely reasoned, and carefully "documented," as the French say. It contained not a single statement which unbiased students of the Irish question did not know to be true. Yet for making that speech T. P. O'Connor was indecently assailed and shamefully insulted by certain Irishmen of this city who believed, or pretended to believe that Sinn Fein represented all that was high-minded in Irish politics. Only a little time has passed, yet what a change! Sinn Fein is not as popular as it was. Some of those who were loudest in singing its praises have had a change of heart. Others are cultivating a discreet silence. The injustice done to T. P. O'Connor has not been repaired—that kind of injustice rarely is repaired. But events have vindicated the distinguished Irishman. Even our politicians of Irish blood, men who thought of votes when they thought of Sinn Fein, are beginning to wake up.

* * *

Meeting Adversity

Doubtless it is not to a man's advantage to have unalloyed and uninterrupted pleasure and prosperity in this life, but it is

only a St. Francis or a kindred spirit who relishes enforced heroism or overmuch asceticism for no other purpose than beneficial self-discipline. We hear a great deal of men who take a sternly philosophical view of things when hard pressed, but sometimes their cases, when closely scrutinized, have certain mitigating circumstances. The average moral hero is not so heroic as he seems. The situation that he braves other men have suffered with additional acute agonies. Besides he may have money, which is a means of enabling a man to bear the worst of ills, for at least with money it is possible to buy diversion, and there is a good deal of nonsense in the assertion that he would have been a better man had he been compelled to struggle with poverty or other adverse circumstances. There are men, as a matter of fact, who ripen best in an atmosphere of external prosperity, and who succeed, not on account of a struggle overcome, but because their efforts have been unaccompanied by drawbacks and disappointments. There are men with an easy sunny temperament who succeed best when they meet with little resistance.

★ ★ ★

Latin as an International Tongue

A committee appointed by the Prime Minister of Great Britain to inquire into the position of modern languages in the English schools, has recommended that another committee be appointed "to inquire

into the potentialities of artificial languages and the desirability of encouraging the development and use of one." From which one suspects that there are Esperantists on the Prime Minister's committee, Dr. Zamenhof's being the most widespread of all the artificial languages, the only one that has made headway. However, the recommendation has brought forth an interesting suggestion from that celebrated devotee of "the Book Beautiful," T. J. Cobden-Sanderson. He proposes that Latin be made the universal language. He points out that Latin has never ceased to be a living language, that it is taught "in all the grammar school and universities of Europe and America." And in words which breathe a deep love for Latin he says further: "The knowledge of it would give back to the workman as well as to the scholar, to the artist and to the man of science, to the statesman and to the lawyer, direct admission to a world of great achievement, now the privileged province of the learned only; it would give to all a training in the humanities, 'in widest commonalty spread'; it would bring the old and the new into one universal world, it would create a new world." Here is a suggestion worthy of careful consideration. We should like to know whether it appeals to scholars like our President, David Jayne Hill, Nicholas Murray Butler, Deans Gayley and Morse Stephens of the University of California, Archbishop Hanna and Bishop Nichols.

These men know that Latin is adapted to the uses of twentieth century intercourse between the nations. They know that Latin met every demand ever made upon it for the expression of thought. The Latin of Cicero, Caesar, Sallust, Livy and other writers of the Golden Age, had clearness, precision, power, a stately and dignified movement. It enlarged its vocabulary to meet the technical needs of writers like Pliny and Quintilian. In the hands of writers like Suetonius it gained many accessions from daily life, was enlivened and enriched with colloquialisms. When our era was a century old African Latinity still further extended its vocabulary. At this period the lawyers brought to it a new terseness and exactness, a technical precision. And when it threatened to fall into decay Christian writers like Augustine and Jerome rescued it and maintained it as a flexible medium of expression. Many centuries later Erasmus and Sir Thomas More found it equal to all the demands of the most graceful letter writing. Bacon regarded it as the language of science. Milton, as the language of controversy. Dr. Samuel Johnson used it when traveling on the continent of Europe. It is not much spoken nowadays, even by men who write it beautifully. But that is because they lack the opportunity of practice. Cobden-Sanderson would remedy that. And we heartily indorse his proposal. What do our scholars say to all this?

SUMMER

By Eric Earnshaw Smith

When Summer comes he wakes a fire, O deeper far
Than skin, flesh, bones—burning to where those rivers are
That run branch-like about my being.
Then all my hearing, smelling, touching, seeing,
Are of the red and flame-like things of the earth.
Where rose these fiery fountains? Where was I born
So filled with Summer? In an all-golden morn
On the Egyptian sands had I my birth?
By the heat-trembling Nile
Have I not watched the scarlet ibis mile after mile
Wing their long level way through the blue air?
In an Arabian desert have I lain,
Where my hair
Fell tangled on my eyes and dimmed the pain
Of the sheer-falling sun?
All I have ever done
Was in midsummer madness, and my mind
Is black with thunderstorms, and no chill wind
Blows in my veins with sleep.
So must this never-dying body keep
All of Time's heat;
And something in me falls from head to feet
Remembered from the warm primeval mud:
A dark rose-golden rain,
Sinking and surging up again,
Timelessly flows through this unquiet blood.

The Spirit of France

By Havelock Ellis

Nothing has been more astonishing to those who know France than the astonishment of those who see in the France of today a new and unexpected revelation. There could not be a more convincing proof of the truth of Sir Thomas Browne's remark concerning him that travel in vain having learnt not in France. There is certainly no country where we have had more opportunities to show our ability to travel in vain, for there is no country in which we have more "traveled"—if one may use Browne's word in this connection; for to travel is, literally, to labor painfully as in childbirth, to the bringing forth of a new vision of the world, a new conception of life. It is not so that the English have traveled in France. They have gone lightheartedly, as though there were no need for "travail" here, carrying their own familiar stock of phrases—"the scornful, insular way of calling the French light" which aroused Mrs. Browning's eloquent anger sixty years ago—and their own little personal manias, through the rippling and smiling champagne lands of France to the hospitable city of Paris, and they have found there what they brought, and been pleased or horrified accordingly. So it has become possible for the English to cry aloud unrebuked, in the words of Matthew Arnold: "French lubricity. Shocking!" while the sympathetic Germans from across the North Sea, infatuated with their delusion of racial suicide, shouted back gleefully: "French decadence. Pfui!"

When Karamzin, the pioneer of Russian literature, went to Paris in 1790 he was reminded of Sterne's saying that the French are "too serious." "Sterne was not quite in the wrong," he observed, adding that he noted a tendency to deal playfully with grave things and gravely with playful things; that sign of intellectual distinction, it may be noted, was thus visible even in the midst of the turbulent fury of the Revolution. A century earlier Muralt had remarked that the French even regard love seriously, and we see today, as the austere patrician of Berne was unable to see, that they were therein, as in so much else, the forerunners of the modern world. To the average English mind, indeed, Sterne's remarks seem a "paradox." With our Northern traditions of physical and spiritual gloom we have confused seriousness with melancholy. That intellectual confusion has had unfortunate results on our philosophy and our morals, and nowhere has it more vitiated our outlook than in relation to France. That we English tend to be melancholy has been noted too often, and through too many centuries, to admit of dispute. It lies, indeed, in our Scandinavian affinities and in our Northern atmosphere. But do not let us suppose that the tendency to gloom is necessarily more than an exterior quality, a quality of mist and iridescence and elusiveness, not indeed incompatible with a certain kind of sad playfulness, alien to the French spirit, which we call humor. It was of the English, not the French, that the Venetian Ambassador, who could speak from observation, reported in 1557: "They go to the stake laughing." Seriousness, on the other hand, is not necessarily an exterior quality at all, but rather an interior quality; it is a sense of the gravity of things—for it was to things, rather than to people, that the word was originally applied—and an intentness and precision in pierc-

ing, pungently or poignantly, to the core of life. If it lacks the emotional aptitude for humor, the French spirit possesses the intellectual aptitude for wit. It moves in a clear air, such as habitually surrounds the Latin mind, and such an air may be sunny even when it is sharp. There is no opposition between seriousness and gaiety. It may not be possible to be at once melancholy and gay, but it is quite possible to be at once serious and gay.

This may seem an elementary distinction to dwell on. Yet it is so fundamental, and has been so often overlooked by English critics of the French national character—unable to see that English melancholy is not necessarily serious and French seriousness not necessarily melancholy—that we cannot too carefully bear it in mind. The distinction is really plain to see, even in the most familiar comic journals of the two countries. We have but to compare Punch with *Le Rire* at any time during the last thirty years. It is the method of Punch always to avoid the vital spots, to go round, searching for humor and whimsicalities, provided they are safely to be found in the sphere of triviality; when Punch desires to be serious it is merely solemn and dull. These characteristics are expressed in the qualities of English design, in the niggling methods, the profusion of petty and meaningless touches, the failure to reach bold and beautiful and significant line. One seems to see, indeed, as one looks at a typical English drawing in Punch, that prudery is really a technical quality. Punch represents the search for amusement of those whose main anxiety it is to avoid penetrating to the real facts of life, the recreations of a melancholy man who refuses to be serious. But the French artists are always serious. So far from wishing to avoid vital spots, it is at such points that they directly aim. All their skill is here; all their comic effect lies precisely in the surprise of audacity with which they succeed in penetrating to some intimate fact of life. Nor is this only in the sphere of sex, as our English minds, brooding secretly on that subject, are prone to think. It is so with all the vital facts, even with death, and the French artist can play daringly with disease and mutilation and death in a way impossible to the English artist. This seriousness—this precision and courage in finding the sensitive spots of life and penetrating deep—is reflected in the French artist's mastery of line, which, in its precision and daring, is the exact technical embodiment of the French moral spirit. It is noteworthy that the power of line is lacking in English artists save the greatest, and by no means always there, perhaps never found at all in our comic artists, except in Rowlandson. To the French, however, power of line is so native, it is so genuine a transformation of the essential French genius that we come on the significant fact that the evolution of the bayonet—which is the form it naturally takes in warfare—is more closely associated with France, as even the name indicates, than with any other country, and a more favorite weapon of the French than of any other people.

The word "discipline" recurs again and again when we contemplate French art and French life. It is the special French moral secret, equally apart from the English secret of self-reliance and the German secret of state-organization. It is, indeed, intermediate between these

two ideas, for while it differs from the English idea in having a perpetual reference to the harmonious web of society, it differs from the German idea in rejecting any mere externally imposed order. It differs, moreover, to some extent from both by being in greater degree a conscious tradition, for the English tradition, however ancient, has only become conscious in recent centuries and the German has had no existence of any kind until still more recent years. It is this consciousness of a great and beautiful tradition which has done much to confer the seemingly magic influence which France exerts not only on foreigners but on her own children, even when she has treated them badly. Muralt, the acute Swiss observer, writing a century before the Revolution, remarked that the French peasant seemed altogether miserable—ill-housed, ill-dressed, ill-nourished—and yet was content, apparently finding his black bread more savory when he heard of the triumphs of the prince beneath whom he seemed crushed. The same spirit, the same disciplined instinct which subordinates self to a larger whole is there today, manifested even in the smallest matters of life. I have noted in Paris a stout middle-class citizen rush up to an omnibus, and on finding it full, step back to the curb with a pleasant smile, a lifted hat, a "Bon voyage!" One might wait long to find him in Berlin or London. It is to the French we owe the queue with its cheerful recognition of the rights of others who come before oneself, and the Parisian workman at the barricades of 1848, who, when asked what he was fighting for, replied: "Pour la solidarité humaine, monsieur," bore witness that an idea, which to the people of most lands is a mere abstraction, is to the French mind a concrete and realized fact. It is also the essential tradition of high civilization, and thus has been so potent to attract and to hold all those various peoples who are bound together indissolubly in what we now know as France; for though Alsace-Lorraine is the latest witness of this fidelity to the French tradition, the same fidelity had been previously just as conspicuously shown by all the other provinces and principalities slowly fused into France.

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It is this tradition of discipline, very little modified by all the political changes of recent centuries, which moulds the individual Frenchman and Frenchwoman, and stamps their peculiar and unchanging qualities. This education begins in childhood. The French preceded the Americans in the regard for children, but their method has always been totally different. The care lavished on the French child is not expressed in adoration but in careful guardianship, in a constant discipline for that elaborate social mechanism of which he will one day form part, and from contact with which he must meanwhile be preserved, a feeling symbolized in the old French tradition which allowed the child to wear no colors but white and blue. In France one cannot fail to notice the nervous timidity of the small boy—so unlike the attitude of the English boy—who has to ask a question of an adult, as though an adult were a possible ogre. The French adult is not an ogre, but the boy is not brought up to treat him on a footing of equality, whence the surprise Taine felt in England at the absence of any deep separation between the life of the child and the life of the man. In the girl this same shrinking timidity, again so unlike the attitude of the average English girl, is encouraged to persist until marriage. I recall the wife of a Paris hotelkeeper, newly married and just installed at the bureau, so shy and pale and slender that the first time I addressed her as "Mademoiselle." But as the years went by a continuous transformation could be observed; with heightening of color

and progressive physical expansion there developed also an even greater confidence and energy, and the last time I saw Madame, shortly before the couple retired, she stood firmly planted in the middle of her bureau with an air defects of the French method are to us obvious. of robust self-assurance that was almost insolent. The developmental process, we see, in both sexes alike, is the reverse of that among ourselves; with them discipline comes at the beginning and self-confidence is developed on that foundation; with us self-confidence is implanted at the beginning, while discipline and regard for others only come in the end, when they come at all, for we almost elevate indiscipline to a moral principle. No doubt there is much to be said for both methods, and the It has often made the French slaves of custom ("Cela se fait! Cela ne se fait pas!" are to them, as Muralt said, sound reasons for approval or condemnation), and sometimes violent rebels against custom. It is this school of discipline, moreover, the gradual initiative to a great tradition, which sometimes imparts a certain deliberate and ceremonious self-consciousness, a certain air of parade, to the heroic manifestations of the French spirit. But that self-consciousness brings also a sense of precision and a power of direction, a stress on the realization of a glorious traditional ideal, perhaps more reliable, though not more potent, than the impen years before the present war a distinguished pulses of that "hypertrophy of the self" which Taine admired in the Englishman. The French

have thus acquired a moral courage which more than compensates a defect of physical resistance. An English surgeon, with a great experience of French hospital patients, remarked that he had never known a French patient, man, woman, or child to fail in courage. This discipline insures the maximum of high sustained effort, the full flight of heroic daring, in a people of peculiarly sensitive, nervous, and vehement temperament—unchanged in this respect since the Romans first observed them—specially amenable to discipline and specially in need of it. At the same time, a nation made up of more widely varied racial units than any other has by this discipline into a great tradition been to an unusual degree raised above the self-regarding aims, and enabled to cultivate, in a higher and more conscious degree than any other, a concretely realized ideal of humanity.

"They are perhaps of all nations the most humane," said Muralt, though personally he found them less congenial than the English, and it is the humanity of the French which arouses alike their own pride in their nation and conferred on it a magic power to enthrall the world. Its potency lies in the fact that while it is an ideal it is also a concrete sense of reality. It realizes not only the immutable sacredness of the great things of life, but the infinite importance of the little things which make life worth living. "After my own dear country I know no country I would prefer to France," exclaimed Karamzin, and in every land how many have made the same declaration!

The Mark of Cain

This bitter denunciation of German seamen appeared recently in the Liverpool Journal of Commerce. The editor of The Manufacturers' Record, in commenting on it, said that such "should be the treatment of all Germans everywhere on earth, until in sackcloth and ashes they repent and dedicate their lives to atonement for their nation's awful crimes." The article is interesting as showing a state of mind; but its significance cannot be gauged at present.

By Nauticus

Let there be no mistake about the depth of the feeling against Germany which all decent seamen entertain at this moment. It is fiercer than the worst storm that ever blew and as strong as the trade wind which comes from the southeast.

There will be strange ships on the waves—vessels flying a flag which has been hidden in canals and backwaters, where dastardly deeds are plotted, for close on four full years. They will outwardly look like other ships. To all appearances they will be honest ships, but to every seaman that was not suckled by a German mother or sired by one of the ravishers of brave Belgium they will be known as Scheussliche Schiffe, or horrible, abominable ships! They may fly the German flag in all its flaunting flashiness, but it will always be foul and bloody even in the pure sunlight of the tropics.

Against the deep blue sky of summer this flag will look like an old boot on a sacred altar; the very vault of heaven will be stabbed with shame when it swims into the light of day. No one will salute it; no cheery message from cheery heart will greet it as it passes; no eye will be turned upon it from the crow's nest without a curse; it will pass along the silent highways of the world like the murderer of a little child seeking to hide from justice. Dirty, foul, horrible and abominable, red with the blood of innocent women and children and brave men,

even the cleansing ozone of God's great sea will not wash it clean in twice ten thousand years. It will stink in the nostrils of all mankind for ever and ever!

To a clean, honest sailor the sea is like a mother. The British Seamen's Union knows all about the foul murders which have been committed by German seamen, and its members will see that the full price is paid for these awful crimes against humanity. Three so-called peace delegates have been trying to sneak away to America for some time past, but so far they have found it impossible to embark. Why? Simply because the British seamen say no. They would refuse to work a vessel if pacifists and other of like type were on board.

This shows the spirit, and if further evidence were needed it can be found in the recent utterances of J. Havelock Wilson, who has stated in public that the merchant marine masters, engineers, sailors, firemen and deck hands were fully resolved not to carry pacifists across the ocean. In addition to this the merchant service, from the officers down to the cabin boys, have pledged themselves not to salute the German flag in any port abroad, and they will refuse to salute it, or even recognize it, on the high seas.

The German papers, which undoubtedly reflect the German mind, gloat over the crimes of their U-boats much as a foul murderer gloats over his victims. They take a sort of d'seased pride

in such ghastly work. But the feeling of all neutral seamen is against them. Norway, since the outbreak of the war, has lost 745 vessels and 946 sailors through the German butchers, and it may be taken for granted that the result has been a legacy of eternal hate. Spain, Brazil, Uruguay, every nation on earth, has suffered at the hands of the Teuton pirates, and the seamen of every nation will make them pay the bill.

At a large meeting held in Copenhagen some weeks back, whereat hundreds of officers of the Danish merchant marine were present, it was agreed unanimously that in view of the fact that the German nation had approved of the outrages committed by their U-boats against neutral seamen, all association with it was impossible, and it was decided that all intercourse with German seamen must be broken off for a long time to come.

As far as this country is concerned, the punishment of German seamen may safely be left to British seamen. They know exactly what the brutes have done. They know that over 4000 British civilian men, women and children have been foully murdered by the German submarines, and they will act accordingly. For generations to come no "S O S" will be heard when it emanates from a German ship in distress. For the next two or three hundred years German seamen will be known as the shark-

(Continued on Page 17)

Perspective Impressions

We salute General Diaz: Ave atque Piave!

Beyond the Alps lies Austria, and lies, and lies.

Are you buying your share of War Savings Stamps?

A horror of wartime: Elinor Glyn is serializing another novel.

When will Austria get tired pulling German chestnuts out of the fire?

Some of us are going to have a lot of spending money in 1923.

It seems quite unlikely that Charles will reign as long as Franz Joseph did.

Isn't it a little early for the Central nations to be fighting over the division of the spoils?

Have you bought your winter coal yet? Now's the time.

Here's hoping our boys give the Kaiser an unsafe and insane Fourth.

Another hat in the gubernatorial ring. In politics ambition is another name for optimism.

Russia has been on a big spree, and is beginning to suffer from that morning after feeling.

Hoi polloi lack imagination. Otherwise they'd have foreseen the four-track confusion and protested against the laying of the rails.

Hurley, Colby and Gompers are against a bone-dry nation-at-war. Josephus Daniels is for it. Well, we forgive Josephus. Prohibition is to him what the head of King Charles was to Mr. Dick.

It's pretty hard to keep up enthusiasm for "Me und Gott" on an empty stomach.

Let us not look to Sinn Feiners for information about Home Rule prospects.

German householders don't want German soldiers billeted in their homes. They know what the Boches did in Belgium.

San Francisco will launch three ships on the Fourth of July; Oakland, three more. We call that a safe and sane celebration.

Sometimes when we are inclined to scold Senator Johnson, we think of his predecessor, John D. Works, and then we don't scold Hiram.

This makes the umpty-umpth peace offensive. Germany has launched. Meanwhile our side is doing an Arthur-Guy-Empey every chance it gets.

Off To France

By Elene Foster

He was a man in the ranks, one of the million that are being hurried across the seas to help to make this world safe for you and me. Just a big broad-shouldered brown-eyed Southern lad from a little town in Tennessee.

He sat in the very front row of the audience in the Young Men's Christian Association hut in one of the camps where our "troupe" was giving an entertainment, his eyes fairly blazing with excitement.

Those eyes haunted me, and when I came off the stage at the end of my "stunt" I said as much to my fellow troupers, whom I found standing in the wings.

"There's a big, brown-eyed boy in the front row," I remarked, "whose eyes hypnotized me so that I almost forgot my 'verses.'"

The girl I was talking to is a dear little thing, with golden hair and big blue eyes, and she blushed as pink as the roses on her hat.

"He's a very great friend of mine," she replied. "I have been watching him through the peephole. May I introduce him to you after the performance? He's a perfect dear."

I scented a romance immediately, and willingly consented to meet the young man. My part of the programme being over, I went out in front to watch the "show," and presently I was joined by the girl in the case, and the next minute the lad with the blazing eyes was beside her. They exchanged greetings, and if I had thought that his eyes blazed before I was mistaken, for they were as smouldering ashes compared to the fire and sparkle that were in them as he bent over that girl.

When there was a lull in the programme she introduced him to me.

"It certainly is an honor to meet you, ma'am," he said in his soft drawl. "It's mighty good of you all to come 'way out here to entertain us soldiers. I hope you all understand how much we appreciate it."

"It's the least that we can do," I replied. "Have you been here long?"

"Only 'bout fo' weeks," he answered. "Our company are all railroad men. We enlisted together in Tennessee and we came No'th together, an' we're goin' to stick together all the way to Berlin and back."

Then turning to Marjory he said, "I got pretty good news fo' you, honey; I was made a co'pral yest'day. That's the first step up, an' I'm jes' goin' to keep on goin' till I get to be a major gen'ral. There's only one thing that I don't like 'bout the job. In my squad is the man that used to be my boss in the railroad office back home. He's a heap sight older than me, old enough to be my father, I reckon, an' it didn't seem right fo' me to be orderin' him about, so I jes' went to him an' 'pologized fo' havin' to do it."

"I'm mighty sorry, sir," I says, "to be obliged to order you about so rough like. I hope you'll understan' an' excuse it, sir."

"He jes' put his arm around my shoulder an' he says, 'That's what I'm here fo'—to take orders. Go to it, boy, an' quit yer worryin'.'"

"That's the spirit that you'll find all through this camp," he said, turning to me. "It's a privilege to be livin' at a time like this, ma'am, an' a wonderful chance to show the stuff you're made of."

"Have you any idea when you will be sent over?" I asked.

"We never know," he replied, "but sometimes we can make a guess. I reckon we'll be goin' befo' very long." And then as Marjory's back was turned for a minute, he placed his finger on his lips in token of silence, and I realized that he could probably tell pretty accurately the date of his departure if he wanted to.

I had a few minutes' conversation with the young man while Marjory was in the dressing

room collecting her belongings. He walked to the motor car with me, and I noticed that he carried a dress suit case.

"Why the luggage?" I asked.

"That's what I wanted to tell you, ma'am," he replied. "Maybe you can help me to break it to Marjory. We are off tonight. I got special permission to go to the 'show,' but the rest of my company are in the barracks packin' up an' waitin' orders. I've had a pretty busy day, had to do my packin' in between times, an' jes' befo' the performance I went around sayin' goodbye an' collectin' my things—books and sich like. I sure do dread to tell Marjory. You see, we're mighty fond of each other, but I'm countin' on your help there, an' I know you'll comfort her on the way home."

I couldn't hail this prospect with any great degree of joyful anticipation, but I swallowed the lump in my throat and asked the usual bromidic question,

"Are you glad to be going?"

The answer was far from bromidic.

"Glad?" he repeated with a flash of his blazing eyes. "Glad don't half express it, ma'am; I'd jes' like to see the color of the feller's eyes that wouldn't be glad to go!" Then he added with a smile, "Can I do any little favor for you 'over there'?"

(Continued on Page 17)

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Returning to Our Senses

The Administration having taken up the prohibition question and given reasons for its calm consideration in the midst of war, perhaps we shall hear less of the arguments that it was customary to advance in the old days when small-fry preachers were earning a little money with the sweat of their tongues. In those days it was bad form to argue against prohibition. Preachers, like Paul Smith and Dr. Aked, had it all their own way, and it was easy for men of the six and twenty jarring sects to put all others to flight by pointing out that the intemperance of the few meant the drunkenness of the many and that none but disreputable lovers of damnation would range themselves on the side of the saloon keeper. These men, mostly unscrupulous preachers, told us that all alcohol was poison and they printed that sort of rot in the school books which they controlled through the book trust. With such men at the head of public affairs as the ineffable Bryan and the asinine Hobson they had so much influence that they frightened people, and spread the impression that the whole country would soon be a nation of teetotalers. Even brewers believed them and began manufacturing Bevo and other concoctions to swell the Kaiser's war chest. German beer made in America became a by-product of Kultur. Town Talk was the only newspaper in this country that ridiculed the brewers and predicted that prohibition would die out in time. We knew that an agitation that had its origin in a falsehood was bound to be overwhelmed in time. Now we see that the Administration is clamoring for booze for the sake of the munition worker, just as Lloyd George, a crazy reformer, clamored months ago; also we see that prelates of the Catholic church are stigmatizing prohibition as the offspring of non-conformist puritans, and, all things considered, we are now quite sure that hereafter there will be less demand for teetotalism than formerly. It is quite certain at any rate that with prohibition as a religious issue people will recover their senses in time and perceive the importance of upholding the old-time principle of individual liberty which, after all, is of more importance than a passion for a new fangled reform.

German Honesty and Chivalry

Thus Dr. von Kuehlmann in his latest plea for a pax Teutonica: "Once the moment arrives that the nations which are at present locked in battle will exchange peace views, one of the preliminary conditions must be certain degrees of mutual confidence in each other's honesty and chivalry." German honesty? We know it well. It was exemplified when Germany tore up the scrap of paper. And again when Germany assured the Pope that no more Belgians would be deported. And again when treaties were made at Brest-Litovsk and in the Ukraine. Bernstorff represented German honesty in this country; Luxburg in the Argentine. German honesty is the honesty of "spurlos versenkt." German chivalry? We know that, too. It was displayed when Germany sank the Lusitania, when Germany fired on life boats and torpedoed Red Cross ships. It has been illustrated by the bombs dropped on hospitals. The German wounded show it when they stab French and English doctors; German Red Cross nurses show it when they spit on prisoners and refuse

them food. German soldiers have proven their chivalry by crucifying children and castrating Canadians. The execution of Edith Cavell was a signal exhibition of German chivalry. One strong reason why this war must be fought to a finish is that the Allies have lost their faith in German honesty and chivalry. Unless Germany is beaten to the ground we shall have reason to fear her chivalry and suspect her honesty.

Hearst Editorials in Mexico

Twenty Mexican editors are making a tour of this country under the auspices of the Committee on Public Information. One of their number, Leo D. Walker, general manager and editor of El Progreso of Monterey, when interviewed in New York, had this to say concerning the manner in which Hearst editorials are used by the active German propagandists of the southern republic:

"Among the factors used by the German press propagandists are the anti-Mexican editorials in the Hearst newspapers to influence the ignorant against the United States. Whenever Mr. Hearst's newspapers publish an editorial against Mexico, the pro-German newspapers make a careful translation which they publish. They attempt to convey the impression that the great masses of the people in America think and feel the way the Hearst editorials read and the other jingo newspaper utterances misinterpret them. As soon as these anti-Mexican editorials from the Hearst newspapers and others are published the pro-Ally press gets busy and demonstrates the falsity of the position assumed by the attacking parties."

What Oliver Wendell Thought

The attention of the W. C. T. U., the Anti-Saloon League and all the rest of those pestiferous creatures who are organized to fight the Demon and who think it is simply dreadful that our soldier boys should have wine or beer in the fighting line, is directed to a few words written by Oliver Wendell Holmes, physician, poet and man of wisdom. The words are to be found in his poem "On Lending a Punch-Bowl." Holmes is telling the history of his ancient punch-bowl:

A hundred years, and fifty more, had spread their leaves
and snows,
A thousand rubs had flattened down each little cherub's
nose;
When once again the bowl was filled, but not in mirth
or joy,
'Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her parting
boy.

"Drink, John," she said, "'twill do you good—poor child,
you'll never bear
This working in the dismal trench, out in the midnight air;
And if—God bless me—you were hurt, 'twould keep away
the chill";
So John did drink—and well he wrought that night at
Bunker's Hill!

What Gavin McNab Did

Here is a story wafted to me on a breeze blowing from the National Capitol: When Gavin McNab went to Washington, in response to a summons by the President, he was told:

"Go out and solve this aeroplane tangle."

Gavin McNab went out and looked things over in that thoroughgoing way of his. Then he went back to the President.

"The first thing needed," he said, "is the biggest pair of shears in Washington, to cut all the red tape that's tangled around aeroplane construction. The next thing is long distance wire connection from Washington to the aeroplane factories."

"You shall have them," Gavin was told. "What else?"

"We've got to find a man to build aeroplanes," said Gavin.

"Find him!"

Gavin McNab went to New York, talked, listened and investigated. The result was that he returned to Washington with a dollar-a-year man to build aeroplanes. That man is John D. Ryan of Standard Oil.

He Entertained Connaught

It has been known for some time now that Gavin McNab is President Wilson's most trusted adviser on the Pacific Coast. A signal instance of his closeness to the President was given when Prince Arthur of Connaught, cousin of King George and son of the Duke of Connaught, arrived here incognito on his way to Japan. Gavin McNab was asked to entertain the distinguished guest. It was a delicate mission, for secrecy had to be maintained concerning the prince's trip until he was safely landed in Japan. Prince Arthur was here for part of two days, and Gavin McNab entertained him so well, albeit quietly, that he left San Francisco delighted and a little regretful at the shortness of his stay. The prince was here on the seventh and eighth of June. His visit was not made public until the twentieth, when he arrived in Japan.

Gus Hartman Comes Back

Badly winded and with heavy-hoof tread he appeared at the door of the Ferry-clock Tower. "Well, Senator, I'm glad to see you after your long absence. Where have you been?" The question was asked by the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. "You've been growing stout."



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"Merely growing another chin," said Senator Hartman, the famous statesman.

"Why haven't you been up to see me?"

"I've been waiting for you to get tired of the guff that Tiv Kreling has been pouring into you. I didn't want to interrupt him."

"I hope you haven't been jealous of him."

"Oh, not at all. I've been waiting for him to say something worth while. When I saw the dear old Poodle Dog raided by Reformer Goff, the ex-pugilist, and nothing said by Town Talk, I thought it was time to butt in. I felt that Tiv was remiss. Either that or he didn't know what was going on. Evidently he never heard of the split-up in the Police Department where, they tell me, Goff has grown bigger than the whole department. And there's the fight for Governor! Apparently Tiv doesn't know what it's all about. He's taking poor old lame-duck Stephens seriously, believing that Heney is going to win with the aid of our old friend the Examiner and saying not a word about J. O. Hayes of San Jose, the only man making a real fight."

"Tell me about it," suggested the Clockwinder.

"Wait till I get my hand in," said the Senator, putting his feet on the table. "There's a whole lot to tell; enough to make your head swim. I'll give you the low down on what's going on—real dope about our friend Jim Rolph, who has been expecting right along for Hi Johnson to throw him a line. But Hi is looking out for himself these days and Stephens is still holding the bag. So long, old fellow; I'll drop in again and talk till the cows come home. If you don't believe me, ask Jake Shaen. If you can coax him he might put you wise."

Eusapia Palladino

Eusapia Palladino, the most famous-notorious of all mediums, is dead in Naples. Her levitations, raps, spirit music, spirit breezes and miscellaneous poltergeist engaged the attention of scientists like Schiaparelli, Lodge, Richet, Meyers and the Curies. She converted the aged Lombroso to spiritism. She had a great vogue until she came to this country and was caught at her tricks not by scientists, but by conjurors. Conjurors are much fitter to investigate a Palladino than scientists are; the latter are easily tricked when they stray from their beaten paths. It was a long time before it was discovered that Eusapia's first husband was a conjuror, that she traveled with him, helping him in his tricks, and knew all about ordinary magic. The American exposé showed that Palladino accomplished her best stunts by slipping her foot out of a specially constructed shoe. Her work had a harmful effect on the credulous.

Jack London on Germany

I like this statement about Germany which Jack London made shortly before his death. Have you seen it?

"I am with the Allies, life and death. Germany today is a paranoiac. She has the mad person's idea of her own ego, and the delusion of persecution—she thinks all nations are against her. She possesses also the religious mania—she thinks God is on her side. These are the very commonest forms of insanity, but never before in history has a whole nation gone insane."

The San Francisco Dialect

Those who have read Thomas Burke's "Limehouse Nights" and "Twinkletoes" cannot but think highly of that young Englishman's work. But we of San Francisco may criticise his rendition of San Francisco talk as set before us in

an article the Examiner quoted from the London Daily Mail recently. In that article Burke described a visit from an American soldier boy. Just listen to this:

"Mis'r Burke?" he asked. "I know yer face from yer picture. I'm Donkers, from San Francisco. I worked in a store there. I read one of yer books and I liked it, and I figured that when I reached this li'l burg and got leave I'd make a date and get to know yer."

And when Donkers of San Francisco was leaving, he is supposed to have said:

"Well, bo, had a bully time. If ever you stop off in our burg, just call my folks on the wire, and they'll see you right. Guess I won't be there for some time yet, but my little brud, he'll give you San Francisco good and plenty. So long, old bloke—that's good Cockney, ain't it?"

Can any of my readers inform me where this patois is talked on our peninsula?

Sobieski's Progeny

Peter Sobieski says Germany has offered him the throne of Poland, but that he prefers his three-room flat in Oakland. Peter says he is descended from Peter Sobieski the Third, King of Poland, who died in 1696. Peter says his illustrious ancestor had two sons, Joseph and Jacob, and that he's descended from Jacob. Whereupon a couple of Poles whose names I can't pronounce, give Peter the lie direct, saying that the great Sobieski only had one son, who died without issue. Well, let's look at the Britannica:

"He had three sons, James, Alexander and Constantine."

May Surpasses Sarah

At a Press Club party "Billy" Glynn, a merchant, but a true Bohemian, was introduced to May Yohe. There was an animated conversation.

"I have brought my legs and my voice with me," said the irrepressible May, "so I suppose I'll have to go on the stage."

"You put it all over Sarah Bernhardt," remarked Glynn.

"Why so?" asked May.

"Because she's coming here, too, but she's only bringing one leg," said "Billy."

Pacific History for Schools

The scant attention paid to the history of California in the schools of the State is rousing some of our educators to action. It has been a very common complaint that California school children acquire a great deal of information about the beginnings of New England and the Atlantic States, but almost none about the settlement of the Pacific Coast, and in particular of California. It would not be a just complaint if the early history of California happened to be unimportant, insignificant and lacking in interest. But the fact is that our beginnings were charged with the greatest importance to the Union; the settlement of California, the American occupation and what followed had deep significance in American general history; besides, this has always been a land of color and romance, and of these history as written and taught in other sections is by no means neglectful. So why not teach our school children this entrancing story? Distinguished students of our State history like Judge John F. Davis and Charles B. Turrill have been emphasizing this contention for a long time. Their good work has borne fruit, and will continue to bear fruit. One of the happy signs of our awakened interest in our own past is the publication of "Pacific History Stories," which has just come from the San Francisco press of Harr Wagner Publishing Company. The stories are "arranged and retold for use in the public schools" by Harr Wagner, assisted by Alice Rose Power, principal of our Washington Irving School.

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What the Book Contains

In his preface Harr Wagner states that this book is intended for the middle grades. A long experience in the needs of the schools, constant contact with teachers and the publication of an educational journal have pointed to Harr Wagner the way he should go in preparing such a book. As he says, "The voyages of discovery and notable events of the West Coast of America have not been accessible to the teacher and pupil." Busy teachers cannot specialize in California history, much as they might like to do so. And of course it is out of the question that pupils should read the voluminous works of Hubert Howe Bancroft, of Father Englehardt, or even shorter works like that of Josiah Royce. So the schools need books like this "Pacific History Stories." Here we find the story of how Balboa discovered the Pacific; the story of Magellan's first voyage around the world; the story of Cabrillo's expedition; the story of Drake; the story of the march of Portola; the story of the Missions; of the first ship to enter the Golden Gate; of the discovery of the Rocky Mountains; of the Donner Party; of the Bear Flag Republic; of the American Flag in California; of the discovery of gold; of the naming of the Golden Gate; the story of Fremont; of how California came into the Union; of the battle with the Indians at Castle Crags in 1855; of the Great Fire; and of the Panama Canal. These are stirring incidents. Every school child in California should be acquainted with them. We

look forward to the time when every school child in California will know these stories as well as they know the stories of De Soto, of Ponce de Leon, of Captain John Smith, of Roger Williams, of William Penn, of the Pilgrim Fathers, to cite at random from the familiar stories of our school histories. Harr Wagner has the right idea, no question about it.

The Donner Party

The Native Sons have directed our attention to the Donner Party by their recent dedication of a memorial to that heroic and tragic episode. Turning to the pages in this book devoted to the Donner Party, we find the story told in a way that is bound to enthrall children. The account, of course, is founded on McGlashan's History. How many Californians have read that book? Alas, too few. It should be in every private library in the State. But, like so many other books connected with our early history, it is not found very often, except on the shelves of those who collect Californiana. Some day I am going to ask Charles B. Turrill to compile for me a list of the books on California which no Californian with a proper regard for the history of his State can afford to be without, and I am going to publish the list here, so that our book-buyers may remedy their negligence. I hope, however, that they will not be content to buy these books, but will read them, too! Meanwhile, let me quote from McGlashan (as Harr Wagner quotes him in this book) the touching story of Christmas at Donner Lake:

"What a desolate Christmas morning that was for the snowbound victims! All were starving. Something to eat, something to satisfy the terrible cravings of appetite, was the constant wish of all. Sometimes the wishes were expressed aloud, but more frequently a gloomy silence prevailed. When anything was audibly wished for, it was invariably something whose size was proportional to their hunger. They never wished for a meal or a mouthful, but for a barrelful, a wagon-load, a houseful, or a storehouseful.

"On Christmas Eve the children spoke in low, subdued tones of the visits Santa Claus used to make them in their beautiful homes before they started across the plains. Now they knew that no Santa Claus would find them in the pathless depths of snow.

"One family, the Reeds, were in a peculiarly distressing situation. They knew not whether their father was living or dead. No tidings had reached them since his letters ceased to be found by the wayside. The meat they had obtained from the Breen and Graves families was now gone, and on Christmas morning their breakfast was 'a pot of glue,' as the boiled rawhide was termed.

"But Mrs. Reed, the dear, tender-hearted mother, had a surprise in store for her children this day.

"When the last ox had been purchased, Mrs. Reed had placed the frozen meat in one corner of the cabin, so that pieces could be chipped off with a knife or hatchet. The tripe, however, she cleaned carefully, and hung on the outside of the cabin, on the end of a log, close to the ground.

"She knew that the snow would soon conceal this from view. She also laid away secretly one teacupful of white beans, about half that quantity of rice, the same measure of dried apples, and a piece of bacon two inches square.

"She knew that if Christmas found them alive, they would be in a terribly destitute condition. She therefore resolved to lay these articles away,

and to give them to her starving children for a Christmas dinner.

"This was done. The joy and gladness of these four little children knew no bounds when they saw the treasures unearthed and cooking on the fire. They were, just this one meal, to have all they could eat!

"They laughed, and danced, and cried by turns. They eagerly watched the dinner as it boiled. The pork and tripe had been cut in dice-like pieces. Occasionally one of these pieces would boil up to the surface of the water for an instant; then a bean would take a peep at them from the boiling kettle; then a piece of apple or a grain of rice. The appearance of each tiny bit was hailed by the children with shouts of glee.

"The mother, whose eyes were brimming with tears, watched her famished darlings with emotions that can only be imagined. It seemed too sad that innocent childhood should be brought to such destitution—that the very sight of food should so affect them.

"When the dinner was prepared, the mother's constant injunction was, 'Children, eat slowly; there is plenty for all.' When they thought of the starvation of tomorrow, they could not repress a shade of sadness, and when the name of papa was mentioned all burst into tears."

Fremont and the Bear Flag

The Bear Flag episode is one of the most debated in our history. I am not going to rouse

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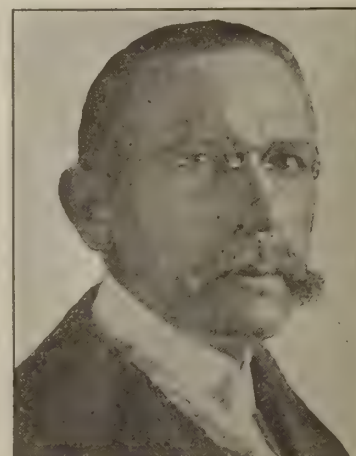
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sleeping dogs by attempting to give my own characterization of it, but I must say that many will not like the treatment of it in this book for school children. Suffice it to say that as Harr Wagner reads our history, Fremont, Ide and the rest are heroes. Wagner himself wrote the story of the Bear Flag Republic as given in this little book, but "The Story of Fremont" is by Joaquin Miller. To Miller also Fremont was a great hero. "He wore the white flower of a blameless life," represents Joaquin Miller's estimate of The Pathfinder. And again: "Never had there been such an active life in all history, perhaps; certainly never such a useful, and pure, and clean life." And still again: "Fremont, from first to last, was the hero of heroes, and the ideal of the young, and pure, and good, from one end of the land to the other." These are the generalizations of enthusiasm, but here is a more arresting statement: "In the fearful Civil War he was the most conspicuous figure until he issued his emancipation proclamation, thus anticipating President Lincoln. Envy and pitiful little jealousies that too often pursue great souls were clamoring for his retirement from the field of action." As I have already remarked, it is not for me to start controversy, but if you have read Josiah Royce's "California," with its scathing analysis of Fremont, what do you say to all this?

Some Textual Criticism

I leave to others to estimate this book from the historical viewpoint, but there are some textual slips I shall point out so that Harr Wagner may consider them when his book goes

to a second edition, as I have no doubt it will. There is a good deal of poetry quoted in the book; it is one of the attractive features. Sometimes there are slips in quoting. On the title page we find Berkeley's famous quatrain. The first line reads:

Westward the star of empire takes its way.

It is true that the line is so quoted in the epigraph to Bancroft's History of the United States. But did not Bancroft err? Did not Bishop Berkeley write it:

Westward the course of empire takes its way?

In the preface Harr Wagner quotes from Keats' sonnet, thus:

Silent on a peak in Darien

Of course it should be:

Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

In the body of the book the entire sonnet is correctly quoted. But there is no note correcting Keats' error in substituting Cortez for Balboa as the discoverer of the Pacific. A note would save school children a good deal of confusion. Joaquin Miller's poem, "By the Balboa Seas," is given. In the authorized edition of Miller the seventh line reads:

Behold this mighty sea of seas!

But in this text book that line has become:

Beneath our ancient cloud-clad trees.

Harr Wagner knows more about the text of Miller than any other man, I imagine; he is his publisher. So it would be interesting to hear from him when Joaquin changed the line. Certainly it is an improvement. In the chorus of Miller's poem, "49," Harr Wagner's little book has:

Yet oft do we repine;
For the days old.

It should be:

Yet oft do we repine;
For the days of old.

In quoting from Tennyson's "The Lotos-Eaters," Wagner has:

All around the coast the languid air did swoon.

Tennyson was very careful about his prosody. He wrote, "All round."

In quoting from Ina Coolbrith's glorious ode, "California," Wagner has:

Ah, what is this
Old land beyond the seas, that you should miss.

It should read:

Ah, what indeed is this
Old land beyond the seas, that ye should miss.

May I be pardoned for pointing out a few other slips? Why the obsolete "laden" for "laden" on pages 51 and 52? There is a period instead of a comma on page 52. "What is now known as the El Camino Real" on page 53 should surely be "What is now known as El Camino Real." In the list of Missions on page 68 we find "San Miguel Arcanger" for "San Miguel Arcangel." Part of a sentence given at the bottom of page 111 is repeated at the top of page 112. On page 123 we find "The water run all night." On page 134 we have "He seems to have been born a student and a scholar." Surely one cannot be born a scholar. Under "Meanings of Spanish Names" on pages 182 and 183 we find "Eureka" listed, which is Greek, not Spanish; also Castroville, Ceres and Yreka, which are not Spanish either. There is a grammatical slip in this sentence on pages 58 and 59: "The soft dove-color of the adobe

*We are in this war to win, and
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

walls, the red-brown tiles of the roof, the olive leaves on the trees, the violet haze of the distant mountains, the tawny hue of the hills, all harmonize with each other." There is another in this one on page 73: "At its foot Ayala ordered two letters deposited, one describing his successful entrance to, and survey of, the Bay of San Francisco, the other giving notice of his return to Monterey, and asking that if the land party, which he expected, should arrive, to build a fire in sight of Angel Island." As the book is intended for school children, it is important that it should be textually above criticism.

Prosperous War Workers

We have all heard stories of workingmen at the Union Iron Works who have moved into expensive apartment houses, paying their rent out of overtime. British workers, too, are experiencing an unwonted prosperity. The London Times tells the story of a workingman in a city of the Midlands going into a shop to buy a piano. Having put down at the counter sufficient bills to pay for the piano, he kept on counting them out.

"Stop," said the shopkeeper; "that's enough."

But the workingman counted out twice the cost of the piano, saying:

"I'll take two pianos; we've got two rooms."

The Times continues:

"Other examples of the enjoyment of unaccustomed riches, which rest solidly on fact, are no less curious. A jeweler wishes he could get a larger and more constant supply of gold cigarette cases. He has customers for more than he can obtain. Before the war, he says, he sold on an average one gold cigarette case in six months. They were articles that few could afford, and the purchasers were men, or the sons of men, known to be rich. But now the situation is changed. A man in corduroys and dirty tweeds, with a scarf about his neck instead of a collar, comes into the shop, and asks the price of a gold cigarette case. The jeweler, before he grew accustomed to his new trade, would say, with such a smile as one bestows in pity on the ignorant, that a gold cigarette case cost a deal of money. Larger experience has taught him that the smile is wasted. He names his price, £17, £18, or £20, which is promptly paid; and a hand, hard with toil and dirty with its grime, tucks a gold cigarette case into a pocket that a thief would not think worth picking."

Why Schwab Moved

There was considerable comment in the national capital when Charlie Schwab moved the headquarters of the Shipping Board from Washington to Philadelphia. Washington is very proud, and this was an awful blow. The story is told that the day Schwab took hold of our shipbuilding programme he went to the offices of the board and saw on the wall this sign:

"Noah was 600 years old before he began to build the ark. Don't lose your grip."

One look at that sign, they say, was enough for Schwab. He moved the offices right away.

Letters

Fine Story by Quiller-Couch

"Foe—Farrell" is a remarkable book. In the first place, it is not a war story, though the tale is told by one of the officers at the front, and his varying audience is composed of other members of the officers' mess. In the second place, it is not a love story, and, in the third, it is by A. T. Quiller-Couch, which means that it is good, with a capital "G." There are only

two characters who count, though half a dozen more make exits and entrances. John Foe was a doctor of medicine and a scientific observer whose researches would have given him international fame if his career had not been abruptly terminated. Peter Farrell was a self-made man, a furniture dealer, and a small calibre politician aspiring to a seat in the London Common Council. Farrell was ignorant and opinionated. He had not the remotest idea of the nature of Foe's work, but assumed it to be vivisection, and that is always a strong card to play, especially when there can be a protest against the misuse of public funds. Farrell first denounced Foe at a public meeting and then published an open letter in the newspapers with the result that the college in which he held a chair was mobbed and all his records, the results of eight years of painstaking observation, were destroyed. There was not a page left. Foe was too crushed to begin again. He felt that his life was wrecked, and he set himself to work deliberately to wreck the life of Farrell. Farrell, to do him justice, had no appreciation of the magnitude of the injury he had wrought, and perhaps a charitable conclusion would be that Foe, at least to the extent in which he pursued Farrell, was a monomaniac. He would hear no argument, accept no apology, but made hatred the sole object of his existence. It was the beginning of a life-long duel, not that either man actually did anything to affront the other. In fact, to begin with, Farrell had not a suspicion, but eagerly welcomed the companionship. Soon, however, it became irksome, but he could not escape. The long chase which began in London, carries us over a good part of the European continent, back to England, across the Atlantic, here and there in the United States, was broken for a term of years, and just as security was counted upon was renewed at an obscure port in Peru. Up and down South America it continued, through storm and stress, shipwreck, death and disaster, two years of enforced companionship, escape, reunion and finally to a closing tragedy. John Foe, to begin with, was a superior man, who, beside his education, had a natural power of command, while Farrell was something of a weakling, but through the long years of this singular life we behold the one weakening, deteriorating, losing command of himself and of the situation, while the other, developing under the effect of resistance, becomes eventually the stronger. In effect they change characters, and even outwardly it is Foe that deteriorates and goes under while Farrell, putting his opportunities to advantage, comes to be regarded as an important personage. "Foe—Farrell" is one of the best worthwhile books we have had in a long, long time. From the Macmillan Company.

A War Diary

"Ambulance 464" is another of those minor war books which are doing so much to help us to understand the real conditions in Europe, and, considering the extreme youth of its author, this is a remarkable production. Julien H. Bryan was but seventeen years old, and was taking a year off between high school and college, which he was putting in with a surveying outfit, when he heard the call and with the consent of his parents went as a member of an ambulance section to give his help in the Verdun and Champagne sectors. It is probable that the boy had no intention of publishing a book, but he did keep a journal, making his entries faithfully under most trying conditions. The daily records are necessarily brief, but they are vivid, and young Bryan was evidently too busy

and too much interested in his work to think of himself. In effect his book is just about what a bright youth of his age would tell to a friend of his own years. He must have been keen, clever and observant, the kind of a boy that we have feared was dying out from amongst us. He had a sense of humor which must have helped him over hard places. The book is profusely illustrated with photographs, mostly taken by the author, and here, again, when one reads of the difficulties under which films were developed and the number unavoidably ruined, one is struck by the patience and perseverance of the young operator. When the history of this conflict is written it will not be entirely made up of the battles, and the controversies of leaders, with statistics of killed and wounded. This youth expresses his determination to go over again, and if he does we will be sure to hear of or from him. Macmillan Company.

She Was Honest

The man in the corner seat looked worried. At last he spoke.

"Madam," he said, "will you kindly take this nickel and give it to the conductor when he comes around? I have been trying to catch his eye, but he apparently does not see me. Will you see that he gets it?"

The woman sat bewildered in the presence of such extraordinary honesty, but she good-naturedly accepted the trust. After the man left the car she, too, attempted to establish a line of communication with the conductor, but failed. She was nearing her own destination, but conscience forbade her leaving the car until her neighbor's fare had been paid. Before that feat was accomplished she had been carried four blocks past her street. When she finally got home her temper was slightly damaged.

"But you shouldn't have been so accommodating," said her husband.

"You should have got off at your corner."

"But how could I?" the woman argued. "With that man's honesty before me as an example of right living I simply had to turn his nickel over to the conductor."

"Maybe you are right," said the man, admiringly. "Women certainly do have fine notions about these things. But it is too bad. You had to walk back."

"Oh, no, I didn't walk," she said. "I rode."

"And that cost you another nickel."

"No, it didn't," she said. "The conductor never even looked my way when he came through and I got off without having to pay."

"Do you think," he asked, "that you could learn to love me?" "Possibly," she answered, "but if I were a man I'd hate to think I was an acquired taste."

Resourceful

Congressman John T. Watkins of Louisiana, explaining the thought that some people have a mighty easy way of explaining things, told the following story: "Some time ago a lawyer was called from his office for the greater part of the day. On returning he observed certain symptoms of idleness on the part of his clerk. 'James,' demanded the lawyer, 'why hasn't that typewriter been working?' 'It has been working,' defensively answered James. 'I was using it less than ten minutes ago.' 'Then,' exclaimed the lawyer, pointing a convicting finger, 'how comes it that there is a spider on the machine and that it has woven a web over the keyboard?' 'A fly got in the works, sir,' easily explained James, 'and rather than waste time trying to catch it, I introduced the spider.'"

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Have You Heard It?

An officer of the army was standing in the lobby of the St. Francis chatting with friends. A young man in swagger civilian attire passed and bowed. The officer acknowledged the salutation rather coldly.

"Who is that chap?" one of the officer's friends inquired, indicating the passer-by.

"He's a custard pie," said the army officer.

"A what?"

"A custard pie," said the officer with scorn.

"Meaning?" said one of the group.

"Yellow all through, and not enough crust to go over the top," answered the officer.

Leo Carillo, Propagandist

Belonging to one of the most distinguished of old California families, Leo Carillo is intensely proud of the language of his forefathers. Although he plays an Italian part in "Lombardi, Ltd.," there is no Italian blood in his veins—he is all Spanish-Californian. He knows the Spanish traditions of California; he is versed in Spanish-Californian genealogy; and he loves the soft liquid tongue of Castile. He speaks Spanish perfectly, and although he was brought up speaking English and is just as thoroughly American as a Yankee, I verily believe that he thinks in Spanish. During his visit in this city Carillo has been sought out and entertained by many of our old Spanish families, with more than a few of which he has a blood relationship. On these occasions he speaks Spanish by preference. He is of the opinion that all Americans of Spanish blood should keep up their Spanish, as the saying is.

"The great crime of the Spaniards in California," he told me the other day, "is that they have forgotten their language."

So Leo Carillo has constituted himself the apostle of the Spanish language. He is an eager, enthusiastic propagandist on this subject.

A Story in Point

In this connection Leo Carillo told me a story. He was called to the telephone a day or two after his arrival in San Francisco. It was the sweet voice of a lady.

"I am General Soandso's niece," she said, and, though the name she gave was a Spanish name, she gave it the less musical English pronunciation.

"You mean," said Carillo, "that you are General Soandso's niece," and he put lots of emphasis on the honored name, pronouncing it in the true Spanish fashion.

"You are right," the lady said.

"Speak to me in Spanish," said Carillo.

"I am sorry," was the answer, "but I do not speak Spanish."

"I am disgusted with you," said Carillo—not sharply, for he never spoke sharply in his life, but lightly though sincerely.

"And I am disgusted with myself," the lady replied with evident sincerity.

Carillo tells me that it is remarkable how many cases of this kind there are—families which have put Spanish so far behind them that the younger generations neither speak nor read it. He thinks it is wrong. To impress this idea upon the Spaniards of California, Carillo is writing some verses—he does not call them poetry—and when he has polished them up a bit more he will have them published. Meanwhile he is teaching by example—speaking Spanish as often as possible.

What Society Missed

It is a long, long time since society has suffered two such deprivations as the evasion of its hospitality by Mr. and Mrs. McAdoo and Prince Arthur of Connaught. The opportunity of entertaining the Secretary of the Treasury and his wife, who is the daughter of our President, would have been welcomed by the haughtiest hostesses in San Francisco. What a feather in one's cap, to make pleasant the stay of such notables! To an affair in their honor everybody who is anybody would want to go. But it was not to be. Secretary and Mrs. McAdoo came to town quietly, went to the Cort unheralded to enjoy Leo Carillo and company in "Lombardi, Ltd.," and departed for the Yosemite before anybody but the all-knowing newspapers knew that they were in town. And the same thing happened in the case of a personage of only slightly lesser importance. Prince Arthur is a royal personage. An entertainment in his honor would have made social history in this city. But our celebrated hospitality was extended to him quietly by Gavin McNab alone. Naturally, everybody envies Mr. McNab. The fact that the highest war necessity compelled the prince to come here incognito on his way to Japan explains everything, but does not prevent our hostesses from lamenting a golden opportunity irretrievably lost.

Is Jeeves Doomed?

Congressman "Bill" Kent proposes that valets be invalidated for the period of the war. I mean to say, "Bill" would have Jeeves go to work, to vulgar work. "Bill," who was never "turned out" by a valet in his life, "Bill" who does for himself, "Bill" who sticks the studs into

his shirt without assistance, and razors his face with his own hands, and laces his boots unaided, and doesn't believe in having his clothes laid out for him—in a word, "Bill" who disdains a body servant, wants all the rest of us to go without as long as the Kaiser is uncanned. He got right up in Congress and made that suggestion the other day. The news spread through Washington quickly, and consternation spread with it. Senator "Ham" Lewis almost fainted at the thought. In other breasts it aroused painful emotions.

"Revolutionary, I call it," said one servitor.

"Sherman was right," said another.

A third commented bitterly on the carelessness of "Bill" Kent's attire, and suggested that even war couldn't excuse baggy trousers or dusty boots. What will come of the suggestion remains to be seen. In the gossip below stairs it is generally agreed that if valets are included in the "work or fight" order the world will shortly come to an end, that the old globe couldn't survive such a rotten deal.

A Little Theatre Romance

Those who have been in the habit of attending the fine performances of the Players' Club in the Little Theatre out on Clay street—Dr. Genthe's famous studio of other days—are familiar with the brilliant acting of Ben Purrington. Purrington is one of the stars of that Little Theatre. And those who have admired the acting of Ben Purrington have also, I am sure, admired the violinist of the little orchestra. I refer to the sweet-faced, modest-mannered girl who played at every performance. The programme gave her name—Miss Bernice Sternberg. Well, the Little Theatre has its romance of true love, and the parties to it are Ben Purrington and Miss Sternberg. Purrington admired the violin playing of Miss Sternberg.

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Miss Sternberg reciprocated by admiring the acting of Furrington. Perhaps they told each other so—of course I do not know these intimate details. At any rate, a community of artistic tastes brought them together. The rest of the story is as old as the world. They were married recently, and all the members of the Players' Club are happy in their happiness.

The British-Canadian Inhibition

We are no longer to see British or Canadian soldiers taking their Scotch and soda in public. Our girls are no longer to have the pleasure of dancing with these dashing soldiers. An order has gone forth from the New York headquarters of the British-Canadian forces in this country putting a ban on public drinking and dancing. So now the Britons and Canadians in uniform do not enjoy the privilege of sipping their liquor in club, bar or restaurant. Nor can they take active part in tea dances or balls. It is a strict order, but of course it will be cheerfully obeyed. The drinking inhibition places the British-Canadians on a par with our own soldiers. Perhaps it was promulgated for that purpose. Our own boys, it goes without saying, never dreamed of objecting to the friendly glass permitted their companions-in-arms. The American soldier is not envious of the privileges of others; he's too good a soldier for that.

The Carlandi Exhibition

In co-operation with Professor Fairclough of Stanford University and Madame Emilia Tojetti, Director Laurvik of the Palace of Fine Arts has arranged an exhibition of the work of the distinguished Italian artist, Onorato Carlandi, which opened in the Tolerton Gallery on Sutter street with a private view and reception to invited guests on Thursday afternoon. Signor Carlandi is one of the best known of the older generation of Italian artists and is among the most illustrious of modern Italian landscape painters. He was born in Rome. His father was an architect of note and his mother was of the celebrated Castellani family. After studying law for some years he decided to follow his early inclination, and later entered the studio of Dominic Morelli in Naples. He visited London and established himself there for a number of months of each year, where his classes in water-color painting were exceedingly popular. He has painted throughout England and Wales, and his works are found in many private as well as public collections in Europe and America. Mr. Carlandi's pictures are in the Roman Modern Gallery, the Luxemburg, the Venetian Modern Gallery, the Imperial Gallery of Vienna, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and were awarded a gold medal at our World's Fair. This is his first collective exhibition on the Pacific Coast and consists of pictures mainly from the Roman Campagna, with which he has been familiar since his childhood and which is a never-ending source of inspiration to him. When the war broke out a collection of his pictures was being shown in Berlin. Though these pictures may eventually come to light, they have not yet been heard from, and now in this hour of financial stress for European painters the price of one picture means much more to the artist than the same amount in more prosperous days. Two exhibitions of his work

have already been held in the East, one in Boston and another in Philadelphia, with notable artistic and financial success. While the sales of Signor Carlandi's paintings are made directly for his own benefit, he shares a considerable portion of the receipts with several of his confreres in Rome, who are in even greater straits than himself. The collection which is being exhibited here consists of some fifty odd aquarelles of scenes in Italy, all of which reveal that mastery of the medium of water color painting for which Signor Carlandi is justly famed throughout Europe. The exhibition is being held under the aegis of a committee of patrons and patronesses representing the foremost families in the Italian Colony, together with the Italian Consul, Signor De Vella, in conjunction with a number of our leading San Franciscans. The exhibition will be open to the public until Saturday, July 13.

At the Cecil

Major and Mrs. K. E. Hull, U. S. A., and their son are making their home at the Cecil Hotel. Major Hull is stationed at the Letterman Hospital. Mrs. Edward McClernand, wife of General McClernand, entertained informally at luncheon Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. B. Rockwell arrived this week from their home in Kansas City. Informality marked the luncheon at which Mrs. Kirkpatrick was the hostess Tuesday. Major and Mrs. A. Racicot, U. S. M. C., complimented ten of their friends at luncheon Monday. Accompanied by her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Evans, and her son, John Evans, Mrs. W. H. Evans motored from her home in Sacramento Monday. The party will be at the hotel for several weeks. Ten guests were entertained by Mrs. Adams at luncheon yesterday. The pleasurable affair was given in the private dining room. Mrs. F. J. Steward and Miss Mildred Steward of Tucson, Ariz., are receiving a cordial welcome from their San Francisco friends. Mrs. A. C. Finlan will be at the hotel for a fortnight or longer. Mrs. C. H. Greer of Washington, D. C., is a recent arrival.

The Jazz Orchestra at Techau's

If you want to hear jazz music as it should be played, go to Techau Tavern some evening. If you can dance at all, you will be in the thick of the dancers before the Tavern's famous Jazz Orchestra has played for five minutes. And you'll keep on dancing until the lights go out at closing time. That's the way this particular orchestra affects one. To make dancing still more attractive the management stages Merchandise Dances at the dinner hour and after the theatre. The great feature of these is the favors, beautiful and costly articles in silk, such as lingerie, stockings, blouses and sweaters, purchased from Livingston Bros. These favors are presented to ladies without competition of any kind. Between dances the Show Girl Revue Corps delights patrons with vocal selections worthy the best musical comedy companies. They render most delightfully a programme of ballads, ragtime and operatic arias.

"You simply cannot trust anybody. Every one seems so dishonest nowadays," declared the woman. "My maid, in whom I had the utmost confidence, left me suddenly yesterday and took with her my beautiful pearl brooch." "That is too bad," sympathized the friend. "Which one was it?" "That very pretty one I smuggled through last spring."

"That woman seems to have such a discordant personality." "No wonder. She has a catty disposition with a dogged determination."

BEFORE BATTLE

By Habberton Lulham

O great eternal Spirit of Good,
Whom we, Thy children men, adore,
Attend the prayer, in patient Parenthood,
We now in faith outpour.

Now, in this pregnant waiting hour,
Preparing for the fight to be,
We pray Thee aid us with Thy mighty power
To purge Thy world for Thee.

But well we know that Thou wilt aid
(Our prayer but heartens us the more);
And now the Spring winds blow that Thou hast
made,
Make firm the fields of war.

Grant that, inspired as by Thy breath,
Like some great gale we, too, be hurled,
A cleansing force, to break and sweep to death
A foul thing from the world.

As warriors rush into the fight
Clasping a comrade's stirrup fast,
So clinging to the chariot of Thy Might,
Shall we prevail at last.

Nay, more: so doth Thy power enfold
Our hearts, we feel that, closer still,
We are the very weapon in Thy hold
To work Thine awful Will.

Thy weapon! Vibrant through and through
With Thee! Oh, grant we bring to dust
This devil brood, and build Thy realm anew
With ruthless thrust on thrust;

That, at the last, great Spirit of Good,
'Mid all Thy worlds, this world and we
Grow clean and fit to claim Thy Fatherhood—
Or bid us cease to be!

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The Stage

New Morosco Show Coming

Scheduled for production at the Cort, immediately following the engagement of "Lombardi, Ltd.," is Oliver Morosco's newest musical show, "Look Pleasant," which will have Walter Catlett, a great local favorite, as the featured player. "Look Pleasant" is a companion piece to "So Long Letty," "Canary Cottage," and "What Next," and, from all accounts, will more than prove a worthy successor to those popular hits. The book of "Look Pleasant" was written by Elmer Harris, the lyrics by Ballard MacDonald and the music by Harry Piani. Harry James will be musical conductor. In addition to Catlett, the cast will embrace such well-known players as Juliette Day, Marion Vantine, Jack Pollard, Byrdine Zuber, James Gleason, Lela Bliss and Frank Darien.

Carillo Continues at the Cort

"Lombardi, Ltd.," breeziest of Oliver Morosco comedies, grows steadily in popularity at the Cort, where the Leo Carillo starring vehicle begins its third big week with the performance of Sunday night. "Lombardi, Ltd." is a most happy combination of feminine pulchritude, Broadway smartness, colorful settings and romance. The authors, Frederic and Fanny Hatton, have "discovered" something new in stage entertainment, for there is genuine novelty in the plot and the way in which the play's situations are evolved, and the characters, though essentially human, are unconventional types. The action is wrapped around the troubles and pleasures of a young Italian who has won recognition as a designer of fashionable gowns for women. But there is nothing unmanly about Tito Lombardi, the designer, as Leo Carillo plays him. Lombardi is a man's man. To this part Leo Carillo brings a fine comedy sense, the true spirit of the Latin and a nice touch of sentiment. It is a remarkable characterization. Supporting Carillo are the following clever

players: Grace Valentine, Warner Baxter, Marion Abbott, Mary Kennedy, Winifred Bryson, Harold Russel, Inez Buck, Ina Rorke and Charles Wellesley.

Government War Film at Columbia

Commencing this Saturday night, June 29, at the Columbia, and twice daily thereafter, the first official United States War Film, "Pershing's Crusaders," will be shown under the auspices of the Government. Presented by the Division of Films of the Committee on Public Information of which George Creel is chairman, this feature has already played to capacity in Chicago, New York, Detroit, Cincinnati and other important cities. The patriotic feeling that is growing in strength all over the country naturally has much to do with the success of this feature, for every one who has put his shoulder to the wheel in this time of national need naturally desires to see what has been accomplished by the Government with the vast sums received from so many sources. Of course it will be impossible to show in one evening more than a minimum of what has been done, but, through careful selection, "Pershing's Crusaders" gives a very fair idea of some of the more important activities—not only of the Army and Navy but of the vast number of civilian war workers. A vast territory is covered. From the first plottings of German spies in this country, causing strikes and fires, to the scenes showing "our boys" actually in the fighting line over there, the film unfolds a series of scenes which grips and stirs. There are pictures of how the National Army is being made into a powerful fighting factor. You see how millions of guns, uniforms and shoes are made, and how enormous food supplies are gathered and landed back of the trenches. Best of all, there are many scenes of American soldiers in France. The recreations of the soldiers are shown. The daily life of the trenches is pictured in detail. One of the most

impressive scenes shows the first Germans captured by Americans. The scenes showing Secretary Baker's visit to France on inspection tours with General Pershing are quite recent. "Pershing's Crusaders" gives a clear idea of what is happening. Being a Government project, no war tax is charged. Seats are reserved for both matinee and evening performances and are now on sale.

Bernhardt Coming to Orpheum

Madame Sarah Bernhardt, the world's greatest actress, will begin a two-weeks' engagement at the Orpheum at the Sunday matinee, July 7. The first week of her engagement will be devoted to a one-act play written for her by a French officer at the front, entitled "Du Theatre au Champ D'Honneur" ("From the Theatre to the Field of Honor"). Madame Bernhardt's programme for her second and last week will be the last act of "La Dame aux Camelias." She

Direction of Paul Elder

"SMILING PAT"

O'BRIEN

Lieutenant, R. F. C.



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Edwin Stevens at the Orpheum

Edwin Stevens and Tina Marshall will head the Orpheum bill next week in a delightful skit entitled "Snap Shots in a Musical Frame." Stevens is one of the greatest, most versatile and most popular actors on the American stage. He is actor, singer, humorist and student, and there is a superiority and dignity in everything he does. For a quarter of a century he has been one of the foremost men on the stage in this country, and of late years he has divided his time between musical comedy and vaudeville. He is assisted by that winsome and gifted ingenue, Tina Marshall, who is a great San Francisco favorite. Carl McCullough, who styles

himself "the joy germ of vaudeville," will present "New Footlight Impressions," which consist of good-natured travesties of famous people. Fred Whitefield and Marie Ireland, assisted by Lew Murdock, will present "The Belle of Bingville," a rural satire that is a blend of mirth, song and dance. Miss Ireland is "a scream" in her role of the belle. John Gardner and Marie Hartman term their efforts "Vaudeville Vagaries." They introduce a skit called "Before and After Marriage," and a fine assortment of songs and dances. Art Hahn, George Weler and Jerry O'Donnell have melodious voices of extraordinary volume. They sing favorite numbers and are also capital comedians. Davis and Pelle will appear in "An Equilibristic Marathon." Barry and Layton, "The All 'Round Boys," will be included in this bill. Wellington Cross, the American musical comedy favorite,

will be heard in new songs and stories. Lucille Cavanagh will be seen in new dances. Her associates, Frank Hurst and Ted Doner, will also contribute new numbers.

Lieutenant O'Brien to Lecture

Paul Elder, who is making the arrangements for the visit of Lieutenant O'Brien to San Francisco, announces that "Smiling Pat" is only on a flying visit, on a brief leave of absence before returning to the front, this time under the American colors. He will tell of his sensational experiences in escaping from Germany, in full detail, only once in San Francisco at the Dreamland Rink, Tuesday evening, July 2, and once in Oakland at the Oakland Auditorium, Wednesday evening, July 3. Tickets for the event are now on sale.

Middle Age

By Mrs. Victor Rickard

It is a question whether the sense of reality and fixity connected with life belongs most to the past or the present. The future, with veiled face, stands a hand's reach of the clock beyond our knowledge; but the present and the past are ours and have no secrets from us. Middle age should be a time when these questions can be decided, for it has brought the long perspective with it, and also a waning of the wilder zest of life.

"Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita. . . ." We may mark down our impressions and weigh them a little in our individual scale. Events have wings, they fly past us and escape. Their value lies in the memories and the consistency of thoughts which they produce; and this fact has a curiously personal side to it, for each actor in the drama, each mask, and each hidden soul registers and records for himself alone. None of the others who shared the event has exactly the same recollection, or the same remembrance, in its myriad lesser shades. Every day the test may be applied, and in every chance meeting this queer, psychological problem crops up. The picture presented to the eyes, the sense of knowing either very much more, or very much less than usual, of a new acquaintance; the surroundings and the dim background become one in the fused process of recollection. If, for instance, it is a question of recalling something said, the mysterious curtain is drawn back in the mind, and again the whole scene is produced. This must actually happen whenever the prosaic words "So-and-so told me" are pronounced, and they create the effect of a spell. Like a slide from a magic lantern, the person whose words are quoted re-appears. He or she stands as they stood at the moment of speech, and not only the principal actor, but all the surroundings are recast. The room or the street, the season of the year, the play of light and shadow, and the other probably unknown individuals who walked on at the dramatic moment, all are back again. Whether we like it or not, and whether we are definitely aware of it or not, we continually perform this ghostly miracle. Life records itself in a series of these pictures, and every event of the day, however small, sets the machinery in motion.

The only exception to this pictorial reproduction of life is that of those subjects which are beyond our eyes, and which we have not actually seen. Reports in the paper dealing with

places in which we have not been call up a picture if alluded to, but it is of a printed sheet; and with regard to books, those which are really alive create a reflection of the actual scenes and persons, either dim or clear, according to the powers of the writer. The spell continues as we read, but later on the memory process is attached to the cover of the book. On the whole, it is really through personal observation that these records are formed, and they cannot come in a direct sense in any other way. Behind every human being there is this vast misty gathering of past events, and each one carries his own special cinema show. In early life we get surprise, leisure, and, among the happiest lives, a closeness to Nature which fills the years with pictures of wide landscape, clouds, and the sea, and gives special memories to certain scents—the rough clean scent of colt's-foot or the smell of currant bushes in the rain—and the steady settled background, devoid of the rush and responsibility of later life.

There are people who say that they do not remember their early years, and almost always the record has a number of gaps, but when it does exist it usually possesses a very strong power to return. It catches the present in its gay fairy fingers, and calls back the worker to look at an old lilac bush, cut down maybe ages ago, with all its plumes tossing against a spring sky. For us the lilac bush is immortal, and the intervening years have no power to wither it, though they may have been scarred with disillusion, and marked by the graves of dead comrades and dead dreams. Later on we amass our memories far more quickly, and no sooner is one event concluded, or hardly that, when another springs upon us and rushes us onwards. Our impressions become a little less vivid, and we comprehend and envisage life from several angles. The mental picture gallery is crowded, and the faces are not always those we most wish to dwell upon. There are records of triumph and defeat, and the chill little breeze of cynicism blows like a nagging draught through the world. About the age of forty the average individual begins to cease telling himself stories, which is one of the joys and advantages of youth. He becomes far more philosophic; and a touch of indifference to the glittering promises of the future makes itself felt. That is why success, to be of very real value, ought to come young. If it arrives with a tardy step, it is met

without banners and garlands, and all the splendid lavishness of youth.

Middle age can make out a good solid case for itself, and the wise of the world have decided that even old age is nearer to wisdom than anything less juvenile than the man over fifty. Yet against this judgment the record of the mental picture is steadily on the side of the young. Everything has its roots in those deep, calm places, and all the resources of later days are drawn from the far-off source. There is no real proof that the further we recede from the first glory the nearer we come to common sense. Wisdom is far more a question of instinct than experience, and ability is likely to be just as active early as late. To depend upon time to reinforce mental disqualification, or to bestow a striking personality upon the mediocre, is pure illusion. In the rush and crush of life events lose some of their significance, and instead of standing out at intervals, set in wide spaces of thought, there are no more long afternoons spent in all the precious idleness of the young years. So great in fact is the impetus that gathers with time that the habit of leisure vanishes over the horizon, and when the opportunity arrives to enjoy it, like a tardy success, we no longer appreciate it. At middle age we begin to promise ourselves that wonderful evening which Browning describes in his poem, "By the Fireside," and which Anatole France tells of in the opening chapter of *Livre de mon Ami*. Some time one will think it all over, and get, by way of the vista of hazel trees, "to Italy at last; and youth, by green degrees." That evening is waiting somewhere around a corner. We have passed from the stage of morning dreams, when every road led on to a possible adventure. Now we know both the joy and the pain of achievement, and we also know too much of some things, too little of others. Yet all is personal, complete, and wonderfully true to proportion. However remote events appeared at the time one from the other, the connecting link is now to be discovered; the sequence of life is there, if there were time to think it through, missing nothing and weighing and judging all with careful eyes. It would be a pity not to have time to consider and reconsider it, because it is our one reality. If memory were swept away from us we should be stripped of everything we possess of incalculable value; therefore it seems that the past is really the

fixed anchorage, and the present, of which the preachers remind us, so fleeting, in spite of its tremendous power, that until it is past we cannot fathom half its message.

"And the whole is well worth thinking o'er
When the autumn comes: which I mean
to do

One day, as I said before."

Bombardment

By Bridget MacLagan

The wide, sweet heaven was filling with light. The perfect dome of night was changing into day. A million silver worlds dissolved from above the earth. The sun was about to rise in stillness. No wind stirred.

A speck appeared in the great immensity. It was an aeroplane traveling high through the mysterious twilight. The sound of the whirring of its engine was lost in the depthless air. Like a ghost it flew through the impalpable firmament. It was the only thing that moved in heaven or earth.

The unconscious map lay spread out beneath it. The wide plain, the long white beach, and the sea lay there exposed to its speeding eye.

On the face of the plain were villages and cities, the dwellings of men who had put their trust in the heavens and had dared to people the earth.

The aeroplane turned in the sky and began circling over a town.

The town far below was asleep. It lay pillowed on the secure shore. Violet shadows lurked in the recesses of its buildings. There was no movement in its streets, no smoke from its chimneys. The ships lay still in the deep, close harbor. Their masts rose out of the green water like reeds thickly growing, with the great funnels and turrets of warships like strange plants among them. The sea beyond the strong breakwater was smooth as a silver plate. There was no sound anywhere.

The aeroplane descended, in slow spirals, upon the town, tracing an invisible path through the pearly air. It was as if a ghost or a messenger from Heaven were descending upon the people of the town, who dreamed.

Suddenly a scream burst from the throat of the church tower. For an instant the sky seemed to shiver with the shriek of that wail of terror rising from the great throat of solid masonry. It was as if the town had awakened in panic, and yet the town was still. Nothing stirred. There was no sound or movement in any street. And the sky gave back no sign.

The aeroplane continued to descend, until it looked, from the church tower, like a mosquito. Then there dropped something from it that flashed through the air like a spark of fire.

Silence had followed the scream.

The aeroplane, superbly poised in the spotless sky, watched the buildings below as if waiting for some strange thing to happen, and presently, as if exorcised by the magic eye of that insect, a cluster of houses collapsed and crumbled into fragments, while a roar burst from the wounded earth.

The bombardment had commenced. The big gun had obeyed the signal.

Still the neat surface of the wide city showed no change save in that one spot where roofs

had fallen. The daylight brightened, painting the many surfaces of the buildings with pale colors. The clean, empty street intersecting cut the city into firm blocks of buildings. The pattern of the town lay spread out on the earth with its edges marked by walls and canals.

Then the siren in the church tower screamed again. Its wail was followed by the great detonation of a second explosion, and a ragged hole yawned in the open square in the middle of the town.

The aeroplane circled smoothly, watching.

Terror appeared on the face of the city. People swarmed like ants from the houses. This way and that they scurried, diving into cellars. Motors rushed like swift beetles through the streets. White jets of steam rose from the locomotives in the station yard. The harbor throbbed.

Again there was a great noise, and a cloud of debris was flung into the air as from a volcano and flames leapt after it. A part of the wharf, with the shed on it, reeled drunkenly into the sea with a splashing of water.

The white beach now was crawling with vermin. People swarmed out on to the sands. Their eyes were fixed on the evil flying thing in the sky, but at each explosion they fell on their faces, like frantic worshippers.

The aeroplane laughed. The heavens had been violated.

In the sand dunes it could see the tiny black figures of men at the anti-aircraft guns. These were the defenders of the town. They had orders to shoot to death a mosquito floating in boundless heaven. The little clouds that shaped as the shrapnel burst in the sunlight were like materialized kisses.

The face of the city began to show a curious change. Scars appeared on it like the marks of smallpox; but, as these thickened on its trim surface, it seemed rather as if it were being attacked by an invisible and gigantic beast, who was tearing and gnawing—with claws and with teeth. Gashes appeared in its streets, long wounds with ragged edges. Helpless, spread out to the heavens, it seemed to grimace with mutilated features.

Nevertheless, the sun rose, touching the aeroplane with gold, and the aeroplane laughed. It laughed at the convulsed face of the town, at the beach crawling with vermin, at the people swarming through the gates of the city along the white roads. It laughed at the great warships, moving out of the harbor, one by one, in stately procession, the mouths of their guns gaping helplessly in their armored sides. With a last flick of its glittering wings it darted downward, defiant, dodging the kisses of shrapnel, luring them, teasing them, playing; then, its message delivered, its sport being over, it flew up and away through the sunshine, golden, disdainful.

"Well, the world seems to be going dry. Shall we take julep out of the dictionary?"

"Leave it in for old times' sake," counseled the other lexicographer. "Just mark it obsolete."

"Hannah," said the mistress to her new girl, "you can take that brown serge dress of mine and put it in soak." "Yes'm," said Hannah, "Who's your fav'rite pawnbroker?"

Off to France

(Continued from Page 7)

"Yes," I replied, "kill a Hun or two for me."

"With pleasure, ma'am; that's my object in goin' over; but it's too easy; give me something really hard to do."

"Very well," said I, "here comes Marjory. Take her back of the car and tell her. I'll keep the others away."

He obeyed, and they had five minutes for their farewells before the chauffeur threw in his clutch. It was a very teary young woman that he gave into my keeping.

"She's a soldier's sweetheart," he said. "She will be brave; won't you, honey? Think how proud you'll be when your boy comes marchin' home, a major gen'ral!"

We left him standing there bareheaded in the moonlight.

But that wasn't quite the end of the story. Our chauffeur was unacquainted with the roads, and for a long time we wandered about in circles, inquiring our way of every sentry and invariably taking the wrong turning in a vain search for the great highway that would take us home.

We were still groping about in the darkness, for the moon had gone under a cloud, when we heard in the distance the tramp, tramp of feet on the hard road, and we drew up at a cross-road to allow the passing of a company of khaki-clad soldiers, each carrying full kit, who were marching off in the darkness on the first stage of their long journey. There was no blare of trumpets, no beat of drums, just the rhythmic thud, thud of feet on the macadam road. And somewhere in those khaki-colored ranks there was a Southern lad whose eyes were blazing with a light such as never was seen on land or sea. Just one boy, only one of a million or more, off for France to fight for you and me!

The Mark of Cain

(Continued from Page 6)

men of the sea, and something of the treatment accorded to captured sharks by fishermen in certain parts of the world will be theirs whenever opportunity affords.

In every foreign port Germans will be marked men. Every hand will be against them, and they will never see the welcome smile of a friend. In the drinking dens they will drink audibly and showily, as is their custom, but they will drink alone. No friendly glass or pot will clink or knock merrily against theirs. In all the world's great harbors they will be known as butchers and murderers—men branded through to their very souls with the mark of Cain. And on all the seas and oceans their ships will be known as Scheussliche Schiffe—low, horrible and abominable ships!

Such is the punishment for their dreadful and wicked crimes, and it has been given by the even justice of the whole of the civilized world. Let "kultur" take heed of this and tremble for its sons, for in the days to come they will cry out for mercy. But there will be no mercy—seamen never forget and seamen never forgive, and they have looked upon their dead not once, but a hundred times.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Stocks were strong and higher the past week. With a decisive victory for the cause of civilization it was but logical that securities should rise in value. The news from abroad overshadows everything else, and traders were not concerned with any factor of a bearish nature. The theory is advanced that no matter what Congress may do on the subject of taxation, there will be sufficient for the Government and more than sufficient for the stockholders. Furthermore, the constant increase in our circulating medium, whether it is called inflation or by some other name, is having its effect on the prices of everything, and sooner or later securities will respond to its influence. Transactions were on a large scale, and there was a noticeable increase in a few rails, and it looks as if there is some investment demand for this class of securities. The brilliant crop prospects, not only for wheat but all kinds of cereals, as well as cotton, means a large tonnage for all rails, and is really the foundation of all prosperity, regardless of conditions abroad. With mills and factories of all kinds running at top speed, and labor getting their share of prosperity, it can only mean increased demand for all kinds of manufactured articles, and while we will have to meet increased taxation to carry on the war, as long as we have it and are producing at top speed, the taxes will not bother us, and we will soon get accustomed to them. Steel stocks led the list in the advance. Not only was the stock of the big corporation active and higher, but the minor steels were also in good demand at higher prices. Copper shares were inclined to lag, but they caught the fever later in the week and scored a fair advance. Specialties, like the motor stocks and the tobaccos, were bid up by pool interests. The oil stocks showed signs of activity, led by Mexican Petroleum. This class of stocks should sell considerably higher, and it's really hard to find an oil property that is not doing well, and most of them are selling below their intrinsic value.

On the whole, there seems to be a better feeling in the trade generally. While sentiment at the moment is influenced by the news from abroad, the underlying factors are favorable to a continuation of present prosperity that should mean higher levels for all classes of stocks.

Cotton—Notwithstanding generally favorable crop reports, the cotton market shows a stubborn strength in the new crop options. The July option seems to be for sale on every rally, and it looks as if these sales are being replaced with purchases of October. The Government report is expected to show a prospect of 16,500,000 bales, and while the past week has been hot and dry throughout the belt, there have been no complaints to speak of, and at the close of the

week showers and cooler weather in Texas were just what was needed. There was some talk of the boll weevil early in the week, but the extreme heat put an end to this talk, as the weevil only thrives in damp wet weather. Private experts are all busy telling how large the crop will be, and the idea seems to prevail that we will have a record-breaking crop. We have the acreage, and plenty of fertilizer was used, and the crop is now far enough advanced to warrant this prediction. Barring something unforeseen in the way of extreme weather, no doubt a very large crop will be raised. However, the crop is not harvested yet, and from a speculative standpoint there will be plenty of crop scares next month that will give us an active market and bring about reactions when the bears become too numerous. Another bearish factor is the statistical position of the present supply of cotton. It is estimated that we will have, at the end of the season, which is August 1st, a carry-over of four million bales. This supply, while it is a large carry-over, is mostly of a very low grade of cotton, and should not really be classed as cotton, although it is used from time to time as a bear argument. We believe the market will remain a scalp affair for the present, but would prefer the short side on rallies, until there is a change in the crop outlook, for as long as present brilliant prospects continue, it will be hard to start an advance from this level, and the crop is getting nearer to harvest every day.

Picking Up the Trifles

From time to time, evidences crop out of the manner in which the Germans before the war went on to build up a large trade by picking up unconsidered trifles, or what were regarded as such, in other countries. A recent instance was called to notice by Mr. Palmer, the Alien Property Custodian. This relates to the fur business, which Germany was able to control by means of its agents in this and other countries. Nearly every pelt obtained in this country had to go to Leipzig before it could be sold. In that city, after the fur had been dressed and dyed and German merchants had fixed the price for the year, Americans were allowed to purchase as much as three-fifths of the entire fur produced for manufacture into garments. In doing this "they were forced to pay the original cost, plus the expense of dressing and dyeing, plus a handsome profit for the Germans, plus a 30 per cent duty before they got them back home. They were constantly either indebted to the Germans or completely under their domination," as Mr. Palmer puts it. The interests of the "fur barons of Leipzig" have been taken hold of by Mr. Palmer, and they will be bought by American merchants, thus throwing out all German domination or interest in the business. The

result will be, in Mr. Palmer's words: "When the war is over, Germany will again buy American furs, but these goods will be bought in the American market this time from American firms, and they will be American dressed and dyed and prepared for European consumption. The unnatural trade conditions which forced Americans to ship certain furs abroad, to buy them back abroad and to reship them to America, will have disappeared, and Germany will be the loser.—New York Times.

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THE AIR RAID

Captain Melville picked up the telephone impatiently and asked for a number. "Hullo, Puss, is that you?" he said after a short interval. "Work's awfully heavy tonight, Pet, I can't get home till after nine," he continued. "Can you amuse your little self till I get back?"

"Puss" was apparently just capable of holding the fort till his arrival, and the gallant captain set to work again with a heavy sigh.

"It's jolly nice having a little girl waiting for you at home," he murmured, "but it does mean accounting for one's whereabouts. Still, she's devoted to me, and I wouldn't hurt her for the world. It's lucky women never want to go on the bust. I expect that blessed little soul is knitting me a new tie, as happy as—as—" he couldn't find a suitable comparison, so he lighted a cigarette and pulled another pile of papers out of the basket.

Tony Welville was in the War Office. He worked on till nearly eight o'clock, then he sought a meal in the charming restaurant on the fourth floor, where strange swords ornament the walls in barbarous fashion, and every second waitress is deaf.

After waiting some ten minutes a languid damsel strolled up to him and placed a menu before him. He selected some of the less repulsive items on the card and opened the evening paper.

Suddenly there was a whistle in the passage and his particular waitress slammed down a plate of soup in front of him and bolted for the door.

"That's the air raid warning," she said. "I'm off to the second floor—it's orders." The others disappeared simultaneously, and Tony was left alone.

He was hungry, and finished the soup in a few mouthfuls, and then foraged around for some bread and cheese. By the time he had fetched his coat and cap, locked up his papers, and reached the main entrance, twenty minutes had gone, and the guns of outer London were beginning to bark.

He walked rapidly, hoping to pick up a taxi, or squeeze into a 'bus, but he had no luck.

A certain gun of the inner defenses (which is always slightly nervy) was firing round after round, and the shrapnel was falling unpleasantly near.

He was passing some houses at the moment and was just about to ring the bell and ask for hospitality, when a man darted up the area steps.

"Come down," he shouted, trying to make himself heard above the uproar; "it's not safe to be out. There's always room in the cellar for another."

Tony followed his guide thankfully. At the bottom of the steps he missed his footing and fell heavily against his host. The lantern flew from the latter's hand, and instant darkness reigned. Tony, covered with confusion, apologized profusely, but his unknown friend took it for a huge joke. "What does it matter?" he said. "One doesn't need to see to be killed."

The lugubrious joke was greeted with shrieks by the crowd of unknowns—shrieks which were drowned in another burst of frightfulness.

Tony groped his way to a corner and subsided. Presently a bomb dropped—near enough to make the whole place shake—and he felt his arm grasped by a small hand. He gave it a reassuring pat, and the owner of the hand crept a little nearer. The noise was beyond description, and he felt the girl shiver. He put a protecting arm about her, and a strand of loose hair brushed his temple. She crept into his arms, and Tony held her closely. It was useless trying to speak, the noise was too deafening, but actions speak louder than words. Tony knew she was not afraid, and he felt glad and proud in that knowledge. The little hands were very cold and he tried to warm them. He succeeded, slightly giddy, and hoped the raid would continue indefinitely. But the noise began to subside, and he bent down to reassure her. Somehow their lips met—it was purely accidental. Their host left the cellar to bring another lantern, and once again Tony drew her towards him for a tender farewell.

She trembled a little, then drew herself away with gentle dignity as the light flickered in the opening.

"That's better," said the host genially, as he hooked the lantern on the ceiling. Its soft yellow beam fell straight on the little vivid upturned face beside him and Tony looked—looked again, and swore softly. It was his wife.

Dividend Notice HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK 783 Market Street, near Fourth

For the half-year ending June 30, 1918, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1918. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1918. H. C. KLEVESAHN, Cashier.

Dividend Notice BANK OF ITALY Southeast Corner Montgomery and Clay Streets (Market Street Branch, Junction Market, Mason and Turk Streets)

For the half-year ending June 30, 1918, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1918. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1918. Money deposited on or before July 10, 1918, will earn interest from July 1, 1918. A. P. GIANNINI, President.
A. PEDRINI, Cashier.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LEON KAUFFMAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix and Executors of the estate of LEON KAUFFMAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix and Executors at the office of A. L. WEIL, Alaska Commercial Building, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LEON KAUFFMAN, deceased.

CELESTINE, Usually Called LINNIE KAUFFMAN, SYLVAIN S. KAUFFMAN, WILLIAM H. LOWE, Executrix and Executors of the Estate of Leon Kauffman, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 8, 1918.

A. L. WEIL,
Attorney at Law,
Alaska Commercial Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARIA GAGLIARDI, Plaintiff, vs. HENRI GAGLIARDI, Defendant. No. 89657. Dept. 10.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: HENRI GAGLIARDI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion of the plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
4 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

5-25-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 89,873; Dept. 10.

JULIA SETTLES, Plaintiff, vs. E. L. SETTLES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: E. L. SETTLES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of May, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
H. I. PARKER, Deputy Clerk.

W. H. CLAY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
527 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

6-8-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ELIZABETH HUTCHINGS, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS R. HUTCHINGS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: THOMAS R. HUTCHINGS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect and wilful desertion of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 4th day of February, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
901-8 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

6-22-10

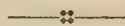
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